39

SELECTIONS

FROM THE

BRITISH POETS.

PART I.

SELECTIONS

FROM THE

BRITISH POETS

FROM THE TIME OF

CHAUCER TO THE PRESENT DAY

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES

BY

DAVID LESTER RICHARDSON

PRINCIPAL OF THE HINDU COLLEGE.

It appeareth that Poetry serveth and conferreth to magnanimity, morality and delectation.

Lord Bacon.

Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler hopes and nobler cares,
The Poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight in endless lays.

Wordsworth.

PUBLISHED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE COMMITTEE OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.

PART I.

CALCUTTA:

PRINTED AT THE BAPTIST MISSION PRESS, CIRCULAR ROAD.

MDCCCXL.

B. C. E. R. T. West Bengal Library 23/3, B. C. Road

PREFACE.

THE Committee of Public Instruction having experienced the difficulty of procuring a Poetical Class-book for the more advanced students of the Hindu College and other similar institutions under their superintendence, I was requested to prepare a new work especially adapted to the purpose. The scheme of the present publication was accordingly laid before them and it was honored by their approval. Mr. Macaulay, who was then President of the Committee, favored me with several hints of which, with a few exceptions, I readily availed myself, and since his return to England, I have been in occasional communication on the subject of the work with his successor, Sir Edward Ryan, at whose desire I have added to the original plan the Biographical and Critical Notices which precede the Selections. I sincerely wish that his excellent suggestion had been turned to a happier account. But the task required more literary leisure, research, and meditation than occasional sickness, and daily duties which could not be interrupted, permitted me to bestow upon it. It was not until the Poetical Selections had nearly passed through the press that I commenced upon the prefatory notices, and there was then so much impatience manifested in different quarters to obtain the work that I fear I have made more haste than is quite compatible with a due regard for my own credit. In this "City of Palaces," works of reference are not easily obtained, and sometimes to avoid delay I have been compelled to pass over a point on which a little research might have thrown a

new light*. Rather than keep the press waiting, I have sometimes allowed a sheet to pass through my hands without a sufficiently deliberate revisal, and every literary man is aware how often a hasty alteration without a careful consideration of the context may mar both the sense and grammar. But with all their imperfections, of which no one can be more painfully sensible than I am, I cannot help thinking that such a connected series of miniature memoirs of all our best poets from the dawn of our literature to the present period will materially enhance the value of the work, and be highly interesting to the young Hindu student, who would find it impossible to meet elsewhere with a similar chain of poetical biography in a single volume. The chain is indeed slight, but it is unbroken. Nothing of the kind has hitherto been attempted. Chalmers's collection of the British Poets in twenty-one royal octavo volumes, and Anderson's in thirteen, are of course too bulky and expensive to be of the least general use in any scholastic establishment, and even these works do not bring down their specimens or biographies later than Beattie. Dr. Johnson's Lives of the Poets begin with Cowley and end with Lord Lyttleton. Of poetical compilations in one volume those which most nearly resemble the present publication are Southey's *Select works* of the British Poets, and Aikin's collection under a similar title. Southey's series extends from Chaucer to Lovelace, and Aikin's from Ben Jonson to Beattie. Thomas Campbell's compilation entitled Specimens of the British Poets comes nearest to this volume in the general design, but his work is divided into seven volumes, and though it contains some very just and beautiful criticisms he has been singularly capricious in the distribution of his favors, honoring some poets with a comparatively elaborate memoir and critique and dismissing others with a laconic tombstone memento of their birth and death. Dean

---

* To save time I have used an author's privilege to borrow from himself, and in a few instances have repeated some critical remarks which I had published in the *Literary Leaves*.

Swift, for example, has no other notice than that he lived and died. Campbell's Specimens commence with Chaucer and conclude with one poet later than Beattie, namely Christopher Anstey, the author of *The Bath Guide*, who died in 1805. Dr. Knox's well-known work, the "*Elegant Extracts*," contains a vast quantity of verse, but it is chaotic and fragmental; and the worthy compiler was much too indulgent to bad writers. Hazlitt has left us a collection of specimens from Chaucer to Burns, but he has affixed no memoirs, and has given us on the average scarcely half a dozen lines of criticism to each poet. Though his selections are generally made with taste and judgment he has admitted one indecent poem that has probably excluded the book from schools. The present work is the first attempt to comprise in one volume an uninterrupted series of specimens *from Chaucer to the latest living poets.*

Campbell has cited a few fragments of dramatic scenes, but Southey, Aikin and Hazlitt have rigidly excluded the drama from their collections. It appeared to me that so important a part of the poetical literature of England ought not to be overlooked, and that to mince Shakespeare's mighty productions into small 'beauties' was not the way to do him justice or to satisfy the reader. Some entire plays therefore have been cited from that prince of poets, and from other great dramatists of the reigns of Elizabeth and James the First. Neither before nor since that period have the English had reason to boast of extraordinary excellence in the serious drama. Addison's Cato has been selected as an example of the Frenchified-English school of dramatic declamation. Otway and Rowe, though they are by no means in the highest rank of genius, were entitled to a place in a collection of this nature. Amongst the dramatic works of later or living writers no remarkable performances seem to stand out conspicuously for decided preference over all others; the choice was therefore too delicate and perplexing to enable me to fix on any one or two plays for citation, and I could not have afforded room for more. But the omission is of little consequence, as this is by no means a dramatic age, though we have abundance of ready play-wrights, many of whom understand the machinery of the

stage. There are others who know how to write very elegant poems in the form of plays, but where shall we look for any large and decided development of the dramatic faculty—that peculiar power which enables a writer to lay aside his own identity and enter the hearts of other men. The poets of the present day are eloquent and impassioned egotists and nobly pourtray their own characters; but they cannot raise the curtain of any other individual mind. They have no dramatic invention. There is not one essentially new character in all the dramatic poetry of the nineteenth century. A great dramatist soon makes us conscious that the personages to whom he introduces us are genuine specimens of human nature, not a mere repetition of old stage portraits, but transcripts from real life. These never relax their hold upon our memories, and they become at last a portion of our minds. But the dramas of the day leave a vague and indeterminate impression that fades like breath from the polished mirror. Since the time of Shakespeare two centuries and a half, loaded heavily with literary productions, have passed away, and yet Lear and Hamlet and Macbeth and Othello are as fresh as ever! In a third of that period—where will be the plays of the present age?

With the exception of Dr. Knox's "*Elegant Extracts*," the various poetical compilations to which I have already alluded, have been prepared on the chronological system which is certainly preferable to every other. Poetry is of too subtle a nature to admit of a minute and rigid classification. The blending together the poetry of different ages for the sake of arranging the pieces according to their subjects or the predominant faculty or feeling displayed in the execution, produces nothing but confusion; while the chronological order gives us at once a clear and general view of the various wealth of our literature, and enables us to trace the history of its birth and progress.

That all readers will be equally satisfied with the propriety of every citation in this volume, is not to be expected. A compiler must not attempt to imitate the painter who tried to please every body, and pleased no one. No reader takes up a work of this kind who does not at once feel that he could improve it by

some rejection or insertion. He who collects specimens of art, of which the value must always remain a question of taste, would be very unreasonable to expect unqualified approbation from any man who considers himself capable of forming an independent opinion. The compiler himself is not always satisfied with his own selections. He does not invariably take what may seem to him the *best* of an author's works, because it may sometimes happen that want of space compels him to act on a more mechanical principle than the consideration of intrinsic merit. It may be deemed advisable to give a specimen of a poet whose rank does not entitle him to occupy many pages, but whose longest work may be decidedly his best and yet afford no separate passages that could be advantageously extracted. Or it may be necessary to insert a production of little real merit but of great adventitious interest, as for example the *Cato* of Addison, which though of small value in itself affords a very fair specimen of the dramatic poetry of the time, and is therefore prominently connected with the history of our literature. It is necessary, that he who wishes to form an impartial and correct opinion of a work of selections should take many things into consideration before he ventures to condemn it.

I ought, perhaps, to apologize for the somewhat peremptory tone of the critical remarks in the prefatory Notices; but it is very difficult for any one, however unpretending, to seat himself in the critic's chair without assuming for the time a manner somewhat foreign to his nature. Doubt and indecision seem inconsistent with the dignity of his office, and in compliance with the almost universal custom he speaks as one possessed of supreme authority on all questions of taste. But it is not the public critic only who plays these 'fantastic tricks.' In questions so difficult to decide, because so subtle and undefined, as many of those which relate to works of imagination, every man is an authority to himself, and his self-esteem is pretty sure to take the alarm at any difference of opinion. In private society a dispute respecting the merits of a poet has sometimes caused such mortal collision, such a "clash of arguments and jar of words," that

the opposing parties have seemed to threaten each other's annihilation with deadlier weapons. It is natural for a man to protect his opinions with a jealous care, when his taste is called in question by his opponents; and a public critic is often conscious that many of his readers may dispute his decisions and perhaps despise his judgment. A feeling of this nature gives edge to his censures and carries his praise into extravagance. I cannot be sure that I have always escaped such influences myself, but I have at least endeavored to communicate my own impressions with fidelity and clearness. I have spoken frankly and freely of great men, because great men have nothing to lose by honest criticism, and because every one is entitled to express his opinion, let it be what it may, of the noblest poets of the world. Though the critic himself should be utterly unable to write a single line of tolerable verse, he may yet be a very accurate judge of the productions of others. I have tried to weigh praise and censure in the scales of justice, and I have been the more anxious on this point because there is observable in modern criticism when employed on the intellectual pretensions of men of poetical genius a disposition to run into the opposite extremes of idolatry and contempt. There have been the most startling differences of opinion amongst even the leading intellects of the present age, and young students are so bewildered and perplexed by such conflicting authorities that they know not which guides to trust. One eminent writer for example will not allow that Pope is a poet in any sense of the word, while another thinks him equal, if not superior, to Shakespeare himself. There is surely no presumption in steering between these distant points and pronouncing both parties to be equally in error.

A compilation of this kind has not only to incur the hazard of censure on account of defects of execution but to meet the sneers of those rigid philosophers who deem the perusal of poetry something worse than a mere waste of time. It is useless to talk of music to the deaf or of colour to the blind; and it is perhaps equally idle to argue with the opponents of the *art divine*, for they are confessedly deficient in that sense of beauty to

which poetry is addressed, and which has only been bestowed upon the favorites of nature. To cold and vulgar minds how large a portion of this beautiful world is a dreary blank ! They recognize nothing but an uninteresting monotony in the daily aspect of the earth or sky. It is the spirit of poetry which keeps the world fresh and young. To a poetical eye every morning's sun seems to look rejoicingly on a new creation. Poetry widens the sphere of our purest and most permanent enjoyments. It makes the familiar new, the past present, the distant near. It is the philosopher's stone discovered ; it transmutes every thing into gold. " It accommodates," says Lord Bacon, " the shows of things to the desires of the mind." Not that it throws on objects a false appearance, but that it puts them in the happiest point of view, just as we place a picture or a statue at its proper distance or elevation, that all petty details and slight roughnesses and imperfections may be lost in the general effect, which is thereby rendered more complete and true. It strikes off all petty excrescences ; it disdains all local prejudices, temporary topics and mere conventionalisms, and goes at once to the heart of those universal questions which interest mankind as human beings.

It has been objected to poetry that it has not always been employed on the side of truth and virtue. But an art is not answerable for its artists, nor a science for its professors. There are men who from some strange obliquity of mind are apt to apply the noblest instruments to the worst of purposes. It is gross injustice to denounce poetry as profane and false because a few of the base and insincere have used its external form for their own wretched ends. He who can pierce beneath the surface is aware that impurity and meanness are inconsistent with the nature of poetry in its highest sense. A forced connection has sometimes been effected between poetry and immorality, but they do not actually amalgamate. Those critics, however, who are so dull of apprehension as to hold fiction and metre to be constituent parts of poetry, and to confound the meanest passages of grovelling prose in verse with those immortal lines which glow with inspiration, must be pitied and forgiven if they see no

distinction between the empyrean spirit of poetry itself and the grosser matter with which it may be brought into conjunction. Their error is indeed a melancholy one, but they cannot help it. It is rather their misfortune than their fault. There is an affinity between the purest virtue and those sublime emotions with which the highest poetry is conversant. Our very communion with God, and all our thoughts of another world are poetical in proportion as they are elevated. The pages of the Bible glow with the finest poetry: its holiest parables are poems. Dr. Isaac Watts, whose piety and virtue are beyond suspicion, expresses his surprise that "the profanation and abasement of so divine an art as poetry, should have tempted some weaker Christians to imagine that poetry and vice are naturally akin; or at least, that verse is only fit to recommend trifles and entertain our looser hours." "It is strange," he adds, "that persons who have the Bible in their hands should be led away by thoughtless prejudices to so wild and rash an opinion." He describes poetry as "an art whose sweet insinuations might almost convey piety into resisting nature and melt the hardest souls to virtue." Well might Milton tell us of "*what religious, what glorious and magnificent use might be made of poetry both in divine and human things.*" His own *Paradise Lost* is a noble illustration of the power and majesty of his favorite art. Archbishop Sharp advised all young divines to unite the reading of Shakespeare to the study of the Scriptures, and John Wesley, the celebrated Methodist, recommended his young disciples to add to the study of the Bible the perusal of the *Faery Queen* of Spenser.

Poets who have made use of their divine endowment in the cause of vice are like philosophers who have employed their reasoning powers to throw a veil over the face of truth. Both act in opposition to the still small voice of conscience; both are equally sensible that their noble gifts are shamefully misused; but neither Poetry nor Philosophy change their original nature whatever may be the sins of individuals. Has not Religion itself been sometimes turned to a bad account? In this our imperfect state the greatest good is easily converted

into the greatest evil. We must be content with the preponderance of desirable results. If we are to close the volume of our poetical literature because it is sometimes sullied, we must do the same with our prose.

"Poetry," says Lord Bacon, "is taken in two senses, or with respect to words and matter. The first is but a character of style and a certain form of speech not relating to the subject; for a true narration may be delivered in verse and a feigned one in prose—*but the second is a capital part of learning, and no other than feigned history.*" Poetry is indeed history—the history of all time; of man, not of men; and its fiction or feigning is only a form of truth. The philosophers who would deem this remark a paradox are like those very unpromising little children who because they have never heard the talk of wolves and lions conclude that Gay's fables are nothing but wicked falsehoods. Fiction, however false in respect to particular facts, can only charm us by its general truth. It signifies little whether Othello and Iago ever lived and died; it is enough to know that the passions represented under those names still burn and breathe in the human heart. Aristotle justly pronounced poetry, "a more philosophical thing than history" (so called). "For poetry is chiefly conversant with *general* truth; history with *particular*." If literature is of value to the world the poets demand no inconsiderable share of our gratitude and applause. When we look back to the writers of Greece and Rome it is impossible to deny that poetry forms by far the most precious portion of their legacy to mankind. The ancient poets sin less frequently than the ancient historians against the cause of truth. We know that the pictures of general nature by the greatest poets of antiquity are exactly to the life, and even their representations of national and temporary manners have the strongest internal evidence in their favor. But the ancient historians with more importunate calls upon our faith are much less trusted. They relate with gravity, and as if they were on oath, particular facts too ridiculous to deceive the children of the nineteenth century. Even modern historians so mix up truth and falsehood that it is sometimes impossible to distinguish the one

from the other. Dr. Johnson said of Robertson's histories that they were mere romances, and every one knows that Hume's enchanting narrative can rarely be relied on when his prejudices are concerned. Sir Walter Raleigh, when he was writing the History of the World, discovered that even they who aim honestly at the collection of particular facts must often despair of obtaining an exact knowledge of even those details which seem most within their reach. He heard the noise of a violent contention under his window, whence he could neither see nor hear distinctly. Of one person after another, as each entered his apartment, he made inquiries concerning the disturbance, but so inconsistent were the several accounts that he was unable to trace the truth. "What," said he, "can I not make myself master of an incident that happened an hour ago under my own window, and shall I imagine I can truly understand the history of Hannibal or Cæsar?" There is not this difficulty with respect to the poet's truths. The human heart lies bare before him.

There has been a great deal of vulgar and shallow objection to poetry on the score of its supposed inutility. Because it cannot do every thing it has been thought that it can do nothing. Poetry, indeed, does not teach a man how to make a fortune or to feed a starving family. Neither does morality nor religion. In a narrow sense of the word Cocker's Arithmetic is more *useful* than Milton's Paradise Lost, or the Bible itself. If man's life were merely bestial—if he had no spiritual existence, the objection to poetry would be well founded. The butcher and the baker would be more useful than the poet and the philosopher. But as we have a soul to feed as well as a body the case is widely different. Our happiness depends more upon spirit than on matter. Poetry cannot cure the grief of a bodily wound; but it can administer to a mind diseased, and it can heighten our truest pleasures. "Poetry," says Coleridge, "has been to me its own exceeding great reward. It has soothed my afflictions; it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments; it has endeared solitude; and it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and the beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me." It is not poets

only who have experienced the *useful* influence of the Muse. The greatest statesmen and even the most celebrated warriors have felt her charms. Alexander the Great carried the works of Homer about with him in a silver box and used to place them under his pillow at night. On the evening before the battle of Quebec, General Wolfe listened with intense delight to the recitation of Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard. "I would rather," exclaimed the hero, "have been the author of that piece than beat the French to-morrow!" He preferred the glory of a poet to that of a conquerer. He was not the worse soldier, however, because he loved the Muse; nor were Fox and Burke less efficient statesmen because they venerated the poet's art.

It is gratifying to find that the most powerful organ of the Utilitarians, the *Westminster Review*, has latterly adopted a far more liberal tone respecting works of imagination than characterized its earlier numbers. Jeremy Bentham, under some strange misconception of its real nature, has asserted that poetry is "essentially opposed to truth;" but his disciples do not now uphold him in this unhappy error*. A *Westminster Reviewer* acknowledges that "song is but the eloquence of truth—the truth of our inmost souls—the truth of humanity's essence, brought up from those abysses which exist in every bosom, and just moulded into metre without being concealed or disfigured by the workmanship. Poetry is an essence distilled from the fine arts and liberal sciences; nectar for the gods. It tasks the senses, the fancy, the feelings, and the intellect, and employs the best powers of all in one rich ministry of pleasure. It must be by a rare felicity that the requisite qualities for its production are found in a man; and when they are, we should make much of him—he is a treasure to the world." "So far" says the same reviewer, "from there being any natural incongruity between the reasoning and imaginative faculties, as dunces have always delighted to believe, it

---

* I have been told by more than one of Jeremy Bentham's intimate friends that he was by no means incapable of being affected by the charms of poetry, though he deemed it proper for certain reasons to discountenance it in his public writings.

may rather be affirmed that they have a natural affinity, and rarely attain their full development but when they exist in union."

Poetry improves us by a direct appeal to the finest sensibilities of our nature. It extends our sympathies, and purifies our thoughts. The true lover of the Muses cannot be base and mean without a perpetual struggle against his better nature. It is the part of poetry to lift us above the reach of petty cares and sensual desires, and to make us feel that there is something nobler and more permanent than the ordinary pleasures of the world. It is a species of religion. Poets are nature's Priests. They lead us "from nature up to nature's God." They "vindicate the ways of God to man." They breathe a soul into the dry bones of moral science, and invest them with an etherial beauty. They teach us to

> "Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

The precepts of the prose writer do not enter the hearts of youthful readers like the living examples on the poet's page. No lecture on guilty ambition leaves so vivid and permanent an impression on the mind as the agony of Macbeth. There is scarcely a moral axiom in prose that has not been inculcated in verse with infinitely greater force. The sentiment which meets with cold approbation in the page of the prose moralist is sent alive into the deepest recesses of the soul by the poet's magic. The effect is at once electrical and lasting.

With respect to the young Hindus, for whom this series of specimens has been chiefly prepared, I exult in the thought that in the performance of my duties at the Hindu College I have already been the means of introducing many of them to a more intimate acquaintance with the writings of our greatest poets than they might otherwise have obtained; and I can anticipate no more delightful source of self-reflection in my latest years than the good which may happily be effected by the introduction of this volume into all the Government schools in India. Let it not be apprehended that an undue preference will be bestowed upon poetical studies. A companion prose volume of the same size as the present is now preparing, and is in the hands of Dr. John

Grant. His fine taste, his extensive reading, and the general character of his mind peculiarly qualify him for the task. After an uninterrupted friendship of nearly twenty years he will excuse the liberty of this public tribute. At the several Government Colleges prose and verse studies are very equally divided. At the Hindu College, for example, Lord Bacon and Shakespeare are read alternately. History, General Literature, and English Composition have each their turn, and the exact sciences obtain as they ought to do, a proportionate share of the student's time. There is accordingly no reason to fear that the Indian alumni will be too much absorbed in poetical delights to give the requisite attention to graver studies. At the same time it may be as well to allude to the generally acknowledged fact, that the chief defect at present in the character of the people of India is *a want of moral elevation.* There is little chance of making them too romantic.

Nothing can more effectually beguile men from the circle of mean and selfish thoughts than an art which enriches the mind with lovely images, and intenerates the heart with generous sentiments. "This I have observed," says Feltham, "to the honor of poets,—I never found them covetous or scrapingly base. There is a largeness in their souls beyond the narrowness of other men; and may not this embrace more of heaven and God?" We need not make *poets* of the natives—this is not the object—poets indeed are not to be *made;* but we may cultivate in young minds that fine sense of the true and the beautiful to which poetry administers. At present the majority of those natives who have not received an English education are compelled for want of intellectual resources to spend all their leisure in frivolous and vulgar amusements.

> Unknown to them when sensual pleasures cloy,
> To fill the languid pulse with finer joy.

That system of education is essentially defective which is addressed exclusively to the understanding through the medium of science. Science *by itself* is hard and cold. Its influence is ungenial unless accompanied by the study of those glorious arts which

through the imagination stir the feelings. The heart is at least of as much importance as the head. We should neglect neither. If science may teach us to number and measure the stars of heaven, let poetry teach us to feel their mysterious beauty. He who has clothed the visible universe in light and loveliness could never desire us to be insensible to its glory or to confine our notice of it to measurement and calculation. Let Milton and Shakespeare instruct the young natives of India how to appreciate the beauty which God has lavished upon the creation. He who is so taught has within his reach those sources of pure and serene delight that are wholly inexhaustible. When he quits the struggling crowd and shakes off the cares of life,

> The meanest flowret of the vale,
> The simplest note that swells the gale ;
> The common sun, the air, the skies,
> To him are opening Paradise.

Let us teach the people of Bengal, who are now too apt to think that the loss of riches is the loss of every thing, that even in penury and distress a mind of true refinement can echo the noble sentiment of Thomson.

> I care not Fortune what you me deny,
> You cannot bar me of free Nature's grace,
> You cannot shut the windows of the sky
> Through which Aurora shows her brightening face.

The Indian students read our English poets, as English collegians read the poets of Greece or Rome, not only to familiarize their minds with beautiful images and pure and noble thoughts, but to acquire a thorough knowledge of the language in which the poetry is embodied. Pope has justly and emphatically asked us—

> What can a boy learn sooner than a song ?
> *What better teach a foreigner the tongue ?*
> What's long and short, each accent where to place
> And speak in public with some sort of grace ?

Passages frequently occur in a course of poetical reading which not only put the student's intellect to the utmost stretch, but af-

ford a severe trial of the teacher's powers of explanation. I allude chiefly to those dream-like and evanescent images of truth and beauty which sometimes float through the minds of thoughtful men and mock all their efforts to retain them, but which the poet knows how to fix for ever in their own etherial hues. These exquisite revelations of our spiritual nature are peculiarly difficult to explain, for as they are embodied by the poet in the choicest diction they cannot be transferred to prose without sacrificing their more subtle meaning and lowering their lofty tone. This is especially the case when it is necessary to render them intelligible to an immature capacity. The teacher, in such a case, must be content to let his pupil arrive as nearly as possible at the general meaning. We cannot force a sense of intellectual beauty into the mind of a child. It will come in due time, if his nature be favorable and his teacher skilful.

It is still, however, advisable to make the young student struggle as hard as he can to discover the purport of what he reads, and even to let a difficult sentence pass through a whole class, that every boy may have his chance of supplying an accurate explanation. There is no mental exercise for the student when assistance is too easily obtained. In some schools the boys read one hundred pages in less time than is taken in others to get through ten; but the latter, it cannot be doubted, read to a better purpose. But though it is proper that the student should be thus *severely tasked*, a teacher should avoid all *severity of manner*. A boy cannot reasonably be expected to trace out a hidden meaning when his thoughts are in a state of confusion from the impatience or displeasure of his superior. Even the clearest explanation is thick darkness to an agitated student. "You may as well," says Locke, "try to write on a trembling paper as on a trembling mind."

It is incumbent upon me to mention that the Rev. Mr. Pearce, the late pious and truly amiable secretary of the Calcutta School Book Society, (who have divided with the Committee of Public Instruction the expense of this publication,) was extremely anxious that I should scrupulously omit every line or

word in the Selections that might seem in the least degree to militate against the interests of morality and religion. I have been equally anxious to act up to the spirit of this praise-worthy suggestion. I have often taken the liberty to suppress objectionable passages (indicating the blank with stars), but I could not be so ridiculously presumptuous as to supply their place with words or sentiments of my own. It has sometimes happened that particular passages of which I could not wholly approve were so interwoven with the general texture of the poem that it was impossible to separate them without injury and confusion. In the fields of literature a weed is sometimes so closely connected with a flower that one is not to be extracted without the other. I hope, however, that the purest-minded reader may go through this large volume with very little offence from particular passages or expressions, because the general tendency of the poetry is decidedly in favor of virtue and religion. In the words of Bacon, it " serveth and conferreth to magnanimity, morality, and delectation." It is of course the duty of every instructor of youth into whose hands this book may fall to point out for suitable reprehension any objectionable thought or word, and to make a due distinction between the pure ore and the dross with which it may be connected. It is equally his duty, however, to avoid confounding a representation of character and manners with the personal sentiments of the poet. In the pages of the dramatist especially, are many sentiments and expressions highly obnoxious in themselves, but which are not intended for approval or imitation, but rather for our hatred and avoidance. The writer who professes 'to hold the mirror up to nature and give the very age and body of the time, its form and pressure,' cannot consistently confine himself to pictures of purity and refinement. Even the satirist and the didactic poet must sometimes utter sentiments and language not their own when they aim at a representation of life and manners ; and it is of course the height of absurdity and injustice to confound the painter himself with the character he pourtrays. It is very advisable at the close of each play or poem to call upon the student to give as well as he can some description of the performance and to deduce the general moral.

This practice enforces attention and accustoms the youthful reader to think for himself. The teacher of course must correct his pupil's misapprehensions.

It will be seen at once that the student cannot go regularly through the present volume from the begining to the end. The earliest selections will be the last read. It is left to the teacher to select at first the easiest pieces of the easiest authors. Perhaps amongst the poets best suited to beginners are Gay, Green, Tickell, Addison, Parnell, Swift, Goldsmith, Cowper, Beattie, Scott, Crabbe, Mrs. Hemans, Rogers, Montgomery, and Southey. One great advantage of this collection in a single volume is the temptation it will offer to every student to extend his reading beyond his daily lesson, while the chronological arrangement of the memoirs and specimens will assist him to give unity and completeness to the knowledge he may thus acquire. In this work he has a rich and varied garden of English Poetical Literature spread out before him, and he may wander as he lists from flower to flower, luxuriating in pleasures that are followed by no sickening satiety or vain repentance, and hiving up a store of nectarean wisdom.

D. L. R.

"120
37

GOVT. NORMAL SCHOOL HOOGHLY

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES.

BY THE COMPILER OF THIS WORK.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

Geoffrey Chaucer was born in England in (1328) the second year of the reign of Edward the Third, and died in (1400) the second of Henry the Fourth. The particular county which should be honored as his place of birth, has been a subject of contention. Some of his biographers have fixed upon Oxfordshire for that distinction, and others upon Berkshire. But the poet himself, in a prose work entitled *The Testament of Love*, seems to intimate very clearly that the city of London, which has produced so many other distinguished ornaments of our literature, was the place of his birth and of his early education.

Chaucer's descent is more uncertain. He is by some biographers supposed to have been the son of John Chaucer, a gentleman who attended Edward the Third and Queen Philippa in an expedition to Flanders and Cologne.

Though very little indeed is positively known of the personal history of the father of English poetry, Mr. Godwin published in the beginning of the present century four large octavo volumes upon the subject. This work is an amusing specimen of conjectural biography and the art of book-making. It is quite unworthy of the eloquent and ingenious author. Mr. Tyrwhitt's abstract of the historical passages of the life of Chaucer, prefixed to his excellent edition of the poet's last and greatest work, *The Canterbury Tales*, is comprised in twelve small pages, which may, however, be consulted with greater safety and satisfaction than Godwin's ambitious attempt at a complete biography by all who prefer unembellished truth to extravagant and fanciful hypotheses.

Chaucer is supposed to have been partly educated at Cambridge and partly at Oxford, and it is interesting to hear of his connection with those ancient and noble seats of learning. After finishing his studies he travelled into France and Holland. On his return he attracted the notice of Edward the Third, who, though there is no proof that he had a love for poetry, was a wise and liberal prince, and could not overlook or undervalue the learning and capacity of a man like Chaucer. The poet held successively various appointments of honor and profit in the King's household. He was first made a Royal Page, then gentleman of the King's Privy Chamber, and afterwards His Majesty's Shield-bearer. His income, for the greater part of his life, was amply sufficient to support him in the elevated sphere in which he moved. For much of his worldly prosperity he was indebted to his munificent patron, John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, to whom he eventually became more nearly connected by espousing the sister of a lady who was for many years the mistress of that prince and ultimately the wife. In the year 1367 he received from Edward the Third a pension of 20 marks per annum, a sum in those times, equal to £300, at the present day. In his forty-eighth year he accompanied two other gentlemen, Sir James Pronan and Sir John de Mari, upon an embassy to Genoa, and for his services on that occasion he was rewarded with a grant of "one pitcher of wine daily." He was soon after appointed Comptroller of the customs of wool and wine in the port of London. Some biographers have conjectured that after concluding the business of his mission at Genoa, he paid a visit to Petrarch, and it is greatly to be regret-

ASIATIC SOCIETY
Date 15.2.2005
Acc. No. 10969

ted that we have no better foundation for the belief in so interesting an interview than the poets' having made one of the pilgrims in the Canterbury Tales declare that he learnt his story (that of patient Grisilde) from the "clerk of Padua." The story was not originally Petrarch's, but translated by him into Latin from the Italian of Boccacio. In the last year of Edward's reign he was appointed joint envoy to France with Sir Guischard D'Angle and Sir Richard Sturrey to treat of a marriage between Richard, Prince of Wales, and the daughter of the King of France. In the reign of Richard the Second, in supporting the interests of John of Gaunt and Wyckliffe the Reformer, he fell into disgrace with the Court, and was compelled to quit the kingdom. In this distress he retired first to Hainault, then to France, and finally to Zealand. He supported many of his fellow-fugitives who accompanied him in exile, and so impoverished himself by his liberality that he was obliged to sell his pensions. Unable to endure poverty and exile, he soon returned to England, but was immediately arrested and thrown into prison, where he remained about three years, and, as the price of his liberation, was compelled to make some confession respecting his political associates, to which he seems to have had the less reluctance as they had behaved with great treachery and ingratitude towards himself. He does not appear, however, to have made any revelation injurious to the interests of his patron. While in prison he wrote his curious prose work entitled *The Testament of Love*. By the aid of the Duke of Lancaster, he seems to have once more obtained the favor of the Court. In 1389 he was appointed Clerk of the works at Westminster, and in the following year Clerk of those at Windsor. But he soon resigned those offices, and in his sixty-fourth year retired to Woodstock, where it is said he composed his last and best production, *The Canterbury Tales*. In 1394, he received a pension of £20 a year, and in the last year of Richard's reign a yearly tun of wine. A few years before his death he is supposed to have fallen into great pecuniary distress, and Richard the Second appears to have granted him "a patent of protection" from his creditors. The succeeding King extended his patronage to the old poet, who did not, however, long stand in need of the assistance of his fellow-men. He died on the 25th of November 1400.

Of Chaucer's personal character we know but little, and that is rather to be inferred from the tone and nature of his productions than from the circumstances of his private life. We may gather, indeed, from his success in the highest circles, and his different public employments that, with all his learning, he had found leisure to cultivate the lighter graces and accomplishments that attract favor in courts and drawing rooms, as well as to acquire the tact and readiness of a man of business. We may also presume, from his forty years' friendship with the poet Gower, that he was capable of a warm and steady attachment, and could "bear a brother near his throne" without jealousy or ill-will. At this day the poetry of Gower is regarded as quite incapable of standing a moment's comparison with that of Chaucer; but Gower was the elder both as a man and a writer, and probably during their lives they often divided the popular opinion. They were both highly learned, both in affluent circumstances, both well received at Court, and each had his distinguished and influential patron. It is a melancholy circumstance that this long and interesting literary friendship should at last have been dissolved, by some unhappy misunderstanding.

England owes to the father of her poetry
"A debt immense of endless gratitude."

Chaucer did that for the English language which Dante* did for the Italian—he taught the most polite of his countrymen to speak and write it without a blush for its vulgarity or imperfection. From the Norman conquest, all our authors of any celebrity or genius had written in French or Latin, and the Anglo-Saxon was banished not only from courts but from schools. Gower, who had little or no genius, but much learning and many accomplishments, had probably neither the courage nor the inclination, and certainly he had not the power, to originate a revolution in the literature of his country. It was very late before he even ventured to follow the example of his noble rival. Chaucer began to write English poetry at the age of eighteen, and Gower at the age of sixty. He found a congenial associate in Wyckliffe, the Reformer, who translated the Bible into the vulgar tongue, and thereby helped the cause of literature as well as that of religion. Wyckliffe was warmly supported by Chaucer's patron, the Duke of Lancaster.

Chaucer's first considerable poem was *The Court of Love*, which was written in 1346, the year of the Battle of Cressy,—his last and greatest is *The Canterbury Tales*, which, as they were written when he was upwards of sixty, may be adduced as a satisfactory illustration of the freshness of fancy that may be

* Dante died seven years before the birth of Chaucer.

preserved in a green old age*. Unhappily the Canterbury Tales were left unfinished: the number of tales contemplated by the poet is said to have been 60, of which we have only 24. Dryden and Pope have both modernized some of these Tales, and the former has paid a glowing tribute of praise to the genius of the patriarch of British poets. He observes in his preface to the Fables that "as he is the father of English poetry, so he holds him in the same degree of veneration as the Grecians held Homer, or the Romans, Virgil."

It is impossible to peruse the works of Chaucer without forming a lively idea of the author's shrewd sagacity, his quick powers of observation, and above all the serenity and happiness of his temper. He generally looks at all objects from a cheerful point of view, and he seems to describe human enjoyment and the brightest aspects of external nature with a peculiar zest. His forte perhaps is broad humour, but he has sometimes a manly pathos that goes directly to the heart.

With the exception of Shakespeare no English writer has exhibited an equal versatility of power. He is highly dramatic and picturesque. There is an endless variety and great force and truth in his delineations of character, while his descriptions of external nature, particularly his morning scenes, are so exquisitely fresh and vivid, that he carries the reader into the open air.

His versification, to a modern and unpractised ear, seems harsh and rugged; but a familiarity with the ancient accent and a due attention to what appears to be the fact that he wrote rhythmically rather than metrically, leads a reader to the conclusion that the style of our venerable bard was by no means so unworthy of his matter as is generally supposed.

* Dryden wrote his admirable versions of Chaucer and Boccacio in his 67th year.

JOHN GOWER.

John Gower died about 1408. The year of his birth is uncertain. If little is known of the personal history of Chaucer, still less is known of his accomplished friend and contemporary, John Gower. The precise date of Gower's birth has not yet been discovered, and even that of his death has been the subject of disputation. Though it has been well ascertained that he possessed considerable landed property, that he was a person of influence and note, and mixed in the first circles of society, the most learned and industrious of our antiquaries have hitherto failed to discover from what family he sprung. Mr. Todd, in his "Illustrations of the Life and Writings of Gower," repeats the report of Leland*, that he was of the ancient family of the Gowers of Stitenham in Yorkshire; but a writer in the last volume of the *Retrospective Review* has endeavoured to show, in despite of "a proud tradition" in the family of the Marquis of Stafford, "the head of the illustrious house of Gower," that the poet was not connected with it.

Though Gower was perhaps the senior of Chaucer, both as a man and as an author, he has no claim to priority as an English Poet. Chaucer had written all his poems except the *Canterbury Tales* before the appearance of Gower's first and greatest English poem, the *Confessio Amantis;* and had it not been for the generous courage with which Chaucer first broke through the restraints of fashion, and, discarding the Latin and French, showed that his vernacular tongue was perfectly well fitted for the highest purposes of poetry, it is probable that Gower would to the last have confined his attention exclusively to a dead or a foreign language. Gower had devoted the greater part of his life to the study of Latin and French, and did not condescend to dress his thoughts in English until Chaucer had long set him the example. Gower's greatest production is a work in three parts under three distinct titles, and in three different languages. The first part is written in French, and entitled *Speculum Meditantis;* the second in Latin, entitled *Vox Clamantis*, and the third in English, and entitled *Confessio Amantis*. The two first are yet preserved in manuscript, but have never been printed. It is upon the third alone that Gower has founded a reputation. The subject of the *Speculum Meditantis* is said chiefly to relate to the repentance of a sinner. The *Vox Clamantis*, or *the voice of one crying in the wilderness*, relates to the insurrections of the Commons in the reign of Richard the Second. The *Confessio Amantis* was written at the desire of that king, who meeting Gower rowing on the Thames, invited him into the royal barge, and requested him to *book some new thing*. The poem consists of a dialogue between a Lover and his Confessor, and includes a variety of tales having reference for the most part, directly or remotely, to the tender passion. A few Latin verses are occasionally introduced. The Tale of the Coffers or Caskets, is chiefly borrowed from a

* A well-known antiquary who enjoyed the patronage of Henry VIII.

curious old collection of tales entitled *Gesta Romanorum*, from which Shakespeare seems to have derived the incident of the three caskets in the *Merchant of Venice*. In the first year of the reign of Henry the Fourth the poet lost his eyesight, a deprivation which he has recorded in a very pathetic strain.

Gower was one of the most learned men of his time, and Chaucer seems to have greatly respected his judgment. According to Thomas Warton, the ingenious and tasteful historian of English poetry, Gower was the early guide and encourager of Chaucer's studies. The latter, however, had incomparably more intellectual power, and the student far surpassed the teacher. They publicly complimented each other. Chaucer styles his friend "the moral Gower," and the latter in his *Confessio Amantis* has made Venus remember Chaucer with admiration.

> And greet well Chaucer whan ye mete
> As my disciple and poete,
> For in the flowers of his youth
> In sundry wise as he well couth
> Of dites and of songes glad
> The which he for my sake made, &c.

Gower was not perhaps very highly gifted by nature, and suffers severely by any comparison with Chaucer, but he aided the exertions of his friend in refining his native tongue. The matter of his verses would have lost little by being transferred to prose. He was sententious and didactic, had little imagination, and was fond of details too purely literal. His learning was very extensive but inexact, so that his poems are full of ludicrous anachronisms. The following observations respecting Gower's learning are from Warton s History of Poetry, and well explain the cause of the pedantry observable in most of our early writers.

"Perhaps, in estimating Gower's merit, I have pushed the notion too far, that because he shews so much learning he had no great share of natural abilities. But it should be considered, that when books began to grow fashionable, and the reputation of learning conferred the highest honour, poets became ambitious of being thought scholars; and sacrificed their native powers of invention to the ostentation of displaying an extensive course of reading, and the pride of profound erudition. On this account, the minstrels of these times, who were totally uneducated, and poured forth spontaneous rhymes in obedience to the workings of nature, often exhibit more genuine strokes of passion and imagination, than the professed poets. Chaucer is an exception to this observation: whose original feelings were too strong to be suppressed by books, and whose learning was overbalanced by genius."

SIR THOMAS WYATT.

Sir Thomas Wyatt was descended from an ancient family. His father, Sir Henry Wyatt, was a Privy Councillor to Henry the Seventh. He was present with Henry the Eighth at the memorable *Battle of Spurs*, where his valour met with notice and reward.

Sir Thomas Wyatt was born at Allington in England, in the year 1503. At the early age of 17 he married, and five years afterwards he was one of fourteen challengers who distinguished themselves in some feat of arms at Greenwich. He was celebrated for his martial spirit, and is supposed to have served several years in the army. He was a great favorite at Court and is said to have made himself especially agreeable to Henry the Eighth by his cheerful, polite and witty conversation. It is reported that he once incurred the jealous suspicion of the king on account of the great favor shown him by Anne Boleyn. His innocence, however, was soon acknowledged, and he was restored to Henry's entire confidence. In 1536 he received the honor of Knighthood. He was sent Ambassador to the Emperor Charles the Fifth (in 1537), but finding his expenses beyond his income, he was recalled at his own earnest and repeated solicitations. He was however reappointed in 1539, and again grew weary of his office, solicited his recal, and returned to England about the middle of the same year. On his return he found his friend Cromwell out of favor, and Bishop Bonner, who was unfriendly to Wyatt and jealous of his political superiority, charged him with holding a treasonable correspondence with Cardinal Pole. On this charge he was imprisoned in the Tower, but was soon tried and acquitted, and regained the favor of the king.

On the arrival of some Ambassadors from the Emperor, Wyatt was ordered to meet them at Falmouth and conduct them to London. In his eagerness to do his duty on this occasion he overheated himself on his journey, and was seized with a malignant fever of which he died on the 10th of October 1541. The virtues and accomplishments of Wyatt have been very gracefully recorded by the muse of his friend Lord Surrey. He appears to have been eminently handsome in his person, of polite and cheerful manners and of a generous and manly disposition. His poetry is differently estimated by different critics. His partial friend Surrey, asserts with the exaggeration of poetry and friendship that he had

> A hand that taught what might be said in rhyme,
> That reft Chaucér the glory of his wit.

His poetry is not of a high order. It is often elegant and ingenious, but is deficient in natural feeling. In his amorous verses he shews himself too fond of the cold conceits of the Italian poets.

HENRY HOWARD.

HENRY HOWARD earl of Surrey was the eldest son of Thomas, third Duke of Norfolk, Lord High Treasurer of England in the reign of Henry VIII. He was born in or about the year 1516. It is supposed that he was chiefly educated under the paternal roof. He passed some portion of his youth at Windsor, where he had for his companion Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Richmond, the King's natural son, whose early death our poet lamented with a sensibility highly honorable to his heart. At the age of sixteen he was contracted in marriage to the Lady Frances Vere, daughter of John Earl of Oxford, but he does not appear to have lived with her as his wife until three years after. Towards the close of the year of his marriage contract (1532) he was present at the memorable interview between Henry VIII. and Francis I., and thus made his first appearance in public life at the *Field of the Cloth of Gold*, a scene highly calculated to excite the imagination of a youth of so much martial spirit and poetical enthusiasm.

In 1536 he was present with his father at the trial of his unhappy cousin Anne Boleyn. It was a little subsequent to this period that he is conjectured by many of his biographers to have gone to Florence, and having there fallen in love with the "*fair Geraldine*," the supposed object of most of his amatory poems, to have published a challenge to all who should dispute her beauty. Warton, who is the most credulous of all the admirers of Surrey, relates with much minuteness of detail and an air of historical gravity, the most romantic of the numerous fictions that have been connected with the name of that gallant and accomplished personage. He does not even omit to add that the poet became acquainted with the celebrated Cornelius Agrippa, an adept in magic, who displayed before him, in a mirror, a living image of Geraldine, reclining languidly on a couch, and reading one of his tenderest sonnets by the light of a waxen taper. Until the appearance of Chalmer's Life of him in the edition of the British Poets published in 1610, and the Life and Works by Dr. Nott, the Earl of Surrey seems to have been very unfortunate in his biographers. Even writers of considerable repute for historical accuracy have indulged their imaginations respecting him at the expense of truth, and have paid very little attention to the facts within their reach. Horace Walpole, Ellis and Warton inform us (after Anthony Wood) that he was conspicuous for his bravery at the battle of Flodden Field, a victory which was gained before Surrey was born.

His love for Geraldine seems to have been purely a poetical fancy, suggested by a little girl of thirteen years of age. His heart was otherwise engaged. He was actually married before the period of his supposed romantic tour to Italy as her knight-errant. Dr. Nott is of opinion that Geraldine was the daughter (as Walpole thought) of one of the Earls of Kildare, who was descended from the Geraldi of Florence. In 1540 Surrey is said to have attracted great attention at the jousts and tournaments in honour of the king's marriage with Anne of Cleves, and towards the close of the same year he first entered upon active public life, being sent over to France in company with Lord Russel and the Earl of Southampton, to see that the English possessions on the coast were in a proper state of defence, as an attack upon them was anticipated. He returned to England the same year, having acquitted himself to the satisfaction of his royal master. Shortly after his return he was made a Knight of the Garter, and served under his father in a military expedition into Scotland. Some time after or about this period (1542) he was twice committed to prison, on one occasion for a violent private quarrel, and on another for eating meat in Lent, and for breaking the windows of the citizens of London with stones from his cross-bow. The last mentioned misdemeanour would have seemed only a foolish frolic, had not Surrey in his defence very oddly attributed it to a desire of correcting "the licentious manners of the citizens" by "breaking in suddenly upon their guilty society," and thereby reminding them "of the suddenness of that punishment which the Scripture tells us Divine Justice will inflict on impenitent sinners." In making this grave defence we suspect the gay young criminal of a secret joke, but Dr. Nott seems to think him quite sincere, and attributes what would appear a mere outbreak of youthful folly to a naturally romantic turn of mind. Soon after this his high spirits had a nobler vent. He was employed in very responsible military commands in France, and displayed great skill and courage. He, however, lost a battle, with inferior numbers, but his retreat is said to have been conducted in a style that did infinite credit to his

coolness and sagacity. The king seems to have been irritated at the result of the engagement. Surrey was recalled and was superseded by the earl of Hertford, the bitter enemy of the family of Howard. On his return Surrey spoke with violence of Hertford, and with discontent and disgust at the conduct of the king. His expressions being reported to the latter he was sent as a prisoner to Windsor, but after an early liberation re-appeared at Court. The faction of Hertford, however, intrigued against him. He was arrested on the 12th of December, 1546, and commited to the Tower. The principal charge against him was his having quartered in his escutcheon the arms of Edward the Confessor, for which he proved that he had an hereditary right, that he had worn them himself in the presence of the King, and that his ancestors had also worn them in the presence of Henry's predecessors. But the reign of Henry VIII. was not a period in which innocence or truth could defend itself successfully against the self-will of despotism. The law was no barrier between the King and subject. A jury trembling for their own heads dared not protect that of Surrey, and notwithstanding a clear, manly and eloquent defence, obsequiously found him guilty of high treason. He was executed on Tower hill on the 21st of January, 1547, in the 31st year of his age.

Surrey's merits as a writer have been a good deal exaggerated from various causes. He is a light in the dreary chasm in our literature between the time of Edward the Third and that of Queen Elizabeth. He shines by contrast. The romantic fictions so long interwoven with his personal history, and his real heroism, his generous disposition, and his numerous and elegant accomplishments have all contributed to win the favour and influence the judgment of his critics. But the public in general are less open to a bias of this nature, and the consequence is that the poetry of Surrey is more praised than read. He was, however, greatly superior to his friend Wyatt, who scarcely deserves the name of poet, and who would have been long ago forgotten had he not been so fortunate in the time of his appearance, when in the absence of larger luminaries the smallest stars were visible. Surrey himself would have made little sensation in another age. From the time of Elizabeth to that of Anne there was not a single new edition of his Poems, until in consequence of Pope's allusion to him as *the Granville of a former age*, the booksellers employed Dr. Sewell to reprint his poems together with those of Wyatt, and of a few "Uncertain Authors." The experiment was a total failure. Dr. Nott, however, nothing daunted, published in 1815, two large quarto volumes of the poems of Surrey and Wyatt, and what with memoirs and copious notes, produced a work of considerable importance to the poetical student, but of very little interest to the public.

Surrey's poems are chiefly amatory sonnets and brief lyrical pieces, and generally in imitation of Petrarch. Though occasionally marred, like all the poetry of the time, with cold and extravagant conceits and a pedantic stiffness, they are far less affected with these vices than the poetry of most of his contemporaries, and they not unfrequently display an elegance and finish that would have done no discredit to the poets of a much later day. He was a *true* poet though not a *great* one. His translation of two books of the Æneid is spirited and faithful, and considering that it is the first specimen of blank-verse in the English language it must be acknowledged that he has employed that noble instrument with a successful hand. We miss, however, in Surrey's unrhymed verses that varied modulation which we are accustomed to meet with in those of modern writers.

THOMAS SACKVILLE.

Thomas Sackville (Lord Buckhurst and Earl of Dorset) was born at Withyam in Sussex in 1536. His mother, after the death of his father Sir Richard Sackville, married John Powlet, Marquis of Winchester. He studied for sometime at Oxford and then removed to Cambridge where he greatly distinguished himself by his compositions in English and Latin verse. On leaving the University, he entered at the Inner Temple, as it was the practice of the time for young men of family and fortune to acquire some knowledge of the law. It was at this period of his life that he wrote his tragedy of *Gorboduc*, subsequently entitled *Ferrex and Porrex* after the names of two of the principal characters in the piece. In this composition it was long supposed that he was greatly assisted by Thomas Norton, but the unity of style throughout the piece, and the great inferiority of Norton as a writer, are justly urged by Warton as an argument in favor of Sackville's claims to the exclusive merit of the performance. It is the earliest English tragedy. It was first exhibited in the Great Hall of the Inner Temple before the author's fellow students and afterwards before Queen Elizabeth at Whitehall

in 1561. It displays but little dramatic talent, and has more rhetoric than poetry. The speeches are long and tedious. But notwithstanding these defects it is an extraordinary performance for the time, the diction being singularly pure and perspicuous, and free from those wretched conceits and quibbles which found their way into the pages of his immediate successors, who with more genius had less taste. Pope was particularly pleased with this old play, and persuaded Spence to prepare an elegant edition of it which was published in 1736. The subject of it is briefly but clearly stated in the following advertisement prefixed to the early editions.

ARGUMENT OF THE TRAGEDIE.

Gorboduc, King of Brittaine, divided his realme, in his life-time, to his sonnes, Ferrex and Porrex. The sons fell to discention. The younger killed the elder. The mother, that more dearly loved the elder, for revenge killed the younger. The people, moved with the cruelties of the fact, rose in rebellion, and slew both father and mother. The nobilitie assembled, and most terribly destroyed the rebels; and afterwards, for want of issue in the prince, whereby the succession of the crowne became uncertaine, they fell to civil warre, in which both they and many of their issues were slain, and the land for a long time almost desolate and miserably wasted.

Sackville was elected a member of Parliament at the age of thirty. On the death of his father, in 1566, he succeeded to a princely inheritance and was very soon after raised to the peerage by the title of lord Buckhurst. He was not created Earl of Dorset till 1604. He was frequently employed as a statesman in high and responsible offices;—he was sent by Elizabeth Ambassador to Charles IX. King of France,—he was selected to perform the delicate and painful office of communicating to Mary Queen of Scots the sentence of death passed on her by the Parliament,—he was appointed Ambassador to Holland to settle some disputes occasioned by the haughty Earl of Leicester,—he became Chancellor of the University of Oxford at the Queen's express desire,—and in the 41st year of her reign he was Lord High Treasurer of England, an office in which he was confirmed for life on the accession of James the First. In 1607 he was seized with a disorder which so reduced his strength that his life was despaired of. The king took a deep interest in his condition, and sent him a gold ring set with diamonds, and this message, that, "his Majesty wished him a speedy and perfect recovery, with all happy and good success, and that he might live as long as the diamonds of that ring did endure, and in token hereof required him to wear it and keep it for his sake." He apparently recovered from this illness, but soon after died suddenly at the Council table of serous apoplexy in the 72nd year of his age, leaving behind him a memory of which his remotest descendants may be proud.

The poem by which he is best known is his Induction to "A Mirrour for Magistrates," a work which is thought in its plan and character to bear a resemblance to the *Inferno*, of Dante. It was intended to embody a series of narratives of the most illustrious and unfortunate characters in English History, who were to pass in review before the poet who descends into Hell under the guidance of Sorrow. Sackville, however, only completed the induction and one of the stories, that of Henry Stafford, Duke of Buckingham. It was continued very imperfectly by other writers. The Induction, which is remarkable for the power of fancy it displays, is undoubtedly a noble evidence of Sackville's poetical genius. Its bold and vivid allegories seem to have made a strong impression upon the mind of Spenser, who has paid him the compliment of imitation.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

George Gascoigne, was born (about 1540) of an ancient and honorable family in the county of Essex. He was disinherited by his father, Sir John Gascoigne, on account of certain youthful irregularities. The poet spoke of this harsh act of his father as "*a froward deed*," but did not suffer it to lessen his filial affection and respect. At a later age he lamented his errors, and became grave and pious. He could not gratify himself with the reflection that he had written "no line which dying he could wish to blot," but he made all the amends in his power for his early indiscretion, by confessing his errors and improving both his writings and his life. There was a licentious air in some of his first productions which will not be found amongst his latest. The severity of his father drove him to seek employment abroad. He enlisted himself in the service of William, Prince of Orange, who was endeavouring to emancipate the Netherlands from the tyranny of Spain. He distinguished himself so much on the field as to gain the particular favor of his master. Being at last taken prisoner by the enemy, after four months' confinement he made his way back to England, and renewed the study of the law which had occupied some portion of his earlier years. He grew weary, however, of this pursuit, and being introduced to the Queen by some influential friend (perhaps Sir Walter Raleigh) he accompanied her on one

of her progresses to Kenilworth, and recited before her some dramatic verses composed on the occasion. He married and settled at Walthamstow, amusing himself with poetry and gardening, but soon after died of a lingering and wasting disease. His poetry is smooth and elegant, but without much force or originality. He has the merit, however, of having written the first *prose* comedy* in our language, entitled *The Supposes*, a translation from Ariosto, and his tragedy entitled *Jocasta* (borrowed from Euripides) was the second of our blankverse tragedies.

JOHN HARRINGTON.

John Harrington was the father of the Sir John Harrington who published a translation of Ariosto, a production which Ben Jonson described as the worst of its kind. When Sir John asked the old dramatist to tell him the truth respecting some of his epigrams, he was told that "he loved not the truth, for they were narrations not epigrams." John Harrington was imprisoned by Queen Mary for his suspected attachment to Elizabeth. Campbell thinks his love verses have "an elegance and terseness more modern by an hundred years, than those of his contemporaries." Perhaps this praise requires a little qualification. John Harrington was born in 1534 and died in his 48th year.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

Sir Philip Sidney was the most accomplished gentleman of his age. Queen Elizabeth considered him the chief ornament of her court, and when he was named as a candidate for the kingdom of Poland she interposed her authority against it, "refusing," says Camden, "to further his advancement, out of fear that she should lose *the jewel of her times.*" Sir Philip Sidney was born at Penshurst in Kent, November 29, 1554. He was the son of Sir Henry Sidney, the bosom friend of Edward the Sixth who died in his arms. After studying at Christ Church Oxford, and Trinity College Cambridge, according to the custom of the time he set off on his travels. While at Paris the French King, (Charles IX.) made him gentleman of his bedchamber, but it has been supposed that this distinction was an insidious artifice to conceal his design of destroying the protestants, for Sidney had not held the appointment many days before he became a spectator of the brutal massacre of the Huguenots (in 1572). He saved his life by taking refuge in the house of the English Embassador, and when the danger was over he went to Frankfort where he became intimately acquainted with the celebrated Hubert Languet, the minister of the Elector of Saxony. He subsequently went to Vienna. In 1574 he visited Italy, and at Padua became acquainted with the illustrious Tasso. He returned to England in the following year. In 1576 he was appointed ambassador to the Court of Vienna, ostensibly to condole with the Emperor on the death of his father, but secretly to promote a league amongst the protestant states against the papal influence of Rome and the tyranny of Spain, an object which he achieved to the satisfaction of his Royal Mistress. Three years after this, when Queen Elizabeth seemed disposed to accede to a proposal of marriage with the Duke of Anjou, Sidney addressed a letter to her on the subject, explaining with great freedom the danger of such a match to the protestant religion and the interests of the nation. It does not appear that he lost her majesty's good will by this courageous remonstrance, though other persons suffered severely for offering similar advice. An author and his printer had their right hands cut off, the one for penning and the other for printing a pamphlet against the match. In 1580 a grand tournament was held at Court, in which, though Sidney greatly distinguished himself the victory was adjudged to the Earl of Oxford. A quarrel ensued between that nobleman and Sidney, when the Queen interposed to prevent a duel. Being irritated and disgusted at this interference he retired to Wilton the seat of his Brother-in-Law, the Earl of Pembroke, where he employed his leisure in the composition of his celebrated Pastoral Romance of "Arcadia," which is written in prose but interspersed with many passages in metre. In the latter he has vainly attempted to naturalize the measures of Roman poetry. This work was once exceedingly popular. It ran through fourteen editions and was translated into many languages. It is utterly unsuited, however, to the taste of modern times. It is characterized by a fine poetic feeling, and a vein of noble sentiment; but the style is strained and fantastic, and though a few pages of it can be read with pleasure, the continued perusal of it is a tedious task. Soon after the composition of his Arcadia, Sir Philip published his eloquent and able "Defence of Poesy," one of the earliest and best specimens of English criticism. It may still be

* The first regular comedy in *verse* in our language was *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, written, it is supposed, by Mr. Still afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells. It was published in 1551. It is written chiefly in long (12 syllable) rhyming couplets.

read with profit and delight. "There are few rules and few excellencies of poetry, especially Epic and Dramatic," observes Dr. Joseph Warton, "but what Sir Philip Sidney, who had diligently read the best Latin and Italian commentaries on Aristotle's Poetics, has here pointed out and illustrated with true taste and judgment."

In 1583 he married Frances, the daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham, a young lady of great beauty and worth. He received the honor of knighthood in the same year. Shortly after Sir Philip Sidney composed a zealous defence of his uncle, the Earl of Leicester, in answer to a violent publication entitled "Leicester's Commonwealth," written by Parsons, the notorious Jesuit who concocted plans for the murder of the Queen. Sir Philip formed a design about this time of accompanying Sir Francis Drake in a voyage of discovery to America, but the Queen issued peremptory orders to restrain his purpose.

In 1585 he was appointed Governor of Flushing in the Netherlands and Colonel of all the Dutch regiments. The protestant inhabitants of the Netherlands were then suffering under the tyranny of the Spaniards. On the 22nd of September 1586, he fell in with a convoy of the enemy marching towards Zutphen; an engagement took place and the English troops, though greatly inferior to the enemy in number, gained the victory, which was dearly purchased by the loss of Sir Philip Sidney. A musket bullet entered a little above the left knee and passed up the thigh. After lingering sixteen days his wound mortified, and he was released by death from the dreadful torture which he had endured with characteristic fortitude. He was the first to perceive the approach of death, and endeavoured to divert his mind from his torments by composing an ode and causing it to be sung to solemn music. The anecdote of his heroic and generous conduct on the field just after receiving his wound ought never to be forgotten. Being faint and thirsty from loss of blood, he called for water, but just as he was putting it to his lips, he observed a dying soldier, who was looking wistfully at it. He immediately resigned it to him.—"*This man's necessity*," said he, "*is still greater than mine.*" This highly interesting incident has been commemorated in a well-known painting by Benjamin West.

His remains were brought to England, and after having lain in state for some days, were deposited with extraordinary pomp in St. Paul's Cathedral. Such was the general admiration of his character and the public sorrow for his loss that for many months after his death it was considered indecent in any gentleman to appear in gay costume or out of mourning. The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge lamented his death in elegiac poems in Hebrew, Greek, Latin and Italian, the whole of which were collected and published in three volumes.

So much has been said, and with so much eloquence, upon the character of this most accomplished man, that it is difficult to find any terms of eulogy that have not been already applied to him. Thomas Campbell has very felicitously observed that "the life of Sir Philip Sidney was poetry put into action." He had "high thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy." He was looked up to by all his cotemporaries as

> The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword:
> The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
> The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
> The observed of all observers!
>
> *Hamlet.*

His poetry has no doubt been a little overrated out of a respect for the man. Still, however, it possesses intrinsic merit though not of the highest order. It is often quaint and pedantic, but it is evidently the production of a refined and cultivated intellect. If Sir Philip Sidney had concentrated his powers he might have compassed some noble undertaking, but in aiming at too many accomplishments he lost the opportunity of attaining extraordinary excellence in any single art or science.

EDMUND SPENSER.

Edmund Spenser descended from the ancient and honorable family of that name, was born near the Tower of London about the beginning of the reign of Queen Mary; but as that bigotted and heartless princess died when he was only about five years of age, he belongs, *as a writer*, exclusively, to the happier reign of Elizabeth, a period equally distinguished for political prosperity and the display of native genius in the walks of literature. Though it is pretty well ascertained that he was of the noble family whose name he bore, nothing whatever is known of his parents, except that the Christian name of his mother was Elizabeth. Gibbon, the historian of the Roman Empire, in his interesting memoirs of his own life and writings makes a striking allusion to the glory which the genius of a great poet may confer, even more than the triumphs of a warrior, upon an honorable kindred. "The nobili-

ty of the *Spensers*," says he, " has been illustrated and enriched by the trophies of Marlborough ; but I exhort them to consider the *Fairy Queen* as the most precious jewel of their coronet." In 1569 Spenser was admitted a sizar at Pembrokehall, Cambridge, where in six or seven years he took his degree of Master of Arts. At this college he formed an intimacy with Gabriel Harvey, a learned man and a writer of verses, but who at an after period evinced so little taste as to condemn some specimens of the *Fairy Queen* then in progress, while he praised Spenser's minor poems. He would fain have discouraged his friend from proceeding with that immortal work, and expressed a wish that " God or some good angel would put him in *a better mind*." It is certain that Spenser's smaller poems would not have saved his name from a speedy oblivion. From the university, Spenser went to reside with some friends in the north of England where he composed a pastoral poem entitled the " *Shepherd's Calendar*," a work which is greatly injured by intricate allegories and theological and poetical allusions. It is supposed that some passages in this poem gave offence to Burleigh who became Spenser's enemy for life. Spenser tried in vain to soften the mighty peer's displeasure. This ill will was probably increased by the poet's being taken under the patronage of the Earl of Leicester. In 1580 Spenser received the honorable appointment of Secretary to Arthur Lord Grey, then nominated Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He returned to England with that nobleman two years afterwards. Having obtained from Queen Elizabeth by the interest of his friends, a grant of the castle of Kilcolman in the county of Cork, and three thousand and twenty acres out of the forfeited estate of the Earl of Desmond, he returned to Ireland to take possession of the property. During his residence at Kilcolman he wrote the first part of the *Fairy Queen*, and was visited by Sir Walter Raleigh who persuaded him to prepare it immediately for the press. For this purpose he returned again to England in the company of Raleigh who introduced him to Queen Elizabeth ; and her majesty conferred on him a pension of fifty pounds a year. In 1590 he published the first three books of the *Fairy Queen*, and then returned to Ireland where about four years after he was married. He visited England in 1591. In 1595 the next three books of the *Fairy Queen* were published. There is an old but unauthenticated story that the remaining six cantos were lost by his servant in his passage from Ireland. There is very little reason to believe that Spenser ever wrote more than six cantos and a few fragments. In the same year he presented to the Queen his prose work, entitled " View of the state of Ireland," which, however, remained in manuscript until 1633. In 1597 he returned to Ireland and was recommended by Her Majesty to the Office of Sheriff for Cork. But Tyrone's rebellion now broke out with dreadful fury. Spenser's goods were robbed and his castle burned. He was compelled to fly with such precipitation that an infant child of the poet's perished in the flames and his wife very narrowly escaped. Spenser arrived in England with ruined fortunes and a broken heart. He died in January 1599, and was buried at the expense of the Earl of Essex in Westminster, and according to his own wish near the tomb of Chaucer. Many of the poets of the day attended the funeral and threw tributary verses into his grave. It is conjectured that Ben Jonson held his pall, and perhaps his great admirer Shakespeare, was also amongst the mourners.

Spenser's *Fairy Queen* is undoubtedly and beyond all comparison his noblest production. It places him in the first rank of British poets. That it was left unfinished deducts little from its value, for no share of its merit depends upon the general plan, which even by the poet's own explanation, in a letter to Raleigh, is confused and intricate in the extreme. It is a painful task to thrid one's way through such labyrinthian confusion, and the exhausted reader is glad to relax his attention from the long series of obscure allusions, riddles, and double meanings, to refresh his mental eye with the detached personifications which are as distinct and as richly coloured as the paintings of Rubens, and to delight his ear with the liquid melody of the verse. It would take up too much space to point out the general design of this poem and explain the particular meaning of the several parts. It is sufficient to state that the leading purpose is to exhibit twelve virtues in the conduct of the same number of knights. Besides the twelve knights there is Prince Arthur (so famous in old British Legends) who is apparently the hero of the poem, who occasionally rescues them from danger, and in his own person shadows forth *Magnificence* (or magnanimity), which virtue is deemed the perfection of all the rest. The heroine is *Gloriana* or glory—the Fairy Queen. But though in the general intention Prince Arthur personifies a single virtue, it is supposed that he is occasionally the representative of the poet's patron Sir Philip Sidney, and Gloriana the sovereign of Fairy Land is a type of Queen Elizabeth ; her distinguished courtiers are often

alluded to in the characters of the knights. It is not surprising that even Spenser himself should call his poem a "dark conceit," and confess that the meaning is "cloudily enwrapped in allegorical devises." It is the inextricable confusion of the design, much more perhaps than the frequent obscurity of the antique diction, that perplexes the general reader. There are few persons who are wholly insensible to the extraordinary force and beauty of the personifications of the passions, the accurate and vivid descriptions of nature, and the exquisite music of the versification, though there are still fewer who can go regularly forward from one canto to another without a sense of weariness. But if Spenser's narrative is uninteresting he makes ample amends by those exquisite passages in which he displays the richness of his imagination and his delicate sense of beauty. He is emphatically the poet's poet. His favorite stanza, which has been called after his name, was borrowed from the Italian, with the exception of the ninth line, which gives it a majestic fulness and completeness of sound that is a perfect luxury to the ear. Latter writers have given this stanza a greater force, freedom and variety of modulation, but in mellifluous sweetness the Spenserean measure from the hands of its first master remains unrivalled.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

William Shakespeare, the greatest poet that the world has yet seen, was born at Stratford upon Avon, April 23, 1564. His father, John Shakespeare, enjoyed a small patrimonial estate, but falling into difficulties was compelled to increase his income by trade. He is said to have been a wool-stapler. He appears, however, to have possessed some influence in his native town, and once filled the office of High Bailiff or Chief Magistrate. He had a family of ten children. William Shakespeare was the second son. Our illustrious poet appears to have received but an indifferent school education. What little learning he possessed was acquired at the Free School of Stratford. It was here that he obtained what his contemporary Ben Jonson called his "*small Latin and less Greek.*" But as it is justly observed by Dr. Drake, though his attainments as a linguist were truly trifling, his *knowledge* was great and his *learning* in the best sense of the term, was multifarious and extensive beyond that of most of his contemporaries. It is said that on leaving school he was placed for a brief period in the office of a country Attorney. At the age of eighteen he married Anne Hathaway, the daughter of a farmer in his neighbourhood. The lady was eight years older than himself. Shortly after his marriage he formed an intimacy with some young men of a thoughtless and dissipated character who were in the habit of deer-stealing. Being young and gay himself, he joined them in what he probably deemed a mere frolic, the capture of some deer from the park of Sir Thomas Lucy, by whom he was prosecuted with such severity that the poet by way of revenge wrote a satirical ballad upon the knight and affixed it to his park gates. He subsequently held up the memory of his persecutor to immortal ridicule in the character of Justice Shallow in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. Soon after this he went to seek his fortune in London, but left his wife at Stratford, and visited her once a year. Tradition informs us that he held the horses of those who rode to the theatre, and thus for awhile gained a scanty livelihood; but his care and civility were so conspicuous, and his humble services came into such request, that he was obliged to employ others under him, who went by the name of *Shakespeare's boys*. This story, however, rests on a very slight foundation. It is certain that he became an actor, and that he was not a good one. The part he performed best, was the ghost in *Hamlet*. He also appeared in the character of Adam in *As You Like it*, and in that of Old Knowell in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*. He soon showed that he could delineate a character much better than he could act it. His first literary performance was the poem of *Venus and Adonis*, which he dedicated to his patron, the Earl of Southampton. Which was the earliest of his thirty-five invaluable dramas can only be matter of conjecture. In the beginning of King James the First's reign he was one of the principal managers of the Globe theatre. He rapidly accumulated wealth, and in 1597 he purchased a house at Stratford to which he gave the name of New Place. He did not wholly retire from an active life until the year 1613, when he left the metropolis for ever, and settled himself in his native town, determined to devote the remainder of his existence to social and domestic happiness. Shakespeare died on his birth-day, 23rd April, 1616, when he had nearly completed his fifty-second year. His great contemporary, Cervantes, died in Spain on the same day. Shakespeare had by his wife, who survived him, a son named Hamnet (who died in 1596), and two daughters.

To speak of Shakespeare's genius in a manner at all worthy of the subject, would require unrivalled critical acumen and powers of expression almost

equal to his own. In the very small space which is allotted to these notices his excellences must rather be alluded to than analized. That he is the first in the first rank of poets is now almost universally admitted. Even the French who were at one time disinclined to acknowledge the pre-eminence of a writer whose style is so directly opposed to the general character of their own literature, begin to regard him with a liberal and enlightened admiration, and the fine enthusiasm with which his plays are now received in Germany is a proof that the English are not blinded by national pride in their estimate of his genius. The best and most laudatory of his critics is a German—the brilliant and able Schlegel. That Shakespeare was not a faultless writer may be admitted without much reluctance, because with all his wondrous endowments he was still a man, and no human production has yet resembled a sun without a spot. His defects however, though numerous, are generally of a superficial and unimportant character. He who studies mankind and observes the appearances of the external world, when he comes to the perusal of Shakespeare, must be struck with wonder at the intuitive sagacity of his moral discoveries, and the unrivalled truth and beauty of his descriptions. There is something almost super-human in the precision with which he reads the innermost secrets of our nature. He lays bare the heart. He is the poet of the world. His true and inimitable delineations of humanity are not confined to particular times or countries, and his fame and influence are accordingly independent of those varieties and changes of circumstance and external manners which at last throw into oblivion all those writers who exhaust their powers on local or temporary materials.

Shakespeare was not, like other poets, remarkable for some solitary perfection or for one predominant quality. His vast mind was well balanced and many-sided. He was not distinguished for wit alone, or humour, or pathos, or sublimity, or a vigorous understanding or a fine imagination. He combined *all* these different qualities in his individual genius, and every author eminent in each has been surpassed by Shakespeare even in the single characteristic excellence.

The different conceptions which are formed of some of the characters in Shakespeare's plays have seemed to certain critics an argument against their truth and nature. The case is exactly the reverse. It is a glorious proof of that dramatic power which enabled him so entirely to forget himself—to enter into the hearts of others—and to pourtray men exactly as they are, in every change of position and with all their inconsistencies, both real and paparent. To understand them thoroughly requires the same studious observation and knowledge of human nature, as are imployed in an intercourse with the living world. His characters are not described;—they act. They are not allegorical personages. They are not automatons or lay figures. They "live and move and have their being." The characters in the plays of those poets who do not possess the dramatic faculty, however capable may be the writers of pourtraying with truth and vigour their own feelings, are by no means so difficult of comprehension. Not being persons but descriptions, he who runs may read them. They remind us of caricatures, with labels in their mouths, or paintings accompanied with written explanations. *How natural!* is the instant exclamation of the same crowd, who are struck with the incomprehensible inconsistencies of Shakespeare's characters! It is always thus with superficial observers. They see not that the human character is of "a mingled yarn," and discover only the broader traits unqualified by those nice gradations and varieties of shade, those virtues that border upon vice, and those vices that lean to virtue's side, which are often so mysteriously blended in the same human being. This ignorance of our nature is the cause of the instability of friendships. The common crowd know but of two characters in the world—a good man and a wicked man. When they discover a single vice or failing in one whom they had placed in the former class, they instantly transfer him to the latter. They generally add to this injustice by attributing their mistake to the culprit's hypocrisy, instead of to their own want of discernment.

We are told by Collins, in a compliment to Fletcher, at the expense of a greater poet, that

"Stronger Shakespeare felt for *man* alone."

Even Dryden has expressed a similar opinion, and Walter Scott echoes him. Some living critics too have remarked, that the female characters in Shakespeare's plays are less prominently marked and less variously distinguished than those of the sterner sex. If this criticism is to be taken in an unfavorable sense, it is quite erroneous, and the censure might be very fairly turned into a compliment. We often hear objections made to certain characters in Shakespeare's plays that only tend to shew more unequivocally the perfect truth and nature of the poet's delineations; and the criti-

cism, just alluded to, is of this description. If Shakespeare had brought out the lines of his female characters as strongly as those of the other sex, he would have been guilty of an error into which he of all men was the least likely to be led. His knowledge of human nature was nearly infallible, indeed almost god-like; and he well knew that in spite of occasional and even striking deviations arising from original organization or accidental circumstances, the fairer and gentler half of our kind are less individually distinguished by prominent and peculiar traits than men. Partly from their primal nature and partly from the uniformity of their conventional condition, they are generally as like one another in their moral and intellectual character as in the delicacy of their external conformation. The characters of men are necessarily more diversified, owing to the greater variety of positions into which they are thrown, and the many powerful excitements which stir their minds and hearts to the lowest depths. The nearly all-absorbing passion of a woman's breast is love, but, as Byron has made Julia in Don Juan finely tell us, men indulge in a variety of other emotions of equal strength.

> "Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
> *Tis woman's whole existence*; man may range
> The court, camp, church, the vessel and the mart,
> Sword, gown, gain, glory, offer in exchange,
> Pride, fame, ambition, to fill up his heart,
> And few there are whom these cannot estrange;
> Men have all these resources; we but one,
> To love again, and be again undone."

As all men and women are very much the creatures of circumstances, the comparative uniformity in the characters of the one and the endless variety in the characters of the other, present a problem not very difficult of solution. Still, however, nature does not allow of an absolutely perfect similitude between any two living creatures. There are no two countenances in every respect alike, and still more positive is the diversity of minds. To the general eye a flock of sheep presents no distinction excepting that of size or colour; but the shepherd knows every face by its peculiar lineaments, as perfectly as a father knows the features of his children. In the same way, a profound student of human life, may often trace individual distinctions in the crowd, which escape the notice of ordinary observers. These minute and subtle traits, our great dramatic poet has shown us reflected in that mirror which he so successfully held up to nature; but it happens that as he did not exaggerate the truth to make it palpable to the more vulgar eye, the finer distinctions which are unseen in the reality by common observers are equally unrecognized in the imitation, by common readers. Pope has told us that

> "Most women have no character at all;"

and it is quite true that they have none whatever if that only is to be called a character which all who run may read. But what sound and sober critic will echo the smart but shallow dogma of the leading wit of the days of Anne? We would rather go back to the time of Elizabeth, and listen to the philosophy of Shakespeare, who contradicts, by anticipation, the satirist's flippant libel upon the gentlest and fairest of all God's creatures. In the pages of the Prince of Dramatists, we meet again with many of those lovely and delightful beings whose delicate varieties of character enchant us in real life. Of Shakespeare's endless variety of male characters it is unnecessary to speak, for even the dullest reader owns the truth and force of his portraits of men. Who that has once become acquainted with Lear and Hamlet and Macbeth and Iago and Othello could ever forget them? When we are presented with such full-length portraits of humanity as these, so distinct and animated, we receive an impression that can never fade but with life itself. But he who wishes to keep up his acquaintance with the modern drama, must have a strong memory indeed, if he does not find it necessary to refresh it with occasional reperusals.

> They all wear out of us, like forms with chalk
> Painted on rich men's floors for one feast night.

Though Shakespeare knew so well how to pourtray the darkest passions, his own heart was one of the purest and gentlest that ever breathed.

RICHARD BARNFIELDE.

Richard Barnfielde. Scarcely any thing is known of this poet's personal history or even of his writings. Little more than his name and the title of his works have been preserved. The poem we have quoted, has been often attributed to Shakespeare, a compliment that renders it worthy of preservation. Barnfielde published a poem entitled, "The Affectionate Shepherd" in 1595. Several other productions of his appeared between that period and 1604.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Sir Walter Raleigh was born at Hayes, in Devonshire, in 1552, at the age of 16 he was sent to Oriel College, Oxford. At this early period Lord Henry Howard his future rival was his companion. In the following year he embarked for France with the English troops who were sent to assist Elizabeth to assist the Queen of Navarre in defending the Church Protestants. In the service he displayed much courage and skill. Returned to England. But he did not long remain there. In 1580 he accompanied the troops sent from England to assist the Dutch against the Spaniards. Soon after this, he settled with his half brother Sir Humphrey Gilbert in Youghal, Ireland. On his return he obtained a Captain's commission under Lord Grey of Wilton, the Deputy of Ireland, and soon after distinguished himself greatly in quelling to suppress the Munster Rebellion. On his return he obtained the Queen's favor by an act of gallantry. Her stepping across one day, having stopped at a very wet spot, he threw down a rich cloak of a magnificent nature from his shoulders and laid it for the greatest ladies to walk. The Queen was pleased with such flattering attention, and the new proportionate favor and generous munificence of Raleigh added greatly to the effect of his romantic compliment. He is stated to have written the following line on a window, which the Queen could not help to gaze.

Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall.

She happily, it is said, condescended to write the reply directly under it:

If thy heart fail thee, climb not at all.

In 1583 he obtained letters patent for discovering unknown lands, by virtue of which he took possession of a fine country, called Wingandacoa, to which the Queen gave the name of Virginia. Soon after this he received the honour of Knighthood. He grew now into high favor with her, was likewise appointed one of her privy council. He obtained a large grant of land in Ireland, where he settled Spenser his friend, whom he brought to England and introduced to her Majesty. In 1592 he was a chief actor in the glorious enterprise against the Armada. Sir Richard Grenville, who fell a victim at Flores. It was from his ships that Gilbert was first supported into England. In 1595 he assisted by his skill and bravery in taking the Spanish Armada. In the years after he commanded an expedition against Guiana. In all his subsequent dangers he ever to maintain of an intrigue with the daughter of Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, one of the maids of honour, whom he afterwards married. In 1603 he projected the conquest of Guiana, where he took possession of the city of San Joseph. In the following year he was one of the admirals employed in the successful expedition against Cadiz. On the accession of King James in 1603 he was accused of conspiring with Lord Cobham to place Arabella Stewart on the throne. He was condemned to death, and though his life was spared, he was confined for twelve years in the Tower where he wrote his celebrated History of the World. After his release he was entrusted with the charge of another expedition to Guiana. The enterprise was unsuccessful. On his return he was arrested and sent to the Tower, not for any new misdemeanour, but in consequence of his former conviction. He is said to have been sacrificed by the profligate monarch to appease the Spaniards. He received sentence of death, and was beheaded, Oct. 29, 1618.

The calm manner with which he met his death was in fine keeping with his conduct through life. In taking farewell to his friends on the scaffold, he said, that "he had a long journey to go and must therefore speedily take leave." He took the axe in his hand, and passing his finger along the edge of it observed to the sheriff, "This is a sharp medicine, but a cure for all diseases."

SAMUEL DANIEL.

Samuel Daniel, was the son of a music master, and was born near Taunton in Somersetshire, in the year 1562. He was educated at Magdalen Hall, Oxford. He was warmly patronized by the noble family of Pembroke, under whose care he continued after leaving the University to pursue his favorite studies of Poetry and History. He was also fortunate enough to obtain the notice of Queen Anne, the consort of James the First, who appointed him a groom of the Privy Chamber. He was for some time tutor to the accomplished and celebrated Lady Anne Clifford, afterwards Countess of Pembroke, with whom he continued his connection with affectionate respect. On the death of Spenser he was made Poet Laureate. Daniel's greatest prose work was a History of England extending to the reign of Edward the Third. He also wrote an elegant defence of Rhyme which is published in Chalmers's collection of the poets. He wrote several dramatic works, which have all

fallen into oblivion; but some of his miscellaneous poems are still read with pleasure and instruction. His principal poem was upon rather an unfortunate subject for the Muse—the "History of the Civil Wars between the Houses of York and Lancaster." The details are generally uninteresting, and the reader feels throughout that nothing is gained by forcing the great materials of the sonnet into the form of verse. His Sonnets and Epistles are amongst his happiest efforts, and in many of these he is elegant and pathetic. His rhyme is singularly pure and vigorous. He has been styled the Horace of his day. He has no force or fire, but there is a chaste propriety in his sentiments and his style that incessantly distinguishes him from some of his contemporaries. He was the intimate friend of Shakespeare and Marlowe. A few years before his death, which happened on the 14th of October, 1592, he retired from public life and entered himself with agricultural pursuits.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT AND JOHN FLETCHER.

Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher were so closely connected in literature and friendship, that it is neither convenient nor desirable to separate them. They were not only engaged in their poetical labours and enjoyments, but shared between them the necessaries of life. They were both bachelors, and lived together in the same house, and had even their clothes in common. Francis Beaumont was descended from an ancient family of that name at Grace-Dieu, in Leicestershire, where he was born in 1585. His father, who was one of the judges of the Common-pleas, was anxious that his son should study the law, but young Beaumont could think of nothing but the Muses. He was educated at Oxford. He died in his thirtieth year, six years before his friend Fletcher. Though his life was thus brief it was well employed, for he had a hand in the greater part of the fifty-two plays which are published in the collected works of these united authors. John Fletcher was the son of Dr. Richard Fletcher, Bishop of London. He was born in the metropolis in 1576, and was educated at Cambridge. He died in the great plague in London in 1625. In the plays written jointly by these celebrated literary partners it is impossible to ascertain the exact share of each due to each writer. It was generally said by their contemporaries that the wit and invention were Fletcher's, and that Beaumont, though the younger man, had more gravity and judgment, and combined himself chiefly to the serious and pathetic parts. In 1647 was the date and judgment of Beaumont assessed by Ben Jonson, who was not inclined to self-confidence, and to flattery sought his affinity, and submitted his plays to his correction. To crown the praise of both was the same to have placed them within about Shakespeare himself; and even to him to be the first of Fletcher, that gave life to "their plays with the best plays and happiest performances of the stage, but of Ben's taking part through the pale for the of Shakespeare's or Jonson's." In the present day Lessing, though this great merit was justly allowed, was by no means over the majority here of Shakespeare, who was raising among the writings of both the critics and the people. But perhaps they should rate to him as fantastic plays, if to reject the claims of Ben Jonson, who had a better right of knowing him of genius and gathered with from the actual stage of the Globe than from books. Beaumont and Fletcher exhibit a luxuriant fancy, and great richness and fluency of poetic diction; and occasionally they show that they understood human passion; but they seem to me also to think of stage effect and not the passion to excite surprise. They have talent in them, but they do not always use it. Their genuine fault is to use distorted the drama. Their audiences are often unnatural and their language unsuitable individuals to at once and the most serious subjects; their plays would not please and be highly popular: for they attempt to surprise investigation, to excite of passions not, and we are accustomed to the passages of true pathos.

SIR JOHN DAVIES.

Sir John Davies was the son of a citizen, and from this low extraction he rose to high worldly honours. He was appointed puisne judge of the King's Bench in England. He was born about the year 1570, and died in 1626. He was educated at Queen's College, Oxford, but he left the university without taking a degree, and entered himself of the Middle Temple, where he was called to the bar in 1595. He was appointed solicitor-general for Ireland in 1606, and was knighted at Dublin Castle. He was elected Speaker of the Irish House of Commons in 1612, and was appointed attorney-general for Ireland in 1626. He was a member of the Irish House of Commons in 1613, and was appointed attorney-general for Ireland in 1626. He was a member of the Irish House of Commons in 1613, and was appointed attorney-general for Ireland in 1626.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

Michael Drayton was born at Harshull in Warwickshire in 1563. Very little is known of his personal history. He seems to have acquired a few distinguished patrons, but he was not much indebted to royal favor. He presented King James on his accession with a congratulatory poem; but it is said that his majesty was so dissatisfied with it, on account of some want of dexterity in the compliments, that he could never forgive the author. The piece is not inserted in the general collection of his poems. Drayton never reprinted it, though he did not hesitate to express his own favorable opinion of its merits, and to remind his majesty that he had "taught his title to this isle in rhyme." The king, perhaps, did not wish the subject of his right to the throne to be too frequently or too familiarly discussed. His Polyolbion was published in 1613. This extensive topographical poem, composed in a long and lumbering kind of verse, can never be read without a sense of weariness, and a feeling of surprise that a true poet should have chosen such an unhappy subject. It is occasionally relieved with passages of considerable beauty; but upon the whole it exhibits more of the learning of the historian, the antiquary, the naturalist, and the geographer than the imagination of the poet. The celebrated Camden honored it with notes, and the text and commentaries together cannot but be highly interesting to the antiquarian reader, especially as the poet has been scrupulously faithful and laborious in his details. Drayton was equally unhappy in the choice of the subject of *The Barons' Wars*. An historian is expected to make the most of minute facts, however uninteresting, but we are disgusted with such details in verse. A poet must deal only with those select events which are best suited to stir the feelings and kindle the imagination. He was more at home in his "*Nymphidia*." This poem is full of sportive grace and sparkling fancy. Dr. Johnson, in one of his notes to "*the Midsummer Night's Dream*," says, that "it will be apparent to him that shall compare Drayton's poem with the play, that either one of the poets copied the other, or, as I rather believe, that there was then some system of the fairy empire generally received, which they both represented as accurately as they could. Whether Drayton or Shakespeare wrote first, I cannot discover." If Malone be right in his chronological arrangement of Shakespeare's Plays, the *Midsummer Night's Dream* was published in 1592. The *Nymphidia* was published in 1598. Drayton died in 1631. He was a great poet in bulk but not in spirit, and perhaps his very voluminousness throws his real powers into an unfavorable point of view. He had not sufficient vital energy to give animation to so large a mass. But his smaller pieces are graceful and unaffected,—the diction is clear and the verse harmonious.

JOHN DONNE.

John Donne was born in London, in 1573. He was descended from a very ancient family in Wales. So early as in his eleventh year he was sent to Oxford, being at that time already a good French and Latin scholar. In his fourteenth year he was removed to Cambridge. On the death of his father, about three years afterwards, he came into the possession of three thousand pounds. His parents were Roman Catholics, and he had been educated in the same creed, but in his nineteenth year, after much conscientious inquiry, he became a Protestant. He was appointed secretary to Lord Chancellor Ellesmore, but lost that situation by a stolen marriage with the niece of Lady Ellesmore, which gave great offence to the family. Donne, before his appointment of secretary, had spent the greater part of his fortune, and being now discountenanced by his connections he was thrown into great pecuniary distress. He, however, had subsequently some offers of employment in the church, which he declined at first on certain modest and conscientious scruples, but at last at King James's especial desire, his majesty having a great respect for his learning, he became a clergyman. Before he died he had risen to be Dean of St. Paul's. His death was occasioned by consumption in 1631, the 58th year of his age.

During his last illness he caused himself to be wrapped in a winding-sheet, leaving nothing but his pale thin face exposed. Then closing his eyes, as if in death, he had his likeness taken. When the picture was finished he placed it by his bedside.

Donne was a learned man and a vigorous writer; but not a good poet. He was the first of the school of poets whom Dr. Johnson in his life of Cowley styles the metaphysical poets. He has more wit and ingenuity than fancy and feeling; and he had so bad an ear for the music of versification that no poet in the language has more miserably failed in the mechanism of his art. His metre is peculiarly harsh and crabbed. Two or three of his smallest pieces, however, may be excepted from this censure. Pope modernized some of his satires.

BENJAMIN JONSON.

Benjamin Jonson was born in Westminster, June 11, 1574, about a month after the death of his father who was a clergyman. He was early sent to Westminster School, where Camden, the celebrated antiquary, was his master. While at this school, his mother married a second husband, who was a bricklayer, and the boy was taken home to follow the trade of his father-in-law. Taking an extreme disgust for that humble employment, he went into the Low Countries as a soldier, and distinguished himself by his bravery in battle, killing and despoiling an enemy in the view of both armies. On his return home it is said that he went for a short time to the University of Cambridge, but that his poverty compelled him to seek his fortune in London where he soon became both a playwright and a player. In both capacities he was for some time unsuccessful, especially in the latter. While a retainer to the stage he had the misfortune to be engaged in a duel with another player. He killed his opponent, and was himself severely wounded in the arm by his adversary's sword, which was ten inches longer than his own. For this offence Jonson was committed to prison, and it is uncertain how long he remained in confinement. A popish priest availed himself of the poet's dejection of mind to convert him to the Catholic religion, in which he continued for twelve years, and then returned to the Church of England. Soon after his liberation he married a woman who is described as a shrew. In or about his 24th year he commenced an acquaintance with the immortal Shakespeare. Ben Jonson had put a play into the hands of some supercilious person connected with the management of a theatre, and who was just returning it to the author with the answer, that it would be of no service to their company, when Shakespeare, casting his eye over it, met with sufficient indications of merit to induce him to read it through, and from that time he became an active and generous friend of his brother-dramatist. Soon after the performance (in 1605) of his best comedy, *Volpone or the Fox*, he joined with Chapman and Marston, in writing a comedy called *Eastward Hoe*, which reflected very severely on the Scottish nation, and gave so much offence at Court, that the authors were thrown into prison, and were in danger of losing their ears and noses in the pillory. They, however, obtained a pardon. Ben Jonson's mother, on hearing a rumour of the barbarous punishment that was likely to be inflicted upon them, prepared a strong poison, a share of which she had intended to drink herself, and then mix the rest in her son's liquor, had the sentence been carried into execution. In 1613 he visited Paris and was introduced to Cardinal du Perron. When the Cardinal shewed him his translation of Virgil, Ben, with characteristic bluntness, told him "it was nought." Four years after this trip to Paris he travelled from London to Scotland on foot, and visited the celebrated Scottish poet Drummond, of Hawthornden, who preserved a few memorials of the dramatist's conversation. In 1619, Jonson was appointed Poet Laureate. The latter part of his life was darkened by poverty and disease. The small salary attached to the office of Poet Laureate was irregularly paid, and his constitution failed him. He was attacked by the palsy and had also a tendency to dropsy. He died the 6th of August, 1637, in the sixty-third year of his age, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Over his grave is a common pavement stone on which are engraved these words:

O rare Ben Jonson!

Jonson was the most learned of the poets of his time, and was a truly robust and manly writer. But his learning somewhat overlaid his natural powers, and he often translated from the ancients when he should have been studying human nature, and drawing upon the resources of his own powerful understanding. Young, the author of the Night Thoughts, compared him to a blind Samson, who pulled down the ruins of antiquity on his head and buried his genius beneath them. His representations of humanity are too much confined to externals. He does not, like Shakespeare, lift the curtain of the human heart, and describe man in general; but he delineates with infinite wit, and in the spirit of a satirist, certain whimsical peculiarities and superficial traits. Instead of introducing us to individuals of mixed emotions and desires, he personifies independent passions. His characters are mere abstractions. His style is upon the whole harsh and unpleasing, though he has occasional passages that compel admiration, and it is clear that he always writes with a full mind. He seldom captivates us with those sparkling gems of pure poetry which are sprinkled so profusely over the pages of Shakespeare, and there is a roughness and ferocity in his satire of which that gentler and finer nature was wholly incapable. These remarks apply exclusively to his dramas, for in his lyrical pieces there is occasionally a rare degree of elegance

and grace. He wrote upwards of 50 dramas, including his Masques. Ben Jonson's disposition is said to have been reserved and saturnine, and his manner abrupt and rude; but under a rough exterior, he concealed a generous heart. His person was so bulky that he is said to have resembled his great contemporary's portrait of Sir John Falstaff.

THOMAS CAREW.

Thomas Carew was born in 1589. The place of his birth is not exactly ascertained. It was probably in Gloucestershire, where his ancestors resided. He received his education at Oxford. After leaving College he travelled for the improvement of his mind and manners, and came back a finished gentleman. On account of his graceful accomplishments he was received with high favor, at court, and was appointed by King Charles the First, gentleman of the privy chamber. The greater portion of the remainder of his life he appears to have spent in affluence and gaiety; though his last hours were clouded with remorse on account of his occasional irregularities. He died in 1639. The neatness, sprightliness, point and ingenuity of most of his little poems render them fully deserving of even more admiration than they have obtained. They often want substance, but they never want grace.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

Sir Henry Wotton was born in the county of Kent in 1568. His family was an ancient and honorable one. He was educated at Oxford, where he contracted an intimate and lasting friendship with Dr. Donne. On leaving college he spent nine years in visiting foreign countries. On his return to England in his thirtieth year he became Secretary to the Earl of Essex, whom he accompanied in two naval expeditions against the Spaniards. When the Earl fell into disgrace, Sir Henry Wotton precipitately quitted the kingdom, and took up his residence in Florence. Shortly before the death of Queen Elizabeth, the Duke of Tuscany intercepted certain letters that betrayed a design on the part of some Italian Jesuits to poison the King of Scots. The Duke employed Sir Henry Wotton to proceed immediately but secretly to Scotland and give the king notice of his danger. Sir Henry was well received by his majesty and soon returned again to Florence. On the king's accession to the throne of England he sent for Wotton and conferred upon him the honor of knighthood. He was subsequently appointed ambassador to Venice. The year before King James died, Sir Henry Wotton returned home and was appointed to the provostship of his majesty's of Eton. He then entered into holy orders. He had proposed to himself to write a history of Martin Luther; but in this design he was interrupted by Charles the 1st, who urged him to write a history of England. In this undertaking he was checked by a greater power than an earthly king. He died in the midst of his labours in 1639. There is a fine moral tone in most of his productions.

PHILIP MASSINGER.

Philip Massinger was born at Salisbury in 1584. His father, Arthur Massinger, was employed in the family of Henry, the second Earl of Pembroke, not as a common servant, but as a respectable retainer. That nobleman died in the younger Massinger's sixteenth year, and though the father continued in the service of the succeeding Earl, who was a great patron of the muses, our poet failed to obtain the least share of his favor. The Earl's neglect of the dramatist seems to have been occasioned by the latter having embraced the Catholic Religion. At least this reason for such harsh conduct is conjectured by Mr. Gifford, the poet's last and best editor, who has correctly observed, that of his personal history we know little more than that he lived and died. He appears to have suffered all the inconveniences of poverty, and to have gone to his grave with as little attention from mankind as he experienced in his lifetime. No stone or inscription marked the place where his dust was laid; and even the memorial of his mortality is given with a pathetic brevity, which accords but too well with the obscure and humble passages of his life: "*March* 20, 1639-40, *buried Philip Massinger, a stranger.*"

It is only since Dodsley's reprint of our old plays and Gifford's edition of his dramas in four volumes, that Massinger has held a high place in the esteem of the present generation. His works were so rapidly falling into oblivion that Rowe thought it perfectly safe to turn the materials of Massinger's *Fatal Dowry* into a new play, and under the name of the *Fair Penitent* to pass it off on the public as a perfectly original production. The latter is a popular and pleasing play, but Rowe cannot be excused for suppressing all allusion to its original source. Massinger not only suffered from the dishonesty of Rowe, but the carelessness of Mr. Warburton, the Herald,

in whose hands were no less than fifteen of his plays in manuscript. Mr. Warburton placed these treasures in the hands of an ignorant servant, and after the lapse of some years when he made an inquiry about them, he discovered that no less than twelve of them had been destroyed by the cook who had burnt them from a motive of economy, not wishing to use more valuable paper for culinary purposes. Massinger is distinguished for the dignity and harmony of his verse, but excels more in description and declamation than in the art of making his characters unfold themselves. He has no wit, but he has occasional humour, and his imagery is sometimes vivid and poetical. Nineteen of his dramas are preserved in Gifford's edition of his works.

Mr. Monk Mason had remarked the general harmony of Massinger's versification, which he pronounced superior to that of any other writer with the exception of the generally acknowledged monarch of the English Drama. Mr. Gifford most unreasonably objects to this exception and asserts that rhythmical modulation is not in the list of Shakespeare's merits! He thinks that Shakespeare has been overrated; that Beaumont is as sublime, Fletcher as pathetic, and Jonson as nervous; and that *wit* is the only quality by which he is raised above all competitors! Here is a critic that would have pleased Voltaire. It would have been amusing enough if Mr. Gifford had been compelled to give a reason for the faith that was in him. He would have afforded a strong illustration of the absurdity and presumption of a mere satirist—an acute fault-finder—

> "A word-catcher that lives on syllables,"

attempting to take the measure of such a gigantic mind as that of Shakespeare. It is not difficult to understand why a critic who counts syllables upon his fingers should prefer the verse of Massinger to that of Shakespeare. It is more uniformly smooth, correct, and regular. But it has nothing of the freedom, the variety, and expression that characterize the voice of

> "Sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
> Warbling his native wood-notes wild."

There is no occasion to underrate the real merit of Massinger's versification. The march of his verse is noble and majestic, and his diction is singularly pure and perspicuous. The latter has quite a modern air, though written two hundred years ago. Perhaps both his metre and his diction are preferable to those of Jonson; but in neither respect does he equal Shakespeare. For though Massinger's language and metre have fewer faults, they have also incomparably fewer beauties, and the beauties very rarely indeed compete with those of the Prince of Dramatic Poets. They have not the same irresistible enchantment. The anticipated tones of Massinger always satisfy, but never surprise or ravish us. But the wild music of Shakespeare is like that of the Æolian harp touched by the wandering breeze. It reminds us of the music of the genius, who, in the habit of a shepherd, appeared before Mirza on the hills of Bagdad. He had a little musical instrument in his hand. As Mirza looked towards him, the genius applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. "*The sound of it*," says Mirza, "*was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from any thing I had ever heard**." The enchanting melody of Shakespeare's softer passages may be described in his own delightful words—

> "O it comes o'er the ear, like the sweet South
> That breathes upon a bank of violets,
> Stealing and giving odour."

Coleridge once remarked that he thought he might possibly catch the tone and diction of Milton, but that Shakespeare was absolutely inimitable. This was a very just and discriminating observation. We need be under no apprehension that the music of Shakespeare will ever pall upon the ear in consequence of its frequent repetition by a servile flock of mocking birds. It will never be said of him, as it was said of Pope, that he

> "Made poetry a mere mechanic art,
> And every warbler had his tune by heart."

The only superiority to Shakespeare that can be discovered in Massinger, is in the greater general clearness and more sustained dignity of his language, and in the judicious abstinence from those puns and quibbles which so unhappily deform the pages of a writer who would otherwise be almost too perfect for humanity.

The texture of Shakespeare's composition is sometimes most vexatiously involved, and there are riddles in his pages that still remain unsolved by the most patient and clear-headed of his commentators. These are his weightiest sins, and every school-boy can point them out for reprobation; but, as it is hardly necessary to observe, they are redeemed by a galaxy of beauties that may be sought in vain in any other region of the world of literature.

---

* Addison's Vision of Mirza in the *Spectator*.

Massinger has comparatively few of those fine and unaffected strokes of nature, for which Shakespeare is so remarkable. The "*What man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows,*" addressed to Macduff when he receives the afflicting intelligence of the destruction of his family, and endeavours to suppress and conceal his agony:—the single exclamation, "*Ah!*" in Othello, when a lightning-flash of jealousy first breaks upon the Moor's tempestuous soul;—his "*Not a jot, not a jot,*" when Iago observes that he is moved;—the "*Pray you undo this button,*" of Lear when his heart swells almost to bursting;—and a thousand other simple but most expressive touches of a similar kind, are amongst the truly characteristic excellencies of Shakespeare and are never to be found in the stately lines of Massinger. But yet, if we compare Massinger with the Dramatic writers of the present day, in whom shall we find his equal? The golden age of the Drama has passed away. Our present poets can paint the moods of their own minds and can write dramatic poems, but not plays. Their mirrors reflect themselves alone. They do not hold them up to nature and give the very age and body of the time, its form and pressure.

In reviewing the characters in his play, one cannot help wondering that Gifford, notwithstanding his narrow views in criticism, should not have seen the immeasurable inferiority of Massinger to Shakespeare in all the higher attributes of genius. But the critic appears to have been so taken up with the regularity of Massinger's plots, the accuracy of his metre and the purity of his diction, that he overlooked every consideration of a weightier and nobler nature. If in Shakespeare there are greater faults of style, there are far fewer errors of delineation, and in the highest sense of the word, he was a more correct writer than either Massinger himself, or the learned and laborious Jonson. The faults of Shakespeare are errors of taste, and not defects of genius. Where the heart is to be touched or the imagination kindled, he rarely fails. Massinger had an intellect of great force; but, like Dryden, he had no power over the pathetic. Even his eloquence, his most characteristic merit, is the eloquence of the mind, and not of the heart.

It was more than once urged against Shakespeare by his competitors as a weighty objection, that "nature was all his art." It would have served some of these writers justly if he had retorted that art was all their nature.

NOTE. The Title of Massinger's play—*A New Way to pay Old Debts*—was inadvertently omitted in the Selections, Col. 267.

WILLIAM BROWNE.

Of the life of this poet we know but little. He was born in Devonshire, in 1590. By the patronage and assistance of William, Earl of Pembroke, he was enabled to purchase an estate. He died in 1645.

William Browne's "*Brittania's Pastorals*" are far more fresh and natural than most poems of the same kind, and well deserve to be rescued from that oblivion into which they seem to be falling. They are full of true poetical fancy, and evince a lively and just appreciation of the charms of nature. The versification is fluent and harmonious. Though these pastorals are somewhat deficient in human interest, and are occasionally deformed with extravagant conceits, they form a vast storehouse of rural imagery and description, and it is thought that Milton did not disdain to be indebted to Browne's now neglected pages.

Browne published his Pastorals in his twenty-third year. They not only display, as already intimated, great richness and originality of fancy, but a turn for observation and reflection not a little remarkable in so young a man. Pope's Pastorals were published in his twenty-first year, though it is said that they were written earlier. It would be an interesting task to compare minutely the eclogues of these two writers so essentially opposed in their cast of mind and born at different periods when such opposite styles of poetry were in fashion. There is an air of greater learning in those of Pope, and of more truth and originality in those of Browne. In the former there is not a single new image, but there are many ingenious imitations of the Greek and Roman classics; in the latter there are many fresh transcripts from nature, and very few echoes of other poets. Pope is artful and elegant; Browne is natural and free. In smoothness of versification Pope has infinitely surpassed his predecessor. Browne's merit consists in the excellence of particular passages, for there is no regularity or completeness in his design. The reader is often disgusted with his tedious minuteness, his occasional abruptness, his confusion and his want of refinement. But his flowers of fancy are so fresh and vivid, and are thrown about in such magnificent heaps, that a genuine lover of poetry can overlook a great deal of less agreeable matter for the sake of such rare enjoyments. They who read him for his narrative or fable must always be disappointed. His embellishments, consisting chiefly of the most elaborate yet felicitous comparisons, are

always more valuable than the general groundwork of his poems.

Browne made his native country—the garden of England—the scene of his Pastorals. He is to be honored for his courage, his good sense and his patriotism, in breaking through the silly custom of carrying the British Muse to foreign regions in search of beauties that are no where more easily found than in our own delightful land.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

Sir John Suckling was born at Whitton in the county of Middlesex in 1608. He is said to have been very early a prodigy in learning. He spoke Latin at five years of age and wrote it at nine. He studied at neither of the Universities, and when his father had given him all the instruction obtainable under his own roof he sent him on his travels. In his twentieth year he joined the standard of the illustrious Gustavus Adolphus, and was present at three battles and five sieges within the space of six months. On his return he associated with men of genius and learning. He was well acquainted with Davenant and Ben Jonson. He wrote a few plays which are now deservedly forgotten, but his brief occasional pieces are still admired for their ease, archness, ingenuity and sprightliness. When the Civil Wars broke out Sir John Suckling equipped a regiment for the king's service, and spent 1200 pounds (a large sum at that day) on their dress and decorations. The regiment however behaved ill in an engagement with the Scotch, and were disgracefully defeated. There was much ridicule thrown upon their finery and cowardice, and Sir John Suckling seems to have felt it deeply. Some biographers say that it shortened his existence; but his death was occasioned by a singular accident. Having heard that his valet had robbed him and made his escape, he drew on his boots in passionate haste, when a nail that was concealed in one of them by his faithless servant, pierced his heel, and produced a mortification of which he died, in his 33rd year.

Sir John Suckling's personal character was not entitled to much respect. It is said that he was a gambler, and got certain marks known only to himself fixed on all the cards that came from the great card-makers in France. The goddess of his poems was Lady Dorset who was so shameless as to boast of her familiarities with the poet.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

William Drummond, a descendant of an ancient Scottish family, was born at Hawthornden, his father's seat in Scotland, on the 13th of December, 1585. He received his education at the University of Edinburgh. At the age of twenty-one he went to France to attend Lectures on the civil law; but he did not long prosecute that study. He returned to Scotland in 1610, the year in which his father died, and inheriting the paternal estate, he lived as an independant gentleman. About six years afterwards he published a number of his Sonnets. He became enamoured of a very lovely young woman, who accepted his offer of marriage, but died of a fever on the very day fixed for the wedding. This bitter disappointment so severely shocked him that he attempted to relieve his mind by a change of scene, and he travelled through different countries for eight years. On his return he wrote a history of the five James's, kings of Scotland, "a work abounding," says Thomas Campbell, "in false eloquence and slavish principles," though according to Horace Walpole, Drummond proved himself by this publication to be one of the best of modern historians, and no mean imitator of Livy. The work is now rarely met with. In his forty-fifth year Drummond married a young lady in whom he fancied a resemblance to his former mistress. He was so warm a Royalist, that his grief at the fate of Charles, is said to have shortened his days. He died on the 4th of December, 1649, in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

Drummond was the first Scottish poet who wrote in pure English. His poetry is deficient in strength and originality, but it is elegant and graceful. He was a great admirer and imitator of Petrarch, and sometimes not only took a hint from the Italian poets but translated entire passages without acknowledgment.

It is reported that Ben Jonson was so great an admirer of the genius of Drummond, that he travelled on foot from London to Hawthornden*, to pay him a visit of friendship and respect. During Ben Jonson's stay with Drummond, the latter appears to have occasionally taken down memoranda of the heads of conversations on literary subjects, and to have accompanied them with remarks upon the character of his guest. About half a century after Drummond's death they found their way into print, but there is no evidence to show

* The poet's residence, "Hawthornden House," was about seven miles from Edinburgh.

that he contemplated their publication. Ben Jonson's host naturally felt so great an interest in his guest, that we ought not to be surprised that he should have entered in his private diary these reports of his conversations and notices of his manners. Some of the latter may be rather severe, but no one questions their truth, not even Gifford himself, though he so madly accuses Drummond of a desire to blast the memory of his friend. Jonson's manners were rough, dogmatical, and offensive; but Drummond's were precisely the reverse*. Mr. Gifford has given no shadow of a reason for his absurd and ungenerous assertion that Drummond "inveigled" Jonson into his house with the detestable motive he has attributed to him. As a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* has well observed, if this had been Drummond's object he would have painted Ben Jonson in colours far more hideous, and would have published his calumnies either in Jonson's life-time, towards the close of which he was comparatively imbecile and feeble and not in a condition for a literary warfare, or after his death;—for Drummond survived him nearly twelve years. We cannot conceive any reasonable cause for a hostile or malignant feeling in Drummond towards Jonson. The latter's pedestrian pilgrimage from London to Edinburgh, then regarded as a formidable undertaking, was as high a compliment as one poet could well pay to another; and while there is abundant evidence of a reciprocity of kind and cordial sentiment between these distinguished men, there is nothing that can be construed into the slightest indication of an opposite feeling, except Drummond's character of Jonson, which (though drawn with that freedom which almost of itself implies that it was not intended for publication, and those vivid and minute touches that a close intimacy with his subject and a subtle observation would naturally inspire), exhibits nothing like jealousy or falsehood, and betrays no motive that is inconsistent with the reputation for integrity and honour which Drummond is acknowledged to have enjoyed in his life-time, and that nobility of mind which may still be traced in the works which have so long survived him. It is strange that Drummond's notes upon the character of a celebrated contemporary should be so harshly censured by a modern critic, at a time when a similar practice is so generally tolerated,—when the minutest actions and the most trivial observations of men of eminence are so commonly recorded by their literary associates,—and when the private history and the personal peculiarities not only of the dead but of the living, are to be met with in every periodical that is adapted to the public taste.

It is said that Ben Jonson wrote a poem descriptive of his journey to Scotland which was inadvertently burned with other papers at his death. Perhaps this accident is unfortunate for the memory of Drummond, and the poem might have included much interesting and valuable evidence as to the manner in which these two eminent contemporaries met and parted.

With respect to the character of Drummond's poetry, the critics are at variance. Phillips, the nephew of Milton, who is supposed to have often echoed the sentiments of his immortal relative, speaks of Drummond's sonnets in the following terms.

"To say that these poems are the effects of a genius the most polite and verdant that ever the Scottish nation produced, although it be a recommendation not to be rejected, (for it is well known that that country hath afforded many rare and admirable wits,) yet it is not the highest that can be given him; for should I affirm that neither Tasso nor Guarini, nor any of the most neat and refined spirits of Italy, nor even the choicest of our English poets, can challenge to themselves any advantages above him, it could not be judged any attribute superior to what he deserves."

But these sentiments are evidently the original and exclusive property of Phillips himself; for it is not to be credited that Milton, however he may have recognised the real merits of Drummond, would have sanctioned such extravagant commendation.

There are certainly passages in Drummond's poetry the style and tone of which seem to have suggested some of the poetry of Milton, who, though he did not perhaps rate Drummond so highly as some have done, appears to have read him with attention and delight. There is an Italian air in much of the poetry of Drummond that would naturally be pleasing to an Italian scholar like Milton. Dr. Symmons, in speaking of the poet of Hawthornden as the earliest writer of the *true* Sonnet, observes

* "He was a tender father, a kind husband, and one who would not willingly give offence; a man of pleasing habits, alluring conversation, and strict piety. In addition, he was a methodical man, somewhat given to sallies of wit and humorous sayings. *Kept books in which he noted down the verses of other men as well as his own*: had his letters too in order; and *preserved whatever struck him as clever in the remarks of his companions or correspondents*, or pleased him in the compositions of his own pen."—*Cunningham's Life of Drummond.*

Is it at all strange that such a man and with such habits should have recorded the conversations of so celebrated a person as Ben Jonson? Would it not have been more strange if he had omitted to do so? Yet Mr. Gifford can only attribute such an act to personal hatred: He calls Drummond "an accomplished artificer of fraud," and characterizes his conduct as the "blackest perfidy."

that he was "the peculiar object of Milton's applause and imitation." The author of Paradise Lost, however, in no instance condescended to become an imitator in which he did not immeasurably excel his models. His feeling for the beautiful and the true was so generous and ardent, that he would recognize merit even in less worthy pages than those of Drummond; but he invested the thoughts of others with the light of his own master-spirit, and gave them a glory which belonged originally to himself. Drummond has not been imitated by Milton alone. The comparative obscurity into which he has fallen, and the undeniable beauty of his productions, have tempted many modern authors to rifle his poetic treasures. Pope has not only stolen his thoughts, but imitated his versification. In his Eloisa to Abelard is the following line.

"The crime was common, common be the pain."

This is a very close imitation of the first line of one of Drummond's sonnets:

"The grief was common, common were the cries."

Pope rarely hesitated to borrow a beautiful thought or an elegant turn of words, because he knew that he could generally make them his own by some exquisite improvement. In the following lines, however, he has not surpassed his model.

"To virgins, flowers; to sunburnt earth, the rain;
To mariners, fair winds amidst the main;
Cool shades to pilgrims, which hot glances burn,
Are not so pleasing as thy blest return."
Pope's Pastorals.

"Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
Not balmy sleep to laborers faint with pain;
Not showers to larks, or sunshine to the bee,
Are half so charming as thy sight to me."
Drummond's Fourth Feasting.

Gray also seems to have read and imitated him.

"Far from the madding worlding's hoarse discords."
Drummond.

"Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife."
Gray's Elegy.

It was Drummond's poem of *Fourth Feasting* of which Ben Jonson envied him the authorship. It is not, however, his miscellaneous poems which are now the most admired. In these he has many superiors, but there are few early writers of the Anglo-Italian sonnet who may be compared with him in that particular class of composition. With the exception of the illegitimate couplet close, the disposition of the rhymes is after the strict Italian model. Though quite Petrarchan in their tone, they also occasionally evince the author's admiration of the style of his English predecessors and contemporaries. It is certain that he was familiar with the Sonnets of Shakespeare; for in his list of books read by him in 1606 he gives the "Passionate Pilgrim," which was the title of our great Dramatic Bard's first collection of sonnets. This was no doubt the surreptitious edition published by Jaggard in 1599. The Rev. Alexander Dyce, in his Aldine edition of Shakespeare's poems, erroneously asserts that they were *first* printed in 1609. Drummond's sonnets are superior to Shakespeare's *as sonnets*, however inferior to them *as poems*: that is to say, they are more rigidly constructed according to the laws of the sonnet, and have more unity and point, and are altogether better finished; but they have less richness and originality of thought, and comparatively few of those bold felicities of expression in which Shakespeare surpasses all other poets. Considered merely as sonnets, they are almost equal to those of Milton and of Wordsworth; but they have neither the sublime energy of the one, nor the profound sentiment of the other. Nor are they, indeed, so strictly legitimate in the disposition of the rhymes. But in grace, ingenuity, delicacy, and tenderness, they are not surpassed by any sonnets in the language. Drummond may justly be styled the British Petrarch.

It is much to be regretted that Drummond did not regularly translate the whole of Petrarch's sonnets. No British poet could have done them more justice. Mr. Campbell would say that we have sonnets enough already in the English language; and as far as their number only is referred to, it must be admitted; but this elegant exotic has perhaps not yet been brought to perfection in our country, and both its intrinsic merits and the labors of its cultivators have been often very unfairly treated by the critics, notwithstanding the authority in its favor of such names as Shakespeare, Drummond, Milton, and Wordsworth.

The old comparison of the sonnet to the bed of Procrustes, was first used by Ben Jonson, and it has been regularly repeated by every opponent of the sonnet since his time. The objection to its limits has been successfully answered by an explanation that it equally applies to all other forms of verse. There must be a limit of some kind or other; and it would be difficult to give a reason why Spenser's favorite stanza is restricted to nine lines that would not be equally cogent in defence of Petrarch's stanza of fourteen. A sonnet does not

necessarily stand alone any more than a Spenserian stanza, and a long poem may be constructed of the one as well as of the other. It has been found, indeed, that the sonnet on account of its greater length may be more easily rendered independent and complete in itself than the Spenserian stanza, which, however, is subjected to much the same rules. The sense ought to conclude with the last line, which should wind up with point, emphasis, and fulness. A fresh subject cannot properly be introduced into the middle of it. It is the opinion of the Italian critics, that a single sentiment or emotion may be more happily developed in a sonnet than in any other form of verse: and it seems as if its limits were particularly well calculated for the purpose. If it were longer, the leading idea would be weakened by too much diffusion; and if it were shorter, there might be too much compression and a consequent failure in point of perspicuity and completeness.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

Richard Crashaw was one of those of our elder poets from whom Pope occasionally borrowed a good thought, and worked it into his own more polished verses. The date of his birth is not positively known. Mr. George Ellis thinks it was 1615. He was ejected from the University of Cambridge, where he was a fellow of Peterhouse, by the parliamentary army in 1644. After his ejection, he went to France, renounced the religion of the Church of England and embraced the Roman Catholic faith. The poet Cowley saw him in Paris in a state of great distress, and introduced him to the exiled Queen of Charles the 1st, who gave him letters of recommendation to persons in Italy, by which means he was appointed Secretary to one of the Roman Cardinals, and was made a canon of the Church of Loretto. He died of a fever in 1650. Crashaw's original verses are full of extravagant conceits; but in the midst of all their irregularities there are unequivocal indications of true poetical genius. Some of his translations are admirable, and show an extraordinary command over the resources of the language. The well known line which has been attributed to Dryden and other poets,

> Lympha pudica Deum vidit et erubuit:
> The modest water saw its God and blushed,

first appeared in a volume of Crashaw's Latin poems published in 1634.

WILLIAM HABINGTON.

William Habington was born in 1605 of a Roman Catholic family. His mother was daughter to Lord Morley, and is reported to have written the famous letter of warning which led to the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot. The poet married a daughter of Lord Powis, and it is to this lady that his poems under the title of Castara were all addressed. These poems have much tenderness of sentiment and elegance of diction. Habington wrote a History of Edward the IV. and Observations upon History. He died November 13, 1654.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

Richard Lovelace, son of Sir William Lovelace of Woolwich, in Kent, was born in 1616. After having served in the army, he returned to his native county and took possession of his paternal estate worth 500*l.* per annum. He was deputed by the county of Kent to present a petition to the House of Commons in favor of the king, and got thrown into prison for his trouble. It was during this confinement that he wrote his Song to Althea. He spent his whole fortune in support of the Royal cause, and at last died (in 1658) in extreme want at a mean lodging in an obscure lane in London.

ROBERT HERRICK.

Robert Herrick was born in Londonin the year 1591. His father was a goldsmith. The poet's best known publication, entitled *Hesperides; or Works both Human and Divine*, was published in 1648. He was presented by Charles the First to the vicarage of Dean Prior in Devonshire, from which he was ejected during the civil war. He subsequently resided in London, where it is supposed he died, but in what year is not even conjectured. Some of his longer poems are unreadable, but most of his brief lyrics are remarkably sprightly, fanciful, and harmonious. Many of them are characterized by a true Anacreontic spirit. Some of his graver effusions have considerable tenderness and a fine moral tone.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

Abraham Cowley was born in London in 1618. His father, who was the son of a grocer, died before the birth of the poet. His mother though struggling

with poverty, was extremely ambitious to give her son a literary education, and contrived to procure his admission as a king's scholar at Westminster school. He afterwards obtained a scholarship at Cambridge. He gave very early indications of genius. He began to write verses at the age of 13 and published them at 15. In 1643 he was ejected by the parliament from that university because he had distinguished himself by the warmth and boldness of his loyalty. He then went for awhile to Oxford, where he published a satire called *The Puritan and the Papist*. When Oxford was surrendered to the Parliament he followed the Queen to Paris as Secretary to the Earl of St. Albans, and during an absence of ten years abroad he was employed in decyphering the letters that passed between the King and Queen. He returned to England in 1656, when he was seized and imprisoned; but though it appeared on examination that he had been mistaken for another person, he was not released without the security of a thousand guineas from Dr. Scarborough. On the death of Cromwell he went again to France where he remained till the Restoration. On that event his services were not very gratefully remembered; for when he applied for an appointment which he had been promised by both Charles the 1st and Charles the 2nd, the Lord Chancellor told him that his pardon was his reward. Because he had lived peacefully for a time under Cromwell's government his loyalty was suspected. It was thought also a bad sign of his respect for regal authority that he had published an Ode to Brutus. He became disgusted with public life and sighed for rural retirement. He at last, however, by the influence of the Duke of Buckingham and the Earl of St. Albans, obtained a competence of about 300*l.* a year from a lease of the Queen's land, which enabled him to gratify his eager desire for the quiet of a country life. He retired to Barn-elms and afterwards to Chertsey, in Surrey. He did not long, however, enjoy his retirement. According to his friend, Dr. Sprat, who wrote a history of his life, he died of a severe cold caught by staying one evening too late in the field to give some directions to his labourers. His death occurred on the 28th of July, 1667, in the 49th year of his age. He was buried with great ceremony in Westminster Ahbey near the ashes of Chaucer and Spenser. His personal character was singularly amiable. King Charles when he heard of his death declared, "that Mr. Cowley had not left a better man behind him in England."

Cowley's longest poetical work is *The Davideis*, a sacred poem on the troubles of David; in four books. The plan of the work is incomplete; for he had designed to extend it to 12 books. It is a dreary task to peruse it. It has little poetical beauty, and is full of false wit and the most absurd conceits. His Pindaric Odes are his most celebrated productions, but they are greatly more talked of than read. Here and there they exhibit a striking thought or an ingenious fancy, but they have not much genuine fire, and the versification could hardly be worse. The most agreeable specimen of Cowley's poetical genius is the "Chronicle." His Anacreontics also are extremely elegant and lively, and are still read with pleasure. Cowley, had he trusted more to truth and nature, would have been a far greater poet, for he was by no means deficient in imagination and feeling: but his perverted taste and diversified learning tempted him, in compliance with the fashion of the time, to seek for such extraneous ornaments as rather surprise us with their oddity than please us with their fitness. He was the best, however, of that class of writers which Johnson has not very happily styled the Metaphysical School of Poets*, but his able and judicious criticism upon its characteristic features in his Life of Cowley is highly interesting and instructive. Whatever may be the fate of Cowley's poetry there can be but one opinion of his prose. It is exquisitely easy and natural, and gives us a far more just and delightful idea of the author's personal character than is communicated by his verse. His poetry is now little known to the general reader who will seldom take the trouble to dwell upon excellencies that are thickly surrounded with defects. A new edition of his works is rarely called for. In his own day his peculiarities were popular, but no poetry will long continue to please that has more art than nature. We soon grow weary of far-fetched illustrations and cold extravagance. The poetry of Cowley had lost its attractions in the time of Pope, who asks,

> Who now reads Cowley? If he pleases yet
> His moral pleases, not his pointed wit.
> Forgot his Epic, nay Pindaric art,
> Yet still I love the language of his heart.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

Sir William Davenant was born at Oxford in 1605. He was the son of a wealthy vintner who kept the Crown Inn, a house frequented by Shake-

* Perhaps Johnson took the hint of this designation from Dryden, who in speaking of Donne, says, "he affects the *metaphysics*."

speare in his annual journies from London to Warwickshire. His mother was exceedingly beautiful, and very elegant both in her conversation and address. Davenant himself in his jocose moments used to insinuate that Shakespeare was his father. One day when he said he was going to see his godfather Shakespeare, he was cautioned not to take God's name in vain. The great dramatic bard, it is said, took much notice of him and encouraged his very early attempts in poetry. He had not, however, long the benefit of the advice or assistance of so distinguished a friend. Shakespeare died when Davenant was only ten years of age, and the boy-poet wrote some verses to his memory. His tragedy of *Albovine, King of the Lombards* was his first play, and being acted with great success, it brought him into notice. He succeeded Ben. Jonson as Poet Laureate. Thomas May, the poet and historian was his unsuccessful competitor for the laurel. His life was strangely varied. He was first a page to the Duchess of Richmond—then he became manager of a theatre—then a general of ordnance (and was knighted for his services at the siege of Gloucester), and then an envoy from the Queen to King Charles the 1st. During a residence abroad he collected a body of men and set sail for the new colony of Virginia. He was intercepted by one of the Parliament ships, and confined in Cowes Castle and afterwards in the Tower. He owed his life to the grateful interference of two Aldermen, whom in his military capacity he had arrested, but generously gave them an opportunity to escape. Milton, it is said, also made an appeal in his favor, and Davenant returned the kindness at the Restoration by a similar piece of service. On his liberation he employed himself in a zealous attempt to restore the stage to its former influence. He, it was, who first introduced painted scenery, and obtained female performers, whose parts were before his time supported by young men. Davenant's own plays enjoyed a temporary success, but they are now all forgotten. He died in 1668.

Davenant was a remarkably handsome man until he lost his nose by a dishonorable disease—an affliction which exposed him to the poetical raillery of Sir John Suckling in his "*Sessions of the Poets.*"

The best known of Davenant's works is a long Epic Poem entitled *Gondibert*, which has been much praised and little read. It is the production of a vigorous mind; but with many energetic passages, it is upon the whole a tedious poem; and though Dr. Aiken a few years ago made an attempt to recall it to public notice it is fast sinking into oblivion.

SIR JOHN DENHAM.

Sir John Denham was born in Dublin in 1615. His father was chief baron of the Irish Exchequer; and two years afterwards being appointed one of the barons of the Exchequer in England brought his son with him from his native country and educated him in London. In 1631 our poet was sent to Oxford where "being looked upon as a slow, dreaming young man, addicted more to gaming than study, they could never imagine he could ever enrich the world with the issue of his brain, as he afterwards did." After three years' residence at the university he was removed to Lincoln's Inn, where though he seemed to apply himself to the common law, he did not get rid of his unhappy fondness for gambling. His father at last lost all patience and seriously threatened to disinherit him. This checked him for a while, and to prove the sincerity of his repentance he wrote an essay on the vice of gaming; but when two years afterwards his father died, his old propensity returned with double violence, and he speedily squandered his patrimony. In 1642 he published his tragedy of *The Sophy*, a poor performance, but which was not ill received, and helped to bring him into notice as a follower of the muses. He was soon after appointed high Sheriff of Surrey and made Governor of Farnham Castle for the king; but he resigned his appointment and joined the king at Oxford, where he published his best work, *Cooper's Hill*. An attempt was made to defraud him of the merit of this poem by spreading a report, that he had bought it of a clergyman for forty pounds. When the excellence of a work can no longer be disputed, the casting a doubt upon its authorship is the last resource of literary envy. Addison, Akenside, Pope, and Garth were all treated in a similar manner by malignant and unfair opponents.

> With *them* most authors steal their works or buy,
> Garth did not write his own Dispensary.

In the civil wars he served the king in the dangerous employment of carrying the correspondence of the Royal family. In 1648 he is said by Anthony Wood, to have conveyed James Duke of York from London to France, and delivered him there to the Queen and Prince of Wales. Clarendon however asserts that the Duke went off with Colonel Bamfield only, who contrived the means of his escape. At the Restoration he was made surveyor of the king's buildings in succession to Inigo Jones, and at the coronation he received the honor of knighthood. By this time he seems to have grown more prudent, and he saved

money from his appointment, but his latter days were rendered miserable by an unfortunate marriage, and he was afflicted with a temporary derangement of mind, an infirmity which Butler made the subject of ungenerous ridicule in a poem in which he repeats the mean report of the purchase of *Cooper's Hill*. On recovering the use of his understanding, he wrote his verses on the death of Cowley whom he did not long survive. He died on the 19th of March, 1668. The poetry of Denham has been celebrated by Pope for its strength. It has certainly considerable freedom and vigour both of thought and expression, though it is occasionally somewhat obscure, and is deficient in the lighter graces.

GEORGE WITHER.

George Wither was born in 1588, at Bentworth in Hampshire. At 16 he was sent to Oxford; but as his family, though once opulent, where in narrow circumstances, he was soon called home to hold the plough. With all his passionate admiration of the country he had no inclination for this rustic employment, and went to London to seek his fortune at court. When he found that he could not well be a successful courtier and yet preserve an honest independence, he gave vent to his disappointment and disgust in a satire entitled *Abuses whipt and stript*, for which he was committed to prison for several months. While in confinement he wrote his best poem, the *Shepherd's Hunting*. His poetry at last gained him friends. In 1639 he was a captain of horse in the expedition against the Scots, but when the civil wars broke out, he sold all he possessed to raise a troop of horse for the parliament, and soon afterwards rose to the rank of major. In 1642 he was appointed by parliament to the command of Farnham Castle. He gave up the place, with no great honor, to Sir William Waller, and found it necessary to publish a defence of his own conduct. He was afterwards taken prisoner by the Royalists, but Denham is said to have solicited that the king would not hang him, for as long as Wither lived, he (Denham) could not be accounted the worst poet in England. He was afterwards appointed by Cromwell major-general of all the horse and foot in the county of Surrey. At the Restoration he was deprived of his estate, and because he publicly remonstrated with somewhat too much freedom, he was condemned to endure a three years' imprisonment. He died in 1669 aged seventy-nine. Though it was his bad fortune to be perpetually embroiled in some dispute, he is said to have been an amiable and honest man. His verse is an odd compound of genuine poetry, and the merest doggrel. It is said that he could make verses as fast as he could write them down—"a fatal facility," which led him to imagine that where there was no difficulty there was much inspiration. Any one can write verses with rapidity who is convinced that he is producing poetry when the lines "clink at the end." But amidst a vast mass of carelessly measured prose set off with rhyme, Wither's has occasional passages that display a fine poetic fervor. If he had less easily satisfied himself he would have more easily satisfied his readers.

JOHN MILTON.

John Milton was born in London, December the 9th, 1608. His family was an ancient one. In his sixteenth year he was sent to Cambridge. He was at this time eminently skilled in the Latin tongue. He is said to have been the first Englishman who wrote Latin verses with classic elegance. When he left the university he returned to his father, then residing at Horton in Buckinghamshire, with whom he lived five years, in which time he read all the Greek and Latin authors. It was not long after he left the University that he wrote his *Comus*, *l'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso* and *Lycidas*. In the following year he went abroad and visited Hugo Grotius, then residing at the French court. From France he went to Italy where he was received with great attention. He visited Galileo, then a prisoner in the Inquisition. Hearing of the political disturbances in England he hastened home to take his share in the struggle of his countrymen for liberty and right. As his father's income was narrow, Milton established a school in London for his own support. In 1641 he published a "Treatise of Reformation" against the established Church. In the following year he produced "The Reason of Church Government against Prelacy," in which he expresses with calm confidence a high opinion of his own powers, and intimates a hope that by "labour and intent study" he may "leave something so written to after times, as they should not willingly let it die." In his thirty-fifth year he married the daughter of Mr. Powell, a Justice of the Peace in Oxfordshire. His wife does not seem to have been very well fitted to be the companion of such a man, and, finding her home dull, was glad to accept of an invitation from her friends. The lady had little inclination to return, and paid no attention to her husband's letters of recall.

He dispatched a messenger to her who was sent back with contempt. Her father was a zealous Royalist, and probably the daughter imbibed his hatred of Milton's republicanism. Mr. Fenton observes, that the marriage is more to be wondered at than the separation. Milton repudiated his wife for disobedience, and soon after published "The Doctrines and Discipline of Divorce" to justify himself for putting away his wife, without any legal form. In this work he undertakes to prove that the Scripture sanctions a divorce whenever a man and his wife find it impossible to live together in tranquillity and mutual kindness. The clergy were so much dissatisfied with his book that they occasioned him to be called before the Lords, who however, soon dismissed him. Conceiving that he had a right to put away for ever the wife who had thus defied him, he paid his addresses to the daughter of a Doctor Davis. One day on a visit to a friend, he was surprised to see his wife come from another room and implore forgiveness on her knees. His heart relented. About this time he published his tract on Education and his "Areopagitica, a speech of Mr. John Milton for the liberty of unlicensed printing." His next work was the *Tenure of Kings and Magistrates*, in which he justified the execution of King Charles the First. He was soon after this appointed Latin Secretary to the Commonwealth. In 1645 he published a collection of his Latin and English poems, including the *Allegro* and *Penseroso*. Charles the Second, while in Holland, engaged Salmasius, a man of vast learning, to write a defence of Monarchy. The task was soon finished and was published in 1649 under the title of *Defensio Regia*. To this Milton wrote an answer entitled *Pro Populo Anglicano Defensio*, for which he was rewarded with a thousand pounds. In 1652 he buried his wife, who died of a consumption not long after the birth of her fourth child. About the same time he lost his eyesight by a *gutta serena*. His eyes had always been naturally weak, and he himself tells us that from 12 years of age he hardly ever left his studies or went to bed before midnight. Even stronger eyes and a better constitution might have given way before this early and unceasing literary toil. He was subject to frequent head-aches. When Cromwell took the reins of Government in his own hands Milton still held his office. Notwithstanding his loss of sight he could yet select and obtain a wife. In a short time after the death of his first wife he married the daughter of Captain Woodstock. The lady died in childbed about a year after. At the Restoration, Milton absconded, feeling himself to be in no slight danger. It is said that he gave out a report of his death and had a public funeral procession. He was protected, however, by the Act of Oblivion. The political storm being over, he married a third wife, the daughter of a Mr. Minshull. She was recommended to him by his friend Doctor Paget, but she seems to have been an illiterate person who was quite insensible of Milton's greatness. She survived her illustrious husband several years. He now occupied himself in the composition of the *Paradise Lost*, which was first published in 1667. For this wonderful production, the noblest Poem in the language, he received but five pounds, with a contingent agreement that he should be paid ten pounds more on the sale of two thousand copies. His widow subsequently sold the whole of the copyright for eight pounds. In 1671 he published *Paradise Regained* which was suggested by Elwood the Quaker, who observed to him, "Thou hast said much upon Paradise Lost: but what hast thou to say to Paradise Found." Of these two great poems, Paradise Regained was the favorite of the author, though it is so much less valued by the public. Milton died in London, on the 10th of November, 1674, at the age of sixty-six. A monument has been erected to him in Westminster Abbey, but his remains were laid next to the grave of his father in the chancel of St. Giles at Cripplegate.

Milton was eminently beautiful in his person, and used to be called the Lady of Christ's College. His stature was about the middle size, and his limbs were well proportioned. His complexion was clear and delicate, and his long light brown hair was parted on his forehead and hung down upon his shoulders. He himself tells us that his eyes were blue. He was abstemious in his diet and had a strong aversion for spirituous liquors. His manner was affable and open and his conversation cheerful and instructive. His favorite author was Homer whom he was advised to translate, but he thought the task beneath him. He was born, he said, to be a speaker of what God made his own and not a translator. Dr. Johnson has given a most unfavorable account of Milton's disposition, but later and less prejudiced writers have shown how little the eminent biographer of our poets is to be trusted when speaking of a man who was strenuously opposed to every attempt to shackle the mind on the great questions of politics and religion. Milton was a genuine patriot and a truly pious man. The leading trait of his personal character was that noble fortitude under the ills of life which made him "content though blind." It is truly surprizing that Dr. John-

son should have been insensible to the magnanimity of mind and the serene pathos which inspire the noble sonnets on his loss of sight. Milton had no children by his second and third wives, but he had three daughters and one son by his first. The daughters alone survived him. The two youngest used to read to him in eight languages though they understood nothing but English. Of Milton's mighty powers as a poet it is almost needless to offer any remarks. His sublimity of conception and force of style are universally acknowledged. Even Dr. Johnson reluctantly acknowledges the strength and grandeur of the only great Epic Poet of whom our country can boast; though he betrays a perverse and ill concealed pleasure in the discovery and exposure of the imperfections in the *Paradise Lost*, occasioned by the incongruous mixture of matter and spirit in the machinery. Milton's subject was at once the noblest and most difficult that could possibly have been selected, and whatever may be the defects of the execution, they are, generally speaking, such as could have been avoided by no human powers. Sublimity of conception was the most characteristic quality of Milton's mind, yet there are passages of profound but quiet pathos in many of his poems that touch us like the tears of a manly spirit, unused to the melting mood; and he sometimes exhibits a most delicate appreciation of the minutest beauties of external nature. Johnson speaks contemptuously of most of his smaller poems as if they were deplorably deficient in grace and finish. The truth is that the critic had an ear that could take pleasure in no verses that were not countable on the fingers, and a certain mechanical exactness was to him the finest music of which verse is capable. The uniform smoothness of Waller was to him more delightful than those exquisitely varied harmonies—those Lydian airs "with many a winding bout of linked sweetness long drawn out," which,

> Take the prisoned soul
> And lap it in Elysium. —— ——
> —— —— Strains that might create a soul
> Under the ribs of death.

There is a blended sweetness and force in the diction and numbers of Milton's smaller poems that we must look for in vain in all other writers except Shakespeare. Milton's heroic blank verse and Shakespeare's dramatic verse are the best in the language of their several kinds. They are the only English poets who may be considered perfect masters of unrhymed versification, by far the most difficult form of poetical composition.

JOHN MARVELL.

John Marvell was born at Hull in Yorkshire, in the year 1620. He was admitted into Trinity College Cambridge, in 1633. He had not been long at the university when some Jesuits used their utmost efforts to convert him to the Roman Catholic religion. They so far succeeded as to induce him to quit College and accompany them to London. His father at last found him in a bookseller's shop, and after convincing him that he had acted imprudently, prevailed upon him to return to Cambridge. In 1640 his father, who was a clergyman, embarked on the Humber in company with a youthful pair whom he was about to join together in matrimony at Barrow in Lincolnshire. Though there was no appearance of bad weather, the old gentleman had a strange presentiment of danger. He threw his cane on shore, and cried out, "Ho! for Heaven!" A storm came on and the whole company perished. The gentleman whose daughter was to have been married adopted Marvell as his son. When Marvell had finished his education at Cambridge he travelled through the most polite parts of Europe. His first appearance in public life at home was as assistant to Milton when he was Latin Secretary to Cromwell. In 1660 he was elected a representative of the town of Hull, and was the last member of parliament who received, according to ancient custom, a regular allowance from his constituents. He was no orator but his opinion was always highly valued. Prince Rupert had so much regard for his advice, that whenever he voted on the popular side it used to be said that the prince had been with his tutor. Though he was warmly opposed to government, it is said that King Charles the Second took great delight in his conversation, and fancying that so agreeable a companion could hardly be an inflexible patriot endeavoured to win him with a bribe. He sent the Lord Treasurer to Marvell's lodgings with a handsome pecuniary compliment and an expression of the king's desire to give him an employment. Marvell humorously proved his independence by calling his servant to testify that a leg of mutton had served him for three successive dinners. The king's proffered favours were firmly but respectfully rejected. At the time that he evinced this noble stedfastness of mind, Marvell was by no means in comfortable circumstances, and after refusing a thousand pounds from the king was compelled to borrow a guinea from a friend. His political pamphlets and his public conduct gained him many bitter and ungene-

[illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

who brought him a letter which was sent him, it is said, by being put into bad sentences. In 1598 was published the first part of Hudibras, and it was received with such admiration and general applause, that poor Burton, who was then in great poverty, during began to entertain high expectations of the profit of printing those substantial, fine, and pretty. Lord Southampton introduced the piece to the court. The king and his courtiers were well known by heart, and were frequently quoting them in conversation. The Lord Chancellor himself was so ardent admirer of those valuable specimens, but the authority was attached to so poverty and obscurity, which he never very willing to the gentlemen of Gainsville.

"It is to surprise," says Johnson, "that the king never gave the poor man a hundred guineas, but as the scripture words I find no grace." One of Burton's biographers tells us that the king ordered his name, but the task being neglected by Egerton, a person through whose hands the order passed, one of the first orders and ordered it to him, which proved sufficient to pay the poet's debts. But as time is precious [illegible] Burton's private history, the trifle [illegible] might now be passed. He died in 1640, and was buried in St. Clement's in Westminster Abbey, was written to him. He was buried at the foot of a tree in the Churchyard of Great Gaddesden."

Ballet [illegible] Morning, which he [illegible] composed in his art. He was [illegible] a time for we [illegible] name. The plan of Hudibras has been many, and the plans was [illegible]. But it is [illegible] elevated were [illegible] and [illegible] manner engrossed was [illegible] taken. The one and [illegible] engrossed [illegible] style and gravity to the other. We make however [illegible] to the student, and [illegible] with the right [illegible] of [illegible] variations, and [illegible] were delight to [illegible] pages [illegible] many. The [illegible] is [illegible]. Many [illegible] Butler's [illegible], [illegible] which [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

rous enemies amongst those whom no honest man would wish to number in the list of his friends, and he was frequently threatened with assassination. It is supposed that he was at last poisoned in the 58th year of his age. As a poet he does not maintain a very lofty rank, but some of his pieces possess considerable elegance and beauty. He may always be perused with pleasure; especially when the reader bears in mind his noble patriotism and inflexible integrity.

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER.

John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, one of the most profligate of the wits of Charles the Second's reign, was born at Ditchley, in Oxfordshire, in 1647. When he had finished his education he travelled through France and Italy, and at his return, was made gentleman of the Bedchamber to the king, and controller of Woodstock Park. In 1665 he went to sea with the Earl of Sandwich who was sent against the Dutch East India fleet, and showed extraordinary courage in the attack that was made on the port of Bergen in Norway, when the Dutch fleet took shelter there. When it was difficult to induce any other person to carry a message from one ship to another, Lord Rochester volunteered the duty, and proceeded in an open boat through a thick shower of shot. After his return to England, he got into disgraceful broils, in which he evinced a degree of cowardice that was strangely inconsistent with his former conduct, and can only be accounted for on a supposition that his nerves were relaxed by his licentious life, or that conscious guilt made him unable to meet the aspect of danger which was once rendered pleasing to him by a sense of duty and the approbation of those whose applause was valuable. He soon made himself notorious by his extravagant frolics. On one occasion he dressed himself like an Italian mountebank and for several weeks dispersed his nostrums amongst the people. Sometimes he disguised himself as a beggar and prosecuted some mean amour. He was such a perfect actor on these occasions that he could deceive his most intimate friends. At one time he and the Duke of Buckingham engaged an Inn at Newmarket and passed themselves off as Landlords. It is said that they availed themselves of this opportunity to ruin many of the women of the place, and that they caused the death of an old miser who hung himself in a fit of frenzy on discovering that his young wife was in the company of Rochester. The trick he is reported to have played upon Charles the Second, or the Merry Monarch, as he is sometimes called, was less objectionable. In one of the king's noctural rambles in company with Rochester, the latter suddenly and secretly left his majesty in the house by himself, and as the king was unprovided with money he was exposed to the most ridiculous insults and suspicion. This anecdote has been made the subject of a popular play. Such a life as Rochester's could not be a long one. He died, with all the feebleness of age, in his thirty-third year, and not without many stings of conscience, and a sincere repentance. His poems are generally stained with obscenity, but it cannot be denied that they are sometimes smart and clever. Walpole calls him "a man whom the muses were fond to inspire and ashamed to avow." His well known character occasioned many prurient productions to be unjustly ascribed to him, so that his memory has been loaded with other men's sins besides his own.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

Samuel Butler, the son of a respectable farmer, was born in the parish of Strensham in Worcestershire, February 13th, 1612. He was educated at the Grammar School of Worcester. He was for some time at Cambridge but was never matriculated in that university. When his education was finished he was appointed clerk to a justice of the peace, and enjoying in this situation considerable leisure, he amused himself with music, poetry, and painting. He was afterwards admitted into the family of the Countess of Kent, and occasionally gave literary assistance to the learned Selden, who had charge of her estate. He was also for some time in the service of Sir Samuel Luke, one of Cromwell's officers. It was while he was in the service, (in what capacity is not exactly known,) that he planned and wrote the first part of *Hudibras*, in which it is supposed that he intended to ridicule the character of Sir Samuel Luke. The following passage evidently alludes to him.

> "'Tis sung there is a valiant mameluke,
> In foreign land yclepp'd ————
> To whom we oft have been compared
> For person, parts, address and beard."
> Both equally reputed stout;
> And in the same cause both have fought.

On the return of Charles the 2nd, Butler was made Secretary to the Earl of Carbury, Lord President of Wales. About this time he married a Mrs. Herbert,

who brought him a fortune which was soon lost, it is said, by being put out on bad securities. In 1663 was published the first part of *Hudibras*, and it was received with such immediate and general applause, that poor Butler, who was then in great pecuniary distress, began to entertain very sanguine expectations of something more substantial than mere praise. Lord Buckhurst introduced the poem to the court. The king and his courtiers soon had Butler's witty couplets by heart, and were perpetually quoting them in conversation. The Lord Chancellor Clarendon made him an indirect promise of some valuable appointment, but the unhappy poet struggled on in poverty and obscurity, while his verses were adding to the cheerfulness of thousands.

"It is reported," says Johnson, "that the king once gave the poet three hundred guineas, but of this temporary bounty I find no proof." One of Butler's biographers tells us that the king ordered him 3000*l.* but the sum being expressed in figures, a person through whose hands the order passed, cut off the third cypher and reduced it to 300*l.*, which proved insufficient to pay the poet's debts. But so little is positively known of Butler's private history, that little more than vague reports can now be gathered. He died in 1680, and a subscription for his interment in Westminster Abbey was solicited in vain. He was buried at the cost of a friend in the Churchyard of Covent Garden."

Butler had great learning, which he made subservient to his wit. He was never at a loss for an illustration. The plan of *Hudibras* has little merit, and the poem was left unfinished: but it is wonderfully crowded with original thoughts and comical images expressed with unrivalled felicity. The odd and unexpected compound rhymes add greatly to the effect. The reader however gets at last dazzled and wearied with the rapid succession of brilliant witticisms, and takes more delight in two pages than in twenty. The interest is not continuous. Many of Butler's couplets, into which truth and good sense are compressed with singular power and apparent carelessness are often repeated by people who know nothing of the great work from which they are taken; for the temporary nature of the main subject and the obscurity of most of the allusions have so diminished its original attractions, that it cannot now be regarded as a popular composition. This is the unhappy fate of all local or temporary satires, and one cannot help lamenting that so great and original a genius as the author of Hudibras should have been employed on perishable materials.

THOMAS OTWAY.

Thomas Otway, the son of a clergyman, born at Trottin in Sussex, March the 3rd, 1651. He was educated at Oxford. He went early to London and became a player, but was unfitted for the stage. In his twenty-fifth year he produced *Alcibiades*, his first tragedy, and the year following, *Don Carlos, Prince of Spain*, which it is said was acted for thirty nights together. His plays are nine in number; of these the most popular are *The Orphan*, and *Venice Preserved*. By his sprightly conversation Otway acquired the favor of Charles Fitz Charles, Earl of Plymouth, one of the natural sons of King Charles the Second, who procured him a cornet's commission in some troops then sent into Flanders. He, however, speedily returned, but from what cause it is now vain to conjecture; but it is certain that he reached his native shores again in very necessitous circumstances. Some of his biographers insinuate that he betrayed a deficiency of personal courage. The greater part of Otway's life was passed in such obscurity, that it is difficult to gather any facts connected with his personal history that can be spoken of with perfect confidence. Even the well known and pathetic narrative of his death has been questioned. However, it is generally supposed, that driven to a state of distraction by absolute starvation, he begged the loan of a shilling from a gentleman with whom he was but slightly acquainted. The gentleman, who was shocked at his distress, as well he might be, presented him with a guinea. The starving and half-naked poet immediately purchased a piece of bread and swallowing it too eagerly after his long fast, the first mouthful choaked him and caused his death. This is the common story, but Pope relates, according to the report of Spence, that Otway died of a fever caught in the violent pursuit of a thief who had robbed one of his friends. It is at all events certain that he himself had nothing in his possession to tempt a robber. He died in a public house on Tower Hill, in the 33rd year of his age.

Otway's chief excellence as a dramatist consists in his power over the tender affections. Few writers for the stage have drawn so many tears. Dryden, who was personally hostile to him, was often heard to say, that Otway was an illiterate man; "but I confess," he would add, "that he has a power which I have not—that of moving the passions." It cannot be denied that there is something rather coarse and vulgar in Otway's productions regarded as literary compositions, but this defect is not observable in

their performance on the stage. Even in the perusal of them in the closet the critic is usually disarmed by an irresistible appeal to his feelings, and in the interest excited by the incidents and characters he forgets his cold objections to the author's style. Otway's smaller miscellaneous pieces have nothing in them that indicates the taste or feeling of a true poet. They are singularly bald and prosaic. His tragedies are the foundation of his fame.

EDMUND WALLER

Edmund Waller was born at Coleshill in Hertfordshire, on the 3rd of March, 1605. His father dying while Waller was yet an infant left him a yearly income of three thousand five hundred pounds. Mr. Bell has shown that Waller's mother was not, as Dr. Johnson relates, the sister of Hampden, the celebrated patriot, but the aunt. He received his education at Cambridge where he soon distinguished himself. A respect for his ancient family, the reputation of his talents, and his large property (for in that period it was accounted a princely fortune), occasioned him to be elected a member of parliament in his sixteenth year. He produced his first poem two years afterwards, and it has been justly remarked that what he wrote at eighteen was as smooth and fluent in the versification as what he wrote at eighty. He had naturally a delicate ear for the music of verse, and seemed to arrive intuitively at that degree of polish which in other poets has sometimes been the result of long and careful practice. In his two and twentieth year he paid his addresses to the daughter and heiress of Mr. Banks, a wealthy merchant, and her fortune was so large that she was an object of very general interest. The court, it is said, endeavored to obtain her hand for a Mr. Crofts, but Waller triumphantly carried off the prize. He did not, however, long enjoy her society. About three years afterwards she died in childbed, and left him a wealthy young widower and free to make another choice. He soon fixed his affections upon the lady Dorothea Sidney, eldest daughter of the Earl of Sunderland, to whom he has given immortality under the name of Sacharissa, but who treated him with disdain. When Waller met her accidentally in her old age, she asked him when he would again write such fine verses upon her: "Oh! when you are as young, madam" said he, "and as handsome as you were then." When he had lost all hopes of Sacharissa, he celebrated the charms of Lady Sophia Murray under the name of Amoret. At last he paid his addresses in plain prose and with happier effect to a lady of the name of Bresse, by whom he had afterwards a family of thirteen children. As his wealth made him independent, he mixed with men of all parties and spoke his mind freely. Being the kinsman of Hampden, the people calculated upon his good will, and for a time he acted the part of a patriot; and though there is no reason to suspect his sincerity, he soon showed that he was lamentably deficient in firmness and consistency of character. A few soft words from the king touched his heart and turned him into a courtier. When his majesty set up his standard at Nottingham, Waller sent him 1,000 'broad pieces.' He was not satisfied with affording the king this pecuniary assistance, but embarked in an extensive design to oppose the parliament with a view to bring the war to a conclusion. The discovery of Waller's Plot, as it was called, was made by the servant of a Mr. Tomkyns who had married one of Waller's sisters. The man lurked behind the hangings in the room in which his master and Waller held a conference, and with the hope of a reward, he immediately carried the intelligence to Pym, (on the 13th of May, 1643,) who was then in church*. The communication was made with an air of hurry and anxiety, and Pym mysteriously whispered it to his friends near him and then left the congregation, who were in a state of amazement and alarm. Waller and Tomkyns were that night apprehended at their houses. They both avowed themselves willing to tell all they knew, but Waller's conduct was especially pusillanimous and dishonourable. "He was so confounded with fear and apprehension," says Lord Clarendon, "that he confessed whatever he had said, heard, thought or seen: all that he knew of himself and all that he suspected of others without concealing any person of what degree or quality soever, or any discourse that he ever had upon any occasion entertained with them: what such and such ladies of great honour, to whom, upon the credit of great wit and very good reputation, he had been admitted, had spoke to him in their chambers of the proceedings of the house; and how they encouraged

* This is Clarendon's account, but in the *Biographia Britannica* we are told that in a manuscript written by one of Waller's relations who lived in his family, it is said "he was betrayed by his sister Price, and her Presbyterian chaplain Mr. Good, who stole his papers; and if he had not strangely dreamed the night before he was seized, that his sister had betrayed him, and therefore burnt the rest of his papers by the fire left in his chimney, he had certainly lost his life for it."

him to oppose them; what correspondence and intercourse they had with some ministers of state at Oxford, and how they derived all intelligence thither." Tomkyns and another conspirator were hanged; but "Waller," says Clarendon, "with incredible dissimulation acted such a remorse of conscience, that his trial was put off, out of Christian compassion, till he might recover his understanding." After a year's imprisonment and paying a fine of ten thousand pounds he was liberated from prison, but sentenced to perpetual banishment. He selected France as his place of exile, and with the property that remained to him even after his lavish distribution of bribes to his opponents while his life was in danger, he contrived to live in a style of considerable splendour, and to keep open house for his countrymen. Evelyn was one of his most frequent visitors. His resources at last failed him, and when he found himself obliged to dispose of his wife's jewels, he made interest with his friends in England, and at last obtained permission to return. He was received with kindness by the Protector, whom he repaid with his celebrated Panegyric. His estate was restored to him, and though it was reduced to half its original value, it still afforded him a genteel support. Waller's mother, though a zealous royalist, used to receive visits from the Protector, to whom she was related. She sometimes told him at her own table that his pretensions would not long continue to be supported by the people of England, and he used jokingly to fling a napkin at her and say he would not "enter into further disputes with his aunt." When however he found that she was not satisfied to confine herself to freedom of speech with him, but held a political correspondence with persons who were known to be strongly in favour of the king, he made her, for some time, a prisoner in her own house. At the Restoration Waller rendered himself as acceptable to Charles as he had been to Cromwell. His congratulatory verses, however, to Charles were very inferior to the Panegyric on the Protector; and when the king candidly told him of this disparity, Waller replied with great readiness, that "poets succeed best in fiction."

At last the time came when neither bribes nor dissimulation could save his dearly-purchased life for a single hour. A swelling of the legs with which he had been long affected increased so rapidly that he thought it necessary to consult Sir Charles Scarborough the king's physician at Windsor. He entreated Sir Charles to tell him honestly what the swelling indicated. "Your blood, Sir," he replied, "will run no longer." Waller received his sentence with calm resignation; he repeated some verses from Virgil appropriate to the occasion, and on reaching home prepared himself for death. In this state of pious composure, he breathed his last on the 21st day of October, 1687, at the age of 82.

On Waller's public character it is painful to dwell. In private life there must have been something singularly attractive in his manners and conversation to account for the regard and good will which he excited, notwithstanding his many sins as a politician. His poetry is perhaps overrated on account of its liquid smoothness, but English verse before his time was by no means in so barbarous a condition as Dr. Johnson represents it to have been. Waller's metre is rather uniform than harmonious. It wants fluency and variety. No single line lingers on the ear, though each entire poem, may be free from any palpable defect of versification. It would be difficult, however, to praise too highly the grace and ingenuity of his amatory compliments. He does not often display energy or strength of thought; but his Panegyric on the Protector is a free and masculine composition. His critical opinions were of little worth. He spoke of Milton as an old blind schoolmaster who had written a poem remarkable for nothing but its length.

CHARLES COTTON.

Charles Cotton, was the son of Charles Cotton, Esq. of Beresford, Staffordshire, of whom Lord Clarendon says, that "He had all those qualities which in youth raise men to the reputation of being fine gentlemen: such a pleasantness and gaiety of humour, such a sweetness and gentleness of nature, and such a civility and delightfulness in conversation, that no man in the court or out of it, appeared a more accomplished person: all these extraordinary qualifications being supported by as extraordinary a clearness of courage and fearlessness of spirit, of which he gave too often manifestation. Some unhappy suits in law, and waste of his fortune in those suits made some impression upon his mind; which being improved by domestic afflictions, and those indulgences to himself which naturally attend those afflictions, rendered his age less reverenced than his youth had been; and gave his best friends cause to have wished that he had not lived so long." The son inherited many of these characteristics. He was born on the 28th of April, 1630. He received his education at Cambridge. In 1656 he married. On his father's death, two years afterwards, he succeeded to the

paternal estate which had already been so greatly diminished by imprudence and misfortune. The poet was not gifted with the art of making money, though he knew how to spend it with ease and gaiety. His affairs were soon so much embarrassed that he was glad to obtain a Captain's commission in the army, and went over to Ireland. This change of life was attended with adventures that suggested to him a humorous poem entitled "*A Voyage to Ireland.*" How long he continued abroad in the military profession is not known. In 1674 appeared his *Scarronides, or Virgil Travestie; a Mock Poem, on the First and Fourth Books of Virgil's Æneas, in English Burlesque.* This performance met with more success than it deserved. It ran through fifteen editions, but is now almost forgotten. The date of his first wife's death is not known. His second wife was Mary, Countess Dowager of Ardglass, widow of Wingfield, Lord Cromwell, second Earl of Ardglass, who died in 1649. She had a jointure of 1,500*l.* a year, which was secured from the poet's imprudent management. He died at Westminster in 1687. Cotton was the intimate friend of honest old Isaac Walton. They were both celebrated anglers. Cotton's house being situated on the banks of the Dove, a fine trout stream, he built a little fishing house dedicated to anglers, over the door of which the initials of the names of Cotton and Walton were united in a cypher. Cotton's burlesque humour is often easy and happy, and there is much earnest and weighty moral sentiment in his serious pieces, but he exhibits little of the fancy or feeling of the true poet. He often employed himself on translations from the French, and we are indebted to him for an excellent version of the Essays of Montaigne. It is reported that he lost an estate of 400*l.* per annum by an unlucky allusion in his parody of Virgil, to his grandmother's ruff. The old lady had settled her fortune upon him, but on this provocation, she altered her will and left all she had to a stranger. The poet sacrificed a great deal for a jest.

JOHN DRYDEN.

John Dryden was born at Aldwinkle, in Northamptonshire, on the 9th of August, 1631. Of his father, Erasmus Dryden, nothing is now known except that he held a commission of the peace under Oliver Cromwell, and that he had a family of fourteen children. His eldest son, John Dryden, was admitted a King's scholar at Westminster School, under the tuition of the celebrated Dr. Bushby, for whom he ever retained a reverential affection. From Westminster he was removed to Trinity College, Cambridge, for which he seems to have contracted a strong dislike. In one of his prologues he thus contrasts the sister universities :—

> "Oxford to him a dearer name shall be
> Than his own mother-university:
> Thebes, did his green unknowing youth engage,
> He chooses Athens in his riper age."

The industrious Malone has discovered that Dryden was punished at Cambridge for "contumacy," and was compelled to read a confession of his fault in the presence of his fellow-students. His studies at Cambridge were interrupted by the death of his father in 1654. He left the university, on this occasion, to take possession of a small inheritance of about 60*l.* per annum. With this little patrimony he returned to Cambridge where he continued until the middle of the year 1657. After leaving the university, he entered the family of his cousin-german Sir Gilbert Pickering, a rigid puritan, one of the council of the Protector, and in the receipt of a salary of 1,000*l.* per annum. Sir Gilbert was not the only influential kinsman of the poet in the court of Cromwell. His uncle, Sir John Dryden, was also a zealous puritan and a person of some political importance. With such connections he might have pushed his fortune had he cultivated their good will, but though he embarked on the same side in politics, as he did not sufficiently sympathize in their fanaticism, he soon lost their favour. His first published poem was on the death of the Protector, but when the king was restored he changed his politics, and praised Charles the Second as warmly as he had praised Oliver Cromwell. In this sudden revolution of sentiment he had more than half the nation to keep him in countenance.

In the following passage of the poem to the memory of Cromwell, he is supposed to have intended a defence of the execution of Charles the First. He is comparing Cromwell with his predecessor :

> "War, our consumption, was their gainful trade;
> We inward bled, whilst they prolonged our pain;
> He fought to end our fighting, and essayed
> To staunch the blood by breathing of the vein."

When his success as a candidate for public fame raised a host of enemies, his opposite opinions were often brought into juxtaposition, and adduced as proofs of his insincerity.

Dryden's small patrimony was not sufficient to support him, and he soon fell into great distress. He was compelled to become a literary drudge to a bookseller of the name of Herringham, until he won the favor of Sir Robert Howard, who received him

into his family and treated him with the utmost kindness and consideration. He was introduced to Sir Robert Howard's father, the Earl of Berkshire, whose eldest daughter, Lady Elizabeth Howard, Dryden soon afterwards married, but not altogether with the approbation of her family. It was hinted by Dryden's enemies that the marriage was formed under circumstances dishonourable to the lady. However, the fact that Dryden continued for some time after to reside with his father-in-law, seems to imply that the Earl was reconciled to the match; and that Dryden had not wholly forfeited his good opinion. The marriage was a truly unhappy one, for the lady's temper was violent, and her understanding narrow. She took no interest in her husband's pursuits, and in his published works he sometimes gave vent to his mortification in the most bitter satirical allusions to unsympathetic wives.

Dryden had now acquired a high reputation, and on the death of Davenant, in 1668, he was appointed Poet Laureate and Historiographer Royal, with a salary of 200*l.* a year and an annual butt of canary from the king's cellar. As a consequence of his prominent station, he soon acquired many distinguished friends, and many powerful opponents. The celebrated Dramatic satire of *The Rehearsal*, projected by Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and executed by a combination of wits, though first designed as a satire against Davenant, was now transferred to Dryden, who under the character of *Bayes* was most unmercifully ridiculed. Even his voice, dress and manner were mimicked on the stage by the actor who represented *Bayes*, and as the poet's personal peculiarities were pretty generally known, the audience were at no loss to discover the object of the satire. Butler, and Dr. Sprat, the friend of Cowley, are said to have assisted Buckingham in the composition of this play. Its success was unprecedented. Dryden did not stand alone in this dramatic pillory; a host of other writers had their place beside him, and were pelted with some of the same paper pellets of the brain. He could not have been quite unmoved at having his writings and his person thus held up to public derision, but he had the prudence to suppress all external manifestation of uneasiness. He even allowed that the farce was not without merit. He subsequently revenged himself most amply on the Duke of Buckingham, on whom, under the character of *Zimri*, in "Absalom and Achitophel," he has conferred an unenviable immortality. In 1673 Dryden was engaged on the absurd task of putting Milton's *Paradise Lost* into rhyme. It is said that he asked the author's permission for the profane attempt, and that Milton contemptuously answered, "Aye, you may *tag* my verses, if you will." The work was published under the title of "The State of Innocence or the Fall of Man." Nothing can be more deplorably ludicrous than this attempted improvement upon Milton. Even Dr. Johnson, with all his bigotted hatred of blank verse, confesses that he could not prevail on himself to wish that Milton had been a rhymer. Lee, the Dramatist, in some wretched verses, had the folly to compliment Dryden upon his having refined the golden ore of the Paradise Lost. Milton did not live to see his immortal work burlesqued by one whom he used to call *a good rhymer but no poet*. It was soon after this that Lord Rochester became the bitter enemy of Dryden, and was not satisfied with the use of his pen as an instrument of hostility, but with base and dastardly malice he hired some ruffians to waylay the poet, who was most brutally assaulted by the cowardly gang as he was passing one night from Will's coffee house to his own residence. As this occurrence took place in or near Rose street, Covent Garden, it was called the *Rose alley ambuscade*, and his enemies made it a never-failing subject of triumphant allusion. To enter, upon all the minute details of Dryden's personal or literary history would require more space than we can afford, and we must therefore hurry to a conclusion.

Dryden had long suffered both by gout and gravel, and at last erysipelas seized one of his legs. A slight inflammation in one of his toes terminated in gangrene. The surgeon proposed to amputate the limb, but Dryden would not consent to the operation. He thought he had not long to live, and would not part with a limb to preserve a short and uncomfortable life. The grangrene rapidly extended; and England lost one of her finest poets. He died on Wednesday morning, the 1st of May, 1701. His death excited a strong sensation and he was followed to the grave by all the rank and genius of the metropolis.

Dryden was for nearly half a century the most industrious and influential of English authors. There is a force of mind in all his productions that compels attention, even when he sins against truth and nature. He is never languid or effeminate. Every movement of his intellect, even when erroneous or ill-directed, is indicative of a fearless will and vast natural power. He is one of the most manly writers that ever lived, and one of the most truly national. No poet has yet appeared whose thoughts and expressions have a more thoroughly English aspect; and with all his faults his countrymen have abundant reason to be

proud of his noble genius. He has written the best Ode in the language, and the best Satire. He is the father of English criticism, and takes his place in the very first rank of our prose writers. The sagacity and knowledge displayed in his critical prefaces, and their free, idiomatic, and transparent diction can never be too highly appreciated. He has frequently given interest and animation to the driest subjects by the mere force and dexterity of his verse, and the felicity of his illustrations. His narrative poetry is unequalled for its clearness, its spirit and rapidity, and the power with which it communicates to the dullest reader, the varying emotion of the poet's mind. Of his translation of Virgil, Pope has said, that it is "the most noble and most spirited translation that he knew in any language." In the mechanism of his art Dryden still stands unrivalled. His versification is vigorous, varied, and sonorous. He seems to have a perfect command over the language, and is never stopped for a rhyme or compelled to modify a thought to suit the verse, which seems as natural to him as the most colloquial prose. He betrays no toil or anxiety—no painful attention to minute details, but dashes boldly forward and thinks more of the end than of the means. Excellencies that in other poets are the produce of labour and meditation seem in him the effect of instinct or good fortune. But with all this assemblage of fine qualities Dryden was not perhaps a poet of the very highest order. Of his twenty-eight dramas only two or three are remembered, and even these scarcely deserve their happier fate. It is true that there are fine passages in his *Don Sebastian* and his *All for Love*, but even these plays, which are amongst his best, betray a total absence of true dramatic power*. They are full of noble declamation and vigorous sentiment; but the characters do not breathe the breath of life. There is no genuine passion in any of his dramas, and he himself was perfectly conscious of this deficiency; but as he was obliged to write for his bread he forced his mind to uncongenial efforts in compliance with the public demand for a species of poetry which had been so long suppressed by the rigid morality of the puritans, and in favor of which there was such a strong reaction. The muse of Dryden, perhaps, never drew a tear. He had no power over the finer sensibilities of our nature, and had little sympathy for the ideal. He loved the palpable and the familiar. There is true and vigorous poetry in his verses, but it seems rather the free and majestic movement of a masculine understanding than the glow of a fine imagination or the expression of profound sensibility. But never were intellectual power and manly sentiments embodied with more consummate skill than in the pages of this admirable writer.

* Dryden preferred the scene between Anthony and Ventidius in the first act of *All for Love*, to any thing he had ever written in the dramatic line.

CHARLES SACKVILLE.

Charles Sackville, Earl of Dorset, was a direct descendant of the celebrated Thomas Sackville (Lord Buckhurst and Earl of Dorset) the author of *Gorboduc* the earliest English tragedy in verse, and the *Induction to the Mirror of Magistrates*. He was born on the 24th January, 1637. He was a little too gay in his youth and associated with the licentious and reckless Rochester. He was indicted for an indecent frolic, and one of his companions on the occasion (Sir Charles Sedley) was fined five hundred pounds: but what was the punishment of Sackville, then Lord Buckhurst, is not known. In 1665 he attended the Duke of York as a volunteer in the Dutch war, and it is said either entirely composed or at least retouched and finished his well known song, *To all you ladies now at land, &c.* the night before the engagement in which eighteen of the enemy's ships were taken, fourteen destroyed, and Opdam the Dutch Admiral was blown up with all his crew. On his return he was made gentleman of the bedchamber and sent on several embassies to France. He was a great favorite of Charles the Second, and received considerable notice from the Second James, whom, however, he eventually opposed on account of his innovations. He succeeded his father as Earl of Dorset in August, 1677. Having concurred in the Revolution, on the accession of William the Third he was appointed Lord Chamberlain of the Household. When King William went to Holland the Earl of Dorset accompanied him. When they were a few leagues off Goree, His Majesty being impatient to land got into an open boat. Dorset was amongst the few who attended him. They were sixteen hours in a thick fog and so closely surrounded with ice that they could neither make the shore nor return to the ship. Dorset was so much affected by the long exposure and extreme cold on the occasion that the shock is said to have shortened his life. He died at Bath, January the nineteenth, 1705-6.

The Earl of Dorset was a person of courtly manners and sprightly conversation. He is now better known for his patronage of other men's works than

for any merit in his own, though Dryden in the fervour of his gratitude and in compliance with the fashion of the time, made him ridiculous by extravagant laudation, forgetting that "praise undeserved" must always wear the appearance of "censure in disguise." In his discourse on the Origin and Progress of Satire addressed to the Earl of Dorset, he tells his Lordship, that he is "the restorer of poetry, the greatest genius, the truest judge and the best patron;" that "there is not an English writer this day living who is not perfectly convinced that his Lordship excels all others in the several parts of poetry which he has undertaken to adorn;" that his lyric poems are "the delight of this age and will be the envy of the next;" and that he is "by undisputed title, the king of poets;" and that to prove the superiority of the modern writers over the ancients he "would instance his Lordship in satire and Shakespeare in tragedy." "Would it be imagined," says Johnson, "that of this rival to antiquity, all the satires are little personal invectives, and that his longest composition was a song of eleven stanzas?" The only excuse that can be offered for Dryden is the fact that he did but exaggerate the general opinion, for Dorset was a great public favorite, and a man to whom almost all his contemporaries looked up with respect and admiration; and there was a tone of adulation in all the dedications of the day, particularly in those addressed to his Lordship, that made moderate approbation seem by contrast cold and churlish. Dorset's verses are not below mediocrity, though they do not rise much above it. They have neither force nor dignity; but they are not without elegance and animation. Dorset owes his claim upon the regard of posterity to the enlightened generosity of his patronage of better writers than himself. Pope honored his memory with an epitaph.

JOHN PHILIPS.

John Philips was born on the 30th of December, 1676, at Bampton in Oxfordshire. His father was Dr. Stephen Philips, Archdeacon of Salop. He was early sent to Winchester School, where he made himself master of the Latin and Greek languages. He had an odd fancy at school to sit hour after hour while his hair was combed. He was so remarkable for the sweetness of his temper that his master, though a rigid disciplinarian, dispensed in his case with that strict observance of the harsh regulations of his school which he exacted from the other boys, who did not complain of the distinction. In 1694 he was removed from Winchester school to Christ's Church Oxford. Here he contracted that inveterate habit of smoking which led him to celebrate so frequently the virtues of tobacco. His friend Aldrich, the Dean of the College, was such an incessant smoker that the pipe was never out of his hand. It is said that a young student laid a wager with his chum that the Dean at the particular instant of their conversation (ten o'clock in the morning) would be found smoking. The student went off at once to the Dean's room and mentioned the occasion of the visit. "You see," said the Dean, "you are mistaken, for I am not smoking, but only filling my pipe." The following passage is a specimen of Philips's grateful tributes to his favorite plant.

> "The Indian weed, unknown to ancient times,
> Nature's choice gift, whose acrimonious fume
> Extracts superfluous juices, and refines
> The blood distempered from its noxious salts;
> Friend to the spirits, which, with vapours bland,
> It gently mitigates; companion fit
> Of pleasantry and wine; nor to the bards
> Unfriendly, when they to the vocal shell
> Warble melodious their well labored songs."

A later poet (Cowper) speaks of the same plant in a very different strain:

> "Pernicious weed! whose scent the fair annoys;
> Unfriendly to society's best joys," &c.

He very early studied the poets ancient and modern, and was particularly delighted with the works of Milton. In 1703, his ear being haunted with the majestic harmonies of the *Paradise, Lost* and his mind having naturally a humorous cast, he composed his *Splendid Shilling*, which, while it parodied Milton, showed an intimate acquaintance with his noble cadences. This poem, was at one time a little too highly estimated, but it undoubtedly takes a prominent place amongst the burlesque poems in our language. This production brought him into general notice, and being urged to the task by many distinguished friends, he celebrated the victory of Blenheim in verses that imitated not only the sound but the solemnity of Milton. Thomas Campbell thinks the grave imitation as much a burlesque as that which was humorous by design. Philips a third time imitated his favorite author in a poem on the subject and under the title of Cyder, in which there is more scientific truth than poetical beauty. He was meditating a poem on the last day when a slow consumption put a period to his

existence on the 15th of February, 1708. His poetry was more praised in his life-time than it has been since. It is now little read, and perhaps if it had been published in a later day it would have attracted less notice than attended its first appearance.

DR. THOMAS PARNELL.

Dr. Thomas Parnell, was descended from an ancient family that had been settled for some centuries at Congleton in Cheshire. His father, who had been attached to the Commonwealth party, upon the Restoration went over to Ireland where he purchased an estate. Our poet was born there in 1679. He was admitted into Trinity College Dublin, at the early age of thirteen. Wonderful stories are told of his memory in boyhood. It is said that he could repeat 40 lines of any book at the first reading, and that in one night he got by heart the whole of the third book of the Iliad. Goldsmith, alluding to these stories of Parnell, observes that they may possibly be true, but that similar things are said of most celebrated wits. "For my own part," he adds, "I never found any of those prodigies of parts, although I have known enow that were desirous, among the ignorant, of being thought so." Parnell took the degree of master of arts July the ninth, 1700, and in the same year was ordained a Deacon, by a dispensation from the Bishop of Derry, as he was under 23 years of age. Three years afterwards he was admitted into priest's orders, and in 1705 Dr. Ashe conferred on him the archdeaconry of Clogher. At this time he married Miss Anne Minchin, a lady of great personal charms and amiable disposition, by whom he had two sons and one daughter. The death of this lady so much shocked him that it served to hasten his own. In 1716 he was presented to the vicarage of Finglass, a benefice worth about four hundred pounds a year, in the diocese of Dublin. He died in the July of the following year, at Chester, on his way to Ireland. Parnell was not one of those writers who have caused poverty and poetry to be associated in the public mind. He early inherited a handsome landed property from his father, and was prosperous in the church. He was equally well received by all parties both in politics and literature. He was intimate with Addison, Steele, and Congreve and Pope, Swift, Arbuthnot and Gay. As soon as he collected his annual revenues he used to set out for England to enjoy the society of his literary friends, and gave great offence to his Irish neighbours by his open preference of a London circle. The most popular of Parnell's poems is *The Hermit*, though the story is not original. His poetry is distinguished for suavity and smoothness, and in most of his compositions there is an air of natural feeling, guided but not altered or subdued by art, that is always pleasing. Of his facility in making Latin verses we may form some idea from the anecdote communicated by Goldsmith respecting his translation of a part of the *Rape of the Lock* into monkish verse. Before the Rape of the Lock was yet completed, the author was reading it to Swift. Parnell seemed to take no notice but went in and out of the room as if something else had occupied his mind. However he remembered the whole description of Belinda's toilet, and having put it into Latin verse, the next day when Pope was reading his poem again to some friends, he accused him of having stolen the account of the toilet from an old monkish manuscript. He produced his verses to Pope, who was overwhelmed with surprise and confusion until relieved by Parnell's confession of the trick.

NICHOLAS ROWE.

Nicholas Rowe was descended from an ancient family in Devonshire. He was born at Little-Berkford in Bedfordshire in 1673. He was first sent to a school at Highgate and from thence he was removed to Westminster, and placed under Dr. Bushby, who had the honor of educating more eminent men of genius than perhaps any other schoolmaster of his day. At sixteen he was entered a student of the Middle Temple, but on his father's death, three years afterwards, he devoted himself entirely to the Muses. His patrimony was worth about 300 pounds a year. *The Ambitious Stepmother*, written in his 25th year, was his first attempt in the Drama. His next tragedy was that of *Tamerlane* which he always regarded as his best. In this play he aimed at a parallel between King William and Tamerlane, and the political allusions rendered it for some time extremely popular. His next production was the *Fair Penitent*, the plot of which he stole somewhat unhandsomely from Massinger's *Fatal Dowry*. In his time most of our elder poets were so little known to the public that it was thought they might be boldly and largely plundered with little risk of detection. Dr. Johnson bestows high praise on the *Fair Penitent*, and does not seem to have any suspicion of its

want of originality. It is the play by which the name of Rowe is still preserved, and though in this production he owed much to Massinger, he has also displayed in it resources of his own. Johnson says of it that "there is scarcely any work of any poet at once so interesting by the fable and so delightful by the language. The story is domestic, and therefore easily received by the imagination, and assimilated to common life; the diction is exquisitely harmonious and soft or sprightly as occasion requires." Next to the *Fair Penitent*, the most popular of his plays is *Jane Shore*. The author intended this play as an imitation of Shakespeare, but no critic has yet been able to trace the resemblance. "It was mighty simple," said Pope, "in Rowe to write a play now professedly in Shakespeare's style, that is, professedly in the style of a bad age." If Pope had lived in these times he would hardly have ventured to express so strange an opinion. In 1709 Rowe undertook an edition of Shakespeare's Dramatic works, and helped to revive their popularity. The life of Shakespeare prefixed to that edition is still very frequently reprinted. Rowe was for three years Under Secretary of State, and when he lost that appointment on the death of his patron the Duke of Queensberry, it is said that he applied to the Earl of Oxford, the Lord High Treasurer of England, for some other employment. The Earl urged him to study Spanish. Imagining that he might be employed as ambassador to Spain, Rowe buried himself in the country for some months and then returned to Lord Oxford with an assurance that he had made himself master of the language. "Then Sir, said the Nobleman, I envy you the pleasure of reading Don Quixote in the original." Pope, on whose authority the anecdote is given, was of opinion that no insult was intended and that it was only Lord Oxford's *odd way*. Warburton tells us that Addison once took such a disgust at Rowe's singular levity that he avoided his society. Rowe being much grieved, Pope, their common friend, attempted to bring about a reconciliation, and mentioned how much Rowe had rejoiced at Addison's good fortune. Addison replied, "I do not suspect that he feigned; but the levity of his heart is such, that he is struck with any new adventure; and it would affect him just in the same manner, if he heard I was going to be hanged." Pope said, he could not deny that Addison understood Rowe well. There was perhaps more point than truth in this severe remark. Rowe's friend and biographer, Dr. James Wellwood, represents him as a man of the warmest affections and the most amiable manners, and Pope himself in his epitaph on Rowe acknowledges that.

"Never heart felt passion more sincere."

In a letter to Mr. Edward Blount, Pope observes, "there was a gaiety of disposition almost peculiar in Rowe, which made it impossible to part with him, without the uneasiness which generally succeeds all our pleasures." Upon the accession of George the First, Rowe was appointed Poet Laureate, and one of the Surveyors of the Customs in the Port of London. The Prince of Wales also made him clerk of his council. He was twice married. By his first wife he had a son, and by his second a daughter. He died the 6th of December, 1718, in the 45th year of his age, and was interred in Westminster Abbey.

Rowe was handsome in his person and agreeable in his manners. He was so elegant and skilful a reciter that Mrs. Oldfield, the celebrated actress, used to say that "the best school she had ever known was only hearing Rowe read her part in his tragedies."

Rowe's smaller miscellaneous pieces are now little known and perhaps do not deserve more notice than they receive, but his translation of Lucan has called forth the ardent praise of Dr. Johnson, who pronounces it "one of the greatest productions of English Poetry; for there is perhaps none," he adds, "that so completely exhibits the genius and spirit of the original." "Colin's Complaint," one of the most harmonious of his smaller pieces, seems to have suggested Shenstone's Pastorals.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

Joseph Addison was born on the first of May, 1672, at Milston near Ambrosbury Wiltshire, of which place his father was then Rector. He was apparently in so weak a state, that he was baptized the day of his birth, and it is even asserted that he was laid out for dead as soon as he was born. In his twelfth year, his father being promoted to the deanery of Litchfield, committed him to the grammar school of that city. It is said that he here made himself conspicuous by conducting a plan for *barring out* the master, a kind of licence almost universal in the schools of that time. The scheme was usually carried into execution a day or two previous

to each vacation. It gave little offence because it was regularly expected. The general school discipline was not affected by an ebullition of this nature occurring at fixed and distant intervals. The wild irrepressible hilarity of the boys was met in a spirit of good-humoured toleration by the master, who was perhaps almost as well pleased as his pupils at the prospect of freedom and relaxation.

He was soon removed from the school at Litchfield to the Charter House, where he contracted that intimacy with Sir Richard Steele which proved so fortunate for the happiness of both, and for the interests of the public. At the age of fifteen he was deemed qualified for a university and was entered into Queen's College Oxford, where two years afterwards a copy of some of his Latin verses fell into the hands of Dr. Lancaster, afterwards Provost of the college, who was so much struck with their merit that he resolved to forward the interests of Addison by all the means in his power. Through Dr. Lancaster's interest he was admitted into Magdalen College as a demy, "a term by which that Society denominates those who are elsewhere called scholars; young men who partake of the founder's benefaction and succeed in their order to vacant fellowships." In his twenty-second year, while yet at college, he addressed some verses to Dryden which have nothing in them remarkable, though the great poet to whom they were offered was pleased to honor them with his commendation. He soon afterwards published a translation of the fourth Georgic of Virgil (on bees,) omitting, however, the episode of Aristæus, and Dryden with his usual generosity of praise observed that after Addison's Bees his own "latter swarm was hardly worth the hiving." He also furnished Dryden with a prefatory Essay on the Georgics, and the arguments prefixed to the several books of that poet's Virgil. Dr. Johnson pronounces the Essay juvenile, superficial and uninstructive, without much either of the scholar's learning or the scholar's penetration. His next publication was his "Account" in verse of "the greatest English poets," of which it is difficult to say whether it is most contemptible as a poem or as a piece of criticism. In this account of our greatest poets he omits Shakespeare and inserts Roscommon as "the best of critics and of poets." Being determined to gratify a man of influence, he gives a place to Mr. Montague, then Chancellor of the Exchequer and afterwards Earl of Halifax, amongst the "greatest poets," and celebrates him in the following specimen of grovelling prose in the form of verse:

"I'm tired with rhyming and would fain give o'er,
But justice still demands one labour more:
The noble Montague remains, unnamed,
For wit, for humour and for judgment famed," &c. &c.

After this he tells us, "*I've done at length*," &c. He seems quite to forget or else not to care, that the "noble" Shakespeare "remains unnamed." These verses are not addressed, as Dr. Johnson supposed, to the notorious bigot, Dr. Henry Sacheverell, but to a young gentleman of the same name who wrote a History of the Isle of Man, and died at an early age. Mr. Montague was not insensible to the compliment paid him by the poet; and it was by his persuasion that Addison gave up his design of entering into holy orders. He even wrote to the head of the college to request he would not insist upon Addison's going into orders. There was a melancholy want of integrity and talent, he said, "in the ranks of public men, and he therefore wished to reserve him for some civil employment." He concluded by saying that, "However he might be represented as no friend to the church, he would never do it any other injury than by keeping Addison out of it." We are furnished with this anecdote by Sir Richard Steele, who contradicts the assertion of Tickell that Addison entirely of his own accord relinquished his prospects in the church from a modest sense of his own unworthiness. In 1695, he published his poem to King William, with a brief introduction in rhyme, addressed to Sir John Somers, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal. Somers was so well pleased with the poem and with the prefatory compliment that his friendship and patronage were secured; and four years afterwards understanding that Addison wished to travel, he procured him an annual pension of three hundred pounds to meet his expenses abroad. He proceeded first to France and then to Italy, where he wrote the Epistle to Lord Halifax, the most poetical of his works in rhyme. On his return he published an account of his travels in elegant prose, agreeably interspersed with illustrative quotations from the Roman poets. His patrons were now out of power; his pension had ceased, and he had very slender hopes of employment or reward. He passed two years in study and retirement; at last when the victory at Blenheim produced a general feeling of exultation, Lord Godolphin lamenting to Halifax that it had not been celebrated in a worthy manner, desired him to recommend a poet who could do justice to the subject. Halifax then named Addison. When the poet had advanced in his task as far as the simile of the Angel, being anxious for the approbation of

Godolphin, he sent him as much as he had done. His Lordship was delighted with the poem and immediately rewarded the author with the place of Commissioner of Appeals, a lucrative appointment in which he succeeded the celebrated Locke who was promoted to a higher office. This poem, which he entitled *The Campaign*, was perhaps rather too severely styled by Dr. Joseph Warton, *a Gazette in rhyme*. It is undoubtedly too full of minute detail, and is often sufficiently prosaic; but it is not without passages that are spirited and poetical. In 1705 he accompanied Lord Halifax to Hanover, and the year after was appointed Under Secretary of state. About this period Operas being much in fashion, he was induced by the solicitation of his friends to attempt a musical drama in which sense and sound should be united. He accordingly produced his Rosamund which was unsuccessful on the stage and is rarely read.

In 1709 Addison went to Ireland as Secretary to the Marquis of Wharton, the Lord Lieutenant of that kingdom and father of the eccentric Duke immortalized by Pope. Through the recommendation of the Queen, our poet was also appointed Keeper of the Records in Bermingham's Tower, the salary of which was augmented for his accommodation. Swift informs us that Addison resolved, while in the execution of the duties attached to this office, "never to remit any of the fees in civility to his friends; because," said he, "I may have a hundred friends; and if my fee be two guineas, I shall, by relinquishing my right, lose two hundred guineas, and no friend gain more than two. The evil suffered, therefore, beyond all proportion exceeds the benefit done." That he was not basely mercenary, however, we have many proofs. He was resolute in refusing every thing in the shape of a pecuniary compliment or douceur. A letter of his has been preserved in which he politely but most firmly refuses a bank note of 300*l.* to induce him to expedite his exertions in favor of his correspondent with reference to some appeal to the Lord Lieutenant. He promises to serve him to the utmost of his power, but assures him that he never did, and never will on any pretence whatever accept more than the stated and customary fees of his office. While he was in Ireland, Steele began the *Tatler*, but Addison soon discovered the Editor by an observation on Virgil which he had himself made in their social intercourse; and he immediately favored his friend with his invaluable assistance. On the cessation of the *Tatler*, the *Spectator* was projected by Sir Richard Steele in conjunction with Addison. Twenty thousand copies of this admirable periodical were printed daily. Addison's papers are all signed with one or other of the letters which form the name of the Muse *Clio*. In 1713 he produced his tragedy of *Cato*. Pope expressed a high opinion of it as a poem; but declared it to be his opinion that it would not succeed upon the stage. In considering it a poor acting play he was unquestionably in the right, but it happened to obtain for a while an extraordinary degree of success upon the stage; not owing to its intrinsic merit, but the spirit of party which then raged with uncommon fury. The audience seized eagerly upon the declamatory passages in favor of liberty and converted them into direct political allusions. Pope wrote a spirited prologue, and such was the timidity of Addison, or such the temper of the times, that he objected to the second word in following couplet:

> "Britons *arise*, be worth like this approved,
> And show you have the virtue to be moved;"

and fearing that he might be regarded as a promoter of insurrection he persuaded Pope to soften it into Britons *attend*, &c. The Whigs it is said, "applauded every line in which liberty was mentioned, as a satire on the Tories, and the Tories echoed every clap to show that the satire was unfelt." The author himself was in the greatest agitation and perplexity behind the scenes, and kept a person continually going backwards and forwards from the stage to the place where he stood to inform him how it succeeded, and did not venture to move until its fate was decided. Not long after the appearance of *Cato*, Steele published the *Guardian* and Addison assisted him. The latter's papers in this periodical were distinguished by a hand.

Upon the death of the Queen, the Lords of the Regency appointed him their Secretary. His first duty was to announce the vacancy of the throne to the Court of Hanover, a task of no great difficulty to an ordinary man of business; but the imagination of Addison was so excited with the importance of the occasion, and he was so solicitous about his diction that the Lords tired of waiting, ordered Mr. Southwell, one of the clerks of the office, to announce the event. This duty he readily performed in the common style of business, and plumed himself upon having done that which was too difficult for Addison. In 1716 he married the Countess of Warwick who was not won with an easy courtship. Rowe's ballad of the *Despairing Shepherd* is said to have been suggested by Addison's feelings and situation previous to the union. The marriage was like that of Dryden

with lady Howard, an unequal and unhappy one. She always treated him as an inferior, and had no respect for his literature. She even taught the only child she had by him to despise his memory, and to feel an unconquerable aversion to the perusal of his works. The year after his marriage Addison was made Secretary of State, but soon discovering his inability to transact the multifarious duties of his office, he solicited his dismissal and retired from public life on a pension of fifteen hundred pounds a year.

It is a melancholy fact that about two years after his marriage Addison's feelings towards his old friend Steele were cooled by a public controversy concerning the Peerage Bill. Some irritating expressions passed between them. It is consolatory, however, to know that the breach was healed before death separated them for ever.

Addison had long been afflicted with an asthmatic disorder which was at last aggravated by a dropsy. In this state when he felt that his end was rapidly approaching, he sent for Mr. Gay, the poet, and told him that he had injured him, but that if he recovered he would give some recompense. Gay supposed that he had probably obstructed some preferment by his intervention, but the precise nature of the injury was never known. Addison conscious that he was dying sent for his son-in-law the young Earl of Warwick who had led a gay and irregular life in defiance of all advice. When the Earl approached the bedside, Addison told him that he had sent for him that he might see how a Christian could die. He breathed his last on the 17th of June, 1719, at Holland House near Kensington. The personal character of Addison demands very high praise; but no man is absolutely perfect, and his solitary defect seems to have been literary envy. He was unhappily more ambitious to be thought a fine poet than an elegant prose writer, and of the superiority of Pope in poetical genius he could not help feeling conscious, nor could he easily forgive it. As a prose writer he is one of the most instructive and delightful authors in the language. Nothing can be more exquisite than his quiet humour in the portrait of Sir Roger de Coverly*, or more elegant, clear, and judicious than his moral and critical speculations. His [illegible]ions in the *Spectator* are inimitable. His vision of Mirza is beyond all praise for the elegance of the allegory and the grace and propriety of the diction. Though in the form of prose it seems to show a more poetical spirit than any of his verse-productions. The tragedy of *Cato* has been spoken of by some critics with unlimited commendation and by others with profound contempt. Voltaire wondered how a nation that produced the tragedy of *Cato* could admire Shakespeare. It is a fine dramatic dialogue, full of eloquent declamation and noble sentiment, but as a representation of human passion it is sadly deficient in truth and nature.

* It is said that Steele gave the original hint of this character; but Addison had certainly the chief merit in the filling up of the outline with colors of admirable delicacy and truth.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

Matthew Prior, it is supposed, was the son of a joiner, though the poet kept not only his father's trade a secret, but even the place of his own birth. He sometimes called himself a native of Middlesex and at others of Dorsetshire. He was born July 21, 1664. On his father's death he was transferred to the care of his uncle, a vintner in London who sent him to Dr. Bushby's School at Westminster. His uncle who was not ambitious to give him a finished education, soon called him home for the purpose of bringing him up to his own business. At his house, which was called the *Rummer Tavern*, was held an annual feast of the nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood. It was here that the Earl of Dorset, the great patron of genius, first became acquainted with the poet. In a company at the tavern the discourse happening to turn upon a passage in Horace, a gentleman observed that he was very much mistaken if there was not a youth in the house who could set them all right, upon which he called for Prior, who when desired to give the meaning of the passage under consideration, performed his task so readily and yet with so much modesty that the Earl of Dorset from that moment determined to remove him from his humble station to one more suited to his genius. He in the first instance sent him at his own expense to St. John's College, Cambridge, where he contracted an intimate friendship with Charles Montague, afterwards Earl of Halifax, in conjunction with whom he wrote his poem of the *City Mouse and Country Mouse* in answer to Dryden's *Hind and Panther*. This humorous piece led to the immediate advancement of Montague, whom the Earl of Dorset invited to town and eventually introduced to the king with this expression: "Sir, I have brought a *mouse* to

10960

wait on your majesty." To which the king is said to have replied, "you do well to put me in the way of making a *man* of him." Prior, who was conscious that his own share of the poem was the best, was piqued at the neglect of himself and confesses his mortification to one of his early patrons.

"There's one thing more I had almost slipt,
But that may do as well in postscript:
My friend Charles Montague's preferred;
Nor would I have it long observed
That one *mouse* eats while t'other's starved."

It is said that Dryden was so vexed at the tone of the poem, that the old poet shed tears at the thought that he should be so treated by those to whom he had always been civil; but there is reason to question the truth of the anecdote. After Prior had been about six years at Cambridge he wrote a poem on the Deity which attracted so much notice that it encouraged him to leave College and try his fortune in the world. On his arrival in London he was taken by the Earl of Dorset to the court, and was appointed in 1690 Secretary to the English Embassy deputed to the congress at the Hague. It was no slight honor for a young poet fresh from College to be called upon to take a busy part in the most splendid assembly of Princes and Nobles that the world had witnessed for many years. King William was so pleased with Prior's skill and judgment on this occasion that he made him a gentleman of his Bed-chamber. In 1696 he accompanied the king to Holland, and in the following year obtained the post of Secretary to the Embassy at the treaty of Ryswick. In 1698 he went to Paris as Secretary to the Earl of Portland, ambassador to the court of France. While in that kingdom one of the officers of the Royal Household showed him the apartments at Versailles which were decorated with the victories of Louis XIV. painted by Le Brun, with inscriptions so arrogant that Racine and Boileau deemed it necessary to make them a little more simple. Prior was asked if the Palace of the king of England was so honorably ornamented. "The monuments, sir," he replied, "of my master's actions are to be seen every where but in his own house." In 1901 Prior was chosen member of Parliament for East-Grinstead in Sussex, and it appears by his voting for the impeachment of the several Lords who were charged with advising the Partition treaty, in which he himself had been employed, that he had by this time changed his political party. His conduct on this occasion has left a stain upon his character. His only excuse was, that though he had a hand in the treaty himself he had not a heart in it, and merely obeyed the order of the king. In 1710 the Tories who were then in power, sent Prior as Minister Plenipotentiary to the court of France with proposals of peace. On the accession of George the First in August, 1714, the Tories went out of power and Prior was recalled from France. On his arrival in England, he was confined a prisoner in his own house by an order from the House of Commons, and was subsequently examined by a Committee of the Privy Council regarding his share in the treaty of Utrecht. The Committee were not satisfied with his answers and directed him to be placed in more strict confinement. Mr. Walpole moved for an impeachment against him on June the 10th, 1715. He was at last, however, discharged, after an imprisonment of about two years, without a trial. During his confinement he amused himself with the composition of his Alma, the only piece amongst his works of which Pope said that he could wish to have been the author. He was now restored to liberty but not to comfort. He was deprived of all his former sources of income except his fellowship, which he was often taunted with retaining in his days of splendid emolument. His usual reply was that every thing else was precarious, and that in the hour of distress it would secure him his bread and cheese. He was now encouraged by his friends to print a complete edition of his poems and publish it by subscription. The price of the volume was two guineas and he collected no less than four thousand pounds. Lord Harley, the son of the Earl of Oxford, with a noble generosity added 4000*l.* more to the amount to enable the poet to purchase Downhall, a villa in Essex, on condition that it should revert to Harley after Prior's decease.

In this quiet retreat he employed his leisure in preparing a defence of himself and the ministry in the four last years of the reign of Anne, and also in writing a history of his own times. But he had not proceeded very far in either of these undertakings before he was seized with a fever of which he died on the 18th of September, 1721. As a *last piece of human vanity*, as he himself termed it, he left 500*l.* for a monument in Westminster Abbey. He seemed to forget that a true poet leaves a nobler monument than can be erected with marble and mortar. He left his library as a legacy to his College.

The personal character of Prior was not all that his best friends could have wished it. He occasionally indulged himself in low society, and the mistresses whom he profanes poetry by immortalizing, were "despicable drabs." That he was not, however, so

abandoned as his enemies have asserted may be gathered from the esteem in which he was held by a large and respectable circle of friends, from the vigour of mind and body which he preserved to the last, and from the delicate and important public undertakings with which he was repeatedly entrusted by the Government.

Prior's longer poems are tedious. They are deficient in spirit and true passion. But his smaller pieces are sprightly and ingenious. The versification is singularly neat, flowing and felicitous.

JOHN GAY.

John Gay was born at Barnstaple in Devonshire in the same year as Pope—the year of the Revolution 1688. After a brief education in a country town he was sent to London and placed apprentice with a Silk-mercer. He soon grew weary of an occupation so uncongenial, and obtaining an introduction to the Duchess of Monmouth he was in 1712 taken into her service as secretary. In the course of the next year he published his poem on *Rural Sports*. The *Shepherd's Week* soon followed. In the last year of Queen Anne's reign he was made secretary to the Earl of Clarendon, ambassador to the court of Hanover. He produced at various intervals with more or less temporary success his several dramatic works, but the only one of these that has survived is the *Beggar's Opera*. It was written in ridicule of the Italian musical drama, and was received with such unbounded applause that as it was pleasantly said, it had the effect of making Gay *rich* and Rich *gay*. Rich was the manager of the Theatre at which it was brought out. In 1726 he wrote a volume of Fables for the improvement of the young Duke of Cumberland. Next year he was offered the appointment of Gentleman Usher to the Princess Louisa which he indignantly refused, and sent a message to the Queen that he was too old for the office. He passed the latter part of his life in the house of the Duke and Duchess of Shrewsbury, who both treated him with the most affectionate kindness. The Duke took charge of his money and gave it him as he wanted it, for he had the characteristic improvidence of a poet. He was affected like many of greater prudence by the celebrated South Sea Scheme, and thought himself sure of twenty thousand pounds. The bubble at last broke and he was none the richer. Fenton had importuned him in vain to sell in time as much as would purchase an annuity of 100*l.* for life, "which will make you sure," he observed, "of a clean shirt and a leg of mutton a day." He died on the 4th of December, 1732, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. He had great simplicity of character and a warm heart. No man was more tenderly beloved by his friends. As a poet he was not of a high order; but his works are often agreeable; and are generally moral and instructive. Perhaps his best works are his ballads.

MATTHEW GREEN.

Matthew Green, had a post in the custom house. He was born in 1696 and died in 1737, and this is nearly all that is known of his personal history. His principal poem, the *Spleen* was composed by piece-meal and completed at the urgent solicitation of his friend Glover. It was not published until after his death. Pope said there was a great deal of originality in it, and Melmoth affirmed that the author had thrown together more original thoughts than he had ever read in the same compass of lines. This poem had also the good fortune to be praised by Gray in his correspondence with Lord Orford. Green's education was imperfect, but a fine natural understanding made ample amends for that misfortune. In allusion to the *Spleen*, Thomas Campbell remarks, that in that walk of poetry where Fancy aspires no farther than to go hand in hand with common sense, its merit is unrivalled.

THOMAS TICKELL.

Thomas Tickell was born in 1686 at Bridekirk in Cumberland. He was educated at Queen's College, Oxford. In 1726 he married. On account of his political opinions Swift used to call him Whiggissimus. He was greatly esteemed by Addison. Tickell's version of the first book of the Iliad which came out in opposition to Pope's Homer, was corrected and improved by Addison, who even gave it the preference to that of Pope. This decision was the occasion of the celebrated quarrel between Pope and Addison. Pope suspected that it had been written by Addison himself in a spirit of jealousy and spite. When Addison went to Ireland as Secretary to Lord Sunderland he was accompanied by Tickell, and when Addision was Secretary of state he made him Under Secretary. Their friendship was interrupted by death alone. When Addison died, Tickell had

the charge of publishing his works, to which he prefixed a pathetic elegy on the death of his friend and benefactor. In this performance he greatly surpassed the general character of his writings.

WILLIAM SOMERVILE.

William Somerville was born in 1692, at Edston in Warwickshire, an estate which he inherited from a long line of ancestors. He was educated at Winchester School. His estate was worth 1500*l.* per annum, but he was of an improvident disposition, and Pope mentions that in the latter part of his life he was in distressed circumstances. He died July 19, 1742. His principal poem, *The Chase*, contains some spirited descriptions.

RICHARD WEST.

Richard West was born in 1716, and died in 1742. He was the friend of Gray. His elegant poem "To his Friends," which is a very elegant imitation of Tibullus, was written at the age of twenty.

RICHARD SAVAGE.

Richard Savage was the son of the Countess of Macclesfield by the Earl of Rivers. He was born on the 10th of January, 1698. His mother made a public confession of adultery for the purpose of procuring a divorce from her husband the Earl of Macclesfield. Soon after she had procured a legal separation, she married Colonel Brett. No sooner was Savage born than his mother discovered a resolution of disowning him. She gave him in charge to a poor woman, to bring him up as her own son, and enjoined her never to reveal the secret of his birth. When the Earl of Rivers was on his death-bed, he made such earnest inquiries after his son that the Countess of Macclesfield was compelled to answer him. With an almost incredible heartlessness she determined to deprive her son of the provision which the Earl was disposed to leave him. She therefore declared that he was dead. After this she endeavoured to banish him secretly to the American Plantations. In this design she failed. She then had him apprenticed to a shoe-maker. His nurse dying, he went to her house to take charge of the effects of his supposed mother, and in examining her papers discovered that the poor shoe-maker was the son of an Earl. He forsook the shop and tried every means of gaining an admittance to his mother, before whose door he used to pace for several hours in the dark evenings with the hope of catching a glance of her as she came by accident to the window or crossed her apartment with a candle. He was now in the utmost distress, of which she was fully conscious, but nothing could soften her heart or open her hand. Savage discovered that he had literary talents and eagerly endeavoured to turn them to account. His first production was a controversial pamphlet of which he was afterwards so much ashamed that he destroyed every copy which he could obtain. In his eighteenth year he wrote a comedy entitled *Woman's a Riddle*. It was brought upon the stage, but Savage was allowed no part of the profit. Two years afterwards he wrote another comedy entitled *Love in a veil*. This did not fill his pockets, but it introduced him to the friendship of Sir Richard Steele and Mr. Willis, by whom "he was pitied, caressed and relieved." Being now continually at the theatre he excited the pity of Mrs. Oldfield, who settled upon him a pension of fifty pounds a year which she paid regularly as long as she lived. His next production was the tragedy of *Sir Thomas Overbury*. While employed on this play he was often without food and lodging, and composed many of the speeches as he wandered about the streets, stepping occasionally into a shop to beg for a few minutes the use of pen and ink to write what he had got ready on scraps of paper, picked up by accident. He at last brought his play upon the stage and he himself was permitted to undertake the part of *Sir Thomas Overbury*, very little to his own advantage. The poem was acted but for four nights. It however gave him a profit of an hundred pounds. Mr. Aaron Hill published the story of Savage's distress and his mother's brutality in the *Plain Dealer*. He also encouraged subscriptions to a miscellany of poems in the name of Savage, but most of which were from his own pen. In a few days, in consequence of the feeling excited in his favor by Mr. Hill's pathetic appeal, he realized seventy guineas. In 1727 he entered a coffee house late at night where he had the misfortune to kill a person of the name of Sinclair in a disgraceful brawl. He was tried for murder and condemned to death. His friends petitioned the crown for mercy, while his mother, strange to say, exerted all her art and interest to obstruct it. The case, however, being at last fully and fairly laid before the Queen, Savage obtained a pardon. He now saw that nothing was to be obtained from his mother by gentle solicitation. He therefore resorted to rougher methods to obtain the means of supporting

that life of which she had endeavoured to deprive him. He threatened her with lampoons and a full narrative of her conduct if she any longer refused a fixed allowance. This plan succeeded. Her nephew Lord Tyrconnel, to save the credit of the family, received him into his family and allowed him two hundred a year. He now published his *Wanderer* with a dedication to Lord Tyrconnel. Savage however did not long enjoy this sunshine of prosperity. His irregular habits and his mean and ungrateful behaviour towards his Lordship soon occasioned a separation. He was once more upon the world. Being no longer silenced by a pension he now published his *Bastard*, and inscribed it with mock reverence to his mother, who was soon saluted wherever she went with quotations from its caustic pages. She was at this time at Bath, and was compelled to leave the place in haste and hide herself in the heart of London. At the death of Eusden, Savage applied for the appointment of poet laureat, but it was bestowed on Colley Cibber. However, he wrote to the Queen begging of her to enable him to support that life which she had given him. On his publishing his poem called the *Volunteer Laureat*, her Majesty sent him fifty pounds with an intimation that he might annually write on the same subject and receive the same present until something better could be done for him. Johnson calls this conduct on the part of the Queen a kind of avaricious generosity by which flattery was rather purchased than genius rewarded. Savage got himself into a temporary scrape by violently attacking the clergy in a satirical poem called the *Progress of a Divine*. The Court of King's Bench was moved against him. He escaped unhurt, but he did not venture to reprint the poem when the first edition was sold. Savage was still in a state of destitution, notwithstanding his pension from the Queen, which no sooner reached his hands than it was expended in low indulgences. Until it was all spent he used to conceal himself from his friends and when he re-appeared he was pennyless. He sometimes in his distress passed whole nights in cellars in company with thieves and beggars. The death of the Queen deprived him of his small pension when he could least afford to lose it. At last his friends proposed that he should retire to some cheap place in Wales on an allowance from them of fifty pounds a year. Of the fifty pounds twenty were subscribed by Pope alone. Savage accepted the offer. He left London in July, 1739. But he had not advanced far on the road when he wrote to his friends to say that the money advanced for his travelling expenses was all gone. They remitted a fresh supply with which he contrived to reach Bristol from whence he was to proceed to Swansea by water. He was delayed by an embargo on the shipping. In the mean time he entered into all the gaieties of the place. He so irritated his London friends with complaints by letter that all except Pope withdrew their subscriptions. He at length arrived at Swansea. Here he finished a new tragedy and resolved to return to London and bring it on the stage. On his way he stopped at Bristol where he was arrested for debt on his birthday. In the Bristol jail, he wrote a violent lampoon on the inhabitants. When he had been six months in prison he received a letter from Pope accusing him of having spoken of him with disrespect and ingratitude. He solemnly protested his innocence but appeared greatly affected by the charge. Some days afterwards he was seized with a violent pain in his back and side. He grew daily weaker; a fever came on under which he sunk on the 1st of August, 1743, in the 46th year of his age. He was buried at the expense of the keeper of the prison who had treated him with great indulgence. Dr. Johnson's life of Savage, of which this is but a very brief and imperfect abstract, is one of the most eloquent compositions in the language, but the strong personal feeling which has diffused over his narrative so much pathos and animation, has unfortunately led him to extenuate the vices and exaggerate the few good qualities of a man who would speedily have sunk into deserved contempt, but for the genius and generosity of his biographer. His poetry, notwithstanding the praise of Johnson, is rapidly passing into oblivion, and scarcely merits criticism. It has occasionally considerable energy and spirit, but is coarse and unpolished. It wants elevation and ideality; and is the work rather of talent than of genius. Neither the thoughts nor the diction are truly poetical.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

Jonathan Swift was the son of an attorney, and was born at Dublin on St. Andrew's day, the 30th of November, 1667. At the age of six years, he was sent to a school at Kilkenny, where his name cut in school-boy fashion upon his desk or form is still shown to strangers. At the age of fourteen he was removed to Trinity College Dublin. He here paid so little attention to the prescribed studies that when he applied for the degree of Bachelor of arts, he was found on examination so grossly deficient in the

requisite acquirements that he only obtained it at last by a *special grace*, a term employed in the university of Dublin to imply an absence of due qualification in the candidate for scholastic honors. The degree was reluctantly conferred upon him on the 13th of February, 1685-6. This disgrace seems to have stirred up some of the worst parts of his nature, and that spirit of bitterness which made him so "good a hater" during his whole life, broke out in satirical attacks upon his teachers. His waywardness and self-will set all the rules of his College at defiance. In one year he incurred no less than seventy penalties for non-attendance and neglect, and at last being convicted of insolent conduct towards one of the masters and of exciting a spirit of rebellion amongst his companions, he was sentenced to a suspension of his academical degree and to crave public pardon for his offence. But though he disregarded the rules of the College and made no advance in the regulated course of study, his mind was not stationary; and his reading though desultory, was various and extensive. In the year of the Revolution (1688) Swift quitted College, and at the age of twenty-one entered the wide world without friends or money. His father died before the birth of his now celebrated son, and his uncle whose own income was extremely limited, and who had scantily supported him at the University, was now dead, and had left him nothing. His only resource was his mother, who was living in England on a small and precarious income. When he had crossed the water he travelled on foot to his mother's residence in Leicestershire. She recommended him to solicit the patronage of Sir William Temple who was her relation. The application was successful. Sir William employed him as a secretary, but that accomplished scholar soon discovered his inmate's imperfect education. Of this, however, he had not long to complain, for Swift became so heartily ashamed of his deficiency that with the ardor of genius he devoted eight hours a day to a course of study, and soon proved that his original backwardness in school learning was caused by no want of capacity. King William sometimes visited Sir William Temple when the statesman was confined to his chamber by the gout, and on these occasions Swift used to wait upon his majesty and walk with him in the garden. The King whose notions, as Johnson says, were all military, offered him a troop of horse. His majesty had also some notions of economy, and taught Swift to cut asparagus the Dutch way and eat the stalks. At the instigation of Sir William, Swift attempted some Pindaric odes in the style of Cowley, in which he so miserably failed that when they were shown to Dryden, he said, "Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet." Being disappointed in his expectations of substantial patronage from Sir William Temple, he left him in a fit of impatient displeasure and returned to Ireland to take holy orders. On his application to the Bishops they required a testimonial from Sir William Temple, and Swift was obliged, after many struggles with his pride, to write a penitential letter to his old patron and solicit in very humble terms a favorable certificate. The request was not refused and Swift obtained the prebend of Kilroot, in the diocese of Connor, which gave him about a hundred pounds a year. Temple, however, who began to feel his absence, invited him back with some promise of preferment in England; and Swift consented. Sir Walter Scott gives the following interesting and characteristic account of the manner in which he resigned his prebend to a poor clergyman,

"While Swift hesitated between relinquishing the mode of life which he had chosen, and returning to that which he had relinquished, his resolution appears to have been determined by a circumstance highly characteristic of his exalted benevolence. In an excursion from his habitation, he met a clergyman, with whom he had formed an acquaintance, which proved him to be learned, modest, well principled, the father of eight children, and a curate at the rate of forty pounds a year. Without explaining his purpose, Swift borrowed this gentleman's black mare, having no horse of his own,—rode to Dublin, resigned the prebendary of Kilroot, and obtained a grant of it for his new friend. When he gave the presentation to the poor clergyman, he kept his eyes steadily fixed on the old man's face, which, at first, only expressed pleasure at finding himself preferred to a living; but when he found that it was that of his benefactor, who had resigned in his favor, his joy assumed so touching an expression of surprise and gratitude, that Swift, himself deeply affected, declared he had never experienced so much pleasure as at that moment. The poor clergyman, at Swift's departure, pressed upon him the black mare, which he did not choose to hurt him by refusing; and thus mounted, for the first time on a horse of his own, with fourscore pounds in his purse, Swift again embarked for England, and renewed his situation at Moorpark, as Sir William Temple's confidential Secretary."

Swift resided with Sir William Temple till 1699 when his patron died, leaving him a pecuniary legacy and his manuscripts. Sir William had obtained for Swift a promise from the king, of the first prebend that should be vacant at Canterbury or Westminster. In his 27th year Swift had professed an attachment to a Miss Jane Waring. This lady, whom in his correspondence he styled *Varina*, from some prudential

reasons was averse to an immediate union. The Dean in one of the most extravagant and inelegant of amatory epistles, in which there is a deplorable deficiency of true passion, speaks of his irrepressible and impatient love. "I find himself," he says, "hugely infested with this malady." When four years afterwards his circumstances were favorable to marriage the lady frankly inquired whether his affections were unaltered. By this time he had formed another attachment, but not chusing to confess his inconstancy, he answered the lady with insulting coldness, and tells her that if she can agree to certain almost impossible conditions, he is still at her disposal. The lady of course was silenced. It was during his residence at Moorpark that he became acquainted with Esther Johnson, immortalized under the name of *Stella*. While she was yet almost a child, he took pleasure in being her instructor, and his beautiful pupil at last turned her respect and admiration for her guide and philosopher into a softer feeling. The affection was reciprocated. As in the case of Abelard and Eloisa, "love approached them under friendship's name." Swift accepted an invitation to accompany the Earl of Berkeley to Ireland as his chaplain and private secretary. He speedily obtained the livings of Laracor and Rathbeggin in the diocese of Meath. He now invited Stella to Ireland. She was accompanied by a widow woman of the name of Dingley. They lived in the neighbourhood, and when Swift was temporally absent they took possession of the parsonage, but he never saw Stella except in the presence of a third person. This precaution, however, did not save the reputation of Stella from unfriendly whispers. For some reason which has never yet been discovered Swift hesitated for several years to protect her name and secure her happiness by an honorable union. In 1710 Swift re-visited London, where he resided for two years, leaving Stella at Laracor, but keeping up a regular correspondence with her in the form of a diary. He was not long in London before he formed a fresh attachment for a lovely and lively young lady, a Miss Esther Vanhomrigh, now better known by her poetical appellation of Vanessa. Soon after he returned to Ireland as Dean of St. Patrick's; and the lady followed him. Poor Stella soon exhibited symptoms of extreme anxiety and mortification, excited by the proximity of a rival. Swift explained that he had formed two resolutions concerning matrimony,—one was that he would not marry till he possessed a competence, and the other that if he married at all it should be with a prospect of seeing his children settled in the world before he himself left it. He was still, he said, in embarrassed circumstances, and he had passed the age at which he thought marriage advisable. He agreed, however, if it would sooth the mind of Stella to go through the ceremony, provided that it should be kept a secret, and that they should live separately as heretofore. The unhappy Stella consented to those terms and she was married in the garden of the Deanery by the Bishop of Clogher in the year 1716. The moment after the marriage Swift is said to have betrayed the most extraordinary wretchedness and distraction. He did not discontinue his strange intercourse with Vanessa, who it appears remained for some time ignorant of Swift's legal union with her rival. At last she determined to remain no longer in suspense as to his ultimate intentions, and being somewhat perplexed by his undefined connection with Stella, she wrote to her at once and earnestly requested to know the nature of her long standing intimacy with Swift. Stella, in reply, confessed the marriage. Vanessa's letter was shown to Swift, who in a paroxysm of rage rode instantly to the writer, entered her apartment with a look of awful indignation, silently flung her epistle on the table and instantly left the house to return no more. The shock of this incident brought poor Vanessa to the grave. She did not survive it many weeks. In the meanwhile she revoked a will made in favour of Swift, and called upon her executors to publish all the letters which had passed between her and the Dean. Stella also gradually declined and on her death-bed vainly entreated Swift to save her reputation by a public acknowledgment of their marriage. After he had thus by his mysterious and unaccountable conduct broken the hearts of two women who passionately loved him, his own health began to give way and he became so gloomy and morose that his company was rarely endurable by the most indulgent of his friends. His thoughts were darkened by a melancholy anticipation of the madness which destroyed the noblest part of him so long before he sunk into the grave. One day while walking with Dr. Young, the author of the Night Thoughts, he stopped at a fine elm of which the upper branches were withered. Pointing at it mournfully, he said, "I shall be like that tree; I shall die at top." At one time he requested a female friend to mention to him any decay that she might observe in his faculties. "No, sir," she replied, "I have read Gil Blas." He resolved to leave all his fortune, his savings in the course of thirty years, to the endowment of an hospital for the insane. About the year 1740 he began to betray unequivocal symptoms of

a loss of intellect, and he was confided to the charge of friends. He was for a while outrageously violent, but preserved at last a melancholy silence. For some time he had an inflammation in one of his eyes which swelled to the size of an egg. It required many attendants to prevent his tearing out his eye. During the last three years of his life he spoke only once or twice. He was released by death from this awful condition, on the 19th of October, 1745.

The personal character of Swift was not very amiable. He could be just and even generous without attracting much regard or gratitude, for his manner was cold and cynical. He was never known to laugh. It is strange that two elegant young females should so passionately have loved him. He was a stern yet liberal master, and though he exacted much from his servants he knew how to reward their merits. His great talents made him at once dreaded and courted by men in power, and if his strong ambition had not been connected with a love of independence and great self-respect he would have gained from his influence with the government something more substantial and dignified than the deanery of St. Patrick's. He had no objection to ask favors for his friends, but he disdained to press his own cause. He expected honors to be thrust upon him. His numerous political pamphlets were all of great effect in their day, and are even yet read with considerable interest on account of their clear diction, their vehemence of invective and strength of argumentation. His *Tale of a Tub*, a religious prose satire, is a work of prodigious wit and humour, but the tone is almost too light and free, and exposed him to a charge of infidelity. Though a sincere believer in Christianity he showed little of the clerical character in his writings or in his personal manners. He was somewhat too much of a party zealot, and was far more ferocious than was quite becoming in a minister of peace. His *Gulliver's Travels* is one of the most original and amusing books in the language. It is read, by children as a wonderful tale, and, by those who understand its full import, as a profound satire upon poor human nature. It is interspersed with occasional sarcasms of a political and temporary application. The style, like that of De Foe's *Robinson Crusoe*, is admirable for its studied gravity and plainness, and the narrative of unheard of wonders is given with such an air of simplicity and truth that it beguiles the reader into a momentary belief of actual impossibilities. Swift's compositions both in prose and verse are the most unornamented in the language. He trusts entirely to his matter, and anxious only that his meaning shall be clear, he selects the simplest and most expressive words. His diction suits his matter. He is never very elevated or refined, but the utter absence of all affectation precludes vulgarity. His sincerity and directness, the manly intrepidity with which he often tells plain truths in plain language, and the unrivalled force and fertility of his humour will always gain a crowd of readers and admirers, though a lover of man and nature, must wish that Swift's mind had been more susceptible of the finer emotions, and lament that his vigorous powers should have been employed in deepening the shadows of human life. Of his poetry little need be said. It hardly deserves the name. It has scarcely half a dozen lines that are elevated above plain prose. It is to the full, however, as witty and clever as his political pamphlets, and always pleases by the easy vigour and admirable perspicuity of its diction and the happiness and accuracy of its rhymes. His verses are in fact as good as can be made by mere wit and sound sense unaccompanied with a poetical imagination.

ALEXANDER POPE.

Alexander Pope was born in London, May 21st, 1688. The grandfather of the poet was a clergyman of the Church of England settled in Hampshire. He had two sons, the younger of whom, Alexander, went to Lisbon, where he became a convert to the Roman Catholic faith. On his return to England he married the daughter of William Turner, Esq. of York. Of this union the poet was the sole offspring. His father made his fortune in a house in Lombard street, London, as a wholesale linen-merchant, and then retired first to Kensington and finally to Binfield in Windsor Forest. When Lord Harvey quarrelled with Pope, his Lordship condescended to the meanness of taunting him with the lowness of his birth, and was admirably answered by the poet—"I think it enough that my parents such as they were, never cost me a blush, and that their son, such as he is, never cost them a tear." Pope was from his infancy fragile and infirm; but though in almost perpetual pain his disposition until he engaged in literary warfare was remarkably mild and engaging. His life, as he himself tells us, was "a long disease." He inherited from his father a distorted frame and from

his mother a peculiarity of constitution which occasioned violent and frequent head-aches. He was so weak throughout his life that he usually wore stays as a support. Though his frame afforded a subject of heartless mockery and sarcasm to the dunces whom he has immortalized, his features were remarkably pleasing and intelligent; and his voice, in childhood, was so melodious that he was affectionately styled "the little nightingale." At a very early age he exhibited a passion for reading, and taught himself to write by imitating print. Owing to his miserable state of health, his education, which was chiefly carried on at home, was so irregular and imperfect, that he may be said to have been self-taught. At the age of twelve he resided wholly with his father at Binfield, and for a few months received some instruction from a priest, and "this," says Pope, "was all the teaching I ever had, and God knows that it extended a very little way." About this time he taught himself Latin and Greek, and at the age of fifteen he extorted the permission of his parents to go to London to learn French and Italian, both of which he acquired with surprising quickness. He could not himself remember how soon he began to write verses. He "lisped in numbers." "In the style of fiction," says Dr. Johnson, "it might be said of him as of Pindar, that when he lay in the cradle the bees swarmed about his mouth." Though his father was simple and unlearned he encouraged his son's taste for poetry by proposing subjects, pointing out what he deemed imperfect in the execution, and characterizing the little bard's more successful efforts as "good rhymes." Amongst the poets that charmed his boyhood Spenser, Waller and Dryden were his greatest favorites. Of these three Waller pleased him most at first, then Spenser, and lastly Dryden, whom he afterwards studied and admired more than any other English writer. His opinions of other poets were not always remarkable for their soundness. He seems to have felt no ardour of admiration for Milton's Paradise Lost. Shakespeare's style, he said, was professedly the style of a bad age. With this opinion it is not surprising that he produced a poor and unsaleable edition of the works of that incomparable Dramatist. Poets generally best appreciate that kind of poetry which is most nearly allied to their own, and Pope, who would have struggled in vain to compete with Shakespeare or Milton, soon discovered that he could walk by the side of Dryden. It flatters our own vanity when we can exalt a species of merit which we are secretly conscious is not entirely beyond the reach of our own powers. Pope's delight in the poetry of Dryden excited an irrepressible desire to behold the author, and while he was yet a boy he was taken to see the illustrious object of his admiration at the Coffee-house which he frequented. His intense application to his studies about his 17th year so affected his weak frame, that he at last thought himself dying, and wrote solemn farewell letters to his friends. One of them, the Abbé Southcote, immediately applied to the celebrated Dr. Radcliffe for his advice, and having got full directions from him, he paid a visit to Pope in Windsor Forest, and prevailed upon him to throw off his despondency. By discontinuing his studies for a while and taking regular exercise he soon recovered. At the age of 16 he wrote his pastorals, but they were not published till five years after. Walsh, a small poet but a critic of considerable reputation, was so delighted with these poems that he sought the author's acquaintance, and it was by his advice that Pope aimed at correctness of style, which, as he was told, the English poets had hitherto neglected. In his twenty-first year, he published his *Essay on Criticism*, and at first without his name. For some time the sale was discouragingly slow, till Pope, in a fit of despair, addressed a number of copies to different individuals who had a reputation for taste and literature. This scheme succeeded. The work was talked of, the author's name discovered, and the bookseller was soon gratified with the demand for a new edition. In this poem are some lines describing an angry critic which occasioned a long war between Pope and Dennis, who rightly applied them to himself. The Essay on Criticism was characterized by Addison in the *Spectator* as "a master-piece in its kind," and was translated into French verse by General Count Hamilton, author of the life of the Comte de Grammont. Some of the Roman Catholics were indignant that in this poem the monks or "holy vandals" should be mentioned with disrespect; but though Pope was a papist he was not a bigot. "I have ever believed," he says, "that the best piece of service one could do to our religion was openly to express our detestation and scorn of all those mean artifices and pious frauds, which it stands so little in need of, and which have laid it under so great a scandal among its enemies." "Nothing," he continues, "has been so much a scare-crow to them as that too peremptory and uncharitable assertion of an utter impossibility of salvation to all but ourselves."

The *Essay on Criticism* was speedily followed by the *Rape of the Lock*, the most fanciful and spright-

ly of all his compositions. The first draught of it was published without the machinery, but he infinitely improved it by a happy after-thought. When Pope mentioned his intention of extending the poem and introducing the sylphs and gnomes of the Rosicrucian system, Addison told him that it was "a delicious little thing," and advised him to leave it untouched. This was said to be the first indication of Addison's jealousy of Pope's rapidly rising fame; but an author in some new and untried scheme often surpasses the expectations of his warmest admirers, and Pope might have communicated what was passing in his mind too briefly or obscurely to do justice to his own conceptions. When Addison consulted Pope about the tragedy of Cato, he was told that it would be better to submit it to the public through the press than to bring it on the stage, as it was not sufficiently "*theatrical.*" No one questioned the sincerity of this criticism, though the result seemed to contradict it, for owing to various adventitious circumstances it was acted with extraordinary success. The wisest of men are fallible, and it is hard that honest and friendly criticism, however erroneous, should be exposed to ungenerous interpretations. About this period he completed the *Messiah*, and wrote the *Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady*, a truly pathetic and beautiful composition. Of the history of the lady much has been conjectured, but little is known, for Pope purposely concealed it. On this subject he was absolutely deaf to the inquiries of his most intimate friends. The *Temple of Fame* in which Steele, saw "a thousand thousand beauties," followed. In 1713 appeared his *Windsor Forest*, part of which was written at the age of sixteen. In the same year Pope published in *The Guardian* his ironical praise of the pastorals of Philips, which he affected to prefer to his own. He now determined to unite profit with fame, and as his original compositions, though they had secured a high reputation, had added little to his fortune, he undertook to translate the whole of Homer's Iliad and publish it by subscription. The largest sum he had ever obtained from Lintot for the copyright of any of his original poems was thirty-two pounds. He got but seven pounds for the first copy of the Rape of the Lock, and fifteen for the second, which contained the addition of the machinery. Pope, on commencing this great undertaking, was for a while quite overwhelmed with anxiety. His apprehensions even haunted his pillow. He used to dream of impossible undertakings and long journies in which he lost his way and which seemed to have no end. At last practice made him more familiar with his task and his fears vanished. He cleared by the *Iliad* five thousand three hundred and twenty pounds, which one of his biographers calls "an enormous sum," but which considering that it took up six years of his life, was not a very extraordinary remuneration for his vast labour and unrivalled skill. In these days successful literary toil is more handsomely rewarded. Scott and Byron gained fortunes by the industry of a few months. Pope had the prudence to purchase annuities with the money his Homer brought him. The success of this work raised him above all pecuniary difficulties, but it was so far from adding to his peace that it called up a host of envious and malignant scribblers who pursued him with incessant hostility. Even Addison was amongst those who were vexed at Pope's poetical supremacy, and it is believed that he instigated Tickell to produce a rival version of the first book of Homer. He was even suspected of being himself the secret author of it. It is certain that he openly gave it the preference to that of Pope, and that the manuscript copy bore numerous corrections and alterations in his own handwriting. This translation attracted so little general notice that Pope's anxiety respecting its chance of success was of very brief continuance. It occasioned, however, a breach between Addison and Pope that was never entirely closed. It was soon after this that Pope wrote his famous satiric sketch of the character of Addison which was subsequently inserted in the Prologue to the Satires. Soon after the completion of the Iliad, having lost some money in the South Sea speculation he endeavoured to recruit his means by a translation of the Odyssey, which he undertook to finish in three years. This work in which he was assisted by Broome and Fenton was not quite so profitable as the *Iliad*. About the year 1728, after suffering the severest provocations from unfriendly writers, upwards of sixty separate pamphlets having appeared against him, he determined to include all his enemies in one sweeping satire. Accordingly he surprised and appalled them with his *Dunciad* which rendered them

> Sacred to ridicule their whole life long
> And the sad burden of a merry song.

In 1733 appeared the first part of the *Essay on Man*, a work which has been more admired for its poetry than its philosophy. It was attacked as indirectly unfavorable to the Christian scheme. About this time Pope began to feel his weak frame growing daily still weaker, and perceived, as he expressed it, that he was "going down the hill." On sending out some presentation copies of his Ethical Epistles to his friends, he said,

"I am like Socrates, distributing morality amongst my friends just as I am dying." He was serene and cheerful to the last. On the very day of his death, when his physician remarked some favorable circumstances, he pleasantly answered, "Here am I, dying of a hundred good symptoms." He at last yielded his breath so tranquilly that the people who attended him were not aware of the exact moment of his death. He died May the twentieth, in the year 1744.

The character of Pope as a poet has been the subject of long and still continued controversy. Some critics deny that he is at all entitled to the name of poet, and others go into the opposite extreme and place him in the very highest rank. But that he is an admirable writer of some sort or other, if not a true poet, is almost universally admitted. He had beyond all question an intellect of extraordinary delicacy and acuteness, and possessed the power of expressing his thoughts with unrivalled closeness, elegance and precision. But when Byron compared him to Shakespeare he was guilty of an extravagance that could be of no use to Pope, while it injured his own reputation as a critic. With some hesitation regarding the rival claims of Dryden, he may safely be pronounced the first name in the second class of British poets, the first class consisting of Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton. These four great writers are fairly entitled to such high distinction, because they pierce beyond externals and mere conventialisms. Their representations of humanity are not local or temporary. They do not describe manners but men. They wrote for all ages, and for all countries. Their language alone is not universal; and this was no fault of theirs. The curse of Babel falls with peculiar severity upon the poets, for the fresh bloom of poetic inspiration is always injured in the process of translation. But foreigners who master our language, however unfamiliar with our manners, can never fail to recognize those truthful delineations of general and everlasting nature which abound in the pages of the four great poets already mentioned. Shakespeare especially has addressed himself to the universal heart. The jealousy of Othello and the ambition of Macbeth are as perfectly apprehended by the intelligent Hindu alumni of an English College in Calcutta as by the students of a scholastic establishment in the poet's native land. But Pope was too much of a London poet of the eighteenth century. He is so local and temporary that many of his allusions are now wholly unintelligible even to his own countrymen. His satires especially are limited and obscure. It would be almost impossible, for example, to make a native of Hindostan, comprehend the greater portion of his Epistle on the Characters of Women. But Shakespeare's females are sketched with such miraculous power, and with such fidelity to general nature, that they are recognized in all countries and in all ages by every reader who can understand the language in which his plays are written. Some of the German writers have entered upon an analysis of Shakespeare's characters with perhaps more enthusiasm and judgment than any of our own critics, and even they who are acquainted with him only through the medium of translation acknowledge his merits with delight and wonder. Those critics who place Pope by the side of Shakespeare overlook some of the most palpably distinctive differences of poetic power. No two writers could be more widely separated by the peculiarities of genius than were those eminent poets, though each was admirable in his way. Shakespeare trusted almost wholly to nature—Pope to art. Art alone, however, will never make a poet, and Pope was assuredly a poet of no ordinary excellence, though he was not in the first rank. Let those who think his station at the head of the second order not sufficiently distinguished, consider how few stand above him, and what a long list of bright and honorable names are placed beneath him. If Pope's verses owed so much to art, they owed still more to inspiration. It must be admitted that he was not distinguished for that irrepressible enthusiasm for truth and beauty, and that profound insight into general nature, which characterize the very highest order of poetic genius, but he was by no means sparingly endowed with the gifts of fancy and feeling. He possessed them far more abundantly than his predecessor Dryden. They were not, however, the predominant qualities of his mind. His genius seemed better fitted to satisfy the understanding than to touch the heart or kindle the imagination. No writer ever compressed so much sound sense into so narrow a compass and with so much elegance and ease. Condensation and perspicuity are amongst his most conspicious merits. His satire wants breadth, but it never wants point, and no author in the English language has ever turned a compliment with more exquisite ingenuity and grace. His praise was the more valuable because it was always honest. It is said that Alderman Barber gave Pope to understand that he would make him a present of five thousand pounds for a single compliment. But the poet always boasted that he was "no man's slave

or heir." It is also reported that he was offered in vain a considerable sum of money by the Duchess of Marlborough if he would give a good character of the Duke*.

Though Pope could not stir the depths of the human heart or raise vehement emotions, he knew how to win our gentler sympathies. The sweetest and most unaffected passages in all his poetry are his domestic allusions. His egotism, when it is touched with tenderness, is inexpressibly engaging. He has not much humour, but his wit is always sharp and brilliant.

His versification has perhaps been overrated. It is highly polished, and is unrivalled in mere smoothness, but its uniformity in a long poem fatigues the ear. He was over fastidious, and confined himself too exclusively to certain favorite sounds. There is hardly a line in all his poetry that is novel in the construction. In the sonnets of Shakespeare and the works of still earlier poets we frequently meet with couplets of which Pope's are but the echo. In studying the versification of other poets he seems to have been attracted rather by separate lines than to have been charmed with the general effect, and in reproducing these in too close connection without the intermixture of other sounds, the music is marred indeed by no discord, but it is wearisomely deficient in variety. The notes are sweet enough in themselves, but they are not skilfully blended. We have rather a succession of familiar sounds than a continuation. There is no linkéd sweetness long drawn out, nor does he delight the ear with any musical surprise. When Pope borrows thoughts (and notwithstanding the richness of his own resources, he is a bold and frequent plagiarist), he is generally more successful than in his thefts of sound. He rarely appropriates another poet's idea without improving it.

Of Pope's character as a man one of his latest editors† has spoken with very unjust severity. He was irritable and spiteful when brought into collision with those who were either indifferent or hostile to his literary fame, but considering that his life was "a long disease," and that his eminence as a poet drew upon him the envy and malice of a host of "creatures" who never ceased from their "dirty work," his occasional loss of temper ought not to be visited with a very harsh reproach. That he was a warm and generous friend cannot fairly be disputed, and nothing can be more engaging than his reverential affection for his aged mother, and his incessant attention to her smallest wants, when he himself stood quite as much in need of an indulgent nurse. No man was ever more tenderly beloved by his friends. Lord Bolingbroke wept like a child over him in his last hours, and observed that he never in his life knew a man that had so tender a heart for his particular friends, or a more general friendship for mankind. "There is nothing," said the dying poet, "that is meritorious but virtue and friendship, and indeed friendship itself is but a part of virtue."

* The knowledge of these offers of payment for praise might possibly have suggested, however unjustly, the scandal respecting a supposed offer for the suppression of a satire on the Duchess of Marlborough (under the name of Atossa) and the poet's reported acceptance of it. Pope had also in his lifetime been accused of receiving a thousand pounds from the Duke of Chandos and ungratefully returning the kindness with a satire. The receipt of the money he flatly and indignantly denied. He proudly asserted that if he was a good poet there was one thing upon which he valued himself, and which was rare amongst good poets—a perfect independence. "I have never," he said, "flattered any man, nor ever received any thing of any man for my verses."

† The Rev. W. L. Bowles.

JAMES THOMSON.

James Thomson was born in Scotland, the 7th of September, 1700. He was the son of a minister. Though his mother inherited a portion of a small estate, she found her means, even in conjunction with her husband's income, unequal to the education of her nine children, and a Mr. Riccarton, a neighbouring minister, generously undertook to provide for the young poet who early exhibited the indications of genius. He was first sent to a school at Jedburgh and afterwards to the University of Edinburgh. The Divinity chair at Edinburgh was then filled by Mr. Hamilton, who prescribed to Thomson as a probationary exercise, the explanation of a psalm on the power and majesty of God. Of this psalm he wrote a paraphrase and illustration in so poetical a style that the professor told him if he meant to follow up his intention of entering the church he must put a check upon his imagination. This which was at once a rebuke and a compliment, made him turn his thoughts exclusively to literature, and he bent his steps towards London to seek his fortune as a poet. On his arrival in the vast metropolis of England he wandered about the streets absorbed in curiosity and wonder. He brought with him a number of letters of recommendation which he had tied up carefully in his handkerchief, but as he loitered in the crowd of London, he was robbed of them by a light-

fingered rascal who probably mistook them for something of more general value. It is said that his first want was a pair of shoes, and that it was not easily supplied. His merit, however, was not very long concealed. Mr. Duncan Forbes, afterwards Lord President of the Session in Scotland, received him with kindness, and recommended him to other gentlemen of taste and influence. In 1726 he published his *Winter*. It rapidly gained the favour of the public and established the author's reputation as a poet. It was dedicated to Sir Spencer Compton, who for some time took no notice of the poet, until Aaron Hill addressed some verses publicly to Thomson, in which he complained of the neglect of genius by men of wealth and station. The cold patron at last condescended to send for the author, and made him a present of twenty guineas. Dr. Rundle, afterwards Bishop of Derry, introduced him to Lord Chancellor Talbot, who some years afterwards appointed him to accompany his eldest son upon his travels. *Summer* was published in 1727, *Spring* in the year following, and *Autumn* in 1730. Upon his return from abroad with the Lord Chancellor's son who died soon after, he was rewarded for his attendance by a small appointment which he lost on the death of his patron in 1736. He was now again in pecuniary distress, from which he was rescued by the Prince of Wales who received the poet with distinction, and on Thomson's confessing that his affairs "were in a more poetical posture than formerly," he gave him a pension of one hundred pounds a year. It was shortly after his return to England that he published his long dull poem upon Liberty, a subject that deserved a nobler treatment. In 1738 appeared his tragedy of Agamemnon. Pope who had a regard for Thomson, was present at the representation of the play, and was received by the audience with a round of applause. His next dramatic work, the *Masque of Alfred*, was written with the assistance of Mallet and at the command of the Prince of Wales. Then followed (in 1745) *Tancred and Sigismunda*, the most popular of his plays. About this time he wrote his *Castle of Indolence* which was the last piece of which he superintended the publication. In 1740 his friend Lord Lyttleton procured him the place of Surveyor general of the Leward Islands, from which after the payment of a deputy he received three hundred a year. He was about to prepare his tragedy of *Coriolanus* for the stage when he was seized with a fever which brought him to the grave on the twenty-seventh of August, 1748.

Thomson's personal character was extremely amiable, but he was of a singularly indolent disposition, and it is said that he was sometimes seen eating fruit from a tree with his hands in his pocket, as if it were too much trouble to pluck it with his hands. His dramatic writings are heavy and declamatory, and none of his works are now generally read, except his *Seasons* and the *Castle of Indolence*. Some critics prefer the latter, which is in the Spenserean stanza, to his great descriptive poem in blank verse; but exquisite as it is, the public have decided, and perhaps correctly, in favor of the *Seasons*. Thomson himself thought the poem on *Liberty* his best work. The vividness and fidelity of his pictures of external nature, and the true poetic feeling which they evince must always secure a wide popularity for the *Seasons*, notwithstanding the cumbrous verbosity of the style. His blank verse is nearly the worst in the language, from its formal and sluggish movement. He had no ear, and not much taste. Johnson mentions that amongst his peculiarities was a very ungraceful and inarticulate manner of pronouncing any lofty or solemn composition, and that Dodington, himself an elegant reader, once snatched the book from his hands and told him he did not understand his own verses. All his excellence he owed to a happy genius. He was too lazy to polish his versification and retrench exuberances. It was said that his works contained

"No line which dying he could wish to blot."

In a moral sense this is a well deserved and noble compliment, but it must not be applied to his poetry as a purely literary decision. It is a pity that he had not struck out a great many ponderous lines and clumsy epithets in his *Seasons*. With all its defects, however, it is a wonderful production, and is still regarded as the best descriptive poem in any language.

AMBROSE PHILIPS.

Ambrose Phillips, descended of an ancient family in Leicestershire, was born in 1671. He was educated at St. John's College Cambridge, where he wrote some English verses on the Death of Queen Mary. He soon afterwards undertook to epitomize Hacket's Life of Archbishop Williams, which he published in 1700. In this work he seized the opportunity of proving himself a zealous Whig. His Pastorals preceded those of Pope, and were very favourably received on their first appearance. Soon after their publication he went abroad, but in what employment or for what purpose is not known. In

1709 he published in the *Tatler* his poetical Epistle from Copenhagen. Pope said of this poem that it was the production of a man "who could write very nobly." On his return three years afterwards, his Whig friends being out of power, he was compelled to trust entirely to his literature for subsistence. Tonson, the celebrated publisher, employed him to translate the *Persian Tales*. Pope, when he quarrelled with Philips, severely ridiculed him for having undertaken this humble task. He characterized him as

"The bard whom pilfered pastorals renown,
Who turns a Persian tale for half-a-crown."

In 1712, Philips published *The Distrest Mother*, a tragedy, which is little more than a translation from the French of Racine. Addison and Steele were his active literary patrons, and they paid it many compliments in the *Spectator*. Steele prepared the public to receive it kindly by a notice of it while under rehearsal, and after its performance Addison described its effect upon Sir Roger de Coverly. The *Spectator's* patronage served the interests of the play, but the Pastorals were brought into contempt by an extravagantly eulogistic notice of them in the *Guardian* from the pen of Tickell, which excited the spleen of Pope, who subsequently contributed to the same periodical a paper on the same subject. In this paper he insidiously pretended to draw an impartial comparison between his own pastorals and those of Philips, in which he avowedly awards the preference to his rival, whom at the same time with what Johnson calls "an unexampled and unequalled artifice of irony," he gives himself every possible advantage and makes the unhappy Philips cut a very ludicrous figure. It is said that Steele kept back the article for some time from a fear of displeasing Pope, but that Addison perceived its drift and was not unwilling to set Pope and Philips at mortal variance. In Ayre's life of Pope it is stated that Philips procured a rod and hung it up in a public coffee-room, frequented by Pope, and vowed to exercise it upon the offender as soon as he should make his appearance there; but we have the assertion of Pope himself that Philips never offered him any personal indignity though he did his best to injure him by representing him as disaffected to the government. On the accession of George the First, which brought the Whigs into power, Philips was first made a justice of the peace and soon after a commissioner of the lottery. In 1722 he produced two plays, *The Briton* and a tragedy on the story of *Humphrey Duke of Gloucester*. They are now but little known. In 1724 Dr. Boulter, archbishop of Armagh invited him to accompany him to Ireland, made him his secretary, and added such preferments as enabled him to represent a county in the Irish parliament. Two years afterwards he was appointed secretary to the Lord Chancellor, and in 1733, he became judge of the Prerogative Court. He returned to England in 1748 and purchased an annuity of £400. But he did not live long to enjoy it. He was struck with a palsy and died June 18, 1749, in his seventy-eighth year.

Philips does not stand very high in the list of British Poets. His pastorals are contemptible, and his poems in the seven-syllable measure are little better than nursery rhymes. It was on their account that he obtained the name of *Namby Pamby*. There was no objection to his employing this style when addressing a child in its mother's arms, as in the following lines to Miss Charlotte Pulteney.

"Timely blossom, infant fair,
Fondling of a happy pair,
Every morn and every night
Their solicitous delight,
Sleeping, waking, still at ease,
Pleasing without skill to please,
Little gossip, blithe and hale,
Tattling many a broken tale,
Singing many a tuneless song
Lavish of a heedless tongue,
Simple maiden, void of art
Babbling out the very heart," &c.

This idle prattle is well enough in the nursery, but it is ridiculous and disgusting when mixed with graver matters and addressed to a powerful minister. He pays his court to Sir Robert Walpole in the same Liliputian lines with which he soothes the ears of babes.

"Votary to public zeal,
Minister of England's weal,
Have you leisure for a song,
Tripping lightly o'er the tongue,
Swift and sweet in every measure;
Tell me, Walpole, have you leisure?" &c.

The Letter from Copenhagen evinces powers of description which cultivation might have brought to excellence. This indeed is written "nobly," and it is strange that a poet who could produce such a work should have composed and published so many verses that are almost too trifling for the perusal of children.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

William Collins was born at Chichester in Sussex, December 25, 1721. His father was a hatter. At the age of twelve he was admitted a scho-

lar of Winchester College, where he remained for seven years. In 1740 he was elected a *demy* of Magdalen College. It was here that he wrote his Epistle to Sir Thomas Hanmer and his "Persian Eclogues," as they were originally called. He afterwards gave them the more general title of *Oriental* Eclogues, because he thought they were not distinctly national. They never, indeed, quite satisfied him as descriptions of Asiatic manners, and he was sometimes heard to call them his Irish Eclogues. They were at first very coldly received by the public. His father had died in debt and he depended wholly on a small stipend allowed him by his uncle, Colonel Martin. To relieve himself from pecuniary difficulties he issued proposals for a History of the Revival of Learning, but the work never appeared. He also planned several tragedies; "but he only planned them." In 1746 he wrote his "Odes, descriptive and allegorical," to supply his immediate necessities. They were purchased by Millar, an eminent and influential bookseller, but who could never succeed in his attempts to bring them into notice. They did not pay the expense of printing. Collins felt the disappointment with extreme acuteness. As soon as it was in his power he returned the purchase money, and with the bitterest indignation at the insensibility of the public he consigned the whole impression to the flames. Dr. Johnson became acquainted with him at a time when he was pursued by bailiffs. The booksellers advanced him a small sum for a promised translation of Aristotle's Poetics, which however was never completed. At the death of his uncle when he came into the possession of two thousand pounds he re-paid the booksellers and gave up all thoughts of dressing Aristotle in an English garb. Notwithstanding this improvement in his circumstances, his mind, having been long clouded with anxiety and disappointment, he fell into a nervous disorder, which was accompanied by the most deplorable languor of body and depression of spirits. His fine understanding was at last destroyed. He was for some time confined in a lunatic asylum, and he afterward retired to the house of his sister in whose arms he died, in 1756, in the 35th year of his age.

When Collins was at Oxford on a visit to Thomas Warton, Dr. Johnson, in his letters to the latter, repeatedly inquires after the unhappy poet whom he tenderly designates "Poor dear Collins." "Let me know," he says, "whether you think it would give him pleasure if I should write to him. *I have often been near his state*, and therefore have it in great commisseration." Dr. Johnson warmly loved the man, but he could not cordially appreciate his merits as a poet. Collins required more imagination in his reader than his great biographer possessed. He was one of the *truest* poets that ever lived, and under happier circumstances he might have become a great one. Johnson was not a first-rate critic when called upon to characterize the pure poetry of a highly imaginative mind. He shone most on subjects requiring logical analysis. He asserts that the poetry of Collins may sometimes extort praise when it gives little pleasure. But the critic here speaks only for himself. The majority of readers have judged and felt very differently.

JOHN DYER.

John Dyer was born at Aberglasney, in Carmarthenshire, in 1700. His father was an eminent solicitor. He was educated at Westminster school. It was intended that he should study the law, but he had a strong turn for drawing and resolved to be a painter. His attention, however, to painting was not very lasting or exclusive, for he seems early to have discovered more powerful charms in a sister art to which eventually he entirely devoted himself. He published his *Grongar Hill* in 1727. He soon after visited Italy, and surveyed that interesting country with the eye of a painter and the enthusiasm of a poet. On his return he published *The Ruins of Rome*, a blank-verse poem of no ordinary merit, though it has never attracted much attention. He now gave up his profession as a painter and entered into orders. About the same time he married a lady of the name of Ensor, "whose grandmother was a Shakespeare, descended from every body's Shakespeare." 1759, he published his longest poetical work, *The Fleece*. Dodsley, the bookseller, was one day mentioning it to a critical visitor who inquired the author's age. The answer was that he was advanced in life. Well then, said the critic, he will be buried in woollen. The poet died in the following year. Akenside is said to have observed that he would regulate his opinion of the reigning taste by the fate of Dyer's *Fleece;* for, if thatwere ill received, he should not think it any longer reasonable to expect fame from excellence. It has never been popular and probably never will be. The subject in its details is ill adapted to poetical illustration. The poem contains a few noble passages, but the author generally betrays a painful struggle to support his humble subject at that elevation which true poetry requires. Wordsworth, however, is amongst the ad-

mirers of this production and gives expression to his sentiments in a complimentary sonnet. The *Ruins of Rome* has a nobler subject, and is treated with the skill and spirit of a poet. But the most popular of his poems, and perhaps the best, is *Grongar Hill*. It abounds in animated descriptions. The style however is negligent and inaccurate, and sometimes obscure. It is not very clearly intimated that the *Silent Nymph* addressed at the opening of the poem is Fancy. The poem was originally published in a volume of miscellaneous verses collected and published by the celebrated Richard Savage. The following were then the initial lines.

" Fancy, nymph that loves to lie
On the lovely eminence;
Darting notice through the eye,
Forming thought and feasting sense.
Thou that must lend imagination wings
And stamp distinction on all worldly things
Come and with thy various hues
Paint and adorn thy sister muse.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

William Shenstone was born in Hales Owen, Shropshire, in 1714. His father was an illiterate farmer, who cultivated an estate of his own called the *Leasowes*, which was eventually rendered so widely celebrated by the tasteful improvements of the son. He was taught to read by an old woman whom he has immortalized in his poem of *The Schoolmistress*. He lost both his parents early, and in 1732 when he went to Pembroke College, Oxford, he was under the guardianship of his uncle, the Rev. Mr. Dolman. When he had been five years at the University he published a small collection of poems without his name. On leaving College he retired to an old romantic habitation at Harborough, a property inherited from his mother. In 1741 he published his *Schoolmistress*. Five years afterwards died his kind uncle, Mr. Dolman, who had continued to manage his affairs. This led him to fix his residence at the *Leasowes*, where he occupied the rest of his life in poetry and gardening. He made the grounds a perfect paradise, but the house he lived in exposed him to the elements. He laid out all the money he could spare upon his garden, so that when he required a shelter from the rain his broken roof denied it, and he could not bring himself to devote those sums to the repairs of an old farm house which it was his delight to expend in the improvement of his landscapes. Johnson tells us that he spent his estate in adorning it, and that his groves were at last haunted by beings very different from fauns and fairies; that in plain language he was worried by duns and bailiffs. But his intimate friend Graves expresses his belief that, though he occasionally exceeded his income, he was never reduced to such extreme distress. He might sometimes, he says, have been pressed for ready money, but he could always guard against the clamours of creditors by anticipating a few hundred pounds, which his estate could very well bear, as appeared by what remained to his executors after the payment of his debts and his legacies and annuities to friends and servants. Shenstone died at the Leasowes, of a putrid fever, February 11, 1763.

He was rather a man of fine taste than of original genius. He was deficient in imagination. His style is feeble and artificial. His best production is *The Schoolmistress*. It was at first published as an avowed burlesque, and the author accompanied it with a ludicrous index " purely to show fools that he was in jest." He was apparently apprehensive that the author himself might be more smiled at than the pleasant allusions in the poem. He was afraid to trust himself to nature. But the simplicity, tenderness and humour of this production place it greatly above all his other works. His brief prose essays evince much delicacy and acuteness of observation.

CHARLES CHURCHILL.

Charles Churchill was born in the parish of St. John, Westminster, some time in February, 1731. At eight years of age he was sent by his father who was curate of that parish to Westminster School. On entering his 19th year he applied for matriculation at the university of Oxford, but was rejected on account of his deficiency in the learned languages. When he mentioned this repulse in after life he asserted that he could easily have passed the examination had he thought proper, but that he was disgusted with the trifling questions proposed to him, and only answered them with satirical reflections on the abilities of the Examiner. He was subsequently entered of Trinity College, Cambridge, which he left abruptly, and going to London made a clandestine marriage. As the evil was without a remedy, his father though vexed and disappointed, received the young couple into his house for about a year. He was not long after admitted into orders, and in 1756 was ordained

by Dr. Sherlock, Bishop of London. He for some time conducted himself with propriety, but his conduct at last became wild and indecorous, and so utterly unsuitable to his profession, that his superior the Dean of Westminster felt it his duty to rebuke him. Churchill had unfortunately become so determined a profligate that he could not submit to any further restraint, and at once resigned his curacy, threw off his clerical dress, and made himself remarkable for the gaity and extravagance of his attire. His person being ponderous and ungainly made his foppery the more ridiculous. His wife and he soon grew tired of each other, and in 1761 they separated for life. It is said that her imprudence had kept pace with his own. Two years afterwards he seduced the daughter of 'a celebrated statuary,' and prevailed upon her to live with him. But within a fortnight she returned to her father's house, where she might probably have remained if she had not been perpetually insulted by her sister. This treatment became intolerable, and she flew back again into the arms of her betrayer. While Churchill's conduct in this affair was the talk of the town, he wrote the *Conference*, in which he alludes to his error in terms of the deepest contrition. His *Rosciad*, the work by which he is now best known, was published anonymously in 1761, but it was so well received that the author soon acknowledged it with pride and exultation. His other works *Night*—*The Prophecy of Famine*, (a satire on the Scottish nation)—*The Cock-Lane Ghost*—*Gotham*—*The Times*, &c. &c. are at present little read, though they are all more or less distinguished by a characteristic energy of style.

Towards the end of October, 1764, he went to Boulogne to pay a visit to his friend Wilkes who was then in exile. He was seized immediately on his arrival with a miliary fever of which he died on the 4th of November (1764) in the 33rd year of his age.

As a poet Churchill would probably have held a much higher rank than he has attained, if his subjects had been less local and temporary, and he had bestowed more care upon his composition. He had prodigious force of style, and his versification in its strength, freedom, and variety often reminds us of his favourite poet Dryden. He had a great contempt for the cautious accuracy of Pope, whose delicacy, closeness and precision were perhaps beyond his reach. But in earnest vehement invective he was unrivalled. He deals in no unmeaning general abuse, but seizes characteristic points with wonderful dexterity, and presents a clear and consistent picture to the reader's eye. Nothing can be more spirited and powerful than the character of Mr. Fitzpatrick in the *Rosciad*. Its bitterness of contempt, its broad humour, and its extraordinary force and felicity of diction, render it a masterpiece of personal satire. His severity, however, is so withering, and he bears such a stern and unrelenting malignity towards the objects of his hostility, that the reader pities his victims, and is sometimes shocked at the absolute brutality of his attacks. It is said that with the exception of Hogarth (who represented him in one of his prints as a bear with a pot of porter), all those whom he assailed in his works were guiltless of the slighest personal provocation.

DAVID MALLET.

David Mallet was born at Crieff in the county of Perth, Scotland, about the year 1700. He was educated at a school at Aberdeen. His family is unknown. When he was but 20 years of age he was appointed tutor in a private family where he was allowed no fixed salary, and was exposed to many insults and mortifications. He was at last by the kindness of his friends transferred in the same capacity to the family of the Duke of Montrose, where he was treated like a gentleman. In 1724 he published his ballad of *William and Margaret* in Aaron Hill's *Plain Dealer*. Attempts were made to defraud him of the merit of this elegant and pathetic little poem, by attributing it to Marvell. In 1728 he published *The Excursion*, a blank-verse descriptive poem. Of his Life of Bacon, Dr. Johnson observes, that "it is written with elegance, perhaps with affectation; but with so much more knowledge of history than of science, that when he afterwards undertook the life of Marlborough, Warburton remarked, that he might perhaps forget that Marlborough was a general, as he had forgotten that Bacon was a philosopher." When the Prince of Wales put himself at the head of the opposition and kept a separate court, he was desirous to secure the favour of the literati, and appointed Mallet his under Secretary. Pope, in one of his Epistles says,

"How can I chuse but smile
When every coxcomb knows me by my style."

Dr. Johnson gives an amusing anecdote which tends to show that if Mallet had any pretensions to superior sagacity in that way he was egregiously mistaken. "Pope, whom Mallet visited familiarly, when he published the *Essay on Man* concealed the author: and when Mallet entered one day, Pope asked

him slightly what there was new. Mallet told him, that the newest piece was something called an *Essay on Man*, which he had inspected idly, and seeing the utter inability of the author, who had neither skill in writing nor knowledge of the subject, had tossed it away. Pope, to punish his self-conceit, told him the secret." After the death of Pope, Mallet had the meanness to lend himself to Bolingbroke's savage revenge upon the memory of Pope, for his having printed an unauthorized number of copies of the *Patriot King*. He was rewarded not long after with the legacy of Bolingbroke's works. He was also employed to turn the public vengeance upon Byng, for which task he received a considerable pension. He was a literary hireling. His pen was always at the command of the highest bidder. Of his character as a poet little need be said. He is generally elegant and correct, but he has little fancy or enthusiasm. As an author of all work, he had considerable influence in his day, but his works are now almost forgotten.

EDWARD YOUNG.

Edward Young, the only son of Dr. Edward Young, fellow of Winchester College and rector of Upham, Hampshire. He was born at his father's living, in June 1681. When sufficiently qualified he was matriculated into All-Soul's College, Oxford. His father dying about this time left him very much his own master, and it is said that his conduct was not a little wild and irregular. Sir Herbert Croft, in his pompous and shallow composition entitled *A Life of Young*, in which he unconsciously parodies the style of Johnson*, tells us that at this time Young was not ashamed to be patronized by the infamous Wharton. "If virtuous authors," says Croft, "must be patronized only by virtuous peers who shall point them out?" Authors have at last discovered that no patron is to be compared to the public. But is it impossible that a nobleman should be virtuous? or could no virtuous and wealthy commoner be a poet's patron? Or would it not be better for an author to do without any patron at all than to solicit the smiles of the profligate and base? But Young was always deficient in independence and self-respect, and was a place and patron hunter all his life. His earliest publication of any length was his poem of *The Last Day*. He inscribed it to Queen Anne in a very laudatory dedication that he suppressed upon her death which occurred not long after. On the accession of George the First his muse congratulated the nation on its extraordinary good fortune in the possession of such a prince. He grew ashamed of this piece of flattery also, and excluded it with several other similar productions from the collection of his works superintended by himself. His satires appeared separately at different periods, and in 1728 were gathered into one publication under the general title of "Love of Fame, the Universal Passion." Swift said of these satires that they should have been either more angry or more merry. They were well received, and brought him no less than three thousand pounds. In his forty-fourth year he took orders, and soon after was appointed Chaplain to George the Second. He now published a prose work full of sentiments well adapted to royal ears, entitled, "An Apology for Princes or the Reverence due to Government." In 1731 he married Lady Elizabeth Lee, daughter of the Earl of Lichfield, and the widow of Colonel Lee. She died in 1741. In 1736 his wife had lost her daughter by her former husband. Her daughter's husband, Mr. Temple, died four years after his wife. These domestic losses are supposed to be alluded to in the following passage in the *Night Thoughts*:

"Insatiate archer! could not one suffice?
Thy shaft flew thrice; and thrice my peace was slain;
And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had filled her horn."

If the allusion be correctly applied, the rapidity of the succession of these losses is strangely exaggerated by the poet's imagination. He had only one child, a son, to whom the Prince of Wales was godfather. It has been conjectured that he is the Lorenzo of the *Night Thoughts*, but Herbert Croft has clearly shown that the supposition is unfounded. The *Night Thoughts* appeared soon after the death of his wife. In the last few years of his life he gave himself up entirely to the charge of his housekeeper to whom he left a legacy of 1,000*l*. The son and the father quarrelled about this lady, the son observing that an old man ought not to be in leading-strings. He died in April 1765, at the age of eighty-four.

Young produced three tragedies, *Busiris*, *The Brothers* and *The Revenge*. The last of the three is the best known. They are all somewhat turgid and melodramatic. The *Night Thoughts* is undoubtedly the greatest and most popular of Young's productions.

* Burke said of this inflated work, in opposition to Boswell who called it a good imitation of Johnson, that it had the nodosities of the oak without its strength—all the contortions of the sybil, without the inspiration.

It is, oddly enough, a favorite with the French, who look upon it as characteristic of the national genius. It is such a poem as they would consider congenial reading for "the gloomy month of November when Englishmen hang or drown themselves." Perhaps it is neither the solemn tone, nor the stern morality of the poem, that charms our neighbours, but the false sublimity and far-fetched wit. It contains occasional passages of genuine poetry and profound thought, but it throws a dreary shadow upon human life, and is sadly deficient in truth of feeling and simplicity of expression. We see more of the wit than the poet. The writer creates an impression that he is insincere; because his thoughts are rarely natural and spontaneous. He is apparently always on the look out for something new and strange. He often startles the reader's understanding, but he rarely touches his heart. From the sombre nature of his subject and his melancholy views of life, he produces a general feeling of depression, but not of tenderness. His sorrow never makes us weep, and his wit never makes us laugh. There is too much unconcealed art and trickery in both. The whole poem is one series of smart yet solemn antitheses. His fancy is always active and ingenious, but it rarely glows. His muse has a kind of ghastly vivacity, and his illustrations rather surprise than please. Had he lived in the time of Donne he would have been a leading member of the Metaphysical school of Poets. His versification is sometimes too much broken into short independent sentences, but where he allows it to flow in a more continuous stream it is vigorous, varied, and sonorous. His Satires preceded Pope's. They are, like the *Night Thoughts*, a collection of epigrams. The characters are almost all overwrought, and the attention is so much attracted to the painter's skill that it scarcely occurs to the reader to consider whether the portraits are true or not to nature. It is clear that the satirist himself is more solicitous to prove himself a wit than to reform his victims. He is never carried out of himself by an earnest attention to his subject. The smart wit ambitious of our applause comes between us and his subject. In some of Dryden's or Churchill's portraits we never think of the artist.

It was not only as a writer that Young thirsted for applause. He was inordinately desirous of attracting admiration and proportionately hurt at insensibility or neglect. He even carried this feeling into the pulpit. It is said that one day observing that his congregation were not listening to him with the respect he required, he sat back in his pulpit and burst into a flood of tears.

In spite of his defects, Young is a writer who will always enforce attention. He is an original thinker, and has great nerve and energy of style. It is said that, when he was composing one of his tragedies, the Duke of Grafton sent him a human scull with a candle in it, as a lamp for his study and that the poet used it.

MARK AKENSIDE.

Mark Akenside was born at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, on the 9th of November, 1721. His father was a prosperous butcher, a circumstance which the son was anxious to conceal. He had, however, a halt in his gait occasioned by the fall of a cleaver on his foot, so that he was constantly reminded of his father's trade. His lameness was a painful memorial of his humble origin. At the age of eighteen he was sent to Edinburgh that he might prepare himself for the duties of a dissenting minister, but his views changed and determining to study physic he repaired in 1741 to the university of Leyden, where he took his doctor's degree in 1744. In the same year he published his *Pleasures of Imagination*, a wonderful production for a young man of 23 years of age. In this work he adopted the theory of Shaftesbury, that ridicule is the test of truth, and a prose note upon the subject was attacked by Warburton, and defended by Dyson who had been his fellow-student at Leyden. On his return from Leyden in 1745 he published his first collection of odes. His friend Dyson took to the bar, and when he was settled in London, being possessed of a large fortune he invited his friend under his roof and allowed him three hundred a year until he could make his way as a physician. Akenside published several medical works of considerable reputation but he did not gain many patients. Having taken his Doctor's degree at Cambridge he was admitted Fellow of the London College of Physicians. He was gradually rising in his profession when he was seized with a putrid fever of which he died, June the 23rd, 1770, in the forty-ninth year of his age.

Akenside was a vain and irritable man, with warm passions. He was extremely ambitious to shine in conversation, but being somewhat positive and egotistical, he got into disputes which raised up a host of enemies and checked his prospects as a physician. When he was not flurried by opposition, he is said to have been a brilliant and agreeable companion. Mr. Murphy, the translator of Tacitus, used to frequent a bookseller's shop, the resort of literary men,

for the purpose of listening to Akenside's conversation, while he himself pretended to be engaged upon a book. He averred that nothing could be more delightful. Akenside's reputation as a poet depends exclusively upon the great production of his youth, the *Pleasures of Imagination*. His later works by no means kept pace with his splendid early promise. His brief inscriptions, indeed, are graceful and harmonious, but his Odes are truly contemptible; and when he attempted to revise or re-write his *Pleasures of Imagination* he rather injured than improved it. The original idea of the work was borrowed from Addison's elegant papers in the *Spectator* on the same subject. It exhibits throughout the resourses of a refined intellect and a lively fancy. The versification is musical and flowing. The writer, however, is too much on stilts, and the diction is occasionally redundant. It is said that when this now celebrated didactic poem was first published without the author's name, a Mr. Rolt took the credit of it, and for some time enjoyed considerable distinction at Akenside's expense. The Epistle to *Curio*, an attack upon Pulteney, Earl of Bath, written originally in spirited heroic couplets, the author afterwards transformed into a feeble ode.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

Thomas Chatterton was born at Bristol, November 20th, 1752. The office of sexton of St. Mary Redcliffe, in Bristol, had continued in different branches of the family for more than 150 years. His father's uncle was the last of the family that held the office. He himself had somewhat risen in the world and was master of the Free School in Bristol. He died three months before the birth of his son. The wonderful "boy of Bristol," was sent at five years of age to learn reading, writing and arithmetic in the school of which his father was once the master. It was not long before he was sent back to his mother as a dull child incapable of improvement. She was much disheartened at this decision, until he "fell in love" with the illuminated capitals of an old musical manuscript, with which she succeeded in teaching him the alphabet. He afterwards learned to read from an old black lettered Testament or Bible. When he was eight years old he was admitted into a Charity School. One of the masters, of the name of Phillips, used to write verses for the Magazines, and incite the boys by his example and advice to pay their addresses to the muse. It is singular that Chatterton for some time indicated no desire to join in this literary exercise or amusement. About his tenth year he acquired a taste for reading, and used to make free use of the contents of a circulating library. Between his eleventh and twelfth year he made out a list of books that he had read in history and divinity. The number amounted to nearly seventy. About this time he wrote some satirical verses on his school-fellows and his master. In July 1767 he was bound apprentice for seven years to Mr. John Lambert, an attorney at Bristol. His duty was to copy precedents which did not usually employ him more than two hours in the day. The rest of his time he devoted to literary studies. Mr. Lambert had only once occasion to correct him, and this was for having written in a feigned hand an insulting letter to his old schoolmaster.

In St. Mary Redcliffe's church there is a kind of muniment room in which were deposited six or seven old chests. The keys had been long lost, and as it was thought that they contained papers of value they were forced open by the proper authorities. One of these chests was called Mr. Carrynge's *coffre*. Mr. Carrynge an eminent merchant of Bristol in the reign of Edward the Fourth, was the founder of the Church, or at least rebuilt it. The boxes were full of parchments, some of which were deeds relating to the church and were carefully put aside, but the other manuscripts were left exposed as of no value. Chatterton's father, through the favor of his uncle the sexton, gained free access to the church, and carried away large parcels of the parchments, which he deposited in a cupboard, and occasionally used for covers of school-books. Some of these parchments one day caught the eye of the young poet who was struck with the singularity of the characters. He at last discovered that they were poems and other compositions by Mr. Carrynge and Thomas Rowley. This is the statement which Chatterton himself gave out. It was supported by the testimony of his mother and his sister who were credulous and partial, and entertained no suspicion of those secret proceedings, which on their eventual discovery occasioned so remarkable a sensation in the public mind.

In 1768 the new bridge at Bristol was finished. On this interesting occasion Chatterton sent to a Bristol newspaper an account of the ceremonies on opening the old bridge. He intimated in an introductory letter to the editor that it was copied from an ancient manuscript. Such a paper very naturally excited great attention, and Chatterton was rather abruptly and harshly interrogated upon the subject. Being regarded as a mere child it was supposed that he might be frightened into a confession of the truth,

but he replied to all threats with haughty defiance or a sullen silence. When treated with greater mildness and consideration he was less reserved. He first said that "he was employed to transcribe ancient manuscripts by a gentleman, who had also engaged him to furnish complimentary verses inscribed to a lady with whom that gentleman was in love," but when he found himself pressed to mention the name of his employer he gave another version of the matter. He now asserted that the paper in question, together with many other manuscripts, was found in one of the large chests in Redcliffe church. From this time he began to produce in rapid succession a variety of old English poems which he attributed to a Bristol poet of the name of Rowley of whom no antiquary had ever heard before. Many learned men, however, were completely entrapped by his skilful forgeries to which they were the more exposed by an impression that so much beautiful poetry and so close an imitation of the diction of old English authors could hardly have proceeded from a mere boy with scarcely any reputation even in his own circle for literary talents or acquirements. It is remarkable that his numerous verses in modern English have infinitely less poetry and spirit than his pretended ancient manuscripts, which seem to have been composed under the inspiring influence of a more intense enthusiasm. In March, 1769, Chatterton wrote to Horace Walpole, who had lately completed his Anecdotes of Painters, and offered to furnish him with accounts of a series of great painters who had flourished in Bristol, and he remitted at the same time a few of Rowley's poems. Walpole was pleased with the offer and the verses and returned a polite letter soliciting further information. Chatterton felt encouraged and sending some more poetry, requested Walpole would assist him to emerge from his dull duties under Mr. Lambert. Walpole now consulted Gray and Mason respecting the poems, who immediately pronounced them forgeries, on which he returned an answer that Chatterton had better keep to his profession, and hinted his suspicions of the authenticity of the manuscripts. Chatterton was now disappointed and enraged, and his admirers at a later date attributed the melancholy end of the poet to Walpole's coldness and neglect. Walpole thought it necessary to enter upon a personal defence though it is difficult to say why a man should be compelled to receive into his especial favour, a person who endeavours to obtain his patronage by first making him his dupe. The youth did not plead poverty or starvation but an impatience of the drudgery of his profession. Chatterton revenged himself by a ridiculous portrait of Walpole in the *Memoirs of a sad Dog* under the character of "the redoubted Baron Otranto, who has spent his whole life in conjectures." In a poem on happiness, dated 1769, he openly rejects the Christian creed. About this time he exhibited great depression of spirits and an extreme disgust for the details of business. On the 14th of April, 1770, he wrote a paper, entitled *The last Will and Testament of Thomas Chatterton*, in which he professed a design of committing suicide on the following day. This paper falling in the way of Mr. Lambert he deemed it no longer prudent to insist upon his continuing in his employ, and he released him from the remaining term of his apprenticeship. He now resolved to try his fortune in the metropolis. When he was questioned respecting his prospects in London, he answered "My first attempt shall be in the literary way; the promises I have received are sufficient to dispel doubt; but should I, contrary to my expectation, find myself deceived, I will in that case turn methodist preacher. Credulity is as potent a deity as ever; and a new sect may easily be devised. But if that too should fail me, my final resource is a pistol." In April, 1770, he arrived in London. He was for some time sanguine of success and received considerable encouragement from the booksellers. He took an active part in politics, but wrote with an utter abandonment of all principle on whichever side of a question it seemed most profitable to espouse. Sometimes he wrote on both sides. He was most inclined to support the cause of the opposition, but said he, "no money is to be got on that side of the question; interest is on the other side; but he is a poor author who cannot write on both sides." He had written both for and against the Lord Mayor Beckford's Remonstrance. His letter to Beckford, attacking the government and prepared for the North Briton, was suppressed on account of the Lord Mayor's death. Chatterton inscribed on the back of this epistle the following extraordinary memorandum.

"*Accepted by Bingley, set for and thrown out of the* North Briton, *21st June, on account of the Lord Mayor's death.*

Lost by his death, on this essay,	£ 1	11	6
Gained in Elegies,	„ 2	2	0
—— in Essays	„ 3	3	0
Am glad he is dead, by	„ 3	13	0

Honesty, according to the old proverb, is always the best policy. The success of the profligate and unprincipled is generally brief and uncertain. Chatterton soon found himself mistrusted and despised. He fell at once from the highest elevation of hope in-

to the gulph of despair. He did not however, get rid of his sullen pride, and when he had been three days without a morsel of food, and was invited by his landlady to partake of her dinner, he construed her kind request into an insult upon his poverty, and indignantly assured her that he was by no means hungry. On the 24th of August, 1770, he swallowed arsenic and died in consequence on the following day.

It is difficult to read the history of this highly gifted but most unhappy youth without some emotions of tenderness and regret, though a stern morality would hardly justify our compassion for one who was so utterly regardless of every principle of honour or of virtue. His imperfect education and his extreme youth, ought to be remembered in extenuation of his errors. He was a boy of ardent passions, and became his own master, before he acquired sufficient experience and judgment to guide or check him in his progress through the world. Even gray hairs have sometimes been dishonoured by the irregularities of genius, and youths of the coolest temperament have been led astray. It is not wonderful then that a mere boy of fervid feelings and acute sensibility with more imagination than knowledge, should have conducted himself with an impropriety of which had he lived he might have heartily repented. He was his own most serious enemy, but it does not appear that he had any illwill towards his fellow-creatures. He had more levity than malice. He was always most affectionately attentive to his mother and his sister. It was said by one of his intimate friends that in spite of his strange haughtiness it was impossible to help liking him.

His poetry has been somewhat overrated. It was truly wonderful for a boy, but had it been written by a full-grown man there would have been nothing miraculous in it. He is the most extraordinary youthful prodigy in the records of British literature. But the promise of precocity is not always fulfilled. The critics fell into the most extravagant absurdities respecting his pretensions. Malone said, he was the greatest genius that England had produced since the days of Shakespeare. Dr. Gregory thought the same. Mr. Herbert Croft asserted, that "no such being at any period of life, has ever been known, or possibly ever will be known." It is almost enough to bring the race of learned men into contempt when we recollect the successful impositions of Chatterton and Ireland*. Stripped of their antique garb the poetry under the name of Rowley is perfectly modern in its tone and spirit. It even abounds in plagiarisms from writers of a much later date than that attributed to the supposed ancient manuscripts, and has a smoothness and finish that ought to have raised the suspicion of every critic at all acquainted with the early effusions of the English Muse.

* Ireland fabricated Shakesperean Manuscripts which men of learning went down upon their knees to kiss.

THOMAS GRAY.

THOMAS GRAY was born in Cornhill, London, Dec. 26, 1716. His father, who was a money-scrivener, had five children, four of whom died in infancy from suffocation produced by fulness of blood. The poet was saved by the courage of his mother who opened a vein with her own hand. His grammatical education he received at Eton school, where he formed a friendship with Horace Walpole. In 1734, he removed from Eton to Cambridge and entered as a pensioner at St. Peter's College, where on account of the delicacy of his complexion and his effeminate manners he was called *Miss* Gray. He left Cambridge four years afterwards, and occupied a set of Chambers in the Inner Temple where he studied the law, intending to make it his profession. But his legal studies were soon interrupted by an invitation from Horace Walpole to accompany him on a tour through Europe. When they reached Italy the two friends quarelled and parted. Gray returned to England in September, 1741, and his father dying about two months afterwards and leaving but a very small fortune behind, Gray, thought himself too poor to continue his studies in the Inner Temple. He returned to Cambridge, and became a bachelor of civil law. With the exception of a brief residence in London, he lived here during the rest of his life. He had not much liking either for the place or the persons by whom he was surrounded; but he found Cambridge a convenient residence for a student with limited means. The Ode on Eton College was his first published English poem. It was printed in folio, and appeared in 1747, when it attracted but little notice. In 1750, an incorrect copy of the *Elegy in a Country Churchyard* found its way into a monthly Magazine. Gray commissioned a friend in London to publish it in a separate form. It very soon ran through eleven editions. In 1757, he published the *Progress of Poetry* and *The Bard* "two compositions," says Johnson, "at which the readers were at first content to gaze in mute amazement. Some confessed their inability to understand them." They

were ridiculed by Lloyd and Colman in two odes to Oblivion and Obscurity. In 1757, on the death of Cibber, he was offered the Laureateship, but declined the honor, if such it could be considered. The wreath which had just fallen from the brow of Cibber was not perhaps a very complimentary offering to such a man as Gray. In 1762, he was urged by his friends to ask Lord Bute for the professorship of Modern History at Cambridge. He made the application and failed. Six years afterwards it was offered him by the Duke of Grafton, then at the head of the ministry, and he gladly accepted it. The appointment was worth 400*l.* per annum. But low spirits and declining health, together with extreme uneasiness at reflecting upon his new duties ("always designing lectures but never reading them,") made him resolve at last to resign an office which he felt himself unable to discharge. Before he had brought himself to follow up this resolution, death put an end to all his troubles and anxieties. He was afflicted with an hereditary gout, which on the 24th July, while he was at dinner in the College hall, seized his stomach. He died on the thirtieth of the same month, (1771,) in the fifty-fifth year of his age.

Gray's manners were prim and fastidious. His nature was so timid that in the course of his travels he lost the sight of many a noble landscape from his horror of an exposure to the mere possibility of danger on commanding heights. He was so fearful of accidents from fire that he had a ladder to let down from his window, and some young men of the College used to set up a false alarm in order to make him resort to his means of escape.

It is said that Gray was one of the most learned men in Europe. It is not his learning, however, for which the world now cares. His small collection of brief poems, which might be compressed into a dozen pages, forms his sole title to lasting admiration. His odes have an air of grandeur, and the versification is exquisitely harmonious. They are undoubtedly very noble productions, though we trace in them more indications of consummate art, than of the enthusiasm of genius. If Gray had given way more to his natural impulses, as in his tender and pensive Elegy, he would not have raised so many doubts in the minds of critics as to his rank and character as a poet. Though there is unquestionably more art than nature in his celebrated odes, yet it is the art of a man of genius. His gorgeously elaborated composition possesses that kind of excellence which is recognized in the most perfect specimens of ornamental architecture in Gothic cathedrals. Dr. Johnson has done extreme injustice to the odes of Gray in his harsh verbal criticism; but he has made him some amends by his high commendation of the Elegy. "Had Gray," he observes, "often written thus, it would have been vain to blame and useless to praise him."

TOBIAS SMOLLETT.

Tobias Smollett was descended from an ancient and honorable family. He was born at Cardross in Scotland. In his novel of *Humphrey Clinker*, he has given a lively description of the home of his forefathers on the banks of the Leven. He obtained the rudiments of classical knowledge at the grammar school of Dumbarton. From thence he removed to Glasgow, where he studied medicine, much against his inclination, for he had a great fancy for an active military life. Before his eighteenth year he composed a tragedy, entitled *The Regicide*, which was not, however, published until ten years after, when it had undergone repeated revision. It was offered to Garrick, who rejected it as ill suited to the stage. This was the occasion of the severe ridicule of the celebrated manager in the novel of *Roderick Random*. In 1741, Smollett accepted the situation of Surgeon's mate on board a line of battle ship, and was present at the unfortunate attack upon Carthagena, of which he gave a brief account in one of his novels, and a longer narrative in a *Compendium of Voyages*. He was disgusted with the harsh discipline of the Naval service at that period. He returned to England in 1746, and endeavoured to obtain practice in London. He was too haughty, however, to work himself into the good will of fretful patients, and too honest to affect a sympathy for imaginary diseases. He was obliged to have recourse to his pen. His own individual distress was thus the origin of delight to millions. He sent forth at brief intervals some of the most admirable prose fictions in the language.

The character of Smollett resembles, in its leading traits, that of many of his favorite heroes. He was proud, passionate and imprudent, but generous and warm-hearted. In all the domestic relations his character was immaculate; as a husband, a father and a son, he demands the highest praise. An interesting anecdote is recorded of his meeting with his mother after a long absence. "On Smollett's arrival he was introduced to his mother, with the connivance of Mrs. Selfer, as a gentleman from the West Indies, who was intimately acquainted with her son. The better to support his assumed character, he endeavoured to pre-

serve a serious countenance, approaching to a frown; but while his mother's eyes were rivetted on his countenance, he could not refrain from smiling: she immediately sprung from her chair, and throwing her arms around his neck, exclaimed, 'Ah, my son! my son! I have found you at last!' She afterwards told him, that if he had kept his austere looks, and continued to *gloom*, he might have escaped detection some time longer, 'but your old roguish smile,' added she, 'betrayed you at once.'"

Smollett's poetry is less known than his works of prose fiction, nor does it stand in the same rank of excellence. It exhibits little imagination, but considerable grace and spirit.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Oliver Goldsmith, the son of a clergyman, was born in the county of Longford, Ireland, on the 10th of Nov. 1728. Two years after his birth the family removed to Lissoy, a village in the county of Westmeath. The place is now classic ground, as besides having been long the residence of the poet it is supposed to be depictured in the *Deserted Village* under the name of Auburn. When he was about three years old he was given in charge of his first instructress, a Mrs. Delap, who kept a village school. She characterized him as "impenetrably stupid." His schoolfellows also considered him "a heavy blockhead, little better than a fool." At six years of age he was transferred to a schoolmaster of the name of Byrne, who had served in Spain as a soldier, and would sometimes delight his boys with a narrative of his adventures. He had a taste for poetry and used to translate Virgil's Eclogues into Irish verse. Goldsmith's turn for travelling very probably originated in the pictures of foreign scenes presented to his imagination by his garrulous teacher. He also early imitated his master in the composition of verses, but his genius was of very late development. His first attempts he had the good sense to destroy, but his mother with a natural partiality esteemed them wonderful performances. He was admitted a singer of Trinity College Dublin, June 11, 1745. He here offended the tutor under whom he was placed by his avowed contempt for mathematics. In his Essay on Polite Literature in Europe, he observes —"Mathematics are, perhaps too much studied at our universities. This seems a science to which the meanest intellects are equal. I forget who it is that says, 'all men might understand mathematics if they would.'" Gray had a similar disgust for mathematics. Poets indeed rarely take much delight in the exact sciences, but as all men cannot be poets, and it is by no means desirable that they should be, mathematics cannot be omitted with propriety from a general system of education in an extensive Scholastic Institution. In 1747 the poet lost his father, and as the widow had but a bare subsistence he was left in a state of destitution from which he was only occasionally relieved by his uncle, Mr. Contarine. He was sometimes obliged to pawn his books, and at others he used to raise a small supply of money for his immediate necessities by the composition of street ballads for each of which he obtained five shillings from the publisher. None of these ballads have been recovered. His uncle Contarine was very desirous that he should enter the Church though Goldsmith himself felt that he was by no means fitted for it. Out of respect to his uncle's wishes he presented himself before the Bishop of Elphin for ordination. His sister says that he was rejected as too young, but tradition asserts that it was because he had neglected his studies and led an irregular life at College. It has also been rumoured that he offended the Bishop by appearing before him in scarlet breeches. At length his uncle procured him the situation of tutor in a family, which he retained about a year, and then quitted with a determination to go abroad. With thirty pounds and a good horse he went no one knew whither. At the end of six weeks he unexpectedly returned destitute of horse and money. It appears that he had gone to Cork and had taken his passage in a ship bound to America. With characteristic thoughtlessness he paid the Captain, and while amusing himself at a distance from the city, the ship sailed without him. In a most humorous and delightful letter, but of too great length to quote in these columns, he gives an account of his adventures on this unfortunate trip. He was reduced to such extremity that he thought a handful of gray peas which a girl gave him at a wake, the sweetest repast he had ever tasted. His kind uncle who was not rich enough to support the improvident poet, now recommended him to study the law as a profession, and supplying him with fifty pounds sent him off to the Irish metropolis on his way to London. But when he reached Dublin he fell in with an acquaintance, who tempting him into a gaming house, stripped him of all his money. Poor Goldsmith with shame and mortification returned once more to his sorrowful but indulgent friends. His next design

was to proceed to Edinburgh and study physic. By the united contributions of his uncle, his brother and his sister he was enabled to put this scheme into execution. He reached Edinburgh in 1752. Having procured a lodging and deposited his baggage, he spent the whole day of his arrival in viewing the city. Night came on and it suddenly occurred to him that he had not asked the name of his landlady or the street in which she lived. He at last with great good luck met the very porter whom he had employed in the morning, and who now became his guide. When he had resided about eighteen months in Edinburgh he visited the continent for professional improvement, where he spent two years and then came to London. Not having any immediate means of subsistence he applied for the situation of usher in a school. Ashamed to be known under such clouded circumstances, he gave a feigned name and the master of the school requiring a recommendation or certificate he referred him to Dr. Radcliffe of Dublin. In the meanwhile he obtained probationary employment which gave him present food and shelter. He wrote to Dr. Radcliffe and told him to give no answer to the schoolmaster's inquiry, as it was obvious that the Doctor could not consistently with his own character recommend a person under a fictitious name; and Goldsmith dreaded the discovery of the deception. But the silence of Dr. Radcliffe was suspicious, and poor Goldsmith was treated with such contumely that he threw up his office in disgust, and was in as much pecuniary distress as ever. After many disappointments he at last gained employment in an apothecary's shop. Before he succeeded in this object he had been reduced to the extremity of distress. He probably alluded to this period when in after life in an elegant company he abruptly commenced a story in these words:—"When I lived amongst the beggars in Axe Lane."—His prospects now began to clear up a little. He became acquainted with Richardson the novelist, who was at that time a wealthy printer, and it is said that he employed Goldsmith for some time as a corrector of the press. Richardson introduced him to Dr. Young the author of the *Night Thoughts*. He soon got into a wide circle of literary friends and became a writer in the periodicals. About the latter end of 1758 he obtained an appointment in the medical department of the East India Company's service, but the difficulty of raising a sufficient sum of money for his outfit and voyage, and a disinclination to leave the literary society in which he now mixed, determined him at last to give up all thoughts of an Indian life. He had a horror of a long exile. Willing, however, to cling to his profession, in December, 1758, he presented himself at Surgeon's Hall for examination as an hospital mate, and to his extreme mortification was rejected as unqualified. It is probable that his presence of mind forsook him and that he became too anxious and confused to give clear and connected answers. In March, 1759, he published his "Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe." Some time about the year 1764, he finished his novel of the *Vicar of Wakefield*. Boswell records an interesting anecdote connected with this work. Goldsmith having been arrested by his landlady for arrears of rent, and being at a loss how to extricate himself, sent a message to Dr. Johnson in the morning before he was up, stating his distress and begging to see him. The Doctor to obviate immediate difficulty sent back a guinea by the messenger, and when dressed proceeded to his friend. He found him in a state of great agitation and very indignant at the conduct of the mistress of the house. The doctor begged him to be calm and then inquired what means he possessed of meeting her demand. The poet showed him the manuscript of his novel. Johnson dipped into it and at once discovering its merits carried the work to Newberry the bookseller, and obtained sixty pounds for it, which enabled Goldsmith to escape from his present difficulty. The bookseller, however, was so doubtful of the nature of his bargain that he kept it by him unprinted for nearly two years after the purchase. But it was no sooner published than it became popular with readers of every class, and it was speedily translated into all the continental languages. In 1767 he published a compilation in two volumes, now rarely met with, entitled "*The Beauties of English Poesy*, selected by Oliver Goldsmith," for which it was said he received two hundred pounds. When the magnitude of the sum was mentioned to him, his reply was, "Why, Sir, it may seem large; but then a man may be many years working in obscurity before his taste and reputation are fixed or estimated, and then he is, as in other professions, only paid for his previous labours." His comedy of the *Good Natured Man* was produced on the stage on the 29th of June, 1768. Dr. Johnson furnished the Prologue. It was favorably received by the audience but not so warmly as his friends had anticipated. The author was in some degree consoled for this disappointment by the rapidity of its sale when published: one large impression was disposed of in six days. Some of the scenes in the comedy were hissed on the first night of the performance. He went immediately afterwards to the club, affected more than ordinary

gaiety, and sung a favorite song, while by his own account he was "suffering horrid tortures;" and when all the company had retired except Dr. Johnson, he burst into a flood of tears. In 1768 he was appointed Professor of History to the Royal Academy, but no salary was annexed to his office. "I took it," said Goldsmith, "rather as an honor to the institution than any benefit to myself. Honors to one in my situation, are something like ruffles to one that wants a shirt." In 1770 appeared *The Deserted Village*, which like his *Traveller* reached a second edition in a few days. His second comedy, *She Stoops to Conquer*, was brought upon the stage in 1773 and met with a warm reception.

On Friday the 25th of March, Goldsmith was seized with a violent pain in his head attended with shivering. His pulse beat about ninety strokes in a minute. He was told that his pulse was in greater disorder than it should be from the state of the fever that was upon him, and he was asked if his mind was at ease. He answered, "It is not." Contrary to the advice of his medical attendant he insisted upon taking Dr. James's fever-powders which were considered an improper medicine for him at that time. His disease rapidly increased; and he died in strong convulsions on the morning of the fourth of April, 1774.

Goldsmith was more beloved than respected by his personal associates. His manners wanted dignity, and in conversation he had not that perfect ease and presence of mind which enables a man to make the most of his intellectual resources. Boswell's Life of Johnson abounds in illustrations of Goldsmith's blundering awkwardness and child-like simplicity. But though Boswell could hardly have exaggerated his personal eccentricities it is evident that his anxiety to present him as a kind of foil to his great idol, Johnson, and perhaps an original defect of taste which rendered him more easily charmed by the sonorous grandiloquence of Johnson's style, than the unaffected grace of Goldsmith, made him upon the whole extremely unjust to the latter's character as an author. With all his foibles Goldsmith was almost as amiable as a man as he is delightful as a writer. It is true that he was guilty of the most ludicrous vanity and imprudence; but he had neither guile nor malice; and a more generous heart never beat in a human bosom. Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds and other distinguished men received the news of his death with extreme emotion. When Burke heard of it he burst into tears.

The poetry of Goldsmith is almost universally popular. It exhibits neither ambitious flights of fancy nor strained enthusiasm, nor wild bursts of passion; but no reader of taste or feeling can be insensible to its unaffected elegance, its quiet humour, its gentle pathos, and its harmonious versification. His prose is as exquisite as his poetry. It has the same suavity of manner, the same sportive grace, and ease and purity of diction.

JOHN ARMSTRONG.

John Armstrong, the son of a clergyman, was born at Castleton in Roxburghshire. Having completed his education at the university of Edinburgh he took his degree in physic Feb. 4, 1732. He is said to have been a connoisseur in painting, statuary and music, but he soon gave his chief attention to poetry and literature. Amongst the earliest of his poems is an imitation of Shakespeare which was praised by Thomson, Young, Mallet, and Aaron Hill. But notwithstanding their favorable opinion, which the publisher paraded in an advertisement, the poem excited no general notice, nor does it deserve to be rescued from the oblivion into which it has fallen. He published various medical pamphlets with a view of introducing himself into practice, but whatever expectations of success he may have formed from these evidences of professional knowledge and sagacity were destroyed by the publication of his *Economy of Love*, an indecent poem, which brought him into a very injurious and unenviable notoriety. *The Art of Preserving Health*, which was published in 1744, was a production of a very different stamp, and gave him a reputation of which he had reason to be proud. It is one of the most pleasing didactic poems in the language. The author has evinced no ordinary skill in the management of a subject so uncongenial to the muse. His diction is correct and chaste, and his imagery apt and pleasing. He has few "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," but he has great taste and judgment, and he has very happily availed himself of every legitimate means within his reach to preserve the elevated tone which poetry demands. His sentiments are manly and judicious, and his style is vigorous, accurate and clear. Two years after the publication of this poem he was appointed one of the physicians to the hospital for lame and sick soldiers behind Buckingham house. About this time he wrote a tragedy called *The Forced Marriage* which was offered to Garrick and rejected. In 1760 he was

appointed physician to the army in Germany, where in 1761 he wrote a poem entitled *Day*, and addressed it to Wilkes. It is in the couplet measure, and is singularly inelegant and incorrect. On his return, after the peace, he resided in London. In the latter part of his life he seemed to betray in various splenetic effusions the bitterness and gloom of a disappointed man, discontented with himself and with all the world. He complained of the neglect he met with as a physician, and the severity with which he had been treated as an author. He died September 7, 1779. His death was occasioned by an accidental contusion in his thigh while stepping into his carriage. To the surprise of his friends who supposed him to be somewhat pressed for money, he left behind him more than £3000, saved chiefly from his half-pay.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Samuel Johnson was born at Litchfield, in Staffordshire, on the 18th September, 1709. He was the son of a bookseller and stationer, who had made money by his trade, of which he lost the greatest part by speculating in the manufacture and sale of parchment. He had the misfortune to be afflicted with the scrofula, which left scars upon his countenance and by injuring his visual nerves rendered his sight defective. His hearing also was slightly injured by the same disease. He inherited from his father a morbid melancholy. His mother, yielding to the superstition upon the subject that yet prevailed, carried him to London, and had him *touched* by Queen Anne. Her Majesty was the last of our sovereigns who pretended to cure the King's evil with the royal touch. It appears by the newspapers of the time that on one day (30th of March, 1712) no less than two hundred persons afflicted with this disease attended the Queen in the full expectation of a cure. He was first taught to read by a widow of the name of Oliver, who kept a school at Litchfield, and who used to say that he was the best scholar she ever had. His next instructor was Thomas Brown who published a *Spelling-book* and dedicated it *to the Universe*. He received his first lessons in Latin from Mr. Hawkins. Mr. Hunter his second Latin Master used to beat all his pupils with great severity, and without justice or discrimination. Dr. Johnson was nevertheless all his life a great advocate for the free use of the rod. "My master," he used to say, "whipped me very well. Without that, I should have done nothing." At the age of fifteen he was removed to the school of Stourbridge in Worcestershire, of which Mr. Wentworth was then the Master. About this time he wrote occasional verses that gave promise of future literary excellence. In his nineteenth year he went to Oxford and was entered a commoner of Pembroke College. His tutor, Mr. Jordon, being a dull man, Johnson neglected his Lectures. Being one day fined for absence, he said to Mr. Jordon, "Sir, you have sconced me two-pence for non-attendance at a lecture not worth a penny." He, however, loved his master, but had no respect for his literature. At his request he translated Pope's Messiah into Latin verse. When Pope saw it, he said "The writer of this poem will leave it a question with posterity whether his or mine be the original." About the year 1730 he was so overwhelmed with the dreadful hypochondria which clouded his whole existence that it was with great difficulty he could be excited to the full exertion of his faculties. He wrote a statement of his case in Latin and put it into the hands of Dr. Guinfin who was struck with its eloquence and acuteness. Poverty compelled Johnson to quit the College sooner than he wished and without a degree. It appears from a statement of Dr. Hall, that he left Dec. 12, 1729, and returned to Litchfield, though his name remained on the College books nearly two years longer, a circumstance which deceived Boswell into a supposition that he had remained at College till Oct. 1731. His father, who was a bankrupt and could not support him, died two years after his son's return. In this forlorn condition he accepted the situation of usher in a school in Leicestershire where he was so disgusted with Sir Woliston Dixe, the patron of the school, that he threw up the appointment and was received under the roof of his friend Mr. Hector at Birmingham. He now earned a scanty pittance by translating for a bookseller and contributing essays to a provincial newspaper. In 1734 he wrote to Cave, the proprietor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, with an offer of his literary assistance. The purport of Cave's answer is not known. He was now in his 26th year and fell in love with a widow lady of the name of Porter, whom he married on the 9th of July, 1736. There was a great disparity of age between them, Mrs. Porter being in her forty-eighth year. She was plain in her person and vulgar in her manners, but in Johnson's eyes she was all perfection. He now set up a private academy, but he obtained only three pupils, one of whom was the famous Garrick. Garrick described Mrs. Johnson as extremely fat, with a bosom of more than ordinary protuberance, large red cheeks, a flaring

and fantastic style of dress, and a great deal of affectation in her speech and manner. Johnson kept up the school for a year and a half, and then determined to try his fortune in London. His pupil Garrick accompanied him, and in March 1737 they arrived together in the great metropolis which they were both destined to adorn. Johnson soon after his arrival became a contributor to the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Amongst other articles he furnished the debates of the *Senate of Lilliput*, in which he gave as nearly as he could gather them, the actual debates of both houses of Parliament, at a time when the press was not permitted to give regular reports of their proceedings. In 1738 he published his poem entitled *London*, which excited great attention. The first impression disappeared in a single week. He received ten guineas for the copyright. On the very same morning came out Pope's satire entitled *Seventeen hundred and thirty-eight*. Johnson's poem was published at first anonymously. Pope made inquiries after the author and generously praised his production. As Johnson continued to write for Cave, he was considered for some time as the editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and received a hundred pounds per annum for his labour. In 1749 appeared his *Vanity of Human Wishes*. In the same year, through the kindness of his old pupil Garrick, he succeeded in obtaining a trial on the stage of his play of *Irene* which had been some time ready. It met, however, with very little success as an acting play, though the author obtained three hundred pounds for the copyright. In 1750 he commenced the periodical paper entitled the *Rambler*. The work was concluded on March 14, 1752, and three days after the author lost his wife, whom he deeply lamented, and whose memory he cherished with the utmost tenderness. In 1755 the degree of master of arts was conferred on him by the University of Oxford. In this year also he published his celebrated Dictionary. In 1758 Newbery, the bookseller, set up a paper called the *Universal Chronicle* or *Weekly Gazette*, and to give it attraction Johnson was engaged to supply it with a succession of essays, &c. under the title of *The Idler*. No. 41 of the *Idler* alludes to the death of his mother for whom he had always evinced the most filial regard. On this event he wrote his *Rasselas* to raise a sum to defray the expenses of her funeral. He wrote the whole of it in one week, and it is not surprising that it was tinged with no ordinary gloom of mind. In 1762 he was agreeably surprised by an intimation of the king's pleasure to grant him a pension of three hundred pounds a year. From this time forth he was freed from all that anxiety about the means of obtaining a bare subsistence which must have pressed so deeply on a spirit naturally disposed to indulge in melancholy contemplations. In the same year he received a diploma from Trinity College, Dublin, complimenting him with the title of Doctor of Laws. He now published his edition of Shakespeare's Plays, the preface to which is one of the most elegant compositions that ever proceeded from his pen. In 1767 he had a personal interview with the king who complimented him on his works. In 1773 he visited Scotland in company with Boswell. He was only two months absent. In 1779 he commenced the publication of his most important prose work, the Lives of the Poets. The book was, upon the whole, extremely well received, though many critics objected to his harsh treatment of Milton, Gray and Collins. It is strange that the public did not more indignantly complain of the omission of such names as Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare and Jonson in a list which contained those of Sprat and Pomfret and Duke and Broome and King. Soon after this publication Dr. Johnson's health began visibly to decline, and in June 1783 he had a paralytic stroke which for some hours deprived him of speech. It was followed by symptoms of a dropsy. It soon became evident that his end was approaching. He had all his life felt a strange and unconquerable horror of death, and he did not at first face the prospect before him with the intrepedity or calmness which might have been expected from so powerful a mind. He was now in his 75th year, but his love of life was as strong as ever. About eight days before his death he seemed to be labouring under extreme depression of spirits, and addressing himself to Dr. Brocklesby, he repeated the words of Shakespeare—

> "Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased;
> Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
> Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
> And with some sweet oblivious antidote,
> Cleanse the stuffed bosom of the perilous stuff
> That weighs upon the heart?"

To which doctor Brocklesby happily answered from the same great poet—

> ———"Therein the patient
> Must minister to himself."

Just before his death he became perfectly composed, and having asked the physician for an honest opinion of his condition and received for answer that he could not recover without a miracle, he said he would take no more medicines—not even his opiate, as he desired to render up his soul to God unclouded. He died

on Monday the 13th of December, 1784, and was buried with great solemnity in Westminster Abbey.

These brief and bare details can give but a very imperfect idea of Doctor Johnson's literary life and character. The reader is referred for fuller particulars to Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, one of the most delightful books in the language, written by one of the silliest of men. Boswell worshipped Johnson, and perhaps in heart thought him a greater writer than either Shakespeare or Bacon. Without a spark of wit or genius himself, Boswell had just sufficient comprehension to recognize those qualities in other men. He was a patient listener and observer in the presence of men of reputation, and made a practice of noting down every thing that he had seen or heard before it had time to elude his memory. Burke very justly observed that Doctor Johnson was greater in Boswell's book than in any of his own, because in familiar converse he put aside his stilts and gave full play to his clear and masculine understanding. The pleasure and instruction which the work of Boswell always communicates to the reader has led many to wonder how so weak a man as the writer of it could leave so valuable a legacy to mankind; but the mystery is not difficult of solution. He was a singularly careful, and accurate reporter, and he owes much of his success to the intrinsic interest of his subject. Had he given such a full detail of the minute proceedings and familiar converse of almost any other man, his book would have been thrown aside in disgust and indignation. It is also to be remarked that there was something in the forcible and pointed style of Johnson's conversation that was especially favorable to the reporters. There is a portion of the same interest and character in the anecdotes of Johnson preserved by other hands. Boswell, however, on the whole surpasses all other annalists of his hero's sayings and doings in fullness and fidelity, and by noting down every thing as it were from the life with all its minute accessories, he has communicated it with wonderful freshness and spirit and produced a dramatic effect that was never before attempted in literary history.

The personal character of Dr. Johnson, with all his foibles secures our affectionate admiration, and that this should be our feeling after the perusal of Boswell's pages in which he is exposed to us in his most unguarded hours, is a striking illustration of his moral excellence. It is true that he was peevish and superstitious, but during the greater part of his career he had to struggle with disease and poverty, and to the last moment of his existence was occasionally subject to that awful and mysterious gloom of mind which in particular conditions of the human frame overshadows equally the weakest and the wisest.

As a prose writer he is entitled to high but not unqualified commendation. He was uniformly moral and religious. He justly boasted in the conclusion of his *Rambler* that he had "laboured to refine our language to grammatical purity, and to clear it from colloquial barbarisms, licentious idioms and irregular combinations; that he had added something to the elegance of its construction and something to the harmony of its cadence." But it may be urged against him that though his periods were harmonious and his grammar was generally accurate, he was too fond of choosing words that had little other recommendation than their length and sound. His style is too often ponderous and pedantic, formal and antithetical. These defects are especially observable in his *Rambler*, but in his later works he somewhat pruned his redundances and adopted a more natural manner. That on grave subjects his best composition is extremely forcible and impressive is readily admitted, but it is ill adapted to lighter topics or varied emotion. In his *Rambler* he makes the gay and frivolous assume the language of solemn pedants. When he gives way without restraint to his passion for learned words and lofty declamation he becomes absolutely ridiculous.

The following sentences, amongst many others, have been justly pointed out for reprobation:—"Victoria passes through the cosmetic discipline, covered with emollients, and punished with artificial excoriations." He makes some one tell us of "official state, adhesions of trade, and ambulatory prospects." To deny and to profess are in *Johnsonese* to "pronounce monosyllables of coldness and the sonorous periods of respectful profession." An evil which cannot be remedied he observes "will not justify the acerbity of exclamation or support the solemnity of vocal grief*."

It is to be regretted that Dr. Johnson did not himself act upon the advice of the old tutor whom he alludes to when condemning the style of Robertson —"Read over your compositions, and whenever you meet with a passage which you think particularly fine, strike it out."

In his *Lives of the Poets*, which with all its deficiences is a truly noble work, he certainly evinced a better taste.

---

* See Drake's Literary Life of Dr. Johnson, in which he quotes the objections of Mr. Burrow.

As a poet Doctor Johnson is less distinguished than as a moralist and critic. His verse is always characterized by good sense, and great clearness, energy, and compression; but it has not the fervour of poetical genius. In the tragedy of *Irene* "passion sleeps while declamation roars."

RICHARD GLOVER.

Richard Glover was born in London in the year 1712. His father was a merchant. At 16 he wrote a poem on Sir Isaac Newton, which though now forgotten received considerable praise at the time of its publication. At the proper age he followed his father's trade. Though he had received the whole of his education from a school of no reputation, he was considered one of the best classical scholars of his time. His passion for ancient history and literature influenced him in the choice of the subject of his Epic poem, *Leonidas*, of which he published nine books in his twenty-fifth year. It has undoubtedly considerable merit, but like too many Epic poems of great length, it is an extremely wearisome task to read it through. It was extended to twelve books, but as if these were not enough, the author wrote a sequel entitled *The Athenaid* including no less than thirty books more! Will any man pretend that he could read them? In 1754 his tragedy of *Boadicea* was brought out at Drury Lane, but making his heroine a scold and fury, he interfered with the more agreeable associations connected with her name in the minds of a British audience. Glover was a bad reciter, and it is said that when this play was first read by him to the actors, his voice was so harsh and his elocution so disagreeable, that Garrick, vexed that he should "mangle his own work" offered to read it for him; but the author was too well satisfied with his own skill to transfer that task even to the most accurate and effective reader of his age. His *Medea*, a tragedy, written on the Greek model, was published in 1761, and was acted for a few nights but without success. At the accession of George the third he was chosen member of Parliament for Weymouth, and distinguished himself by his ready eloquence and his zeal for liberty. In 1775 he retired from public life. He died November 25, 1785.

Glover's personal character was worthy of the highest admiration. He was a zealous patriot, and was frank and honorable in all his dealings with his fellow-men. As a poet he has lost the esteem in which he once was held. On the first appearance of *Leonidas* it was pronounced by some critics a nobler production than *Paradise Lost*. Lord Lyttleton, in a periodical called *Common Sense* gave expression to opinions in its favor that were in ludicrous opposition to the title of the paper. "It is one of those few poems," he said, "which will be handed down to all posterity, and which in the long revolution of past centuries but two or three countries have been able to produce." Lord Lyttleton was regarded as a critic of some authority in his day. When Thomson was told that Glover was writing an Epic poem, he exclaimed —*He* write an Epic Poem! a Londoner who has never seen a mountain! The popularity of *Leonidas* on its first appearance was greatly increased by a spirit of party. It was praised by the Prince of Wales, and quoted by all who were at that time in opposition to the Government. Glover lived to see the decline of his reputation, but witnessed the change without irritation or distress. It may serve to shake our confidence in contemporary criticism when we recollect how many false and absurd opinions have been expressed respecting the publications of their time by men of acknowledged sagacity and taste. Glover's ear was evidently defective, and yet his versification was once preferred to Milton's. He is particularly partial to those brief and abrupt sentences that give the reader a succession of unpleasant jerks. The following passage may be quoted as an example of the kind of verse which was more highly valued by several professed critics than those elaborate and finely blended harmonies which enchant us in the sublimest of all British Epics—the Paradise Lost.

> "The warriors stopped contemplating the seat
> Of rural quiet. Suddenly a swain
> Steps forth. His fingers touch the breathing reed.
> Uprise the fleecy train. Each faithful dog
> Is roused. All heedful of the wonted sound
> Their known conductor follow. Slow behind
> The observing warriors move."

Here is another specimen of the poet's short shuffling steps. He moves as if he had gyves on his feet.

> "Let no word
> Impede the careful peasant. On his charge
> Depends our welfare. Diligent and staid
> He suits his godlike master. Thou wilt see
> That righteous hero soon. Now sleep demands
> Our debt to nature. On a carpet dry
> Of moss beneath a wholesome beech they lay,
> Armed as they were. Their slumber short retires
> With night's last shadow. At their warning roused,
> The troops proceed."

The poem is cold and passionless, but its sentiments are liberal and pure. It abounds in classical allu-

sions and pleasing imagery. Glover, however, had not sufficient strength of genius to give interest and vitality to so long a poem. It is sinking into oblivion.

JOHN LOGAN.

JOHN LOGAN was born at Soutra, in the parish of Fala, in the county of Mid-Lothian, Scotland, about the year 1748. He was the second son of a respectable farmer. At the proper age he was sent to the University of Edinburgh, where he was much noticed and befriended by Dr. Robertson, the celebrated historian. In his twenty-fifth year he was ordained one of the ministers of Leith. In 1779 he delivered Lectures on History, the substance of which he inserted in a work entitled *Elements of the Philosophy of History*. In 1781 he published his collected poems. His next literary adventure was *Runnymede*, a tragedy. It was put in rehearsal at Covent Garden theatre, but its representation was stopped by an injunction from the Chamberlain's office, on account of its supposed political allusions; he therefore committed it to the press. He composed several other dramas which have not yet been published. His parishioners were offended with him for devoting so much of his time and attention to literature, especially to plays, and for certain eccentricities of conduct too frequently the accompaniments of genius, prevailed upon him to retire from the Church upon a small annuity. On this he went to London and wrote for "The English Review," and produced a pamphlet in vindication of Warren Hastings. This was his last work. After a lingering illness he died on the 28th of December 1788 in the 40th year of his age. His little *Ode to the Cuckoo* is the most pleasing of all his works. Its simplicity and tenderness delighted Burke who sought the acquaintance of the author. On the death of Bruce, Logan had the charge of his manuscripts, and the friends of the former have averred that he was the real author of this beautiful little poem. It is certain, however, that it was seen in Logan's handwriting, that he laid claim to it openly, and that the charge of plagiarism was not brought against him in his life time.

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE, son of the Rev. Alexander Mickle, who was originally a physician, but who was afterwards admitted, at a more advanced age than usual, into the ministry of the church of Scotland, was born September 29, 1734. About his thirteenth year, he accidentally met with Spenser's Fairy Queen, which gave him intense delight. Upon his coming of age he had the entire charge of a brewery purchased by his father, but he was too fond of literature to concentrate his attention upon trade, and partly from the general confusion of his affairs, and partly from his having become security for an insolvent acquaintance, he soon became a bankrupt. Having published several little poems which were well received, he now took courage in the midst of the distresses which followed his failure in business, to turn his literature into a source of profit. In 1762 his poem on Providence was published in London. It was highly praised in the Critical Review, but condemned in the Monthly, a periodical of greater influence. He sent a copy of the poem to Lord Lyttleton and under the assumed name of William More entreated his Lordship to give him his candid opinion of the poem. He represented himself as "a young man friendless and unknown;" but were another edition he tells him, "to have the honor of Lord Lyttleton's name at the head of a dedication, such a pleasure would enable him to put it in a much better dress than what it then appeared in." In May 1763 he repaired to London, and was cheered by a polite answer from Lord Lyttleton, who told him that he had a poetical genius which deserved cultivation. He declined the dedication. Nobody he said minded dedications, but he suggested that if the poet would call and read his poem to his Lordship that they might discourse together respecting its beauties and defects. He exhorted him to be more careful of his versification and not "*loiter into prose.*" Mickle disclosed his real name and an interview took place in the month of Feb. 1764. His Lordship frankly but most politely pointed out the young bard's faults and told him he would become his "schoolmaster in poetry." But though Lyttleton was not unwilling to patronize and correct the verses of his humble admirer, he left him to live on air. Mickle tired of "the camelion's dish," at last pressed his Lordship to recommend him to his brother who was then Governor of Jamaica, as he had some intention to try his fortune there. He obtained the letter, but as Lord Lyttleton could not give him any strong hopes of an appointment under his brother, he accepted the situation of corrector of the Clarendon Press at Oxford. He here enjoyed the friendship of the Wartons, and was encouraged in his design to translate the Lusiad of Camoens. He had read the Portuguese Epic when

a boy in Castara's French translation. He now studied Portuguese with great assiduity and success. In 1771 he printed the translation of the first book, and that he might give himself up entirely to a task that promised to secure him both fame and fortune, he relinquished his situation at the Clarendon Press and retired to an old mansion occupied by a farmer at Forest Hill about five miles from Oxford. The work was completed in five years. He received several hints that gentlemen of high rank and great influence in offices connected with East India patronage, would think themselves honored by having the work inscribed to them, but by the advice of his friends the translation was dedicated, by permission, to the Duke of Buccleugh. A magnificently bound copy was forwarded to the patron, but both the author and the book were utterly neglected. Some time afterwards a gentleman of rank who was a warm friend of the author spoke to the Duke upon the subject. His grace confessed that he had not read the book because some one had informed him that it possessed less merit than was at first supposed. The poet was consoled for this ungenerous neglect on the part of an individual by the approbation of the public. An impression of a thousand copies was soon disposed of and a new edition with improvements, was published in June 1778. He now felt himself so secure of a welcome reception as an author that he returned to London and wrote a tragedy entitled *The Siege of Marseilles*. It was offered to Garrick who acknowledged that it had many beautiful passages, but as a whole, was unfit for representation. Thomas Warton, and Mr. Home, the author of *Douglas*, altered and corrected the play, but it was still rejected and the author printed it "*to shame the rogues.*" Mickle was so enraged that he threatened to make Garrick the hero of a new Dunciad. He made about a thousand pounds by his *Lusiad*, but he was still in pecuniary difficulties, and Dr. Lowth, the Bishop of London offered to admit him into holy orders, and look after his future welfare. Fearful, however, that in certain of his prose writings in favor of religion he should be thought to have had interested views, he decidedly but very gratefully declined the Bishop's offer. At last his friend and relative, Commodore Johnstone, relieved him from anxiety as to his immediate means of livelihood by nominating Mickle his secretary when he was sent in command of a squadron destined for the coast of Portugal. On his landing at Lisbon in 1773 the Portuguese received the translator of their national poet with grateful respect. He returned to England seven years after. He was appointed agent for the distribution of the prizes taken in the Commodore's cruize, and was enabled to discharge all his early debts. The latter part of his life was passed in comfort and in the enjoyment of his fame. He died at Forest Hill, on the 28th of November, 1788.

The character of Mickle was peculiarly amiable. He had a large share indeed of the irritability which is usually associated with the poetical temperament, but he had no malice or illwill. He was hurt at Garrick's rejection of his tragedy, but cherished no ungenerous hostility to that celebrated actor. He had inserted an angry note about him in his *Lusiad*, but when he saw him in the character of *King Lear* he was so absorbed in admiration that he spoke not a single word, until at a fine passage in the fourth act, he fetched a deep sigh, and turning to a friend who sat by him, "I wish," said he, "the *note* was out of my book." He had great simplicity of manner and gave to strangers no indication of superior intellect. When his name was announced in company he was sometimes asked if he was any way related to the translator of Camoens. He usually answered, with a good-natured smile, that he was of the same family. He is much better known and esteemed as a translator than as an original poet, but his own verses exhibit fine taste and true poetic feeling, though they have not much originality or force.

THOMAS WARTON.

Thomas Warton, was descended from an ancient and honorable family of Beverley in Yorkshire. He was born at Basingstoke in Hants in 1728. His father was Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford, and afterwards vicar of Basingstoke, and of Cobham in Surrey. Warton very early exhibited his taste for poetry. In his ninth year he sent to his sister the following translation from the Latin of Martial:

"When bold Leander sought his distant fair,
(Nor could the sea a braver burthen bear,)
Thus to the swelling waves he spoke his woe,
'Drown me on my return—but spare me as I go.'"

In his sixteenth year he was admitted a commoner of Trinity College, Oxford, where he remained for forty-seven years. Two years after his admission he published five blank-verse Pastoral Eclogues which met with very little notice, but quite as much as they deserved. The author himself became heartily ashamed of them, and it would have been as well if Mr. Chalmers had omitted them from the collection of Warton's poems in his British Poets. It is dealing

very harshly with a poet to attach for ever to his name the crude and condemned effusions of his early youth, but an editor is too often more anxious to show the extent of his own labour or the richness of his own resources by producing something not found in other collections, than to protect his author's fame. His next publication was the "Pleasures of Melancholy," a poem of more merit than his Eclogues, but by no means equal to the productions of his riper age. It was written in his seventeenth year and published two years after. On the appearance of Mason's *Isis* reflecting on the loyalty of Oxford on account of some riots amongst the students, Warton published a poetical answer entitled *The Triumph of Isis*, a poem of great spirit and animation. Mason was generous enough to confess that it surpassed his own production in poetical imagery, and strength and harmony of versification. In 1750 he took the degree of a master of arts; and in the following year succeeded to a fellowship. About this time he published a satire entitled *Newmarket*, which is forcibly directed against the passion for bets and horse-racing. In 1754 appeared his ingenious and learned Observations on Spenser's Faëry Queen, in one volume octavo, which eight years afterwards he enlarged and republished in two volumes. Dr. Johnson warmly complimented Warton on the appearance of this work. He was now the pride of his university, and in 1757 he was appointed Professor of Poetry, an office, which according to custom, he held for ten years. He contributed three papers to Dr. Johnson's *Idler*, numbers 33, 93, and 96, and it was said that he also furnished a few papers to the *Connoisseur*, but Dr. Anderson tells us that this was a mistake. Moore, the editor of the *World*, projected a magazine and wrote to the "two Wartons" (Thomas and Joseph) that he wanted them to procure him "a dull plodding fellow of one of the universities, who understood Latin and Greek." Moore died before he could put his design into execution. In 1771 Warton was presented by the Earl of Litchfield to the Rectory of Kiddington in Oxfordshire. Three years afterwards he published the first volume of his History of Poetry, the greatest and most interesting of all his works, and for which he had peculiarly prepared himself by the nature of his earliest studies. The want of such a work had long been felt, and Pope and Gray had both projected a similar undertaking, but neither of them had the courage or the leisure to enter upon the task. They had divided our poets into schools, but Warton chose the far more judicious plan of a chronological arrangement. A second volume of the History appeared in 1778 and a third in 1781, but at his death it was found that he had only completed a few sheets of the fourth volume. Every lover of English Literature is grateful to Warton for what he has done, and laments that he was interrupted at the most interesting portion of his labours. Another volume would have brought the Historian into the midst of the mighty men who flourished in the reigns of Elizabeth and James. His brother, Dr. Joseph Warton promised to complete the work and he would assuredly have executed the task in a congenial spirit, but he also was checked by the hand of death. Dr. Southey, it is said, has now undertaken to bring Warton's History down to the present time, and he could not perform a more acceptable service to English Literature. Warton's work is certainly too full of digressions, and Ritson has pointed out many inaccuracies, but in a work of this nature perfection was hardly to be looked for, and Campbell has well remarked that the chief cause of those inaccuracies was that boldness and extent of research which makes the work so useful and entertaining. In the year 1782 he took an active part in the loud controversy concerning the authenticity of the poems attributed to Rowley, and pronounced them the fabrication of Chatterton. In the same year he published his excellent lines on Sir Joshua Reynold's painted window. The artist was very grateful for this elegant tribute to his genius, and only expressed a regret that his name was not inserted in the body of the poem, an omission which Warton readily supplied in a second edition. In the same year he became a member of the celebrated Literary Club composed of Dr. Johnson and his friends. In 1785 he was chosen Camden Professor of History, and received the appointment of Poet Laureate. "His head," says Campbell," filled the laurel with more learning than it had encompassed for a hundred years." His last publication was an admirable edition of the Juvenile Poems of Milton.

His death was rather sudden. He had enjoyed robust and uninterrupted health until his sixty-second year, when he was attacked by gout, of which he soon thought himself entirely cured. On Thursday, May 20th, 1790, at the close of an evening on which he had been more than usually cheerful he was seized with a paralytic stroke and expired at two o'clock on the following day.

Warton was one of the best natured men that ever lived, and preserved to the last a boyish simplicity and playfulness. During his visits to Dr. Joseph Warton he would enter into the forbidden sports of his brother's pupils, and has been known on the Doctor's

approach to hide himself in some dark corner from which he has been dragged like an overgrown boy. He used also to assist the students in their compositions, leaving only a sufficient number of faults to lay asleep suspicion. He had a most affectionate regard for children, and had no malice even for his foes. When his Laureate odes were ridiculed he heartily joined in the laugh, and even the scurrilous abuse of Ritson could only excite the exclamation of "a black-lettered dog, Sir!" which he uttered with his usual pleasant smile. The poetry of Warton is sometimes a little stiff and pedantic, and he assumes a higher tone of passion and enthusiasm than he is always able to support. He is too fond of alliteration, and his study of other poets has led him into perpetual imitation. But his verses are obviously the production of a refined mind. His descriptive pieces have great merit, and his sonnets have been pronounced by Hazlitt to be amongst the best in the language. He was fond of contemplating the splendid pomps of chivalry and the solemn grandeur of gothic architecture. He was a poetical antiquarian, and loved to prove that

> "Not harsh or barren are the winding ways
> Of hoar antiquity, but strown with flowers."

THOMAS BLACKLOCK.

Thomas Blacklock was born of humble but honest, and by no means illiterate, parents, in the year 1721, at Annan, in the county of Dumfries, Scotland. Before he was six months old he lost his sight by the small-pox. His father, who was a bricklayer, endeavoured in his few hours of leisure to lessen the weight of this calamity by reading books to him. His favourite works were then Spenser, Milton, Prior, and Addison. In his nineteenth year he had the misfortune to lose his excellent father who was killed by the fall of a malt-kiln. He began to write poetry at the age of twelve, but it was not till after his father's death that he attracted much attention. Some of his poems having been shown to Dr. Stevenson, an eminent physician in Edinburgh, that gentleman was so pleased with such indications of superior talent in a poor blind boy that he placed him at the University of Edinburgh. In 1746 he published a volume of poems. He became known to several literary men who took a generous interest in his welfare, amongst whom were David Hume, the celebrated Historian, and Joseph Spence, the Professor of Poetry at Oxford. In 1759 he was licenced a preacher of the Scottish Church. Three years afterwards he married the daughter of Mr. Johnston, a surgeon in Dumfries. The lady was a very homely, but very worthy creature, and the poet, who only knew her heart, used to guess at the character of her face, which his poetical imagination represented as something angelic. In this instance love was blind indeed. In the year of his marriage through the interest of the Earl of Selkirk he was ordained minister of the town and parish of Kircudbright, but the parishioners objected to the appointment on account of his want of sight, and after a legal dispute of two years he took the advice of his friends and resigned his right in consideration of a moderate annuity. He then set up a school, and strange as it may seem, when it is remembered that a quick eye is usually required to prevent a thousand practical jokes on the part of school-boys, his establishment flourished for twenty years. But with all their wildness, boys are not ungenerous, and his pupils probably scorned to take advantage of their kind master's terrible misfortune. In 1767 the University and Marischal College of Aberdeen conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of divinity. In the same year he published *Paracelsis; or Consolations deduced from natural and revealed Religion.* He also contributed an interesting article on Blindness to the *Encyclopedia Brittannica.* He died of a fever, after a week's illness, July 7, 1791, in the seventieth year of his age. His friend Doctor Beattie honored his monument with a Latin inscription.

Though occasionally oppressed with low spirits, which it required all the kind attention of his friends to dissipate, the temper of Blacklock was serene and gentle. He felt with great acuteness his exclusion from the large world of external beauty, but in the midst of those whom he loved, he could sometimes forget his misfortune and exhibit the utmost hilarity and playfulness.

Blacklock's poetry is interesting and curious as the production of a blind person, especially as it is full of allusions to objects of sight. His descriptions of nature have been thought quite miraculous, but contain no new images and are merely repetitions of what he had heard read to him.

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

Sir William Jones was born in London, September the 28th, 1746. He was the son of an eminent mathematician who enjoyed the friendship of Newton and Halley. His father died when young Jones had scarcely reached his third year. His mother was an

extraordinary woman whom her husband affectionately described as "virtuous without blemish, generous without extravagance, frugal but not niggard, cheerful but not giddy, close but not sullen, ingenious but not conceited, of spirit but not passionate, of her company cautious, in her friendship trusty, to her parents dutiful, and to her husband ever faithful, loving and obedient." Few have enjoyed the inestimable advantage of such a mother. She guided her son's early thoughts and feelings with infinite sagacity and wisdom, and imparted to his dawning mind the light of truth and virtue. When he had completed his seventh year he was placed at Harrow school. During his vacations his accomplished mother gave him the most valuable instruction. In his ninth year he fractured his thigh-bone in a scramble amongst his playfellows, and during a twelve month's illness, his mother nursed, taught, and cheered him. She was a proficient in Algebra, trigonometry, and the theory of navigation, and greatly excelled in drawing. She had also a taste for elegant literature and directed his reading amongst the best English poets. On his recovery he returned to Harrow where he was regarded as no ordinary boy. His master used to say that if young Jones were left friendless and naked on Salisbury Plain he would make his way to fame and fortune. Extraordinary anecdotes are told of his retentive memory. They are not always very credible. It is said that on one occasion when his school-fellows were desirous to perform Shakespeare's *Tempest*, and had no copy of the play at hand, he wrote it out for them from memory with almost perfect accuracy. At the time alluded to he was only twelve years of age. It is, unlikely that so much difficulty should have been experienced in a large school in procuring a copy of any of Shakespeare's plays, either amongst the boys or from one of the masters, or that it could not have been purchased at a sufficiently moderate price. While at Harrow school, besides acquiring more than the ordinary share of Greek and Latin, he studied Arabic and Hebrew. Even in his amusements he indicated the character of his mind which could never be wholly disengaged. He invented a political play, and dividing the fields unto states and kingdoms, his school-fellows took possession of the different territories assigned to them, and invaded each other's domains or defended their own. The celebrated Dr. Parr was one of his associates in these sports. During his vacations spent in London he studied Italian, Spanish and Portuguese and took lessons in dancing and fencing. In his eighteenth year he was entered of University College, Oxford. He accidentally became acquainted with a native of Aleppo of the name of Mirza, who assisted him in his study of Arabic, and whom he for some time maintained at his own expense. Not wishing to be longer dependant on his affectionate mother whose finances were rather slender, he gladly accepted of the situation of tutor to Lord Althorpe, the son of Earl Spencer, and entered upon his new duties in the summer of 1765. His pupil was then a child of only seven years of age. In the following year he obtained a fellowship. In his 21st year he began his Commentaries on Asiatic Poetry, which were finished in three years but not published till 1774. In 1767 he visited the Continent, where at Spa, he studied German. He did not disdain the lighter accomplishments, and took lessons in dancing. He had learnt the use of the broadsword from a pensioner at Chelsea. He also made an attempt to become a performer on the harp but his success was not very encouraging. During the next year Christian the Seventh, King of Denmark visited England and brought with him an Eastern manuscript, containing the Life of Nadir Shah, of which he was anxious to obtain a French translation. Our author was solicited to undertake the task, which he performed with great reluctance and only because he would not have it said that the King was obliged to send his manuscript to France. He was aware that his own style in a foreign language could not be perfectly idiomatic, and he was obliged to submit his translation to a native of France. The work was completed in a year. His sole reward for this labour was a diploma constituting him a Member of the Royal Society of Copenhagen, and a useless recommendation to the favour of his own Sovereign. In 1770 he again visited the Continent where he tells one of his friends that he delighted himself with "music, with all its sweetness and feeling: difficult and abstruse problems in mathematics: and the beautiful and sublime in poetry and painting." He appears during his travels to have pursued his literary studies with unabated ardor, but the great volume of human life which lay open before him was comparatively neglected. It is the characteristic error of a scholar to look at nature only through what Dryden calls "the spectacles of books." On his return home he resigned his charge in Lord Spencer's family, determining to study the law as a profession, and in 1770 in the 24th year of his age he was admitted into the Temple. Six years after he was made a Commissioner of Bankrupts. In March, 1783, he was appointed a judge of the Supreme Court of

judicature of Fort William, on which occasion he received the honor of knighthood. In the following month he married the eldest daughter of the Bishop of St. Asaph. He immediately sailed for India having secured, as one of his friends told him, two of the first objects of human pursuit, those of love and ambition. He had always longed to visit the East, and the opportunity now offered him of extending his knowledge of Oriental Literature called up a thousand agreeable visions and exulting hopes. He arrived in Calcutta in September, but did not commence the discharge of his duties as an Indian judge till the close of the year. In January 1784 he established the Asiatic Society of Bengal of which he was elected President. In the same year he gratified his curiosity by a visit to Benares. In three or four years after his arrival in India he acquired a knowledge of the Sanscrit. His acquisitions as a linguist were now truly wonderful. He had studied with assiduity and success Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Sanscrit, Arabic, Persian, French, German, and Portuguese. In 1785 a periodical was started in Calcutta entitled *the Asiatic Miscellany* to which he contributed a variety of poems, chiefly translations from the Persian. In the following year he made a voyage to Chatigon, and during his leisure hours read twice through the poem of Ferndausi, consisting of sixty thousand couplets. He considered it to be an Epic poem as majestic and entire as the Iliad. In 1789 he translated the ancient Hindu Drama of Sacontala or the Fatal Ring, by Callidas, the Indian Shakespeare. But the climate of Bengal put a stop to the stupendous achievements of this almost universal scholar. On the 20th of April, 1794, after having taken a later walk than usual he complained of aguish symptoms, and mentioned his intention to take some medicine, repeating jocularly the old proverb, that, "an ague in the spring is medicine for a king." His disorder, it appears, was inflammation of the liver, which advanced so rapidly that medical aid was of no avail. When his friend and biographer Lord Teignmouth was called in, the only symptom of remaining life was a small degree of motion in the heart which after a few seconds ceased for ever. He expired without a groan and with an expression of the utmost complacency on his features, on the 27th April, 1794.

Considering the shortness of his life the extent of Sir William Jones's attainments is perfectly amazing. It would be foreign to the purpose of these brief notices to dilate upon his various merits, for he only claims admittance into this collection as a poet, a character in which he appears with less distinction than as a linguist* and as a man of vast and varied acquirements. But there is an elegance and grace, in some of his best poems which must lead the critic to the conviction that had he concentrated his powers upon the "Divine Art" he might have arrived at excellence as a poet. His learning overlaid his genius, and he spread his mind over too wide a surface. Human life is too brief, and the human intellect is too limited to allow any individual, however industrious or highly gifted to reach and retain a hold of more than one or two of the upper branches of the tree of knowledge. No man can pluck all its fruitage with equal facility. Even the mighty powers and wonderful acquirements of Sir William Jones, however subservient to his own fame with those who confound extent with solidity and depth, were of less real utility to mankind than the labours of men of genius who have aimed at more limited excellence with greater concentration of mind and an exclusive devotion to one congenial pursuit.

The personal character of Sir William Jones was both amiable and noble. In all the relations of domestic life, he was the object of love and admiration; and as a public man he was distinguished for his generous and steady zeal in the cause of liberty and justice.

ROBERT BURNS.

Robert Burns, was born on the 25th of January, in a clay-built cottage near the town of Ayr in Scotland. He was the eldest of eleven children. His father was gardener to a gentleman who possessed a small estate in the neighbourhood. The family name was Burness, but the poet about his twenty-fifth year rejected the second syllable. The season being more than usually boisterous, a day or two after his birth the frail shed in which he lay, and which was raised by his father's own hands, was destroyed by a violent wind at midnight, and he was immediately carried unhurt to another house. He often used to allude to this circumstance and playfully observe that stormy passions must be expected from one who

* From a paper of his own writing it appears that he understood something of eight and twenty languages; eight critically, eight less perfectly, but intelligible with a dictionary; twelve least perfectly, but all attainable. The first eight were—the English, Latin, French, Italian, Greek, Arabic, Persian, Sanscrit: the next eight—the Spanish, Portuguese, German, Runic, Hebrew, Bengali, Hindi, and Turkish; and the last twelve—the Tibetan, Pali, Pahlavi, Deri, Russian, Syriac, Ethiopic, Coptic, Welsh, Sweedish, Dutch and Chinese.

was ushered into the world by a tempest. When Burns was about six or seven years of age his father procured a small farm, and he sent his eldest son for some months to a village school. He was then put under a teacher of the name of Murdock who long survived his illustrious pupil, and who used to boast of having instructed him in the first principles of composition. He enjoyed the benefit of that worthy man's services as a teacher two years only. The young poet was then taught arithmetic by his father, who also occasionally borrowed for him a few useful and entertaining volumes from a book society at Ayr. At the age of thirteen or fourteen, he was sent to a school in order to improve his hand-writing. A little after this he spent a few weeks with his old friend Murdock who gave him a smattering of French. He was advised to study Latin, and he purchased a copy of the *Rudiments of the Latin tongue*, but "finding the study dry and uninteresting," he speedily gave it up. He was rather vain of his slight acquisitions in the French language and once entered into a conversation with a French lady in her native tongue; but though exceedingly ambitious to render himself agreeable he blundered into an insult. He meant to tell her that she was a charming talker, but he offended her by saying that she was too fond of speaking, and the lady very angrily retorted that it was quite as common for poets to be impertinent as for women to be loquacious. At the age of nineteen he received a few months' instruction in land surveying. He received no further education from schoolmasters, but owed all his other acquisitions to nature and himself. His father, though a steady and sagacious man, was always in difficulties, and neither honesty nor hard labour nor the most rigid economy could save him from ruin. Burns assisted his aged parent to the utmost of his ability, and at fifteen was the principal labourer on the farm. Extreme poverty deprived the family of wholesome nourishment. They were for several years without animal food, and such early toil conjoined with low diet was too much even for the poet whose constitution was naturally hardy, and whose frame was remarkably athletic for his age. When he came home of an evening he was afflicted with headache and palpitation of the heart, and when he went to bed at night he was oppressed with a sensation of faintness and suffocation. His father's anxieties and misfortunes were terminated by death on the 13th of February, 1784. A consumption just came in time to save the old man from the horror of a jail.

In his twenty-third year, and just before his father's death, Burns joined a flax-dresser in a neighbouring town to learn his trade; but as he and his associate were welcoming in the new year the shop took fire and was burnt to ashes. Poor Burns was left, as he himself says, like a true poet, without a sixpence. When his father died, he joined his brother Gilbert in taking a small farm in the neighbourhood, but they met with nothing but misfortune. He gave up his part of the farm to Gilbert and made up his mind to leave his native country and try his fortune in Jamaica. Just before this crisis of his affairs he had fallen in love with Jean Armour, the daughter of a respectable master-mason, and having secretly exchanged solemn pledges of faith the lovers considered themselves as joined together for life. This connection could no longer be concealed, and the father of the lady was so much distressed at the discovery that at the first shock he fainted away. Burns desired that there should be a legal acknowledgment of an irregular and private marriage, and that he should then leave his wife with her father and push his own fortune abroad. But Mr. Armour insisted that all the papers that had passed between the parties should be cancelled and the private marriage of which Burns had given her due written acknowledgment should be rendered void. Their marriage though irregular would have been sanctioned by the Scottish law. His daughter with many tears obeyed her angry parent and destroyed the evidence of her marriage. Burns was deeply hurt at the result, and still more to think that the woman whom he so fondly loved could be induced even by paternal authority to renounce him. Both his pride and his love received so dreadful a blow, that he was for sometime in a state of distraction which bordered on insanity. His pecuniary resources too were at the very lowest ebb. He was so cruelly persecuted by the parish officers who demanded, it is said at Mr. Armour's desire, a security for the maintenance of the children whom he was prevented from legitimatizing, and such was his distress, that he was obliged to skulk from covert to covert to escape a jail. To raise money for his passage to Jamaica, where his first occupation would probably have been that of a negro-driver, some one happily suggested that he should publish a volume of poems by subscription. His friends exerted themselves with success, and he had soon a sufficient number of subscribers to secure him from loss. By this publication he gained £20 and with nine guineas of it he took a steerage passage in a ship bound to Jamaica. He had taken his last farewell of his friends, and had composed the last song which he thought he should

ever write in Scotland, when a letter from Dr. Blacklock to a friend of Burns, encouraged the poet to give up his design and try his fortune in Edinburgh, where he was soon overwhelmed with the flattering attentions of the rank, beauty, learning, and genius of the city. He soon published another edition of his poems and the profits were so considerable that he could afford to make a tour of amusement over a large portion of his native county. On his return in 1788 to his native capital he expected that his many distinguished friends would secure him some permanent and honorable employment, but the first excitement occasioned by the bursting forth of his wonderful natural genius had passed away, and partly from this circumstance and partly from the fact that Burns began to indulge himself too freely in excess of various kinds, he found his company less eagerly desired, while many of his patrons received him with decided coldness. The pride of Burns took fire and he was not slow to indicate his scorn and hatred. The only appointment he succeeded in obtaining was that of gauger or exciseman, with which he joined the occupations of a farmer. He now married his still beloved Jane whom her father just before had turned out of his house because the poet had renewed his intercourse with her. But his farming speculations were unfortunate, and his habits of intemperance became more confirmed. He had a small promotion in the excise and removed to Dumfries upon a salary of £70 a-year. His humble lot, after the hopes and feelings excited by the admiration he had received at Edinburgh, and after having tasted of the elegant and refined hospitalities of the Scottish nobles, made him wild and reckless. His political opinions, a little too carelessly and violently expressed as far as regarded his own interest, were reported to the Board of Excise, and he received notice that his duty was *to act and not to think*. He had even the imprudence to send as a present four carronades to the French Convention requesting that body to accept them as a mark of his admiration and respect. The present and the letter accompanying it were stopped at the custom-house at Dover, and Burns drew upon himself the marked displeasure of his superior in office. He was given to understand that he had now no chance of further promotion, and it was with some difficulty that his friends secured him in his place. His constitution was at last broken by cares, passions, and intemperance. He died at Dumfries July 21, 1796.

This illustrious peasant affords a striking example of the force of genius unassisted by learning. We may say of Burns, as Dryden said of Shakespeare, he did not read nature through the "spectacles of books." His lyrics are amongst the best that were ever written. They are, simple and vigorous effusions of genuine passion. What a noble legacy has Burns left his country! He has thrown an Arcadian charm over some of Scotia's bleakest hills. He has doubly endeared to all patriotic Scotchmen every scene that he has described in his imperishable verses, and has showed the haughty and fastidious circles of high life how much noble feeling and refined and tender sentiment may warm a ploughman's heart. His poems are distinguished for earnestness and sincerity. All other love-songs by the side of his seem false and feeble. His martial odes breathe the genuine spirit of enthusiasm. Ben Jonson said of Cartwright, "my son Cartwright *writes all like a man.*" This praise is especially due to Burns. But he is not only distinguished for vehemence and fire and a noble directness and sincerity, but for the richest humour and the deepest pathos. His tender sentiment is sometimes mingled with a charming playfulness; a combination that is always inexpressibly delightful, and is by no means unfrequent in the productions of true genius.

The life of Burns was a brief tragedy. Wordsworth beautifully speaks

> "Of him who walked in glory and in joy,
> Following his plough upon the mountain's side."

But unhappily this picture of "glory and joy" can be applied correctly to but a very few months of the poet's short existence. The greater part of his life was passed in obscurity, and vain toil, and deep despondency, or in that unsettled state, "unfitted with an aim," which leads a fiery spirit to prey upon itself. He was in almost every respect a disappointed man. Generous, warm-hearted and independent, he was also proud, passionate and ambitious, and with a just sense of his own worth, he found himself neglected by those from whom he had expected most. He was accustomed to give vent to his feelings in bursts of bitter scorn and vehement indignation. His "noble" friends only made a show of him, and when the nine days wonder was over they left him to fall back again into his original obscurity and distress. He who had been pronounced the ornament of his country, and who had been flattered for a season at the tables of the highest nobility of the land, at last obtained, as the reward of his invaluable and immortal productions, a place in the Excise worth seventy pounds a-year!

JOHN BAMPFYLDE.

JOHN BAMPFYLDE was the younger brother of Sir Charles Bampfylde. He was born in 1754. He was educated at Cambridge. He published his Sonnets in 1779, and about the same time exhibited symptoms of mental derangement. In a letter to Sir Egerton Brydges, Southey gives the following interesting particulars respecting this unhappy though highly gifted youth.

Keswick, 10th May, 1809.

"It gives me great pleasure to hear that 'Bampfylde's Remains' are to be edited. The circumstances which I did not mention concerning him are these. They were related to me by Jackson of Exeter, and minuted down immediately afterwards, when the impression which they made upon me was warm.

"He was the brother of Sir Charles, as you say. At the time when Jackson became intimate with him, he was just in his prime, and had no other wish than to live in solitude, and amuse himself with poetry and music. He lodged in a farm-house near Chudleigh, and would oftentimes come to Exeter in a winter morning, ungloved and open-breasted, before Jackson was up, (though he was an early riser,) with a pocket full of musick or poems, to know how he liked them. His relations thought this was a sad life for a man of family, and forced him to London. The tears ran down Jackson's cheeks when he told me the story. 'Poor fellow,' said he, 'there did not live a purer creature, and, if they would have let him alone, he might have been alive now.'

"When he was in London, his feelings having been forced out of their proper channel took a wrong direction, and he soon began to suffer the punishment of debauchery. The Miss Palmer, to whom he dedicated his 'Sonnets,' (afterwards, and perhaps still, Lady Inchiquin,) was niece to Sir Joshua Reynolds. Whether Sir Joshua objected to his addresses on account of his irregularities in London, or on other grounds, I know not: but this was the commencement of his madness. He was refused admittance into the house: upon this, in a fit of half-anger and half-derangement, he broke the windows, and was (little to Sir Joshua's honour) sent to Newgate. Some weeks after this had happened, Jackson went to London, and one of his first inquiries was for Bampfylde. Lady Bampfylde, his mother, said she knew little or nothing about him; that she had got him out of Newgate, and he was now in some beggarly place. 'Where?' 'In King Street, Holborn, she believed, but she did not know the number of the house.' Away went Jackson, and knocked at every door till he found the right. It was a truly miserable place: the woman of the house was one of the worst class of women in London. She knew that Bampfylde had no money, and that at that time he had been three days without food. When Jackson saw him, there was all the levity of madness in his manners; his shirt was ragged, and black as a coal-heaver's, and his beard of a two months' growth. Jackson sent out for food, and said he was come to breakfast with him; and he turned aside to a harpsichord in the room, literally, he said, to let him gorge himself without being noticed. He removed him from hence, and, after giving his mother a severe lecture, obtained for him a decent allowance, and left him, when he himself quitted town, in decent lodgings, earnestly begging him to write.

"But he never wrote: the next news was that he was in a private madhouse, and Jackson never saw him more. Almost the last time they met, he showed him several poems, among others a 'Ballad on the murder of David Rizzio.' 'Such a ballad!' said he. He came that day to dine with Jackson, and was asked for copies. 'I burned them,' was the reply. 'I wrote them to please you; you did not seem to like them, so I threw them in the fire.' After twenty years' confinement he recovered his senses, but not till he was dying of consumption. The apothecary urged him to leave Sloane Street, where he had always been as kindly treated as he could be, and go into his own country, saying that his friends in Devonshire would be very glad to see him. But he hid his face, and answered, 'No, Sir; they who knew me what I was, shall never see me what I am.' Some of these facts I should have inserted in the specimens, had not Coleridge mislaid the letter in which I had written them down, and it was not found till too late * * *

[*There is a chasm here in the letter: it goes on*]

"He read the preface to me. I remember that it dwelt much upon his miraculous genius for music, and even made it intelligible to me, who am no musician. He knew nothing of the science; but would sit down to the harpsichord, and produce combinations so wild that no composer would have ventured to think of, and yet so beautiful in their effect that Jackson (an enthusiast concerning music) spoke of them, after the lapse of twenty years, with astonishment and tears."

WILLIAM MASON.

WILLIAM MASON, the son of a clergyman, was born in the year 1725. He was educated at the University of Cambridge, where he published a monody to the memory of Pope. He obtained a fellowship through the interest of his friend Gray, who describes him as a young man "of much fancy, little judgment, and a good deal of modesty," and as "a good and well-meaning creature, but in symplicity, a child; he reads little or nothing, writes abundance and that with a design to make his fortune by it, a little vain, but in so harmless and comical a way that it does not offend: a little ambitious, but withal so ignorant of the world and its ways, that this does not hurt him in any one's opinion; so sincere and undisguised, that no mind with a spark of generosity would ever think of hurting him, he lies so open to injury; but so indolent, that if he cannot overcome this ha-

bit, all his good qualities will signify nothing." At a later period of his life he assumed an air of stateliness and precision, but many of the good qualities of his youth were preserved to the day of his death. He very early exhibited his attachment to Whig principles, and in 1748 published his poem entitled *Isis*, which was directed against the supposed jacobitism of Oxford. When Thomas Warton's reply, the *Triumph of Isis* was published, Mason had the generosity to allow that in poetical merit it surpassed the attack. He did not, however, think meanly of his own production, but gave an instance of his "comical vanity" when several years afterwards he entered Oxford late in the evening and expressed his satisfaction at the darkness. The friend who accompanied him did not exactly see the advantage. "What!" said Mason, "do you not remember my *Isis?*" In 1752 he published *Elfrida*, a dramatic poem, constructed on the model of the Greek tragedy. His design, however, was not confined to an exact copy of the ancient drama. He meant, he says, "only to pursue the ancient method, so far as it is probable a Greek poet, were he alive would now do, in order to adapt himself to the genius of our times and the character of our tragedy." It is reasonable to suppose that any poet desirous of accommodating himself to modern taste would have omitted the old chorus altogether as a clumsy and unnecessary contrivance, utterly unsuited to the tragic compositions of Mason's day. He had, however, a pedantic and bigoted veneration for the ancient chorus, and persuaded himself that it was still essential to the tragic drama. *Elfrida* was performed at Covent Garden, but with very little success. It is quite unfit for the stage, but it contains many elegant and poetical passages that are still enjoyed by the reader. In 1754 Mason went into orders, and was appointed chaplain to the king. In 1759 he greatly raised his reputation by his drama of *Caractacus*, the noblest of his works. The lyrical parts of this play are singularly spirited and sonorous, and obtained the warm and valuable commendation of Gray. In 1765 he married, but he did not long enjoy the company of his wife. She died of consumption two years after, and was lamented by her husband in an elegy of great tenderness and beauty. The first book of his long and rather dull blank verse poem, *The English Garden*, appeared in 1772 and was very coldly received. On the death of his friend Gray, who left him a legacy of £500 and all his manuscripts and medals, he undertook to write his life, and produced a specimen of a new kind of biography, in which the hero is made as much as possible to tell his own story, by the copious introduction of letters, in a regular order, and connected by the biographer's remarks and illustrations. This plan of biography has since been frequently adopted, as in the lives of Cowper, Sir William Jones, and Beattie. During the American war Mason was so free in the expression of his political opinions that he gave offence to the court, and he therefore thought it proper to resign his office of chaplain to the king. Under the name of Malcolm Macgregor he published the political effusion entitled "An Heroic Satire," which has perhaps more spirit and energy than he had hitherto displayed. That he was the author is not indeed actually proved, but the manner in which he complained of Warton's having attributed it to him, seems to have convinced most people that he was more willing to throw off the responsibility of the authorship than to come to any explicit declaration upon the subject. He talks of the impropriety of attributing the poem to him on mere internal evidence, but carefully avoids a direct denial.

Mason reached a green old age, and was at last cut of in the enjoyment of health of mind and body by an accidental hurt on his leg in stepping into his carriage. It produced a mortification which terminated his life in his seventy-second year on the 7th of April, 1797.

Mason, as a poet, was too fond of false ornament. His poems are studded with expletives and alliterations; and there is generally something stilted and artificial in his style. But he had fine a ear for the music of verse, and an eye for picturesque effects. His lyrics have often a noble sound, and his descriptive passages have considerable splendour. His elegiac poems, however, are his best productions, because they are the most natural.

DR. JOSEPH WARTON.

Dr. Joseph Warton, son of the Rev. Thomas Warton, vicar of Basingstoke, and elder brother of the accomplished historian of English Poetry, was born at Dunsfield in Surrey, on the 22nd of April, 1722. Until his fourteenth year, Dr. Joseph Warton received his education from his father. On the 2nd of Aug. 1736 he was admitted on the foundation of Winchester School. In conjunction with the celebrated Collins and another school-fellow he sent three poetical contributions to the *Gentlemen's Magazine* which were received with great favor by the editor. When he was scarcely fifteen he wrote a letter to his sister

which is characterized by a singularly lively fancy and great acuteness of observation. In 1740 he left Winchester School and was entered a commoner at Oriel College, Oxford. During his residence at Oxford he composed the poems of *The Enthusiast, or Lover of Nature*, and *The Dying Indian*, and also a prose satire in the manner of Le Sage entitled *Ranelagh House*. In 1744 he took his Bachelor's degree and was ordained on his father's curacy at Basingstoke. In the following year he published a volume of his father's poetry, partly to do honor to his memory and partly to pay a few debts that he had left behind him. This work was soon followed by a volume of his own odes. In 1747 he was presented by the Duke of Bolton to the Rectory of Wynslade, when he married a Miss Daman to whom he had been long attached. His patron invited him in the year 1751 to accompany him to the south of France. The Duchess of Bolton was then afflicted with a disease which was considered fatal, and the Duke anticipating her death, desired to have a protestant Clergyman at hand to marry him to a lady who then lived with him, and who was universally known by the name of Polly Peachum. It is supposed that when Warton accepted the Duke's invitation his poverty rather than his will consented; but he was not in such extremely straitened circumstances as to excuse his performance of an act of which he must have been ashamed. He did not much enjoy his journey owing to his ignorance of the French tongue, and he found his knowledge of the dead languages of little use when he had to make himself understood by hotel-keepers and postilions. It was not the fashion of Warton's time to pay much attention at our great Universities to modern languages. He became so impatient to return home that he could not even wait upon his patron's convenience, and bade adieu to the shores of France with his best speed. Only a month after his arrival in England the Duchess of Bolton died, and Warton wrote to the Duke to say that he would return to him if he desired it. But his patron could not remain a widower even a few brief weeks, and with indecent haste engaged another clergyman to perform the ceremony for which he originally invited the aid of Warton, who had the bitter mortification to feel that he had acted in a way quite unworthy of his general character, and without obtaining the contemplated reward. This was the only action of his life for which he could have blushed, and when it is remembered that he lived to the age of seventy-eight it would be harsh indeed to let it weigh in the least against his general character. It was on the occasion of his going to France that his brother Thomas Warton wrote the beautiful "Ode sent to a friend on leaving a favorite village in Hampshire*." In 1749 he began and in 1753 he finished and published an edition of Virgil in English and Latin. He adopted Pitt's translation of the Æneid, and gave his own versions of the Eclogues and Georgics, in which he shone more as an exact scholar than as a poet. In 1753 he contributed, at Dr. Johnson's request, some highly valuable papers to the *Adventurer*. About this time he meditated a History of the Revival of Literature, but the design was soon abandoned. In 1755 he was elected second master of Winchester School, and soon after found leisure to complete the first volume of his able and interesting Essay on the Writings and Genius of Pope, a work of which Dr. Johnson justly remarked that it taught "how the brow of criticism may be smoothed, and how she may be enabled, with all her severity to attract and to delight." It was received, however, with great indignation by the indiscriminate admirers of Pope, who would not be persuaded that he was not in that rank of English poetry which is adorned with the four great names of Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare and Milton, nor would they listen without impatience to the doctrine that mere wit and good sense, however elegantly embodied in the form of verse, is not poetry. Warton does not deny that Pope is a true poet and of a very high, but not the highest order, and he points out with great candour and critical sagacity the nature of his real claims upon our admiration. He warmly eulogizes the fancy and invention of the *Rape of the Lock*, and the passion and tenderness of the *Epistle from Eloisa to Abelard*. Thomas Campbell, though he leans to the side of Pope, acknowledges that the Essay is "very entertaining and abounds with criticism of more research than Addison's, of more amenity than Hurd's or Warburton's, and of more insinuating tact than Johnson's." He also observes with a questionable propriety of expression, that "a testimony in its favour, of more authority than any individual opinion, will be found in the popularity with which it continues to be read." It seems odd to say that a book is *read with popularity*, though Campbell's meaning is sufficiently obvious. The second volume of the Essay on Pope was not published till 26 years after the first. He waited for a more impartial hearing and he obtained it. He now visited London and became familiar with all the members of the celebrated Literary Club. He was long on intimate

* See column 1025 of this volume.

terms with Dr. Johnson, but a violent argument brought their friendship to a sudden end. They broke from each other with the following expressions —" Sir," said Johnson, " I am not accustomed to be contradicted." " Better, Sir," replied Warton, " for yourself and your friends if you were: our respect could not be increased, but our love might." In 1766 he was advanced to the headmastership of Winchester school. In 1782 he was indebted to Dr. Lowth for a prebend of St. Paul's and the living of Thorley which he exchanged for Wickham. Six years afterwards he obtained a prebend of Winchester Cathedral. In 1793 he felt that his age required relaxation and that he was no longer equal to the fatigues of a school. He accordingly resigned his office of headmaster and retired to his Rectory at Wickham. In this retirement he prepared an excellent edition of the works of Pope, though in his zeal to give the world all that could be collected of the writings of so eminent a poet, he gave admission to two poems of a very indelicate nature. He thus afforded his enemies an opportunity of triumph, and they did not spare his gray hairs or remember his long services to literature. He next commenced an edition of Dryden, but did not live to finish it. He was attacked by a disease in his kidnies which brought him to his grave on the 23rd of February, 1800, in the seventy-eighth year of his age.

Of his personal character all his biographers have spoken in terms of the highest praise. As a poet he is more distinguished by good taste than genius. He is now best known as a critic.

WILLIAM COWPER.

William Cowper was the descendant of an ancient and honorable family. His grandfather was Spenser Cowper, a judge of the court of Common Pleas and younger brother of the Lord Chancellor Cowper. The poet was born at Berkhamstead in Hertfordshire, of which place his father was the rector. As Pope's life was " a long disease" corporeally, so was the unhappy Cowper's, mentally. He illustrated Dryden's sentiment that " great wits to madness nearly are allied." It was with him as with Shakespeare's Hamlet—his fine faculties were out of tune, like sweet bells jangled. His mind was like an exquisitely constructed Æolian harp, a great deal too delicate for the rough breezes of the world. Its sweet low music of sensibility was too often turned into a thrilling and mysterious moan of pain and wretchedness. In his seventh year he lost his affectionate mother whose virtues he has commemorated with such filial tenderness in the verses suggested by her picture. In the same year he had been sent to a school, where he endured hardship which he remembered all his life. At the age of eight he was taken from school and placed for two years with an oculist who undertook to cure a disease in his eyes, but they were ever after subject to inflammation. He was next sent to Westminster school where he remained till the age of eighteen, where his peculiarly shy and sensitive spirit suffered very severely from the roughness and tyranny of his school-fellows. The recollection of his own misery at school gave spirit and force to the description of the evils of a public education in his " *Tirocinium*, or Review of Schools." On leaving school he was articled for three years to Mr. Chapman, an attorney. But he had no turn for the law; and amused himself with literature. He kept up his acquaintance with Churchill, Bonnel Thornton, Lloyd and Colman who had been his school-fellows at Westminster, and communicated some papers to the *Connoisseur* and other periodical publications. It was not, however, until his fiftieth year, when he published his first volume of poems, that he was generally known as a writer. He has himself given us a brief and rapid account of the mode in which his life was spent. " From the age of twenty to thirty-three," he says, " I was occupied or ought to have been, in the study of the law: from thirty-three to sixty, I have spent my time in the country, where my reading has been only an apology for idleness, and where, when I had not either a magazine or a review, I was sometimes a carpenter, at others a bird-cage maker, or a gardener, or a drawer of landscapes. At fifty years of age I commenced an author:—it is a whim that has served me longest and best, and will probably be my last." His patrimony being nearly exhausted it became necessary to procure him some employment, and by the exertion of his friends he obtained the situation of Clerk to the Committees of the House of Lords. But he was so alarmed at the duty of reading aloud in an assembly that he resigned the office, and procured in its place the appointment of a Clerk of the journals. Even this he found himself compelled to throw up from the morbid sensibility of his nature. His own account of this transaction is best given in his own words.

" In the beginning a strong opposition to my friend's right of nomination began to shew itself. A powerful party was formed among the Lords to thwart

it. * * * Every advantage, I was told, would be sought for, and eagerly seized to disconcert us. I was bid to expect an examination at the bar of the house, touching my sufficiency for the post I had taken. Being necessarily ignorant of the nature of that business, it became expedient that I should visit the office daily, in order to qualify myself for the strictest scrutiny. All the horror of my fears and perplexities now returned. A thunderbolt would have been as welcome to me as this intelligence. I knew to demonstration, that upon these terms the Clerkship of the Journals was no place for me. To require my attendance at the bar of the house, that I might there publicly entitle myself to the office, was, in effect, to exclude me from it. In the mean time, the interest of my friend, the honour of his choice, my own reputation and circumstances, all urged me forward, all pressed me to undertake that which I saw to be impracticable. They whose spirits are formed like mine, to whom a public exhibition of themselves, on any occasion is mortal poison, may have some idea of the horrors of my situation—others can have none. My continual misery at length brought on a nervous fever; quiet forsook me by day, and peace by night; a finger raised against me was more than I could stand against. In this posture of mind I attended regularly at the office, where, instead of a soul upon the rack, the most active spirits were essentially necessary for my purpose. I expected no assistance from any body there, all the inferior clerks being under the influence of my opponent, and accordingly I received none. The Journal books were indeed thrown open to me; a thing which could not be refused, and from which perhaps a man in health, and with a head turned to business, might have gained all the information he wanted; but it was not so with me. I read without perception; and was so distressed, that had every clerk in the office been my friend, it could have availed me little; for I was not in a condition to receive instruction, much less to elicit it out of MSS. without direction. Many months went over me thus employed; constant in the use of means, despairing as to the issue. The feelings of a man, when he arrives at the place of execution, are probably much like mine every time I set my foot in the office, which was every day for more than half a year together."

His terrors on this occasion overwhelmed his reason, and on the day appointed for his examination he was in so deplorable a condition that his friends gave up all further thoughts of procuring him any suitable employment. He had actually made an attempt at self-destruction and shewed a garter which had been broken by his weight, and the iron rod across his bed was bent. He was removed to the house of Dr. Cotton. His insanity chiefly showed itself in a religious despondency of the most awful nature. He remained with Dr. Cotton from Dec. 1763 to July 1764, when his mind appeared to have been partially restored, but during the remainder of his life his religious views had always a tinge of his calamity. He resigned the small place of Commissioner of Bankrupts which gave him £60 a year, and in June 1765 repaired to Huntingdon, where he was introduced to the family of the Rev. Mr. Unwin, whose lady has gained the gratitude of all lovers of virtue and genius by her long maternal attention to the unhappy poet. The Unwins at once received him into their house, and treated him with most affectionate kindness. When Mr. Unwin was killed by a fall from his horse, Cowper accompanied Mrs. Unwin and her daughter to Olney. Here he formed an intimate friendship with the curate, Mr. Newton, with whom he shared the duty of distributing amongst the poor of the place two hundred pound a year, the donation of a wealthy merchant of the name of Thornton. In 1773 his dreadful malady returned. He fell into such severe paroxysms of religious despondency that he required all the exertions of his generous and affectionate nurse, Mrs. Unwin, who waited on him with extreme tenderness and fortitude during the five miserable years that his faculties were darkened. After his second recovery he amused himself with taming three hares and writing short pieces of poetry. Sometimes he beguiled the time with drawing landscapes, a talent which he discovered in himself very late in life, but in which long study might have produced excellence, for his admirable descriptions prove that he had a painter's eye. In 1781 he prepared his first volume for the press. It was published in the following year. It was not received by the public with much favor, perhaps on account of the extreme austerity and gloom of the author's religious sentiments. Fortunate as it was in some respects that Cowper enjoyed the attentions of the Unwins and Mr. Newton, it cannot but be considered a matter of regret that their own religious feelings were of a kind more likely to deepen the sombre character of the poet's mind than to win him gently back to a wholesome cheerfulness and a harmless gaiety. A happy change came over him when lady Austen, a person of lively manners and elegant taste became acquainted with him. The world have to thank her for the noble poem of *The Task*, which Cowper undertook at her suggestion. She also gave the materials of the amusing story of John Gilpin which she told him in one of his fits of dejection with a view of cheering his spirits. He informed her the next morning that it had taken such a hold on his fancy that it had kept him awake the greater part of the night, with convulsions of laughter. He added that he had turned it into a ballad. The Task was published in 1785. As it was written under

a more cheerful inspiration than his former pieces it was received with greater favor and speedily became popular. In the same year he commenced his translation of Homer which was published in 1791. Poor Mrs. Unwin, a most worthy but not brilliant woman, became jealous of lady Austen's ascendancy, and was vexed that her own influence over her illustrious and interesting charge appeared less than that of her more accomplished rival, if such she might be called. It was soon evident that the two nurses could not live together in care of the same patient. Cowper truly enjoyed the society of his new acquaintance whom he regarded as a sister, but he could not discard his ancient friend who had so long acted towards him as an affectionate parent. He therefore wrote a valedictory letter to lady Austen, said to have been written with the utmost delicacy and tenderness, and strongly expressive of his gratitude and affection. Lady Austen in the first moment of mortification destroyed the letter, but she always spoke of it afterwards, as an honor to the writer. Her place was fortunately supplied by his cousin, Lady Hesketh, who after a separation of thirty years renewed her acquaintance with the poet. She paid him a visit at Olney, and settling at Weston, in the immediate neighbourhood, she persuaded Cowper and Mrs. Unwin to occupy a house she had prepared for them. The translation of Homer was published in 1791. It was so well received that in six months a large edition was nearly out of print. In 1792 he became acquainted with Mr. Hayley, who though but an indifferent poet, was a man of taste and extensive reading. Whatever were his deficiencies as a writer he was a most affectionate and generous friend. About the same time Mrs. Unwin was attacked by the palsy, and when she began to recover strength Cowper accompanied her on a visit to Hayley's residence at Eartham. On Cowper's return to Olney he seemed to be again sinking into hopeless dejection, and his infirm nurse was too much an invalid herself to afford him the wonted aid. She was now in a state of second childhood. Lady Hesketh, generously became the nurse of both. In 1794 Cowper relapsed into his worst state of mental inquietude, and when Mr. Hayley visited him he was received with indifference. His Majesty at this time conferred on him a pension of £300 pounds a year, but it came too late, for the poet was unconscious of the favor. In 1796 Mrs. Unwin died. When Cowper saw the corpse he started suddenly away with an exclamation of passionate grief and never spoke of her again. Three years afterwards in some of his lucid intervals he amused himself with writing verses. His last poem was *The Cast-away*. He soon exhibited symptoms of dropsy which made a rapid progress, and on the 5th of April 1800 his unhappy life was brought to a close. He expired so quietly that none of the friends who were present knew the moment of his death.

Cowper is one of the most popular poets in the language, and the fact is an honor to the character of English readers, for he has no false attractions. He has not even the charm of narrative to gratify those pretenders to taste, who while they think themselves true lovers of poetry take only the same kind of interest in a poem which children take in a prose story. His subjects are usually of a serious nature, and his sentiments are solemn and weighty. But his gravity is never dull, because the attention is kept awake by the earnestness and sincerity of his manner and the unaffected force and freedom of his diction. His satire is somewhat too austere, but it seems the production of one who is more disgusted with the crime than the criminal. It is rarely personal. He says himself—

> "An individual is a sacred mark
> Not to be struck in sport or in the dark."

Thomas Campbell notices one instance of personality, in which Cowper ridicules the Sunday parties of George Wesley to whom he alludes under the name of Occiduus. He adds, "I know not to whom he alludes in the following lines

> 'Nor he who, for the bane of thousands born
> Built God a church, and laughed his word to scorn.'"

It is a hit at Voltaire, who built a church at Ferney witht his inscription—*Deo erexit Voltaire**. Cowper's satire in its vigorous freedom and vehement indignation reminds us of Churchill, whose style is very congenial with his own, though the spirit and matter are widely different. If Churchill had been a better man or Cowper a worse it is probable that the similarity between them as poets would have been much closer than it is. Cowper's greatest performance is *The Task*. It has no unity or regularity of design, and reads as if it were written from casual associations. Nothing can be more desultory and capricious. But it consists of such solid observations on life and manners—so much fine morality and jus tsentiment—such sweet touches of domestic feeling, and such a delightful mixture of reflection and description, that per-

* Pope alludes to this in one of his Moral Essays.

> Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
> Will never mark the marble with his name.

haps there is no poem in the language which is read with more general delight. It is moreover thoroughly English both in sentiment and diction. Its pictures of domestic bliss could hardly be duly estimited out of England. The happy audacity with which he on all occasions uses the simplest but most expressive idiomatic phrases, and carries the muse into the haunts of our daily life, and touches, like the sun, the meanest objects with a beautifying light, makes him precious as a poet to many of our countrymen who can neither understand nor appreciate some of our loftier and more fastidious writers. Next to Thomson he is the best descriptive poet in the language. He has less ideal beauty and less breadth and completeness as a landscape-painter than the author of the *Seasons*, but he has at least equal truth and reality. His pictures are touched with a masterly freedom that does not interfere with the most perfect distinctness and precision. His blank-verse is infinitely superior to Thomson's. It is more varied, vigorous and elastic.

There was something effeminate in the personal habits of Cowper, but nothing can be more masculine than his verse. Indeed in his disdain of mere polish and sing-song he sometimes falls into the opposite extreme and is slovenly and rough. His translation of Homer is admired for its fidelity; but it is undoubtedly deficient in elegance and elevation of style, though his simplicity and plainness often give a better notion of the old Grecian bard than we receive from the spruce and elaborate prettinesses of Pope.

Cowper's letters are truly delightful. They are distinguished by the most enchanting playfulness, tenderness and simplicity, and open out his amiable and pure heart in a style of exquisite ingenuousness. They are occasionally full of the most delicate humour and the nicest and truest observations upon life and manners. It is melancholy indeed to reflect that so fine a nature as that of Cowper should have been exposed to the visitations of the most dreadful malady that can afflict a human being!

DR. ERASMUS DARWIN.

Dr. Erasmus Darwin was born at Elston, near Newark, in Nottinghamshire, on the 12th of December, 1731. He received the early part of his education at Chesterfield school, after which he was entered at St. John's College, Cambridge, where in 1755 he took his Doctor's degree, and then removed to Edinburgh to complete his medical studies. He had attracted some attention at College by maintaining an opinion that the motion of the heart and arteries is produced by the immediate stimulus of the blood. Having fully prepared himself for entering upon the practice of his profession he went to Nottingham, but not meeting with much encouragement there, in 1756 he removed to Litchfield, where he soon became successful in his profession, and distinguished by his learning and genius. In 1757 he married a Miss Mary Howard who died five years after. In 1780 he married the widow of Colonel Sacheveral Pole, who had a jointure of £600 per annum. In accordance with her desire he quitted Litchfield and settled at Derby. In the latter part of his life Dr. Darwin was subject to inflammation of the breast and lungs. On the morning of April the 18th, 1802, just after writing the first side of a very sprightly letter, he was taken extremely ill and ordered the servant in attendance to call Mrs. Darwin. She appeared immediately, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Emma Darwin. He directed them to send instantly for his surgeon. As he found himself rapidly getting worse he desired his wife to bleed him, but from ignorance and timidity she hesitated to comply with his request. He then turned to his daughter and said, "Emma, will *you*? There is no time to be lost." "Yes, my dear father, if you will direct me." At that moment he fell back in his chair and expired.

Dr. Darwin was above the middle size and was somewhat corpulent and ungainly. He had a rather saturnine expression of countenance and a stoop in the shoulders. He stammered extremely, which sometimes interfered with the point of his sarcasms of which he was by no means sparing. He is said to have been a sceptic in religion.

Darwin's various scientific publications are considered ingenious and learned but somewhat more fanciful than exact. As a poet his style is brilliant but cold. He had a notion that mere picture was the chief constituent of true poetry. So long as he presented an image to the fancy he cared not to touch the heart. His versification is highly polished and spirited, but is deficient in variety. The poetical work by which he is now best known is the *Botanic Garden*.

DR. JAMES BEATTIE.

Dr. James Beattie was born at Laurencekirk, in the county of Kincardine, Scotland, on the 25th of October, 1735. His father had a retail shop in the village and rented a little farm in the neighbourhood.

The poet was the youngest of a family of six children. In his seventh year he lost his father. He was sent early to the parish school of Laurencekirk, at that time under an able master of the name of Milne, and which was conducted forty years before by Ruddiman, the celebrated Grammarian. Pope read Ogilby's translation of Homer at the age of eight, and Beattie happened to fall in with a copy of the same work at about the same age, and perused it with great delight. In 1749 he was sent to Marischal College, Aberdeen. As his finances were slender he was glad to accept one of the bursaries which are bestowed on students who are otherwise unable to support the expense of a university education. He remained at the University of Aberdeen for four years, in the course of which he attained extraordinary proficiency in general literature, but betrayed an insuperable dislike to mathematics the study of which he thought had no tendency to improve his mind. In 1753 he accepted the office of schoolmaster and parish clerk to the parish of Fourdon near Laurencekirk. In this humble situation he attracted the notice and friendship of Lord Gardenstown and Lord Monboddo. He was in 1757 an unsuccessful candidate for the situation of under master in the Grammar school of Aberdeen. Another candidate was preferred on account of a superior knowledge of certain grammatical niceties, but on a second vacancy occurring in the same establishment a few months after, the situation was presented to him without subjecting him to any further examination. In 1761 he published his first volume of poems, which was indulgently received by the critics, but the author grew so much ashamed of it that he destroyed every copy that he could procure. With all their imperfections, however, the poems convinced his friends that he was likely to become an honor to his country, and they exerted themselves with generous zeal to advance his interests. In his twenty fifth year he was appointed Professor of Moral Philosophy in Marischal College. In 1765 he published the *Judgment of Paris, a poem* which excited little notice and deserved less. In the following year appeared his poem "On the Report of a monument to be erected in Westminster Abbey to the memory of Churchill." This production had at first a considerable sale but is now, happily for the memory of the author, but little known. It is a lamentable specimen of impotent raving, and is remarkable for that extreme want of candour which too often characterized Beattie when speaking of authors for whom, from whatever cause, he had conceived a dislike. It is to be regretted that the poem is reprinted in Chalmers's collection of the poets, for though the author himself was at first "exceedingly fond" of it, he omitted it in the later editions of his poems. Whatever may have been the faults of Churchill, and he had certainly enough to answer for, he was not what Beattie would persuade us, "drivelling and dull," nor was he, as his indiscriminate satirist avers,

"By nature uninspired, untaught by art."

Censures like these can prove nothing but the spite or stupidity of the man who utters them. The compliments in this strange production are as absurd as the censures. With amazing blindness the writer speaks of "Gray's *unlabored art*." Towards the conclusion of the poem Churchill is elegantly styled a *sculking ass*, and charitably consigned to damnation. Beattie was not like Churchill, a vigorous satirist, and was obliged to make up by mere indiscriminate contumely and name-calling for the want of point and humour. In 1770 he published his celebrated *Essay on Truth*, a work of which the intention was noble but the execution imperfect. It was written, however, in a declamatory and attractive style, and appealing rather to the heart than to the head of the reader, it became for a time extremely popular. It was three times re-written before publication. In this work and in his private letters upon the subject of it, he exhibits that want of candour already noticed. He insists that Hume wrote his metaphysical works with the express purpose of injuring mankind and insulting his God. He thinks that he makes it pretty clear that every sceptic is necessarily either an idiot or a fiend*. He affects to speak of Hume's powers of reasoning as absolutely contemptible. He forgets what a wretched compliment he thus pays to mankind and the Christian Religion, when he thinks it necessary to defend his faith against a writer who is at once so stupid and so unamiable. He ought at least to have had the charity to believe that if Hume was not a clear thinker he might have fallen accidentally into errors for which he should rather be pitied than abused. He does not seem to be aware that a bold and subtle reasoner may sometimes involve himself in difficulties from which the less ambitious and more prudent may escape. He says in one of his letters, that if he had treated Mr. Hume as "a gentleman" he should not have "treated society and his own conscience as became a man and a Christian." His friend Reid was of a

* See a long letter to Dr. Blacklock in Forbes's Life of Beattie.

different opinion, and could lament Hume's errors while he admired his intellectual powers, however unhappily misdirected, and even acknowledge the general amiability and integrity of his personal character. For scepticism respecting the Christian faith, however much to be deplored, does not necessarily render a man a perfect demon. In 1771 Doctor Beattie visited London, and was received with great distinction by men of the first literary eminence, amongst whom were Johnson and Burke. On his second visit to the English metropolis three years after, he was admitted to a private interview with the king and queen, and their Majesties highly commended his *Essay on Truth*. The king conferred on him a pension of £200 per annum. Soon after the publication of this work, appeared the first Canto of his Minstrel which at once established his reputation as a poet. Though neither well planned nor of vigorous execution it is written with such exquisite grace, tenderness, and harmony, that it still retains its popularity, though the generality of readers are not often easily pleased with such a superabundance of sentiment and description and with so little incident or narrative as are embodied in this celebrated production. The second canto of the Minstrel followed three years after the first. In 1776 he published a new and splendid edition of his *Essay on Truth*, to which he appended some lively and pleasing Essays on Poetry and Music, on Laughter and Ludicrous Composition, and on Classical Learning. In 1783 he published his Dissertation on Memory and Imagination, on Dreaming, &c. Three years after appeared his *Evidences of Christianity*. In 1790 he published the first volume of Elements of Moral Science, and in 1793 the second volume.

The latter part of Beattie's life was embittered by the loss of two most accomplished and promising sons upon whom he concentrated all his affections, for their mother though alive was dead to him. Symptoms of insanity appeared soon after her marriage, and a separation at last became necessary. The death of his second and last child completely unhinged the father's mind. He sometimes forgot whether the youth was alive or dead and after searching through every room he would say to his niece, "You may think it strange but I must ask you if I have a son and where he is?" She would restore him to reason by speaking of his son's late sufferings. He would then with a flood of tears express his thankfulness that he had no child, for he had often trembled with horror at the possibility of his children inheriting their mother's mental affliction. "How," he said, "could I have borne to see their elegant minds mangled with madness!" When he looked for the last time on the body of his son, he exclaimed, "I have now done with the world." The three last years of his life were passed in a melancholy solitude, and he took no interest in his old pursuits. His health rapidly declined and on the 18th of August 1803 a paralytic stroke put an end to the life of this pleasing poet and pious man.

Beattie had a robust appearance, but he was naturally of a most delicate constitution. On account of his sickness in boyhood he used to be called by his school-fellows *poor Beattie*. He was "no vulgar boy," and has described himself in the "Minstrel." In private life he had great amiability of character, but was apt to allow his feelings to get the better of his judgment when he took the pen in his hand to oppose those who advocated opinions at variance with his own. He was an ardent admirer of the prose writings of Addison, upon whose style he modelled his own. His poetry is always elegant, but is deficient in force and spirit. Its general tone is sweet but languid. Occasionally, however, he delights us with a burst of poetical enthusiasm. As a critic he frequently evinces taste and sagacity, but is not always to be trusted. His friends are raised too high and those whom he regards as his enemies are too much depreciated. He compares Garrick to Shakespeare. "In him," he says, "the soul of Shakespeare had revived, after undergoing a purification of one hundred years." Charles Lamb has admirably exposed the egregious absurdity of confounding the genius that is required for the production of a tragedy like that of Lear or Othello with the capability of reciting or acting it with propriety and effect.

ANNA SEWARD.

Anna Seward was the daughter of the Rev. Thomas Seward, who occasionally amused himself with writing verses. She was born at Eyam in Derbyshire in 1747. Her father published an edition of the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher. He was proud of his daughter's early talents and introduced her to Shakespeare and to Milton. She could repeat passages from the *Allegro* before she was three years old. She commenced poetess about her tenth year. In 1754 Mr. Seward and his family removed to Litchfield. Miss Seward here cultivated the acquaintance of Dr. Darwin who encouraged her in all her literary pursuits. Her mother, however, dreading lest she

should become more learned than agreeable entreated her to give up her studies, and Mr. Seward himself, though he thought highly of the dignity of a male poet, had a fashionable horror of "a literary lady." Miss Seward, with a sense of filial duty that cannot be too highly praised, sacrificed her own inclinations to the wishes of her parents, and for nearly ten years employed herself in ornamental needle-work. She not only thus denied herself the delight of those pursuits which were peculiarly congenial to her mind, but from an unwillingness to desert her parents she rejected several very advantageous offers of marriage. When she grew old enough to be regarded as her own mistress she was suffered to choose her own amusements and her own society, and speedily rising into some distinction as a poetess, she drew around her a circle of persons of great eminence in the literary world. Dr. Johnson was in the list of her occasional visitors. Her affections were extremely ardent, and she once gave a singular proof of her readiness to oblige a friend. The Countess of Northesk consulted Dr. Darwin about the state of her health. He found that she was sinking rapidly by hæmorrhage. He told her that an art was once practised of injecting fresh human blood into the veins and repairing the waste occasioned by the disease under which Lady Northesk then suffered. The practice had been deemed impious, and was put a stop to in England by the Pope. He was willing, if his patient had no objection, to make a fair trial of this long abandoned art. Her Ladyship cheerfully consented and Miss Seward voluntarily proposed that as her health was perfect and as she was not conscious of any lurking disease, the blood for Lady Northesk's veins should be taken from her own. Dr. Darwin said he would "consult his pillow about it," but the next day resigned all thoughts of the experiment, and determined instead to order a peculiar diet for his patient under which she gradually recovered. Miss Seward's mother died in 1780, and her father ten years later. She then inherited an easy and independent fortune. In 1799 she published a collection of her Sonnets. In 1804 Dr. Darwin died, and Miss Seward soon afterwards published the memoirs of her early friend. The book is certainly entertaining, though its style is inflated and fantastic. In the autumn of 1807 Miss Seward was assailed by a scorbutic disorder which produced a degree of irritation that made sleep a rare refreshment. Her strength gradually declined. She died on the 23rd of March, 1809. She left to her friend, Sir Walter Scott, the charge of a collection of her juvenile letters from 1762 to 1768, for publication, together with all her poems carefully revised and prepared for a new edition. Twelve quarto manuscript volumes of her letters from the year 1784 to the last year of her life she left to Mr. A. Constable, the bookseller, who published them in six volumes post octavo.

Miss Seward's poetry is sometimes florid and affected, and a great deal more attention seems paid to the expression than to the sentiments. She was, however, greatly admired in her day. Her letters are the most artificial compositions in the language; but though elaborate and pompous they are never dull. They are full of literary anecdotes and ingenious criticisms. Her notices of the productions of her own friends are sometimes much too laudatory, but this is an error that leans to virtue's side. She was utterly free from envy or malice, and was always ready to acknowledge merit even in a foe. "Believing" says Mr. Southey (in his preface to Madoc in the last collected edition of his poems), "that the more Miss Seward was known the more she would have been esteemed and admired, I bear a willing testimony to her accomplishments and her genius, to her generous disposition, her frankness, her sincerity and warmth of heart."

Miss Seward was celebrated for her powers of recitation, and used to delight her friends with reading to them her favorite poets, particularly Shakespeare and Milton.

JOHN KEATS.

John Keats was born in London, Oct. the 29th, 1796, at a livery stable of which his grandfather was the proprietor. He received his education at Enfield. His master's son, Charles Cowden Clarke (the editor of the "Riches of Chaucer") understood and appreciated the young poet's genius, and introduced him to Leigh Hunt, who with a generous zeal ushered his productions to the world through the medium of the *Examiner* newspaper. But this act of affectionate enthusiasm, though it did honor to Hunt's feelings, was injurious to the interests of his friend, for political feeling then ran into such excesses that a public writer was not only himself a prey to the hounds of party, but brought down the fiercest hostility upon all his acknowledged friends. Praise in a whig paper was fatal to a man's literary pretensions with the Government critics. The *Quarterly Review* gave a most contemptuous notice of his *Endymion*, which Leigh Hunt justly styled, "a wilderness of sweets." The *Quarterly Reviewer*, "honestly confessed that he had not read

the book," which he so unmercifully condemned. He found it impossible, he said, to get beyond the first of the four books of which Endymion consists. Keats at the time of the appearance of this criticism was suffering from the shock he had received in the loss of a brother, whose death-bed he had attended with affectionate assiduity when he stood in need of a nurse himself. He was a seven months' child, and was sickly and feeble from his infancy. The disease which brought him to an early grave was already preying upon his fragile body, and the cruelly insulting tone of the *Quarterly*, with the check that it gave to his trembling but eager hope of fame, tended to increase that melancholy excitement which his already shattered nerves were so ill fitted to support. He soon felt that his life was to be a brief and sad one. About the same time a disappointment in love, which is obscurely alluded to by his biographers, entirely overwhelmed him. He told a friend with tears in his eyes that, "his heart was breaking." He was advised to try a change of climate, and in 1820 he went first to Naples and then to Rome, accompanied by Mr. Severn, an artist of considerable ability, and, what is better, a most amiable and generous friend, who attended him like a brother. He suffered much pain, grew daily weaker, and began to sigh for death as a relief from misery. He was conscious that the light of life was fluttering in the socket and that it would soon be extinguished. He used to watch the countenance of the physician for the anxiously expected sentence. He said just before he died that, he "felt the daisies growing over him." On the 24th of February, 1821, he drew his last breath in a world which he was so well fitted to enjoy, and over which his fine imagination and his love of the true and the beautiful might have thrown the noblest enchantments of the Muse had his life been spared. His poetry was the production of a genius prolific and powerful, but immature and inexperienced, and rather, as he himself described his *Endymion*, a feverish attempt than a deed accomplished. But English poetical literature does not afford an instance of higher promise in so young a poet. In his fragment of *Hyperion* there are passages of almost Miltonic grandeur. What such a genius might have performed had he enjoyed a long and healthy career, it is not easy to say; but it would have surprised no discriminating critic had he taken a station amongst the mightiest spirits of our land. He was gifted with a singularly rich imagination and a sensibility, "tremblingly alive to each fine impulse." He carried his pure and beautiful abstractions into his daily life and saw

"Such sights as youthful poets dream."

He was not a poet by fits and starts only, but at all times and seasons. The enthusiasm and sensibility of his nature were never for a moment subdued or blunted by the world. His friend, Leigh Hunt, tells us, that at the recital of a noble action or at a beautiful thought, his eyes, which were large, dark and sensitive would suffuse with tears, while his lips trembled. He was laid in the Protestant burial ground at Rome, where the following year the remains of Shelley, who at the time of his death had a volume of Keats's poetry in his pocket, were placed beside him. The unhappy young poet with a bitter feeling of disappointment at the manner in which the world had received the effusions of his genius, requested just before his death, that his friends should inscribe upon his tomb, "*Here lies one whose name was writ in water*," and they mournfully obeyed his last injunction.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

Percy Bysshe Shelley was born at Fieldplace, in the county of Surrey on the 4th of August, 1792. He was the eldest son of Sir Thomas Shelley, Bart. of Castle-Goring. At the age of thirteen he was sent to Eton. At sixteen he published two novels, the *Rosicrusian*, and *Zasterozzi*. Two years afterwards he was removed to the University of Oxford. He here gave some trouble to his teachers by his turn for inquiry into difficult questions, and the audacity of his logic. That in the presumption of youth and inexperience he arrived at absurd conclusions on subjects that have puzzled older heads is not to be denied, but instead of attempting gently and wisely to extricate him from his errors his masters expelled him from the University, and young Shelley deemed such violence and severity a clear acknowledgment of their inability to meet his arguments. The immediate cause of his expulsion was his having printed a dissertation on the being of a God, in which he is said to have spoken with contempt of the vulgar notions of his attributes, though he by no means denied the existence of an all-ruling power. After leaving Oxford he met with Godwin's "Political Justice," which he read with extreme delight. At seventeen or eighteen he wrote his Queen Mab, a publication which he lived to repent. About the same time he married a Miss Harriette Westbrooke, a lovely girl, but of humble birth and limited education. She was the daughter of a Coffee-House keeper who had made money and retired from business. Shel-

ley's father was so vexed at the match, that he would have no further communication with his son, but the father of the lady allowed the young pair two hundred pounds per annum, with which they went first to Scotland and then to Ireland. He had two children by this marriage, a son and a daughter, and both were forcibly taken from their parents by Lord Chancellor Eldon, on account of the unorthodox opinions of the father in matters of religion. The boy died early. It was altogether an imprudent and unhappy marriage, and the parties soon separated by mutual consent. Not long after, he received intelligence that his wife had committed suicide, and he exhibited extreme emotion on the occasion. His second wife was the daughter of the celebrated William Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft, authoress of the *Rights of Women*. He now retired to Great Marlow in Buckinghamshire where he composed his *Revolt of Islam*. In 1817 he went to Italy where he became acquainted with Lord Byron. On the 8th of July, 1822, he was drowned in a storm on the Genoese coast. His widow has done justice to the memory of her highly gifted husband by the eloquence and fervour of her descriptions of his personal character. She is now publishing an elegant edition of his works*.

Though Shelley's opinions on some of the most important subjects that can interest humanity were such as are not likely to meet the approbation of mankind, his errors were all of the head, and left his heart unsullied. His political speculations were extravagant and visionary. But it is agreed by all who knew him that he was one of the most generous and amiable men that ever lived. He was so perfectly disinterested that Lord Byron, with reference to his brave and generous conduct in some dangerous scuffle, wondered upon what principle a man could be induced to prefer any other person's life to his own in the way that Shelley had done. He was so truly charitable that he not only gave his money but his time and toil to those who needed them. He took a genuine delight in doing good. He had not the faith of a Christian, but it was consistent with his nature to act like one.

As a poet, Shelley is distinguished for the extraordinary splendour of his imagination. There is, however, too much glare and confusion in his dream-like magnificence. His poems are fragmental and chaotic, and there is a dazzling obscurity about them that will probably prevent their ever finding a way to the general heart. Now and then indeed, when he throws aside his glittering veil of ornament, he discloses a nature of the most profound and passionate tenderness. Had he lived longer he might have somewhat subdued his style and aimed more at truth and simplicity.

Shelley had vast genius, but his mind was in some degree unsound. His faculties were not well balanced. To use the jargon of the phrenologists, his *bump* of reason was very small, compared with that of ideality. He was deficient too in taste and judgment, even as a poet. He was rich in the materials of his art, but he did not know how to turn them to a good account. His muse was a fine lady over-ornamented with ill-arranged jewels. There is a want of repose and keeping in his poetry. His admirers cannot lay their hands on a single poem that is not studded with beauties as thickly as the stars in heaven, but like those stars they shine out from the dark. They are in strong contrast with deep shades of error. If his beauties are numerous, they are not more so than his defects. He is generally unhappy in his choice of subjects or in his mode of treating them. The least imperfect and most equal of his works, the tragedy of *Cenci*, is exceedingly repulsive from the nature of the story. It is strange that the writer could expect such a production to gain an entrance into domestic circles. Swift had an unnatural craving after filthy subjects, and Shelley had an equally unnatural leaning towards such as are morally repulsive. It is impossible, therefore, that he should ever become a popular poet, unless a very great change (and one by no means for the better) should take place in the moral tone of society. But this is not the only bar to his success. His imagination was magnificently fertile; but he was singularly defective in those powers which might have given direction, consistency and completeness to his fitful, fragmentary and gorgeous visions. His poems are all imperfect. His inspiration was convulsive—not continuous. One verse is a miracle of genius—the next almost any wretched poetaster might have written. In one line we have a flash of ethereal light, in another "chaos is come again." From no poet could there be selected single lines or brief unconnected passages of such startling and surpassing beauty, but it really cannot be said that there is a single one of his poems which has not some strange defect in it. One of the most beautiful of his short pieces, is the "Lines written in dejection in the Bay

* She is the Authoress of a novel entitled *The Last Man*.

of Naples." Some of the lines are exquisitely pathetic and melodious but others are harsh and unintelligible. The last stanza is a perfect riddle. There is no fault so injurious to the success of a poem as obscurity. The reader is soon disgusted with the labor of discovering hidden meanings. Poetry is addressed to the general heart. Its first object is pleasure (though indirect instruction ought to follow), and nothing is more calculated to injure its effect, than a want of clearness and simplicity. With all his high genius, Shelley has little chance of immortality on earth. If he had struck out from his poems all that was far-fetched, extravagant and obscure, and shaped them into works of more completeness, he would have left us less than one-fourth of the quantity ; but *that* small portion would have lived for ever! It is a truism that requires frequent repetition in this day, when voluminousness is mistaken for power, that the *quality* and not the *quantity* of any production is the test of its value. Too many of the writers of the present age are cursed with a fatal facility. They cannot reduce their excrescences. It is like cutting off their flesh. But if even the greatest of living poets, William Wordsworth, were judiciously to reduce his works to one-half of their present extent, his loss would be a gain. The poets of the present day seem to think, that whatever is written easily must be easily read, and that whatever is once born of the brain, has as much right to live, as the offspring of the body.

LORD BYRON.

George Gordon Byron was born in Holles Street, London, on the 22nd of January, 1788. He was the grandson of the celebrated Admiral Byron and succeeded his grand uncle, William Lord Byron, in 1798. His father, Captain Byron, was an irregular and profligate character, who married Miss Catherine Gordon, the mother of the poet, merely for her money, which, though it amounted to 23,500l. he wasted in two years, at the end of which she found herself in possession of only 150l. per annum. After reducing even this small annuity by his extortions he went abroad and died in 1791 to the great relief of all who were connected with him. Young Byron received his first education in Scotland, but in his eleventh year his mother took him to Newstead Abbey (in England) the seat of his ancestors. The Earl of Carlisle was appointed by the Court of Chancery, the guardian of the little lord, and as Mrs. Byron was still in great pecuniary difficulties, and her son being a minor could not assist her, she petitioned the government and received a pension of 300*l.* per annum.. In 1801 Lord Byron was sent to school at Harrow on the Hill, where he was under the charge of Dr. Drury. In 1805 he was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, and two years afterwards published his first volume of poems entitled " Hours of Idleness." The book was so severely ridiculed in the *Edinburgh Review* that the proud and passionate young poet was for some time distracted with rage and indignation until he relieved his spleen by the production of his celebrated Satire entitled *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.* But neither this satire (though by no means deficient in force and spirit) nor his volume of juvenile poems, gave the world a just idea of his dawning genius. It was not till the appearance of his *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, the first two cantos of which were published in March, 1812, that he gave full indication of his great powers. The impression this work created was strong and general. It was evident that a true and vigorous poet was commencing his career. It was with reference to the splendid success of this production that Lord Byron said, " I awoke one morning, and found myself famous." After the publication of the second and revised edition of his satire he left London (June, 1809), and in about a fortnight after sailed for Lisbon, from whence he proceeded on those further travels which he has rendered so memorable by his descriptions and allusions in Childe Harold. In the middle of the year 1811 he returned to England, having laid in a rich store of poetical imagery during his two years wanderings amidst romantic scenes. Soon after his arrival he was anxious to publish a dull paraphrase of Horace's Art of Poetry, under the title of Hints from Horace, which he showed to his friend Mr. Dallas, who saw but little merit in it. Immediately afterwards Lord Byron gave him the perusal of the first two cantos of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, with which he was so enraptured that he assured Lord Byron its appearance would at once secure him a splendid poetical reputation. His Lordship however, deemed the Pilgrimage a worthless poem, while he contended for the superior merit of the Hints from Horace.

He had not yet visited his mother since his return from his travels, and on receiving a notice that she was dangerously ill he hurried to Newstead, but was

too late to see her before she had breathed her last. She was a vulgar and eccentric woman, and a very bad example for her son. She was subject to outrageous fits of passion, and when Lord Byron provoked her would fling at his head any thing within her reach. He had sometimes a narrow escape from such missiles as a poker and tongs. Lord Byron was born with a club foot, a circumstance which gave him more mortification and misery than is easily conceived by men of less pride and more philosophy. Walter Scott had a similar deformity, but it never soured his temper nor diminished his happiness. In her irrepressible rages Mrs. Byron used to call her son a *lame brat*, an expression that went like a shot into his heart. On the 2nd of January 1815 he was married to Miss Milbanke. It was an unfortunate connection, for they were by no means well suited to each other. The immediate cause of their separation a year after their marriage remains, and perhaps ever will remain, a mystery, notwithstanding the many public controversies upon the subject. Lord Byron does not seem to have been at any time really in love with her, and he never entirely forgot a boyish and unrequited passion for a Miss Chaworth, to whom he alludes in the beautiful blank-verse poem of *The Dream*. He now felt himself so lonely and wretched that he resolved to quit his native land for ever, and seek consolation in foreign travel. On the 25th of April 1816 he sailed for Ostend, and never saw England again. His course may be traced in the third and fourth Cantos of Childe Harold. At Geneva he became acquainted with Shelley with whom he contracted an intimate and cordial friendship. In 1823 he invited Leigh Hunt out to Italy, and requested him to join himself and Shelley in a periodical publication to be entitled *The Liberal*. Hunt accepted the invitation. The materials of the work were transmitted to London, and there published; but it was not a very successful speculation. In 1824 his love of liberty and his old classical associations induced him to prepare himself to take an active part in assisting the Greeks in their struggles for independence. He was about to add martial glory to his poetical fame when, after a few days illness, he died at Missolonghi on the 19th of April, 1824.

The personal character of Lord Byron was a strange compound of good and evil. He was proud, passionate and moody, but he was also warm-hearted, generous and brave. He was hypocritical from a horror of hypocrisy, for he was so disgusted with all attempts in other men to seem better than they are, that he ran into the opposite extreme and endeavored to make a sensation by blackening his own character. His poetical works, which are voluminous considering the shortness of his life, are characterised by unrivalled force of passion and energy of expression. His tragedies are full of noble declamation and passages of true poetry, but they are not essentially dramatic. Byron was an egotist in poetry and rarely went out of his own character. All his heroes are but Lord Byron himself in changes of costume and position. There are most spirited and admirable descriptions in all his poems, and in Don Juan there is not only a wonderful store of wit and humour and sagacious observations upon human life, but occasional passages of sublimity and tenderness which have rarely been excelled. Such was the extraordinary popularity of his poems on their first appearance that no less than 14,000 copies of the *Corsair* were sold in one day. His warmest admirers, however, must now regret the immoral tone of his productions, and wish that he had viewed man and nature in a more cheerful light.

Since the death of Lord Byron, the poetry that discolours life and nature with the hues of morbid passion has lost much of its attraction for general readers. It is no longer fashionable. Even before his powerful muse was silenced for ever, the public mind was almost satiated with his melodramatic horrors; and his grand and gloomy egotism became every day less impressive. People were tired of seeing the same actor in so many different scenes, as they recognized in a moment his individual tone and aspect under every disguise. He had little invention—little dramatic genius—and was therefore compelled on all occasions to delineate his own sombre character. His eloquent mysanthropy and his disdainful pride produced at first a powerful effect from their novelty and boldness, but, latterly nothing but the force and animation of his style enabled him to retain his influence over the public mind. It became thoroughly understood that it was in vain to expect any absolutely new creations from the mint of Byron's fancy. His own lordly physiognomy was stamped on every coin. But this uniformity of style and barrenness of invention were forgiven him on account of his impassioned sensibility and his incomparable energy of expression. He had always ready at his command "the thoughts that breathe and the words that burn." His concentration, his force, and his perspicuity, were qualities that rendered him acceptable to all classes of readers. The same degree

of Naples." Some of the lines are exquisitely pathetic and melodious but others are harsh and unintelligible. The last stanza is a perfect riddle. There is no fault so injurious to the success of a poem as obscurity. The reader is soon disgusted with the labor of discovering hidden meanings. Poetry is addressed to the general heart. Its first object is pleasure (though indirect instruction ought to follow), and nothing is more calculated to injure its effect, than a want of clearness and simplicity. With all his high genius, Shelley has little chance of immortality on earth. If he had struck out from his poems all that was far-fetched, extravagant and obscure, and shaped them into works of more completeness, he would have left us less than one-fourth of the quantity ; but *that* small portion would have lived for ever! It is a truism that requires frequent repetition in this day, when voluminousness is mistaken for power, that the *quality* and not the *quantity* of any production is the test of its value. Too many of the writers of the present age are cursed with a fatal facility. They cannot reduce their excrescences. It is like cutting off their flesh. But if even the greatest of living poets, William Wordsworth, were judiciously to reduce his works to one-half of their present extent, his loss would be a gain. The poets of the present day seem to think, that whatever is written easily must be easily read, and that whatever is once born of the brain, has as much right to live, as the offspring of the body.

LORD BYRON.

George Gordon Byron was born in Holles Street, London, on the 22nd of January, 1788. He was the grandson of the celebrated Admiral Byron and succeeded his grand uncle, William Lord Byron, in 1798. His father, Captain Byron, was an irregular and profligate character, who married Miss Catherine Gordon, the mother of the poet, merely for her money, which, though it amounted to 23,500*l.* he wasted in two years, at the end of which she found herself in possession of only 150*l.* per annum. After reducing even this small annuity by his extortions he went abroad and died in 1791 to the great relief of all who were connected with him. Young Byron received his first education in Scotland, but in his eleventh year his mother took him to Newstead Abbey (in England) the seat of his ancestors. The Earl of Carlisle was appointed by the Court of Chancery, the guardian of the little lord, and as Mrs. Byron was still in great pecuniary difficulties, and her son being a minor could not assist her, she petitioned the government and received a pension of 300*l.* per annum. In 1801 Lord Byron was sent to school at Harrow on the Hill, where he was under the charge of Dr. Drury. In 1805 he was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, and two years afterwards published his first volume of poems entitled " Hours of Idleness." The book was so severely ridiculed in the *Edinburgh Review* that the proud and passionate young poet was for some time distracted with rage and indignation until he relieved his spleen by the production of his celebrated Satire entitled *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.* But neither this satire (though by no means deficient in force and spirit) nor his volume of juvenile poems, gave the world a just idea of his dawning genius. It was not till the appearance of his *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, the first two cantos of which were published in March, 1812, that he gave full indication of his great powers. The impression this work created was strong and general. It was evident that a true and vigorous poet was commencing his career. It was with reference to the splendid success of this production that Lord Byron said, " I awoke one morning, and found myself famous." After the publication of the second and revised edition of his satire he left London (June, 1809), and in about a fortnight after sailed for Lisbon, from whence he proceeded on those further travels which he has rendered so memorable by his descriptions and allusions in Childe Harold. In the middle of the year 1811 he returned to England, having laid in a rich store of poetical imagery during his two years wanderings amidst romantic scenes. Soon after his arrival he was anxious to publish a dull paraphrase of Horace's Art of Poetry, under the title of Hints from Horace, which he showed to his friend Mr. Dallas, who saw but little merit in it. Immediately afterwards Lord Byron gave him the perusal of the first two cantos of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, with which he was so enraptured that he assured Lord Byron its appearance would at once secure him a splendid poetical reputation. His Lordship however, deemed the Pilgrimage a worthless poem, while he contended for the superior merit of the Hints from Horace.

He had not yet visited his mother since his return from his travels, and on receiving a notice that she was dangerously ill he hurried to Newstead, but was

too late to see her before she had breathed her last. She was a vulgar and eccentric woman, and a very bad example for her son. She was subject to outrageous fits of passion, and when Lord Byron provoked her would fling at his head any thing within her reach. He had sometimes a narrow escape from such missiles as a poker and tongs. Lord Byron was born with a club foot, a circumstance which gave him more mortification and misery than is easily conceived by men of less pride and more philosophy. Walter Scott had a similar deformity, but it never soured his temper nor diminished his happiness. In her irrepressible rages Mrs. Byron used to call her son a *lame brat*, an expression that went like a shot into his heart. On the 2nd of January 1815 he was married to Miss Milbanke. It was an unfortunate connection, for they were by no means well suited to each other. The immediate cause of their separation a year after their marriage remains, and perhaps ever will remain, a mystery, notwithstanding the many public controversies upon the subject. Lord Byron does not seem to have been at any time really in love with her, and he never entirely forgot a boyish and unrequited passion for a Miss Chaworth, to whom he alludes in the beautiful blank-verse poem of *The Dream*. He now felt himself so lonely and wretched that he resolved to quit his native land for ever, and seek consolation in foreign travel. On the 25th of April 1816 he sailed for Ostend, and never saw England again. His course may be traced in the third and fourth Cantos of Childe Harold. At Geneva he became acquainted with Shelley with whom he contracted an intimate and cordial friendship. In 1823 he invited Leigh Hunt out to Italy, and requested him to join himself and Shelley in a periodical publication to be entitled *The Liberal*. Hunt accepted the invitation. The materials of the work were transmitted to London, and there published; but it was not a very successful speculation. In 1824 his love of liberty and his old classical associations induced him to prepare himself to take an active part in assisting the Greeks in their struggles for independence. He was about to add martial glory to his poetical fame when, after a few days illness, he died at Missolonghi on the 19th of April, 1824.

The personal character of Lord Byron was a strange compound of good and evil. He was proud, passionate and moody, but he was also warm-hearted, generous and brave. He was hypocritical from a horror of hypocrisy, for he was so disgusted with all attempts in other men to seem better than they are, that he ran into the opposite extreme and endeavored to make a sensation by blackening his own character. His poetical works, which are voluminous considering the shortness of his life, are characterised by unrivalled force of passion and energy of expression. His tragedies are full of noble declamation and passages of true poetry, but they are not essentially dramatic. Byron was an egotist in poetry and rarely went out of his own character. All his heroes are but Lord Byron himself in changes of costume and position. There are most spirited and admirable descriptions in all his poems, and in Don Juan there is not only a wonderful store of wit and humour and sagacious observations upon human life, but occasional passages of sublimity and tenderness which have rarely been excelled. Such was the extraordinary popularity of his poems on their first appearance that no less than 14,000 copies of the *Corsair* were sold in one day. His warmest admirers, however, must now regret the immoral tone of his productions, and wish that he had viewed man and nature in a more cheerful light.

Since the death of Lord Byron, the poetry that discolours life and nature with the hues of morbid passion has lost much of its attraction for general readers. It is no longer fashionable. Even before his powerful muse was silenced for ever, the public mind was almost satiated with his melodramatic horrors; and his grand and gloomy egotism became every day less impressive. People were tired of seeing the same actor in so many different scenes, as they recognized in a moment his individual tone and aspect under every disguise. He had little invention—little dramatic genius—and was therefore compelled on all occasions to delineate his own sombre character. His eloquent mysanthropy and his disdainful pride produced at first a powerful effect from their novelty and boldness, but, latterly nothing but the force and animation of his style enabled him to retain his influence over the public mind. It became thoroughly understood that it was in vain to expect any absolutely new creations from the mint of Byron's fancy. His own lordly physiognomy was stamped on every coin. But this uniformity of style and barrenness of invention were forgiven him on account of his impassioned sensibility and his incomparable energy of expression. He had always ready at his command "the thoughts that breathe and the words that burn." His concentration, his force, and his perspicuity, were qualities that rendered him acceptable to all classes of readers. The same degree

of egotism and the same monotony of style and subject in a feebler writer, would hardly have been tolerated for a day. But genuine intellectual power, however ill-directed, must always secure the attention of mankind. It may be feared or hated, but it cannot be despised.

It may be prophecied with perfect safety, that the poetry of Lord Byron, though it will probably be much less highly esteemed by posterity than it was by his contemporaries, will never be neglected or forgotten.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Sir Walter Scott was descended from one of the most ancient families of Scotland. He was born at Edinburgh, August 15th, 1771. His father was an eminent writer to the signet at Edinburgh. His mother had a taste for poetry and elegant literature and used to direct his reading amongst the best authors in the English language. The book that gave him the greatest delight was Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, which is generally a favorite with imaginative minds especially in youth. When he was only eighteen months old he was seized with a severe fever occasioned by the cutting of some large teeth, and on the fourth day when his attendants prepared to bathe him, they discovered that he had lost the power of his right leg. An odd remedy was suggested and adopted. He was stripped and swathed up in the skin of a sheep as it was flayed from the warm carcass of the animal immediately it was butchered. This treatment was of course inefficient, and the poet continued lame all his life, but the affliction never darkened his mind or soured his temper which was always remarkably cheerful and serene. His disposition in childhood was so amiable that he was a favorite wherever he went, and the ardour of his troops of friends in after life is a proof that the cares of the world had not injured the original sweetness of his nature. At school he gave no promise of future intellectual excellence, but on the contrary was pronounced a *blockhead* by one of his masters, and told by another (Professor Dalzel of Edinburgh) that, "*dunce he was, and dunce he would remain.*" It has been said that Dr. Blair discerned through "the thick scull of young Scott many bright rays of future genius," but we have the poet's own contradiction of the story. Schoolmasters are generally very bad judges of the intellectual character of their pupils. They are apt to measure a boy's natural powers by his industry or acquirements alone; not remembering how often the first boy in a school turns out a dull man in the world, while many a youth who has been impatient of

"The drilled, dull lesson, forced down word by word,"

has astonished, delighted and improved his fellow-creatures with the splendour and fertility of his genius. Mere idleness is often mistaken for incapacity, and a close application for original mental power. The exertions of the memory also are too highly rated. It requires extreme sagacity to discover the real character of a boy's mind, which is sometimes more clearly developed in a casual remark than in an ostentatious display of scholastic acquisitions. But even an early quickness of intellect is not a surer indication of future eminence, than extraordinary advance in school-learning, whether the result of dogged labour or a retentive memory; and we often find a certain sprightliness in boyhood followed by dullness and stupidity in maturer life, while the sluggish youth becomes a brilliant man. The human mind is like an April day: the dawn is exceedingly deceitful. These considerations may console the friends of apparently slow and unsuccessful students who should never be disheartened by the difficulty they feel in keeping pace with their school-fellows. And certainly no master is justified in teaching a boy to despair of improving himself by pronouncing him a fool. Walter Scott was educated first at the high school and subsequently at the University of Edinburgh. In 1785-6 he entered into indentures with his father, and beheld "the dry and barren wilderness of forms and conveyances." In 1792 when he was hardly 21 years of age, he was admitted an advocate of the Scotch bar. When he had been about six years toiling in his profession he married Miss Carpenter, and in the following year was appointed Sheriff-Depute of the county of Selkirk. In 1806 he was named one of the principal Clerks of the Session in Scotland. He also came into the possession of a considerable property on the death of his father, and was enabled to escape the drudgery of his profession and devote his leisure to the indulgence of his literary tastes. His first publication consisted of some translations of German ballads. In 1802 he published his Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, a work of great interest to poetical antiquaries. His numerous poems then followed in rapid succession and acquired extraordinary popularity. The first of his series of novels, so wonderfully rich and varied, was published in 1814. He carefully kept the secret of their authorship until the year 1827, and the

mystery that was thus attached to them increased the interest excited by their rare intrinsic merit. In the same year he published his life of Napoleon Buonaparte which was written hastily and carelessly. The work rather injured his reputation. The failure of his publishers, Messrs. Constable and Co. in whose business he had taken a large share, involved him about this time in such pecuniary difficulties that he was obliged to put his powers of literary labour to the utmost stretch with a view of settling with his creditors and extricating himself from his heavy debts. The last of his novels, Count Robert of Paris, and Castle Dangerous, were published in 1831, and they are so inferior to all his former works as to afford a melancholy instance of noble powers exhausted by toil, anxiety and disease. During this year, he had already suffered two paralytic strokes and was growing daily weaker. He spoke indistinctly and his memory failed him. In compliance with the wishes of his medical friends he prepared himself for a visit to Naples, and the Government on hearing of his intention, with a truly graceful feeling of sympathy and respect, placed a Frigate at his disposal for the voyage. Before he left Abbotsford he received a visit from Wordsworth whom he greatly esteemed as a friend and reverenced as a poet. On the 20th of September 1831 Sir Walter Scott arrived in London, where he was welcomed with the utmost distinction. On the 29th of the following month he was received on board the Frigate, the First Lord of the Admiralty, Sir James Graham, and the Secretary, Sir John Barrow, having both previously appeared in person to see that his wishes and his comforts had been in every respect attended to. Every possible honor was lavished on him by all the Government officers. On the 17th of December he reached Naples. He returned to London on June the 13th of the following year with all the signs of approaching death. He could no longer sustain any conversation and sunk into sleep or delirious stupor after the slightest exertion. The Government heard a rumour that Sir Walter Scott's mind was still harassed by a consideration of his debts, and it was immediately intimated to his friends that his family had only to mention the amount and that it would be instantly advanced by the treasury. The report was incorrect, but the ready generosity of the Government deserves to be recorded. On the 11th of July he was lifted into a carriage, where he lay long in a torpid state, and taken back to his own dear native land, which in his lucid moments he was so impatient to re-visit. When he came in sight of Abbotsford his excitement was excessive and his companions found it difficult to keep him in the carriage. For a day or two after his arrival he seemed to cheer up a little and fancy that he was better. He was one day carried into his study, where he told his family to leave him by himself; but he could not close his fingers on the pen, which dropped upon the paper, and at this last vain effort to return to his old employment he sank back upon the pillow of his chair, while the tears rolled down his cheeks. He lingered on for a few weeks more, and on the 21st of December (1832) he expired in the presence of his sons.

Sir Walter Scott was one of the most amiable of men, and stands unrivalled as a writer of prose fiction. His poetry owes most of its attraction to spirited description and romantic narrative. It is not the poetry that *poets* love, and its popularity even with the mass of readers is already on the wane. But his novels are truly wonderful and delightful productions, and will always be read with undiminished interest by all classes of readers.

Bulwer maintains, that Scott is greater as a poet than as a novelist. There will not be many converts to this very singular creed. Scott was without all question the greatest Romance writer of his time, but he was far behind many of his contemporaries in poetical genius. The sun of Byron had scarcely risen above the horizon before the lesser light of Scott grew dim in the eyes of all men. The noble poet greatly surpassed him even in the vulgar art of obtaining a certain kind of popularity amongst unpoetical readers by melodramatic tales in metre, which are so often greedily devoured by persons who are utterly blind or indifferent to the poetical beauties, by which they may be illustrated or accompanied. Neither Scott nor Byron were remarkable for the higher poetical endowments which are most appreciated by those who care little for that part of the machinery of a poem which could be transferred without essential injury to a prose fiction; but assuredly the noble bard exhibited a larger share of these qualities in his writings than Sir Walter. If we were to take away from any one of the latter's poems the mere story, it would be bare indeed. A few descriptions would still remain, but even these are little better than meret ranscripts—they have more of the accuracy of detail than the glow of imagination. There is a want of thought as well as of imagination in Scott's poetry, and this is the reason that it is so rarely quoted. His diction is prosaic and common-place. His words never glitter with the dews of Castalie. No British poet ever wrote so much and obtained such extensive

popularity, with so little permanent effect upon the language. Wordsworth, who is still an unpopular poet, has yet rendered many of his admirable lines familiar as household words. They have become so blended with the language, and the thoughts also, of our best public writers, that they are often repeated by persons who never opened a volume of his works. With respect even to the personages of Scott's Romances in metre, there is not one that has made any lasting impression upon the public mind. They are not psychological portraits, but rude though characteristic sketches of certain picturesque and romantic looking beings of a picturesque and romantic country and period. The poet has done little more than versify the ancient annals of his own land, and when he has left his old worm-eaten prose materials, he has fallen into the error of raising up associations that are incongruous with his subject. He jumbles old things with new. His style is the modern antique. His manner and his matter are often in startling contrast. No poet of half his eminence and real merit, has resorted so liberally to the use of the vulgar claptraps and little arts of ordinary poetasters. Sir Walter Scott's mind was not essentially poetical, and we see this not only in his writings but in his life. But that he had great powers of some kind or other, does not admit of a moment's question. His faculties were too vigorous, and his judgment too sound to have suffered him to fail egregiously in any task that he might choose to undertake, however much opposed to his natural bent. His metrical Romances, therefore, though in many respects defective, considered in the light of mere poems, were successful as far as immediate sale and a temporary popularity were the desired objects, because there was a charm in the antiquity-grown-new-again of his subjects, and there was spirit and vigour in the execution; but no man who has carefully watched the progress of the literature of the present day, can pretend that Scott's writings in verse have not ceased to be the favorites even of the mob of readers. He never was a poet's poet, and never will be; and he himself, with that self-knowledge which is always indicative of a superior understanding, has on more than one occasion expressed his firm conviction, that his poetry did not owe its transient popularity to any great intrinsic excellence, or to any quality that was likely to secure it a long existence. A true poet would never have had this misgiving. Wordsworth has preserved unimpaired the strong consciousness of poetical genius through evil and through good report, and feels that he can calmly await his time. He has realized Dr. Johnson's finely expressed conception respecting the quiet confidence of Milton. "Fancy," (says the most eloquent and interesting of the biographers of our poets, though not *always* their best critic,) "can hardly forbear to conjecture with what temper Milton surveyed the silent progress of his work, and marked its reputation, stealing its way in a kind of subterraneous current through fear and silence. I cannot but conceive him calm and confident, little disappointed, not at all dejected, relying on his own consciousness, and waiting without impatience, the vicissitudes of opinion and the impartiality of a future generation."

Sir Walter Scott's real strength lay in the line to which he eventually adhered—*the prose romance*. It was here that he stood alone. Nothing in ancient or modern literature is to be compared to his exquisite prose fictions, considered as romances. Fielding was a greater *novelist*—and a profounder artist. His *Tom Jones* is a prose epic, and all his novels show that he had a far deeper insight into human character than Sir Walter Scott; but his successor is infinitely more picturesque in his descriptions, and has more genuine pathos, and exhibits a far greater delicacy of mind. The purest hearted readers find nothing to disgust them in the pages of Scott, but there is a coarseness and worldliness in Fielding, and a turn for low and licentious excitement that almost justifies Richardsons's bitter sarcasm, that he writes as if he had been bred in a stable-yard, though it was mean and indelicate in the author of *Sir Charles Grandison* to insult Fielding's sister with such an observation. Perhaps Fielding's most indecent scenes are not more offensive to a pure imagination than Richardson's own account of Pamela's escapes from her master's persecution, and the cool calculating spirit in which she made so advantageous a bargain for the surrender of her person. The most just and discriminative criticism that has yet been published upon the literary character of Sir Walter Scott, is beyond all comparison the critique on Lockhart's book in the *Westminster Review* by Thomas Carlyle. Such a truly philosophical analysis of a writer's genius is rare in these days, when periodical criticism is, (speaking generally,) so shallow or so partial, is so much the mere echo of vulgar opinion, or so much the suggestion of party spirit or personal prejudice, and goes to such extremes of censure and laudation, that readers of any sagacity have ceased to place much confidence in its decisions.

Amongst others, Mr. Atherstone, the author of "Nineveh," has designated Scott, the Scottish Shakespeare. One is almost tempted on occasions

of this nature to imitate the sarcasm of Coleridge, who on being told, that Klopstock was styled the German Milton, exclaimed, "a *very German* Milton indeed!" The Scotch are too fond of these inconsiderate and extravagant comparisons. They call Joanna Baillie the Female Shakespeare. She is undoubtedly an admirable writer, but not a Shakespeare! Shakespeares are not quite so common. Nature has not produced such a miracle of genius in every age, nor in every country. It is doing a positive injury to the reputation of any modern writer to compare him with the mighty prince of Dramatists; and no one could have been more sensible of the vast inequality of genius between the author of Macbeth, Lear, Hamlet and Othello, and the author of the Lay of the Last Minstrel, Marmion, the Lady of the Lake, and the celebrated Scottish prose romances, than Sir Walter Scott himself. He must have been unaffectedly shocked at such critical blasphemy. His sound and modest mind had taken a just measure of its own powers. It is difficult to imagine any thing more honorably characteristic of his frank and manly spirit than his lively sense of the higher poetical genius of many of his contemporaries, at a time too when his own popularity was quite unrivalled. His own estimate of his poetical powers some twenty years ago, was a most prophetic anticipation of the general judgment of the present day. No critic who pretends to any discrimination and who is wholly unbiassed by national partialities, would now pretend for a moment to consider him the equal in *poetical* genius of William Wordsworth, of Shelley, or of Coleridge. Those of his countrymen who hold him up as a Scottish Shakespeare, do not say much for Scottish genius. The English never expect, perhaps never hope for a greater poet than their immortal dramatist, and they may well be contented with such a specimen of their national genius. But if our Northern neighbours are satisfied with Walter Scott, and think their country can never produce a greater poet, they do but little justice to their own nature. Robert Burns, *as a poet*, is infinitely superior to Walter Scott. Compared to the strong lines of the Ayrshire ploughman, the Baronet's octosyllabics are weak and common-place. The former was a truly inspired poet, and as one illustration of the genuineness of his genius, it is only necessary to observe, that his productions have so deeply entered into the hearts and minds of men, that many of his "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" are as familiar to us as the common air. But Scott's poetry is rarely quoted and still more rarely remembered. He has many fresh and animated descriptions in easy and flowing verse, but he has no intensity of passion or profundity of thought. He is deficient in *ideality*. He interests us in a rapid narrative, but we feel not the spiritual presence of the Muse, and we meet with no words steeped in Castalian dews, and colored like

"The golden exhalations of the dawn."

When his admirers point to his best passages, we see nothing but lively details:—no gleams of that "light which never was by sea or land"—no "thoughts that lie too deep for tears"—none of those sudden glimpses of our mysterious nature which flash upon the inward eye, and which when once reflected on the poet's page must live for ever. Many of the glorious lines of Wordsworth and Coleridge, have a charm for every mind that has a sense of poetical harmony and beauty, and which will shine for ever in "orient hues unborrowed of the sun." With respect to Scott's prose romances, they are undoubtedly the only true foundation of his fame. The Scotch may well be proud of their countryman as a writer of prose fiction. When he attempted history, as in his Life of Napoleon, or criticism, as in his editions of Dryden and Swift, he was an ordinary author, and had many superiors. It was as the magician, who at a single stroke of his wand separated the thick curtain of the past, and showed his countrymen their remote ancestors in their antique garments, that his powers were seen to their best advantage. He was great in fiction, but he was not great as a thinker. The characters in his Romances are admirable outlines, and exhibit the most faithful traits of a particular age or country; but they are not to be compared for an instant, with the wondrous delineations of humanity in the pages of the prince of dramatic poets. Shakespeare entered the innermost regions of the heart, and his representations of nature are not applicable to one age or country alone, but to all times and to the human race.

REV. GEORGE CRABBE.

George Crabbe was born at Aldborough, in Suffolk, on the 25th December, 1754. His father was an officer of the customs. The poet was the eldest of a family of six children, and as the father's income was narrow they were all called upon to make themselves useful. The boys, of whom there were four, often accompanied their father on his little fishing voyages, when his patience was tried by the awkwardness of the young poet. "That boy," he would say,

" must be a *fool*. John and Bob, and Will are all of some use about a boat, but what will that *thing* ever be good for*?" When very young he was sent for a short time to a school at Bungay, on the borders of Norfolk, and in his eleventh year he was placed at another establishment in the same country, under the charge of Mr. Richard Haddon. But Crabbe was almost self-educated, for his father soon took him from school and employed him in the warehouse on the quay at Haughden in the uncongenial drudgery of piling up cheese and butter. When he was fourteen years of age he was apprenticed to a surgeon and apothecary at a small village near Bury St. Edmunds. Three years after he was removed to a more eligible situation and concluded his apprenticeship with Mr. Page, a surgeon at Woodbridge. Here he became acquainted with a Miss Elmy, whom he ultimately married. He was now in his eighteenth year, and began to evince a decided literary turn. He contributed numerous verses to the Lady's Magazine and gained the prize offered by the proprietor of that periodical for a poem on Hope. Soon after this he published in a separate form a short piece entitled " Inebriety, a poem." Miss Elmy's passion for music induced him to learn to play on the flute, but after many painful efforts he gave it up in despair, for nature had given him a dull ear, and poetry was the only one of the fine arts for which he had any genuine relish. In 1775, having completed the term of apprenticeship, he returned to Aldborough, hoping to obtain the means of proceeding to London to complete his professional education. But his father's income was too scanty to afford him any efficient assistance, and for some time he was called upon, much against his will, and not without some indignant bursts of passion, to return to the humble and disagreeable labors of the warehouse. His father was a stern old man and made little allowance for the poet's delicacy. An acquaintance, a smart young surgeon from Woodbridge, came to see him, and was shocked to find him in the act of piling up butter casks in the dress of a common warehouseman. His father at last gave him a small sum of money and sent him to London to pick up a little surgical knowledge as cheaply as he could. In eight or ten months his small resources were exhausted and he returned to Suffolk. While in London he had a narrow escape from being taken before the Lord Mayor as a resurrectionist. His landlady discovered a dead child in his closet, which he had procured for dissection, and she fancied that it was her own infant which had died a week before. He at last convinced her of her mistake. He now engaged himself as an assistant in the shop of a Mr. Maskill, a surgeon and apothecary, a large powerful man with a most ungovernable temper. The first time Crabbe had to write his master's name he excited a tempest of passion by spelling it *Maskwell*. " Do you take me," said his employer, in an ecstacy of rage " for a proficient in deception?" Mr. Maskill at the end of a few months removed to another town, and Crabbe set up for himself, but with very poor encouragement. About this time he was attacked by a very dangerous fever, and his mind was so weakened by the extreme severity of the disorder, that when his appetite returned he cried like a child because he was prudently denied the food which he longed for. He had set his affections on a lobster, and after his recovery he was often unmercifully quizzed for having shed so many tears upon such an occasion. He once more determined to seek his fortune in the metropolis. He could not, however, draw any more upon the narrow means of his father, and he applied for a small loan to Mr. Dudley North who sent him five pounds. He arrived in London with three pounds, a box of clothes, and a case of surgical instruments. He took lodgings in the house of a hair-dresser. He had given up all hopes of succeeding in the medical profession, and now thought of nothing but the fame and profit to be derived from the publication of a volume of poems. He offered his collection to a bookseller who at once rejected it. He now prepared a new poem of a satirical nature entitled, " The Candidate, a poetical Epistle to the authors of the Monthly Review." It was published anonymously, and a trifling profit accrued from the sale, but never reached the hands of the unhappy poet, owing to the failure of the publisher. He was at last in such dreadful pecuniary distresst hat he applied to Lord North, Lord Shelburne, Lord Chancellor Thurlow and others to grant him a slight relief, but none of these applications were successful. His letters of solicitation were accompanied with specimens of his composition. Amidst all his afflictions, however, he seems to have preserved a wonderful cheerfulness of mind. He records in his private journal that his finances were

* Lilly, the famous astrologer, proposed to try his fortune in London. The father, incapable of discovering his son's latent genius, willingly consented to get rid of him; for, as Lilly says, " I could not work, drive the plough, or endure any country labour; my father oft would say I was *good for nothing*,"—words which the fathers of so many men of genius have repeated.—*D. Israeli on the Literary Character.*

miserably reduced but that his spirits were still buoyant.—"I did not, nor could not conceive," he says, "that, with a very uncertain prospect before me, a very bleak one behind and a very poor one around, I should be *so happy a fellow*: I don't think there's a man in London worth but fourpence half-penny—for I've this moment sent seven farthings for a pint of porter—who is so resigned to his poverty." He laments, however, having but one coat in the world, for he happened to get half his sleeve torn off, and was obliged to show a few sheets of paper and pretend that he wanted a needle and thread to sew them together. When he obtained what he required he turned tailor and mended his coat as well as he could. After he had spent about a year in London he was reduced to the last necessity. He was compelled to give a promissary note for seven pounds or go to jail. When the time for payment approached he was in a state of distraction. After writing for assistance to every one else he could think of and meeting nothing but repulses and disappointments, he ventured to appeal in a pathetic letter to Edmund Burke, who though deeply engaged in politics was never deaf to the voice of genius. He requested the poet to call on him at his house in London, and from the moment of the interview that ensued the life of Crabbe assumed a different color. His fortune was now made. Burke received him at once into his family on the most honorable footing, and made it his business to forward, as much as possible, both his literary and domestic interests. He persuaded Mr. Dodsley to publish *The Library*, which immediately brought the author into general notice. *The Village* soon after followed and was still more successful. Both these poems had the benefit of Burke's corrections. He was introduced by his patron to Sir Joshua Reynolds, who transmitted *The Village* in manuscript to Doctor Johnson. The critic returned it with a polite note, acknowledging that he had, "read it with great delight—that it was original, vigorous, and elegant." There was something in Crabbe's unromantic views of rural life and rustic happiness that was peculiarly congenial to Dr. Johnson's own opinions, and the general tone of the poetry, in which there is more vigorous sense and masculine sentiment than ideality or refinement, was likely to be better appreciated by such a critic than strains of higher mood. He not only suggested a few slight corrections and variations, but furnished whole lines where he thought he could improve upon the original. The following is a specimen of his alterations. The first extract gives the passage as it originally stood; the second is Doctor Johnson's substitution, which Crabbe at once adopted.

> In fairer scenes, where peaceful pleasures spring,
> Tityrus the pride of Mantuan swains might sing;
> But, charmed by him, or smitten with his views
> Shall modern poets court the Mantuan muse?
> From Truth and Nature shall we widely stray
> Where fancy leads, or Virgil led the way?

> *On Mincio's banks, in Cæsar's bounteous reign,*
> *If Tityrus found the golden age again,*
> *Must sleepy bards the flattering dream prolong*
> *Mechanic echoes of the Mantuan song?*
> *From Truth and Nature shall we widely stray*
> *Where Virgil, not where Fancy leads the way?*

There is certainly more nerve and spirit in Johnson's lines than in Crabbe's, but it is easier to improve upon a single passage than to compose an entire poem; and it would be extremely unjust to the original author if the general merit of his production were to be attributed to the assistance of his friends. Through Mr. Burke's zealous exertions in his favor, the poet obtained holy orders, and was appointed Curate at Aldborough. Before this he had been introduced to Lord Chancellor Thurlow who now treated him with great distinction on Burke's account. His Lordship apologized for his former neglect, put a sealed paper containing a hundred pound note into Crabbe's hands, and told him that he would take every opportunity of advancing his interests in the Church. The Chancellor kept his word. Crabbe now renewed his intercourse with Miss Elmy, who with a degree of prudence that argued no very romantic passion still resisted every proposition of immediate marriage, being resolved to wait until her lover had obtained a more lucrative preferment. Mr. Burke soon after obtained for him the appointment of domestic chaplain to the Duke of Rutland. In 1783, after a twelve years' courtship, he married Miss Elmy who proved an excellent wife to him. His last appointment was that of curate of Trowbridge in Wiltshire. In 1785 he published *The Newspaper*; but though it was well received and he had every encouragement to proceed in his poetical career, his muse after the appearance of this poem was silent for two and twenty years! From his thirty-first to his fifty-second year he confined himself to the happy obscurity of domestic life. He re-appeared as a poet in 1807 when he published *The Parish Register*, which was the last poetical publication that was ever read by Charles Fox, whose dying moments were cheered by the poet's pictures. In 1813 he revisited London and was

introduced to all the eminent authors of the day. The *Tales of the Hall* were published in 1812.

On the 29th of January 1832, Crabbe was taken seriously ill. He had for some time before exhibited symptoms of a failing constitution. He now felt that his time was come, and he prepared for death with manly courage and a pious resignation. He died on the third of February, 1832.

His son has lately published a volume of his father's posthumous poems, a collection of Tales much in the manner of his Tales of the Hall but with less force of sentiment and greater carelessness of style.

In private life Crabbe was distinguished for all those virtues which render English domestic life so peculiarly delightful. Though of humble descent he was a thorough gentleman in his habits and appearance, but the extreme simplicity and openness of his character occasionally gave an air of awkwardness to his intercourse with fashionable society. Lord Chancellor Thurlow when he presented Crabbe with two livings, said that he was "as like Fielding's Parson Adams as twelve to a dozen."

As a poet Crabbe is differently estimated by different classes of readers. The lovers of the ideal in art are not partial to his style which is somewhat too literal and homely for those who love poetry for its own sake, and do not seek for that kind of information in verse which may be as well conveyed in prose. His readers are sometimes offended by flat and coarse expressions, slovenly versification, and elaborate portraits of vulgar and uninteresting personages. These faults are more observable in his later publications than his earliest, because when he commenced writing poetry he had less confidence in his own powers, and trod very much in the footsteps of Pope and Goldsmith whom he sometimes imitated rather more closely than seems consistent with that vigour and originality of mind which Crabbe unquestionably possessed.

The writer of a life of Crabbe prefixed to the French edition of his works, has made some very injudicious remarks on the character of his poetry. With the usual partiality of an editor he exaggerates the poetical excellencies of the subject of his memoir at the expense of other writers, and seems to think that to do justice to Crabbe's descriptive powers it is necessary to underrate those of Thomson, the most accurate and animated of our painter-poets. Crabbe's descriptions, he says, "are not, like those of Thomson, of imaginary but of *real* nature." It is true that the author of "The Seasons" is somewhat more rich in his colouring and more fastidious in the choice of his subjects than Crabbe, but his pictures are not necessarily less faithful because they are more enchanting. It is an unpardonable error to characterize Thomson's minute and exquisitely felicitous descriptions as deficient in fidelity to nature. The critic just quoted, seems to think that imagination is a quality essentially opposed to truth; a mistake which in these times would hardly be excusable in a schoolboy. It is not the prosaic bareness of a picture that is any test of its truth. Claude's landscapes, over which he has breathed the very soul of poetry, are as ture to nature as the most literal and coarse production that ever came from a Dutchman's pencil. The fault of Crabbe is that he is too partial to mean and unpromising subjects. Whatever is poetical must, in a certain sense, be true, but it does not follow that all truth must be poetical. A late writer of considerable critical acumen, has gone so far as to deny to Crabbe the possession of poetical genius, and regrets that he has given a great deal of solid and useful information in a very injudicious form. He thinks that Crabbe's strong good sense and varied knowledge are of a kind that would have appeared to better advantage in a prose dress. This is carrying the objection to Crabbe to an extreme, though it is by no means so unreasonable as the opposite prejudice of the editor of the French edition, who appears to think Crabbe's defects superior to Thomson's beauties. Crabbe's peculiar faults are happily outweighed by his peculiar excellencies. In the midst of his minute and matter-of-fact details, his stern sarcasms, his jingles, quibbles, and alliterations, and his coarse diction, there are gleams of fancy accompanied with indications of a profound knowledge of the heart, a caustic humour, a manly pathos, and a wonderful force and fidelity of description both of human manners and of external nature.

Crabbe resembles no living writer. Of his later predecessors he reminds us most of Cowper, Pope, and Goldsmith, whose opposite peculiarities are often strangely mingled in the same page. In the touching picture of the Parish Poor-House, he recalls to our minds the author of "The Deserted Village;" and in the rough, manly vigour with which he dissects such characters as a vain and cold-hearted village apothecary and a sporting clergyman, he seems to have impregnated himself with the spirit of Cowper in his satiric moods. But he is on the whole far less attractive than either of these poets. He is more powerful, but less delicate and refined, than Goldsmith, and though he often describes the same

objects, he invariably imbues them with darker colours, and seems determined to omit nothing that is offensive or degrading. Though he resembles Cowper in the force and bitterness of his irony, and the truth of his descriptions, he has little of his poetic ardour or elevation. His verse, which is chiefly confined to the couplet measure, seems a mixture of the several styles of the three writers already mentioned. The school to which Pope*, and Goldsmith are considered to have belonged, and from the trammels of which Cowper was the first to escape, was in fashion when Crabbe paid his earliest addresses to the Muse, and he appears to have brought down a portion of the poetical style and creed of that day to the present time. He and Rogers (and perhaps we may add, Campbell) are the links between what is now called the Lake school, and the poetry of a preceding period.

The strongest objection to Crabbe's poetry is that it tends to lessen our respect for human nature. He takes away from the world the beautifying sunshine of imagination. He sweeps off the bloom from the fruit of life. His is the boldest attempt that has yet been made, to render poetry *literal*, as if in direct opposition to Lord Bacon's celebrated definition. "Poetry," says that profound philosopher, "serveth and conferreth to magnanimity, morality, and to delectation; and therefore it was ever thought to have some participation of divineness, because it doth *raise and erect the mind, by submitting the shows of things to the desires of the mind.*" Crabbe endeavours to reverse this process, and to "bow the mind to the nature of things." It may be noticed as a curious illustration of the character of his genius that he took no delight in lovely or magnificent landcapes, though he described the most vulgar and disagreeable objects with such Dutch fidelity. He loved science better than art. He had no taste for painting, music or architecture, but was fond of mathematics, and could at all times find a luxury in the most dry and forbidding calculations. When he accompanied Mr. Lockhart to the Salisbury Craigs, he appeared to be more interested in the stratification of the rocks than with the beauty of the landscape. Like Dr. Johnson he preferred a crowded street to the finest natural scene. These characteristics are not inconsistent with the tone of his poetry in which there is little enthusiasm or imagination†, but singularly lively and accurate observation, admirable good sense and a fine insight into human life.

* The authors of the Rejected Addresses have wittily styled Crabbe *a Pope in worsted stockings*.

† Coleridge is reported to have said—"There is in Crabbe, an absolute defect of high imagination; he gives me little or no pleasure: yet no doubt he has much power of a certain kind, and it is good to cultivate, even at some pains, a catholic taste in literature."—*Coleridge's Table Talk.*

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge was born at Ottery St. Mary, Devonshire, the 1st of October, 1772. His father was a clergyman, who was both pious and learned in a high degree, but so eccentric and forgetful that he used to be styled *the absent man*. He would go to a grand party without his wig, and on one occasion when he went alone on a journey, his wife having earnestly begged him to put on a clean shirt every day, he literally obeyed her injunctions and put on a clean shirt daily; but notwithstanding that it was in the middle of summer, he forgot to take off the dirty ones. Samuel Taylor Coleridge was the youngest child of ten by the same mother. When he was in his seventh year he lost his worthy father, who died at the age of 62. Coleridge, like Gray, when a child had little of the thoughtlessness of childhood. Being of a sickly habit of body he used to shrink from the rough pursuits of children of his own age, and taking refuge at his mother's side he delighted to listen to the talk of his elders. He was driven as he himself says, "from life in motion to life in thought and sensation." Soon after the death of his father a friend of the family obtained his admittance into Christ's Hospital, the noblest charity school in England. Dr. Middleton, the Bishop of Calcutta, and Charles Lamb, were amongst his schoolfellows. From his eighth to his fourteenth year Coleridge was by his own account, "a playless daydreamer." He became a voracious reader, but without order or selection. One of the under masters pronounced him, a dull and inapt scholar, who could not be made to repeat in the regular form a single rule of syntax, although he would give a rule in his own way. But one day Dr. Middleton seeing him reading Virgil, asked him if he was studying his lesson. "No," said Coleridge, "I am reading it for my own pleasure." This was mentioned to the Rev. James Bowyer, the head-master, who began from that time to take considerable notice of him, though being a very harsh disciplinarian he punished him with his usual severity as often as he was idle or neglectful. It is

reported that Coleridge was but a very ordinary-looking boy, and at the end of a flogging Bowyer generally gave him an extra cut, "for," said he, "you are such an ugly fellow!" He acted on the old proverb, 'spare the rod, spoil the child.' But with all Bowyer's sternness and his too liberal use of the cane or birch, the illustrious pupil always spoke of his old master in after life with respect and gratitude. He thanked heaven, that he was flogged instead of flattered. In his *Biographia Literaria* he says he enjoyed at school "the inestimable advantage of a very sensible, though at the same time a very severe master." Bowyer made his pupils read Shakespeare and Milton as lessons, and they were lessons too, says Coleridge, which required most time and trouble to *bring up*, so as to escape his censure. "I learned from him," he continues, "that poetry, even that of the loftiest, and seemingly, that of the wildest odes, had a logic of its own as severe as that of science; and more difficult, because more subtle, more complex, and dependent on more, and more fugitive causes." When he was about fifteen our poet getting somewhat tired of school confinement, persuaded a respectable shoemaker to ask permission to take him as an apprentice. Bowyer was desperately indignant at the request, and exclaiming, "Ods my life, man, what d'ye mean?" he abruptly pushed poor Crispin out of the room. Coleridge used jokingly to allude to his mortification at this failure, and would say, "Thus I lost the opportunity of supplying safeguards to the *understandings* of those, who perhaps will never thank me for what I am aiming to do in exercising their reason." About this time he read Voltaire's Philosophical Dictionary, and for a brief time openly rejected the Christian faith. When this reached the ears of Bowyer, he sent for him, and said, "So, sirrah, you are an infidel, are you? then I'll flog your infidelity out of you"—and gave him the severest flogging he had ever received. Bowyer flogged for every thing—and almost every body. A female standing at the door of the school-room and soliciting a short leave of absence for one of the boys, Bowyer, who was furious at the interruption suddenly exclaimed, "Bring that woman here, and I'll flog her." The threat of flogging was so familiar to him that he sometimes applied it to persons over whom he neither had nor wished to have a school-master's control. While at Christ's Hospital, Coleridge took a most extraordinary fancy to Bowles's sonnets, and as his finances did not permit him to purchase copies, he made within less than a year more than forty transcriptions as the best presents he could offer to those whom he esteemed. He styles these sonnets "manly and dignified," but assuredly their merit is of a very opposite character. They have a delicacy and tenderness that is almost feminine, and their sentimental querulousness has often been the subject of ridicule and censure. But early partialities of this nature are caused by such accidental associations that they afford no certain criterion of a young man's taste and judgment. In his eighteenth year Coleridge was entered at Jesus College Cambridge. The last year he spent at Christ's Hospital had been one of great pain and sickness, brought on by swimming across the New River in his clothes, and remaining in them until they dried. He was dreadfully afflicted with jaundice and rheumatic fever, and his delicate constitution received a shock from which it never entirely recovered. The weakness of his body only the more concentrated his energies upon his mental pursuits. He continued to devour books with insatiable eagerness. But he made no progress in mathematics. When he was commencing Euclid he came to the following axiom—"A line is length without breadth." "How can that be?" said Coleridge; "a line must have some breadth be it ever so thin." This roused the master's indignation at the impertinence of the scholar, and the only answer that the poet got was a smart box on the ear. Coleridge used to maintain that mathematics could not be a substitute for logic, much less for metaphysics. "It does not," he said, "call forth the balancing and discriminating powers, but only requires *attention*, not *thought* or self-production."

He was so fond of metaphysics that even before his fifteenth year, he perpetually turned his conversation on

> Providence, foreknowledge, will and fate,
> Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,
> And found no end in wandering mazes lost.

His simplicity in worldly matters, which he seems to have inherited from his father and which he carried with him through life, was amusingly illustrated on his arrival at Cambridge, when a polite upholsterer inquired how he would like his room furnished. *Just as you please, Sir,* was the reply. The artizan when all was ready astonished and perplexed poor Coleridge with the amount of his bill. His fellow-students amused themselves while he was in attendance at the Lectures by stealing small portions of the tail of his gown until they shortened it to a spencer. Mr. Coleridge! Mr. Coleridge! said the lecturer, when will you get rid of that shameful gown? "Why, Sir"

said Coleridge, turning his eyes over his shoulders, "I think I've got rid of the greatest part of it already." Having no taste for mathematics* which form so prominent a branch of education at Cambridge, he gave up all hope of College honors, and in the year 1793 he suddenly went to London, where without the means of supporting himself and in great perplexity and distress of mind, he noticed a bill posted on a wall, "Wanted a few smart lads for the 15th, Elliott's Light Dragoons." He at once entered as a soldier under the name of Comberbach. He was in delicate health, and was unable to clean his horse's heels, as the stooping posture occasioned a pain at the pit of his stomach accompanied with sickness. His fellow-soldiers used to work for him and he repaid them for their trouble by writing all their letters to their wives or sweet-hearts. He attracted the notice of one of his officers by a Latin sentence which he had written on the wall of the stable. It was not long before a fellow student recognized him and persuaded him to return to Cambridge which he soon left again for ever. About this time he contracted a friendship with Robert Southey, with whom he determined to commence a literary career. Southey and he were acquainted with a bookseller at Bristol of the name of Cottle who advanced Coleridge thirty pounds for his first volume of poems which was published in 1794, and promised him a guinea and a half for every hundred lines he might compose. This was but miserable payment for immortal verses—not four-pence a line! Even poor Goldsmith, was better paid. He received half-a-crown a line for the effusions of his delightful muse. It would be pleasant to know the proportionate profit of each line of the *Traveller* and *Deserted Village* that has gone into the pockets of the booksellers. Milton's publisher gave him only five pounds for his Paradise lost with a promise to double it, after the sale of thirteen hundred copies of the first edition†. When Dr. Wolcot drank a bottle of wine at a Publisher's, he called it *Authors' Blood*. It must be confessed, however, that there are several of the leading publishers of this day who know how to exercise a noble generosity, and who have incurred considerable losses in a bold and liberal spirit of adventure. Many of them are men of taste and literature themselves. Coleridge soon became intimately acquainted with Lamb and Wordsworth. In 1795 he married a Miss Sarah Fricher to whose sister Edith Fricher his friend Southey was married about the same time. Coleridge's marriage was not altogether a happy one, and his lady lived chiefly with his sister under Southey's roof. The last nineteen years of Coleridge's existence were passed in the family of Dr. and Mrs. Gilman who were to him what the Unwins were to Cowper. He had contracted a dreadful habit of using large quantities of opium, and he was as weak and helpless as a child in his attempts to conquer this unfortunate propensity. He originally took opium to deaden pain, and at last craved it as a necessary of life. His sense of such deplorable weakness and his vain struggle to get the better of it almost crazed his brain. He himself looked upon it as a case of mental derangement, and wrote to a friend to say that he wished to place himself in a private madhouse. He was conscious of such an utter impotence of volition that he wished to put himself under a restraint that might enable him to get rid of so unfortunate a habit. When so fine a mind as that of Coleridge could be thus subdued, weaker men ought indeed to pause and tremble before they put themselves under the sway of a dangerous habit. After many years of pain and debility, his life too much resembling a troubled dream, this extraordinary man received his dismissal from the world on the 25th of July, 1834.

It is now the fashion to speak of Coleridge's genius with unlimited laudation, though a few years ago he shared largely in the ridicule and contumely that were showered upon what has been styled, very absurdly, the Lake School of poets*. To this day the severities of our larger reviews respecting these writers are echoed by the great mass of readers, and though the critics themselves have become entirely ashamed of their profane scoffings at true genius, and are now on a totally new tack, they have not erased from the minds of their elder readers the impression of their recanted creed and repented witticisms. Thus we find the critics now worshipping the once ridiculed Wordsworth as if he were a

* Few poets have. Alfieri tried in vain to acquire the elements of mathematics. He could never understand the 4th proposition of Euclid. He had, he said, "a completely anti-geometrical head."

† He was to give five pounds more after the sale of the same number of the second edition, and another five pounds after the same sale of the third. Milton received altogether ten pounds, and his widow to whom the copyright devolved sold all her claims for eight pounds. In the Life of Milton at page xxviii. right hand column 15th line, for 2000 copies read 2600.

* Because two or three of the fraternity resided near the Lakes in the north of England.

demi-god, but the majority of their perplexed readers cannot yet get rid of the idea, that he is a miserable scribbler who whines about Betty Foy and a blind boy in a washing tub. It will be a long while, perhaps, before the mob of readers come up with the critics again, and by that time the latter will in all probability take another turn, and put their followers as far out as ever. At present the great and glaring error of our public criticism, is its indiscriminate and unqualified idolatry of all who have the least claim to the admiration of their fellows on the score of genius. This cannot last. Nor is there any chance of this system gaining precisely the same degree of support from the public, as that which put the crowd in their own imagination above the most gifted spirits of the time. It flattered the vanity of the meanest reader to find, that he could join in the laugh against a Wordsworth or a Shelley; but fools, though they are plentifully endowed with self-conceit, have very little admiration to spare for their superiors. They soon get tired of the worship of greatness; and there is a spice of ill-nature in the hearts of most men, which secures to the skilful satirist a large number of willing readers. "In the misfortunes of our best friends," says Rochefoucault, "we always find something that does not displease us." Another change will ere long come over the criticism of the day, because it cannot, on its present system, secure the sympathy of the multitude, and because modest truth must at last force its way, and check the absurd extravagance of many of our periodical critics, in their speculations upon men of genius. One of the leading Reviews (a periodical conducted with real talent) has lately been straining all its energies to convince the public that Coleridge, the poet, is the greatest philosopher of modern times, Jeremy Bentham excepted; and it draws a parallel between these two eminent men, who are as opposite as the poles asunder, in all intellectual attributes. The reviewer talks of the vast influence of Coleridge's metaphysical speculations on the character of the age, while the real fact is, that not half a dozen persons can understand them. His thoughts are veiled under such a fantastic cloud of words, and they are in themselves of such a confused and dream-like nature, that it is impossible they should ever exercise any palpable influence on the opinions of his fellow-men. He himself was perfectly conscious of the obscurity of his prose style, and used to endeavour but in vain to be more popular and distinct. He whose own mind is perfectly clear, can generally make himself understood by all men who are not greatly below the average intellect of society, and it is an argument against a man's reasoning powers, when he finds that not a soul can fully comprehend him. This is nearly the case with Coleridge and of most of the German metaphysicians whom he has so unsparingly plundered, for Coleridge, strange to say, is an audacious plagiarist and has repeated verbatim whole pages from foreign writers. Many intelligent persons have tried, over and over again, to get through his series of Essays entitled *The Friend*, and always found themselves lost in an impenetrable mist. It is absurd to attempt the getting rid of this objection by the old witticism, that Coleridge is not obliged to furnish his reader with an understanding; because the defect is not in the reader's mind but in the author's style. In the Essays alluded to, he especially avows his intention of simplifying his arguments, and rendering himself popular and intelligible; but if such was his honest intention his failure is extraordinary. It will not do to say that he goes so far into the mysteries of things, that none of his fellow-creatures can follow him. No man can really penetrate into regions so remote and strange that it is impossible for language to convey a distinct idea of them to others. There is not such an inequality of mind amongst us as would admit of this invidious distinction. Does Coleridge dive farther into the innermost depths of a great question than Lord Bacon? And yet Bacon makes himself perfectly well understood by all men of moderate capacity; and the reason is, that his own mind is clear, and he can, therefore, readily reflect a distinct image of it on the minds of others. Even Jeremy Bentham, the idol of the Reviewer, will furnish us with an apt illustration of our argument. He is really a profound thinker; but then his thoughts are distinct and logical, and, though his style is inelegant, it is not difficult to apprehend his meaning. There is a very absurd and reprehensible disposition in the present day, to take obscurity as a sign of depth. Is the transparent diction of David Hume an indication of a shallow mind? The fact is, that any one man, however gifted, goes in reality so short a distance beyond his fellows in the discovery of moral truth, that a philosopher is sometimes reluctant to give a plain statement of his progress. Strip the mystical philosophy of its gorgeous cloud-garments, and there is scarcely a man of common understanding who would not instantly and thoroughly understand it. An obscure author, who is not purposely obscure, loses himself quite as often as the reader does. If a perfectly clear-minded and clear-spoken person were to make himself master

Coleridge's philosophy, and be called upon, in a mixed company, to give the pith of it, the hearers would probably wonder that so much had been made of it. The present affectation of profundity and the practice of disguising familiar ideas in mysterious language ought assuredly to be discouraged. If a man has a new or profound thought, let him communicate it in the clearest diction he can command, and not endeavor to magnify it by a mist of strange and cabalistic words. Truth will bear nakedness and open daylight, and is none the better for this dusky masquerade. Any unsophicated reader who takes up a modern philosophical speculation, discovers that he has to learn a new language. He cannot make his way through the thick darkness, and is disheartened by a painful sense of his own want of comprehension. There is a trickery and quackery in all this, that is utterly unworthy of men of real talent. They should put aside the conjurer and mountebank, and let us at once into the secret of their nostrums. Unhappily the rage for metaphysical obscurity is not confined to prose. We have it also in poetry. Readers who can understand Shakespeare and Milton, find some of the poets of the present day beyond their comprehension. These affected obscurities will pass away as rapidly, and be at last as much despised by all men of sound judgment, as the quibbles and conceits of Donne and Cowley.

Undoubtedly Coleridge was a moral speculator of no ordinary rank, but his imagination too often led him to sail upon a sea of clouds. His poetry spoiled his metaphysics and his metaphysics sometimes spoiled his poetry. But when he condescended to be simple and distinct he was an admirable author both in prose and verse. Nothing can be more chaste, delicate and delightful than his little poem of *Genevieve*. No love-poetry in the language so exquisitely blends the reality of nature with an angelic purity and spirituality. The *Ancient Mariner* is a wonderful production, and is a noble specimen of the author's powers of imagination. *Christabel*, which Byron pronounced a singularly wild and original poem, was left unfinished by the author, and is therefore scarcely to be regarded as a fit subject for criticism. It is stained undoubtedly with some puerilities, and a great deal of affectation, but even in its fragmental state it bears many beautiful touches of the poet's peculiar genius. His rhymed effusions are exquisitely harmonious, but his blank verse, is occasionally deficient in spirit and compactness. This is the fault, indeed, of nearly all the blank-verse of the present day. No late poet, with the exception of Lord Byron, has written condensed and vigorous blank-verse. Much of Wordsworth's and Southey's would read like diffuse and easy prose, if printed in a prose form.

MRS. HEMANS.

Mrs. Hemans was the daughter of a respectable merchant of the name of Browne. She was born in Duke Street, Liverpool, on the 25th of September, 1794. As a child she was admired for her extreme beauty, and she very early exhibited great quickness and delicacy of feeling. "That child," said a lady in speaking of her in her presence, "is not made for happiness; her colour comes and goes too fast." The young poetess, herself, never forgot the remark and it often threw a cloud upon her prospects. She began to write verses in her seventh year. In her thirteenth year she published her first volume of poems. An unkind review of them so affected her that she was confined to her bed for several days. She was married to Captain Hemans of the King's army in the year 1812. The union was an unhappy one and a separation took place in a very few years. Her husband went to Italy and troubled himself very little about his wife and children, and Mrs. Hemans soon found it necessary to turn her poetical talents to account by writing for the monthly periodicals. She used to obtain a guinea a page for her contributions. This was considered good payment because volunteer poets are so abundant that poetry is rarely paid for at all by magazine proprietors. The first literary man of any eminence with whom she became personally acquainted was the amiable and accomplished Bishop Heber. Shelly attracted by the fame of her talents addressed a few letters to her upon philosophical subjects. These letters have never been published. In December, 1823, after a great deal of anxiety she succeeded, through the interest of the Rev. Mr. Milman, in bringing her tragedy of the *Vespers of Palermo* on the stage. It was almost immediately withdrawn as a total failure. It was afterwards produced in Edinburgh with rather better success. Sir Walter Scott generously exerted himself in its favor. Mrs. Hemans, however, greatly mistook the character of her own mind when she imagined herself in the least degree equal to the production of a true tragedy. She was utterly deficient in the dramatic faculty. It is unnecessary to follow the occasional publication in a collected form of her contributions to periodical literature. They secured her

not only fame in her native land, but very considerable favor in America. She received an offer from that country of a handsome income to conduct a periodical publication, but she gratefully declined it. She kept up a familiar correspondence with Dr. Channing, for whose writings she had the greatest admiration. She loved their pure and elevated tone, though she was far from embracing his Unitarianism. As her fame increased, Mrs. Hemans extended the circle of her literary friendships. She became acquainted with Wordsworth, James Montgomery, William Roscoe, Dr. Bowring, Jeffrey, Joanna Baillie, Miss Mitford and Mrs. Howitt. She visited Scotland in 1829 and saw Walter Scott and the "Scottish Addison" the venerable Mackenzie, who talked to her of Hume and Robertson and Gibbon, and many of their eminent contemporaries. In 1830 she visited Wordsworth, with whom she was exceedingly delighted. She gives the following description of him in a letter to a friend.

"I am charmed with Wordsworth, whose kindness to me has quite a soothing influence on my spirits. Oh! what relief, what blessing there is in the feeling of admiration, when it can be freely poured forth! 'There is a daily beauty in his life,' which is in such lovely harmony with his poetry, that I am thankful to have witnessed and *felt* it. He gives me a good deal of his society, reads to me, walks with me, leads my pony when I ride, and I begin to talk with him as a kind of *paternal* friend. The whole of this morning he kindly passed in reading to me a great deal from Spenser, and afterwards his own '*Laodiamia*,' my favorite '*Tintern Abbey*,' and many of those noble sonnets which you, like myself, enjoy so much. His reading is very peculiar, but to my ear, delightful; slow, solemn, *earnest* in expression more than any I ever heard; when he reads or recites in the open air, his deep rich tones seem to proceed from a spirit-voice, and belong to the religion of the place; they harmonize so fitly with the thrilling tone of woods and waterfalls. His expressions are often strikingly poetical: 'I would not give up the mists,' said he, 'that spiritualize our mountains for all the blue skies of Italy.'"

Mrs. Hemans died at Dublin May 16, 1835. The poetry of Mrs. Hemans is always elegant, tender, or fanciful, but it rarely displays any degree of force or originality. It was in her short, graceful lyrics that her genius was most successful, for in her plays and longer poems there is a deficiency of truth and strength that is absolutely painful. The smaller pieces, when perused separately, afford unqualified pleasure on account of their feminine grace and exquisite finish, but if read together in a collection, they are calculated to leave an impression of monotony. We soon begin to think that she would have pleased us better if her productions, elegant as they are, had been either somewhat less in number or more varied in their tone. A critic would form a higher opinion of Mrs. Hemans' powers, from the perusal of half a dozen of her poems than half a hundred. This praise, however, cannot be withheld from her, that no British poetess has written verses of greater melody or refinement. There is perhaps more fancy in the writings of L. E. L. and infinitely more force in those of Joanna Baillie, and more simplicity and a deeper pathos in those of Mrs. Southey, but in correctness and grace of style she was without a rival in the list of Lady poets.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

Samuel Rogers was born in London in the year 1762. His father was an eminent banker and the poet succeeded him in the business. He is what poets seldom are, a man of wealth, and he knows how to be at once liberal and prudent. Very little of his private life is known, though he is now an old man and has not only held a conspicuous position in literary society himself but has been associated with almost all the men of genius and distinction of the last half century. His first work was "*An Ode to Superstition* and other poems." It was published in 1786. The *Pleasures of Memory*, the work by which he is best known, appeared in 1792. His later works, *Human Life* and *Italy*, have neither increased nor lessened his reputation. The latter is perhaps the feeblest of his longer productions, being composed in blank-verse which requires a force of style to which Rogers is unequal.

Amidst all the changes of taste Rogers still preserves his station, which though not a very high one, is by no means beneath the ambition of a man of taste and genius. His poetry is usually polished with extraordinary care. It is said that scarcely a line of the *Pleasures of Memory* remains in its original form, and that he submitted the whole poem to the repeated revision of his friends. Amongst the most active of his friendly critics was Richard Sharpe, the brilliant conversationist. The subject of the poem alluded to is a singularly happy one, for it must interest all men. The poem itself is unquestionably distinguished for the most exquisite tenderness and grace, though it has not much power. It is modelled chiefly on the style of Goldsmith, but Rogers is not a servile imitator, and he evidently speaks from his own heart.

The life of Rogers, if it should ever be written with fullness and freedom, will furnish a rich treat

to the lovers of literary biography on account of the brilliant list of names associated with his own, and in which he always held an honorable place. He cheered the deserted death-bed of Sheridan with all that money and friendship could bestow, and has long been distinguished as a warm admirer of genius and a generous patron of the arts.

REV. WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

William Lisle Bowles was born in the village of King's-Sutton in Northamptonshire the 24th of September, 1762. His father was a clergyman. The poet in his fourteenth year was sent to Winchester school, where he greatly distinguished himself by his acquirements. Dr. Joseph Warton was then the master, and Bowles was a favorite pupil. He was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, where in 1792 he took his degree as master of arts, and his father dying soon afterwards, he quitted Oxford, entered into holy orders and obtained a curacy in Wiltshire. In 1797 he married. Soon afterwards Lord Somers presented him with a living in Gloucestershire. In 1803 he was made a prebendary of Salisbury Cathedral; and Archbishop Moore presented him with the Rectory of Bremhill, Wilts, where he has resided ever since. He has taken great delight in the improvement of the Rectory and the grounds attached to it, and not being fond of gay and busy life, he enjoys himself like a poet and a philosopher in an elegant retirement, enlivened by the visits of kindred associates. The Marquis of Lansdowne and Thomas Moore are amongst his most intimate friends.

Bowles's first publication was a collection of fourteen Sonnets which were printed at Bath. Only a hundred copies were printed, but these were soon sold and the printer recommended a new edition of five hundred copies. A few more sonnets were added. They soon became popular and went through seven or eight editions in a few years. The volume was introduced to the notice of Coleridge by his friend and school-fellow Middleton, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta. Coleridge was then in his seventeenth year. He was so enthusiastically delighted with them that they weaned him for a while from the intense study of metaphysics which had absorbed all his attention. Most critics are now agreed to award these sonnets the praise of delicacy, grace, tenderness and harmony, but they have sometimes a feminine querulousness of tone, an air of affectation and a want of force. Soon after the third edition of his Sonnets was published Mr. Bowles's printer wrote to him to say that two young gentlemen had spoken to him in terms of high commendation of his volume, and expressed a wish to have some poems printed in the same type and form. Those gentlemen were Southey and Mr. Lovel his brother-in-law and poetical associate. Fifty years afterwards Southey visited Bowles for the first time.

His Sonnets have given a character to Bowles's reputation which has not been much affected by his longer and more ambitious productions, of which *The Missionary* is the best. In 1807 he published an edition of Pope in ten volumes, and ventured some remarks upon that poet which drew him into a controversy with Lord Byron and several other eminent and able writers, over all of whom he seems to have obtained the victory. Though a writer vastly inferior to Lord Byron in the general powers of his mind Bowles had certainly the advantage over him in a sober critical disquisition*. He was strangely misrepresented and misunderstood, in this discussion, though he simply maintained the theory of Warton, that images drawn from nature, human and external, are more poetical *per se* than those drawn from works of art and artificial manners.

It may seem presumptuous to condemn the critical opinions of such a man as Lord Byron. But very dull eyes may discover spots in the sun, and very ordinary persons may be alive to the faults of their superiors. Let us give a specimen or two of his arguments.

"I opposed," says he, "and will ever oppose the robbery of ruins from Athens, to instruct the English in sculpture; but why did I do so? The *ruins* are as poetical in Piccadilly as they were in the Parthenon, but the Parthenon and its rocks are less so without them. Such is the poetry of art."

To suppose these detached fragments of buildings, as poetical in a confined and crowded court in London, as in the place from which they were taken, surrounded by picturesque and classical scenes and associations, is manifestly erroneous. The same line of argument would prove that a boat high and dry in a dock-yard or in a carpenter's warehouse is as poetical an object as the same boat when filled with human beings, tossing on the stormy sea, or sleeping by sunset on a glassy lake. Works of art are not poetical *per se*, but as connected with external nature and human passions.

---

* Some of Bowles's later pamphlets on the same subject were written in a less amiable spirit.

"Mr. Bowles contends, again, that the pyramids of Egypt are poetical, because of 'the association with boundless deserts,' and that a 'pyramid of the same dimensions would not be sublime in Lincoln's Inn Fields;' not *so* poetical certainly; but take away the pyramids, and what is the desert?"

The desert would still be poetical without the pyramids, but not so the pyramids without the desert. Mr. Bowles would readily admit that the taking away the pyramids would *lessen* the poetry of the desert, because the *human associations* suggested by works of art would add greatly to the interest of any scenery, however beautiful and poetical in itself. In the same way the ocean in a storm is a strikingly poetical object, but its poetry is heightened by the associations of danger and suffering connected with the sight of a ship. It is not the appearance of the mere planks or the mechanical construction of the ship, but the probable emotions and anxieties of those on board, and the uncertainty of their fate, that touches the heart and awakens the imagination.

"To the question whether the description of a game of cards be as poetical, supposing the execution equal, as a description of a walk in a forest? it may be answered, that the materials are certainly not equal; but that the *artist* who has rendered a game of cards poetical, is by far the greater of the two. But all this ordering of poets is purely arbitrary on the part of Mr. Bowles. There may or may not be, in fact, different orders of poetry; but the poet is always ranked according to his execution, and not according to his branch of the art."

Who does not see the fallacy of this? Will any body maintain that the best satire that was ever written is as poetical as the best epic poem, or entitles the author to the same rank in literature. He whose work is the most *poetical* is the best poet, and not he who exhibits the most skill in treating unpoetical subjects. Dryden's *Absalom* and *Achitophel* is as well handled, perhaps, as Milton's *Paradise Lost*; but which production is the most poetical, and which author is the greatest poet? Is the author of the most excellent sonnet equal in rank to the author of the most excellent tragedy? Certainly not. Dryden has said, that "an Heroic Poem, truly such, is undoubtedly the greatest work which the soul of man is capable to perform." Could he have said this of an epigram without exciting a universal laugh*? A poet who executes an inferior subject with uncommon skill is entitled to a place above him who executes a sublime one in a mediocre manner; but *when the execution is equal*, the subject decides the superiority. A lofty subject requires a greater grasp of intellect and a more vigorous imagination than a humble one, and therefore the author of the *Paradise Lost* or of the Tragedy of *Macbeth* would always rank above the author of the most poetical description of a game of cards that was ever written, because no human power could render it so eminently poetical as those two immortal productions. Lord Byron, however, very strenuously maintains that "the poet who *executes* best is the highest, whatever his department*." And what is still more strange and inconsistent, after asserting that there are no "orders" in poetry, or that if there be, the poet is ranked by his execution not his subject, he elevates Pope above all other writers of verse on the ground of his being the best *ethical* poet, and ethical poetry being of the highest rank. If Locke's or Bentham's prose Ethics were put into the form of verse, they would, according to this decision, be finer poetry than the works of Homer, Shakespeare or Milton. The two last great names are not, it would seem, amongst Lord Byron's favorites. "Shakespeare and Milton," he says, "have had their rise and they will have their decline." If some great convulsion were to sweep Great Britain from the kingdoms of the earth, he thinks, that the surviving world "would snatch Pope from the wreck, and let the rest sink with the people." What do the great German critics, the idolaters of Shakespeare, say to this? Pope, continues Byron, "is the moral poet of all civilization; and as such, let us hope that he will one day be *the national poet of mankind*" !!! Lord Byron, is a striking instance of the truth of the remark that a good poet may be an indifferent critic.

Bowles's latest publication appeared in 1837. It is entitled "*Scenes and Shadows of Days Departed with Poems from Youth to Age, by the Rev. W. L. Bowles.*" The volume appears to contain no poems that had not seen the light in Bowles's previous publications. The author's very numerous alterations and corrections are worthy of particular notice, inasmuch as they afford a remarkable illustration of the danger of all attempts on the part of a poet to improve the warm effusions of his youth or middle life, in the winter of his age. The alterations are any thing but

* Dr. South, however, foolishly asserted that a perfect epigram is as difficult as an Epic poem, and Pope very justly ridiculed him for it in the Dunciad.

> How many Martials were in Pulteney lost!
> Else sure some bard to our eternal praise
> In twice ten thousand rhyming nights and days,
> Had reared the work, the all that mortal can,
> And South beheld *that masterpiece of man.*

* A pig by Morland might be as well done as an angel by Raphael, but this would not make the former artist entitled to the same rank amongst painters as the latter.

improvements. When the public ear is once accustomed to the tone and diction of a poem, an alteration even for the better is often very ungraciously received, but when neither the sense nor the metre are in any way improved, or when they are absolutely injured, nothing can be more repulsive to the reader or more unfortunate for the author. It may be as well to select a few examples of the manner in which Bowles has robbed his youthful Muse of some of her most attractive graces.

In a sonnet addressed to TIME occur the following lines :—

" O Time! who know'st a lenient hand to lay
Softest on sorrow's wound, and slowly thence—
Soothing to sad repose the weary sense—
Stealest *the long-forgotten pang* away;
Thee, would I call my only hope at last,
And think—when thou hadst dried the bitter tear
That flow'd in vain o'er all my soul held dear,—
I might look *back* on *youthful* suff'rings *past*,
To meet life's peaceful evening with a smile."

In the original state of the above passage, instead of Time stealing a *long-forgotten* pang, (which as it is no pang at all, cannot be stolen) he was represented, with far more poetry and truth, as stealing, unperceived, a pang greatly softened by his lenient hand.

" The *faint* pang stealest *unperceived* away."

Then again instead of the pleonastical phrase of " looking *back* on *youthful* sufferings *past*," Bowles had for many years contented himself with the following far simpler sentence—

" I may look back on every sorrow past,
And meet life's peaceful evening with a smile."

The beautiful sonnet on the Bells at Ostend has been injured in a similar manner. The following is a passage from it as it originally stood.

" And now, along the white and level tide
They fling their melancholy music wide:
Bidding me many a tender thought recall
Of summer days and those delightful years
When by my native stream in life's fair prime,
The mournful magic of their mingling chime
First waked my wondering childhood into tears."

For the lines in italics we now have

" Of happy hours departed, and those years.
When from an antique tower ere life's fair prime, &c."

In a sonnet on the river Rhine, there are equally injudicious alterations. In the first edition was the following picturesque and pleasing passage.

" On the *sparkling* Rhine
We *bounded*, and the *white waves* round the prow
In murmurs parted ;—varying as we go,
Lo! the woods open, and the rocks retire,
Some convent's ancient walls, or glistering spire
'Mid the bright landscape's track unfolding slow."

This has been altered and injured in the following manner—

" When on the Rhine
We sailed, and heard the waters round the prow
In murmurs parting ;—varying as we go,
Rocks after rocks come forward and retire,
As some grey convent-wall, or sunlit spire
Starts up, along the banks unfolding slow."

Here the Rhine no longer " *sparkles*," the bark no longer " *bounds*," the waves no longer " *whiten*." With what a torpedo touch is the original picture deadened! Then again, instead of that elastic and animated line

" Lo! the woods open, and the rocks retire,"

we have one in which we are coldly informed, that the rocks with great formality successively came forward and retired while all allusion to the opening woods is omitted. But to make amends for the stately gravity of the rocks, the old, grey, heavy convent-walls *start up* at once in a very lively and unexpected style, instead of coming slowly into view as in the first description. Towards the close of the same sonnet we have these lines in the original :

" There on the *woodland's* side
The *shadowy* sunshine pours its streaming tide ;
While hope enchanted with the scene so fair,
Would wish to linger many a summer's day,
Nor heeds how fast the prospect winds away."

This, unhappily, has not escaped the author's rage for improvement. He is determined not *to let well alone*. Here is what he considers the more perfect version :—

" There on the *vineyard's* side,
The *bursting* sunshine pours its streaming tide ;
While grief forgetful amid scenes so fair,
Counts not the hours of a long summer's day,
Nor heeds how fast the prospect winds away."

The bold, but felicitous expression of *shadowy sunshine*, which a poet or a painter will at once readily comprehend as descriptive of the strong light and shade of woodland scenery on a fine day, is exchanged for a comparatively commonplace and worthless epithet, and which is particularly inelegant in its present position, where we have a *tide* or *stream streaming*, *bursting* and *pouring*. Then again instead of the lively and appropriate image of Hope, enchanted with the scene, and desiring to linger in it

many a summer's day, that agreeable personage is thrust away to make room, for Grief, who is quite out of her element in such a cheerful landscape: and the utmost that the poet can say of her satisfaction is, not that like Hope, she longs to linger there through the summer, but that she does not actually count the hours; and this is said in a line that is as prosaic and inharmonious as its predecessor was smooth and pleasing.

In a sonnet upon *Evening* there occurs another instance of the manner in which the author, with a perverse ingenuity, destroys the effect of every happy touch in the little pictures so beautifully executed by his own hand in earlier days:—

"Evening, as slow thy placid shades descend
Veiling with gentlest hush, the landscape still
The lonely battlement and farthest hill
And wood, I think of those who have no friend,
Who now perhaps by melancholy led,
From the broad blaze of day, where pleasure flaunts
Retiring wander mid thy lonely haunts
Unseen," &c. &c.

In the place of the third of the above lines, we have now

The battlement, the tower, the farthest hill;

so that the interesting and characteristic circumstance of the *solitude* of the scene, expressed by the epithet *lonely* is taken away to insert a tower by the side of a battlement! It is true that there was a slight impropriety in the repetition of the word *lonely* in the seventh line, and it was probably to avoid this that the unfortunate alteration was adopted.

MISS JOANNA BAILLIE.

Joanna Baillie was born at Bothwell in Scotland, in 1764. Her father was a clergyman, and her mother was sister to the celebrated Physicians, John and William Hunter. The distinguished Dr. Mathew Baillie was Miss Baillie's brother. She has spent most of her life in or near London. For many years past she has resided at Hampstead. No materials for a memoir of her life are yet available. The first volume of her series of Plays, in which she has attempted to delineate the stronger passions of the mind, was published in 1798, the second in 1802, and the third in 1812. The miscellaneous plays appeared in 1804. No British female has written such vigorous poetry as Miss Baillie's. Her genius is masculine; but in private life she has all the qualities that peculiarly adorn her sex. In 1806 Sir Walter Scott was introduced to her by Mr. Sotheby the translator of *Oberon*. An affectionate and lasting friendship was the result. In 1808 she revisited Scotland and spent some weeks under the Northern Minstrel's roof. When Scott was asked what he thought of his own genius in comparison with that of Burns, he replied "There is no comparison whatever—we ought not to be named on the same day. If you wish to speak of a real poet, Joanna Baillie is now the highest genius of our country." He gave Terry, the actor, a letter of introduction to Miss Baillie, accompanying it with the remark that he would like her greatly as "she has all the simplicity of real genius." Scott afterwards wrote to tell him that he had pleased Miss Baillie "very much both in public and in society, and though not fastidious, she is not, I think, particularly lavish of applause either way. A most valuable person is she, and as warm-hearted as brilliant."

Miss Baillie's Plays are very powerful and admirable productions, though not essentially dramatical. The most popular of these and perhaps the best is the tragedy of *De Montford*. In a notice of Miss Baillie it would be unfair to omit Sir Walter Scott's poetical compliment to her genius, even though it is a little too extravagant.

"——— The notes that rung
From the wild harp, which silent hung
By silver Avon's holy shore,
'Till twice a hundred years rolled o'er;
When she, the bold Enchantress, came,
With fearless hand and heart on flame!
From the pale willow snatched the treasure
And swept it with a kindred measure,
Till Avon's swans, while rung the grove
With Montford's hate and Basil's love,
Awakening at the inspired strain
Deemed their own Shakespeare lived again."

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

William Wordsworth, who is descended from a respectable family in Cumberland, was born at Cockermouth in that county on the 7th of April, 1770. At the age of eight years he was sent to Hawkesworth school in Lancashire. His brother Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, the author of some letters on the Greek definitive article and a work on the subject of the authorship of Icon Basiliké, was educated at the same school. Dr. Wordsworth is now master of Trinity College, Cambridge. The poet was removed to the University of Cambridge in 1787, where he was matriculated a student of St. John's. He remained long

enough to take his Bachelor's degree. Before he took his final leave of the University he made a pedestrian tour through France, Savoy, Switzerland and Italy. He was at Paris at the commencement of the French Revolution and was acquainted with many of the leaders of the Revolutionary party. He lodged for a while under the same roof with Brissot. In 1797 he resided at Alfoxden near Nether Stowey in Somersetshire. Here he became acquainted with Coleridge, and joined with him in the plan of a volume of Lyrical Ballads. In 1798 he visited Germany where he joined Coleridge. The two poets revisited that country together thirty years afterwards. In 1800 Wordsworth settled at Grasmere, a small village in Westmoreland from whence he removed to his present residence at Rydal. In 1803 he married Miss Mary Hutchinson, the daughter of a merchant at Penrith. Two sons and a daughter are the produce of this union. Mr. Wordsworth is said in point of fortune to enjoy "an elegant sufficiency." He has received from government, through the interest of the Earl of Lonsdale, the appointment of the Collector of Stamps.

Wordsworth's longest and most ambitious work is the blank verse poem entitled, *The Excursion*, which, however, he has left unfinished. It has been more severely ridiculed and more lavishly praised than any other work of modern times. Lord Byron described it as

> A clumsy frowsy poem called the Excursion,
> Writ in a manner that is my aversion.

Jeffrey commenced a notice of it in the Edinburgh Review with the quaint exclamation of "*This will never do!*" Other critics have pronounced it a work worthy of Milton. It has been the fate of Wordsworth to meet with no public notice that has not the air of idolatry or insult. He has found that there is no mid-air in modern criticism. "Its generous ardor no cold medium knows." A favored poet is a Shakespeare or a Milton; an unfavored one, a mere driveller. General principles or a fair balancing of merits and defects, are never thought of. It seems the purpose of every critic to raise his author to the skies, or hurl him down to bottomless perdition.

Wordsworth is a true poet; but he is not of that order of genius which compels all men of whatever variety of taste or temperament to recognize its power. Though Milton is not a popular poet, no reader of the *Paradise Lost*, who possesses the least critical discrimination can fail to feel that he is under the influence of a mighty and majestic mind. He may find his progress through the poem somewhat wearisome, because his own faculties are strained to the highest pitch in following the flight of so sublime an intellect, and the great majority of Milton's admirers are inclined to second the remark of Dr. Johnson, that the perusal of the *Paradise Lost* is a duty rather than a pleasure. "It is one of those books," says the same critic, "which a reader lays down without any wish to take up again." Lord Byron used to say that he had not read Milton since his boyhood, and he certainly seems to have had little relish for our greatest poets, and was by no means a discriminating critic with respect to their peculiar merits, for he preferred Pope to Shakespeare, and called the divine author of the Fairy Queen, (the poet's poet,) "*a dull fellow.*" He told a friend on returning a copy of Spenser, that "*that he could see nothing in him.*" Perhaps he could not; though for the credit of his own taste it would have been as well if he had been less communicative. The poet who may be called the poet of the world, is William Shakespeare. He fascinates all classes, because his mind is many-sided, and he represents humanity in all its phases. Wordsworth has been compared to Milton, but he is no more entitled to this compliment than Pope is to the rank of Shakespeare. Wordsworth is, not a poet of the very highest order. He is as decided an egotist as Byron himself, and no mere egotist was ever a poet of the first rank. All his poems are "*moods of his own mind,*" and he seems to know as little of the minds of other men as if in the wide universe he had stood alone. He is of small intellectual stature compared with the myriad-minded Shakespeare—*and who is not?* but he is also injured by being brought into contact with John Milton, who, though a man of might, did not so bestride the world as the wondrous Bard of Avon. His mind was of a narrower range; though it seems a bold thing to speak of Milton with even comparative dispraise. Though he dwarfed all other poets by his colossal height, he loses something of his glory by the side of Shakespeare. Milton excelled, it is true, in the *sublime*, (which is the first quality of poetry) but he could not, like Shakespeare, play on *every* string of the human heart with equal facility. Shakespeare was perhaps not less sublime than Milton, when he aimed at elevation, and he was superior in every other element of poetic genius. There was no limit to his powers. Wit, fancy, imagination—touches of tenderness or terror, flashes of merriment that set the theatre in a roar—the loftiest wisdom or the wildest freaks—"each scene of many-coloured life"—are all to be met with in his varied

and wondrous pages. His works are a mirror of the world. Milton is truly great in his single department; but he is not the rival of Shakespeare, who concentrated in his single mind all the diversified excellencies of human genius.

Wordsworth has quite as many faults as a poet as Lord Byron and Thomas Moore, and they are upon the whole of a more offensive description. Byron's egotism for example, is at least manly, and expressed with nervous eloquence, but Wordsworth's is sometimes at once puerile and pompous. If Thomas Moore's thoughts are less profound, they are offered with no airs of assumption, and his verse is invariably neat, ingenious, polished and harmonious. Wordsworth seems to imagine that he may place unlimited reliance upon his genius alone, forgetting that a man's inspiration is not always upon him. It may be taken for granted that he is under this melancholy mistake, from the circumstance of his pouring out all his miscellaneous thoughts without selection, good, bad and indifferent, just as they occur, and satisfying himself with the most bare and prosaic colloquial language. He has lately printed a volume of upwards of four hundred and thirty sonnets. Now if there is any one class of poems that requires more careful selection and concentration of thought than another, it is this; and if every sonnet in the collection were struck out of it that is deficient in the polish, point, unity and closeness which are essential to that form of verse, the volume would be sadly reduced in its dimensions. The prominent fault of Wordsworth is a want of force and precision. He is often more diffuse and feeble that one should have supposed possible in a genuine poet; and the worst of it is, that he is not satisfied to let a simple common-place pass at its true value; but ushers it forth with the air of a philosophical discovery. There is a strained emphasis upon trifles. If Mr. Wordsworth would write only when the true inspiration is upon him, or would permit some judicious friend to draw his pen through every line that is unworthy of his genius, he would meet with a very different reception from the general reader, who will rarely take the trouble to search for thinly scattered fruit in a vast mass of foliage. Byron and Moore and Campbell and Rogers are more popular, partly because they are more equal writers. They never fall strikingly below the level of their genius. We may take up at hazard any one of their poems, however long or short, and regard it as a tolerably characteristic specimen of what they could produce;—but Wordsworth too often writes in a style that might justify a person who was but partially acquainted with his works in pronouncing him a singularly feeble thinker, and a mediocre versifier. His warmest admirers would hesitate to give a *random specimen* of his manner, because if he is the best poet living he is also the worst. In his happier hour he surpasses every other poet of the present day. We find in his pages, what we do not find elsewhere in the poetry of these times, those profound thoughts and golden images which when once met with leave an indelible impression on the mind. They breathe an air of immortality. He is a poet that every true thinker must love if he will only take the trouble to understand him. No imaginative writer of modern times has made a greater impression on the leading intellects of his country, and while the mob of readers confine their attention to his very obvious faults, and ridicule an intellect that is as much above their own as the stars are above the earth, the refined and ingenuous student is enchanted with the almost angelic purity of the poet's sentiments, the richness and delicacy of his fancy, his fine appreciation of truth and beauty, and the felicity of those occasional passages in which the most exquisite images are embodied in the happiest and most harmonious words. Compared with the *finest parts* of Wordsworth, some of our most popular poets of later times seem either vulgar and melodramatic, or finical and meretricious. Some of his contemporaries are infinitely better fitted to delight the public in general; because they do not seek exclusively to please those who love thought and poetry for their own sake, but give striking narratives that may excite the most prosaic reader; because too they never shock him with gross inequalities, and always pay him the compliment of doing their best. They often seem better poets than Wordsworth, but when the latter is at his noblest elevation, he mounts into higher and purer regions, and leaves all his contemporaries far behind him.

It must be confessed, that Wordsworth is too exclusive in his taste, and occasionally carries an excellent principle to an extreme almost as pernicious as the error to which it is opposed. He is so thoroughly disgusted with the vapid common-places of the imitators of the French School, that he thinks he cannot get too far from their models. He would rather speak like a clown than a Rosa Matilda. Of two evils he would choose what he thinks the least. But though there is a medium between the diction of the barn and the boudoir which he has sometimes missed, and in his eagerness to avoid an old and popular error has fallen into a new and a repulsive one, he is not to be

characterized by his few failures, but by his general success. His expressions are plain, but not coarse. He maintains, and with abundant reason, that language need not be vulgar, because it is simple and unpretending. He has chosen humble subjects, and endeavoured to assimilate his language to the real language of men in ordinary life. He feels that nothing human can be too lowly for the purposes of poetry, and that natural thoughts are best expressed in natural language. His thoughts, though clear, are profound, and often most philosophical and original when they appear most trite and obvious to vulgar apprehension. It has been justly observed that there is often an internal power, with an absence of external ornament, in his poetry, which is not to be found in that of any other living writer; and this accounts for the indifference of the superficial reader, and the enthusiasm approaching almost to adoration with which he is regarded by many of those who can truly appreciate the "art divine." Wordsworth is not likely to become a very popular poet, though portions of his writings will probably hereafter be more extensively known and be better understood by ordinary readers than they are at present. Many of his fine aphorisms, and some of his more obvious beauties of thought and style, have already been familiarized to the public mind by repeated quotation. The more frequently Wordsworth's productions are studied by refined readers the more they are admired. Genuine poetry is never stale; every new perusal is accompanied with a fresh delight and an additional store of pleasant associations. Those, however, who can really enjoy the pure spirit of poetry, wholly unmixed with baser matter, form a very small class indeed. To make it popular without the aid of narrative, it is necessary to season it highly with glittering conceits, turgid truisms, and strong excitements.

The majority of critics estimate more highly the value of contemporary applause as an indication of future fame than general experience warrants. If sale alone were a criterion of the value of a work, some of the meanest and most detestable books that were ever written, would rank as high as any thing that has yet proceeded from the noblest pens. Before we look upon immediate applause as the slightest argument in favor of a writer's performances, there are other circumstances that should be taken into consideration,—the subject—the author's style—and the character of the age. There are some subjects that in their own nature are so attractive to large classes of readers, that the feeblest handling cannot well abate their influence, particularly if they are brought forward at the proper season. There are other topics, on the contrary, that cannot be rendered widely popular by the greatest genius. Sometimes mere novelty of subject will do more for an author's temporary success than the greatest merit of style or thought. They who maintain that popularity is the test of merit should reconcile the vast success of Scott's poetry on its first publication, when he was looked upon as the English Homer, with the comparative neglect with which his metrical tales are now treated. If they were great poems on their first publication, they must be equally meritorious now, though their popularity has passed away. If any man were to publish at this day poems of similar character and equal merit, they would hardly run through a single edition. The whole world at one time esteemed Scott a greater poet than Wordsworth, but who thinks so now? Opinions have changed, but the poetry of these authors is just what it was before.

There is a class of works for which an immediate but not permanent popularity is naturally expected, while there are others for which no popularity, but a slowly-coming though lasting fame, is all that is ever looked for or desired. If we glance over the records of literature, we shall meet with the titles of innumerable books that, in their brief day, were eagerly devoured by the whole reading world, but which are now utterly forgotten; or if occasionally met with and perused, are thrown away again with a deep feeling of disgust, and an expression of astonishment that they should ever have given satisfaction to a single human being. Great authors have rarely been popular, because they have gone beyond the age or beyond the general intellect. Bacon and Milton were never *popular*, and never will be. They are truly interesting only to thinkers and men of imagination, and these form the fit audience though few. On the authority of the critics the multitude have faith in these gods of intellect. They blindly worship them from a sense of duty and not from any impulse of affection. The history of literature furnishes us with comparatively so few instances of contemporary popularity being succeeded by a permanent fame, and so many of a sudden blaze of success being as suddenly extinguished, and of neglected merit forcing its way slowly into lasting distinction, that it is highly unphilosophical to draw any positive conclusions from the public reception of new works.

Wordsworth is not an Epic poet, nor has he the Dramatic faculty*. The "Excursion," is a mere re-

* He has written a play, but has not published it.

cord of the moods of his own mind. The dramatis personæ are shadows. The dialogue is sustained entirely by one person, and that person is the author. The poem is in fact an eloquent soliloquy. One portion of Wordsworth's works forms a strange contrast to the rest. Though in his Lyrical Ballads he affects a quaker-like plainness and humility, in his poems of a metaphysical or of a contemplative character there is a solemn and sustained elevation both of style and sentiment. He may be called both a philosophical and a pastoral poet. His characteristics are profound thought and a passionate love of nature.

We read the works of Wordsworth with a calm delight, and a personal veneration for the author. There is something so exquisitely pure and pastoral in all that we hear of his daily life, that he realizes our most ideal conception of the poetical character. He lives in serene and thoughtful gladness, amidst groves, and lakes, and mountains, and seems as intimately associated with nature as the birds that charm him with their songs. He pays, indeed, an occasional visit to the crowded city, but hurries eagerly back again to his native haunts. There is the same avoidance of all contact with artificial life, in his personal habits as in his poetry. There is an Arcadian simplicity and quietude in both.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

James Montgomery was born at Irvine, in Ayrshire, on the 4th of November 1771. His parents belonged to the church of the United Brethren, commonly called Moravians, and the poet is of the same sect. He was placed at an early age in a Moravian seminary at Fulnick in Yorkshire, where his father and mother left him at school and went to the West Indies to instruct the negroes in the doctrines of Christianity. They both fell victims to the climate; one died in Barbadoes and the other in Tobago. The Moravians supported and protected the orphan of these Missionaries and educated him as a minister, but though of an extremely pious turn of mind young Montgomery had too much imagination to rest long satisfied with the strict monastic seclusion from the world imposed upon him by his brethren. He was impatient to see more of human life over which his fancy had thrown romantic colours. The reality, however, soon chilled and disappointed him. As he was so determined to enter the world, his friends gave up all further attempts to restrain his inclinations, and they procured him a situation in a retail shop at Mirfield near Wakefield; but he soon grew weary of so uncongenial an employment. He secretly fled from his master, but left a letter of explanation for him. Not being an articled apprentice he broke no contract by his desertion. He entered the wide world with three shillings and sixpence in his pocket. He was at that time only sixteen years of age. It was not many days before he was obliged to save himself from starvation by accepting a similar situation at a place called Wash. He now wrote to his late employer for a character. The worthy man who truly loved his runaway assistant set off immediately for Wash, and when the two friends met they rushed into each other's arms. His master, however, in vain pressed him to return. He next got into the employ of Mr. Harrison a bookseller in London, who had seen a volume of his poems in manuscript and strongly urged him to cultivate his talents. He found even this employ a dull one and in eight months returned into Yorkshire to the situation he had formerly held. His next employment was that of editor of a provincial newspaper, the *Sheffield Iris*. The paper was conducted with moderation by the poet-editor, but he was a lover of liberty, and in those days the government were jealous of the least attempt to give utterance to those free opinions which are now generally entertained and openly expressed. A clergyman had written a song to commemorate the destruction of the Bastile, and though it appeared in half the newspapers of the kingdom, Mr. Montgomery was prosecuted for having struck off a few copies for sale at the *Sheffield Iris* press. He was fined twenty pounds and imprisoned for three months in the Castle of York. He had not long resumed his duties when he again incurred the hostility of the powerful. Two men were killed by the soldiers in a riot in the streets of Sheffield, and Montgomery gave an account of the affair which excited the anger of an officer who was also a magistrate, and who preferred a bill of indictment against him. Montgomery proved the accuracy of his statement, but it did not save him. He was sentenced to six month's imprisonment and a fine of thirty pounds.

The first work which made Montgomery's name familiar to the public was *The Wanderer of Switzerland*, which was treated with such severity by the *Edinburgh Review* that the poet was completely disheartened, and according to his own account was for some years, "as mute as a moulting bird." In 1810

appeared his poem of the *West Indies* of which ten thousand copies were sold. Three years after he published *The world before the Flood*. *Greenland* was published in 1819 and the Pelican Island in 1827.

Montgomery's poetry is especially interesting to a large class of readers who delight to see the Muse enlisted in the cause of Religion. He blends piety to God with a deep and unaffected love for his fellow-creatures. The spirit that pervades all his writings is truly amiable and noble, and his character as a man corresponds exactly with his character as an author. His poetry exhibits peculiar delicacy and tenderness of sentiment, and great elegance and purity of style. He never startles the reader with vigorous bursts of enthusiasm or intense flashes of imagination, but he always secures his approbation and esteem.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Robert Southey was born at Bristol on the 12th of August, 1774. His father was a linen-draper of that city, but though he was a man of singularly steady habits and of strict integrity he was not successful in business. Young Southey was taken charge of by his mother's maiden aunt, Miss Tyler. In 1787 he was sent to Westminster school. His master loved him and treated him like a son. His school-fellows also were charmed with his fine disposition. On one occasion he was compelled to join in a rebellion, and soon after was found in tears. On being questioned as to the cause of his distress, he replied, that he was afflicted at the thought of his ingratitude to his master. In 1792 he was entered at Baliol College Oxford. In 1794 Mr. Coleridge who had just left Cambridge paid a visit to Oxford and formed an intimacy with Southey. Coleridge was even then distinguished for those extraordinary powers of conversation which fascinated all who heard him, and he was hailed with admiration and wonder by the young Oxonians, especially such of them as were favorable to the French Revolution. Southey, Coleridge and Lovel were at that time ardent political enthusiasts, and forsaking their studies they formed a plan to establish a Society on the banks of the Ohio, with a system of government in which every individual was to have his share of power, and all property was to be equally divided or used in common. They were intimate with Wordsworth, who though his political sentiments were at that time of the same cast as theirs, refused to join in so absurd a scheme. The other three friends repaired to Bristol for the purpose of making preparations for carrying their design into effect, and as female society was essential to the new colony they agreed to marry three sisters of the name of Fricker. The triple marriage plan was duly executed, but their political speculation with reference to the settlement on the banks of the Ohio speedily evaporated. Southey's friends were anxious to prevent his marriage with Miss Fricker, and hoping to wean him from it by absence, they persuaded him to accompany his uncle Mr. Hill, to Portugal; but true lovers are not easily thwarted, and only an hour or two before Southey's departure a secret union was effected. They separated at the church door. He was six months absent, and during that time wrote letters to his bride which were afterwards published in one volume octavo. On his return he pursued his literary avocations with great earnestness and assiduity. Towards the close of 1801 he was appointed Secretary to Mr. Corry, then Chancellor of the Exchequer for Ireland on a salary of 500 pounds per annum. He held the place until his principal quitted office which was not long after, for in 1803 Southey resided at Keswick in Cumberland. Mrs. Coleridge and Mrs. Lovel (now a widow) lived under the same roof. In 1813 he was appointed Poet Laureate.

Southey is one of the most voluminous writers in the language, and the mere list of his works in prose and verse would fill a page. It will be sufficient to allude to a few of his most celebrated productions. Joan of Arc, an Epic Poem, which has since been greatly altered, was published in 1796. Thalaba, the Destroyer, a metrical Romance, appeared in 1803; and Madoc, a poem, two years after. The Curse of Kehama was published in 1810; Roderick the last of the Goths in 1814, and A Tale of Paraguay in 1824. Southey's poetry wants compactness, but though in his longer poems the passages taken separately are sometimes diffuse and feeble, there is great breadth and richness in the general effect, and the style is admirably pure and transparent. The reader feels that he is under the spell of a true poet. The presence of high and rich imagination is always recognized though we have rarely occasion to dwell upon lines or passages of striking beauty. The power is in the whole. He is most successful in descriptions of external nature and in home-scenes of sweet domestic interest, in which all is truth and nature. The most popular of his numerous prose works is his Life of Nelson. It is a truly classical

production. He has written some of the ablest articles in the Quarterly Review, for each of which it is said that he has received one hundred pounds. He is one of the best prose writers in our language. His style is singularly clear, graceful and unaffected. He never compells us to pause at a particular sentence or go back to any previous paragraph to gather the meaning. The uncritical reader is sometimes surprised that Southey's prose is so much admired, because he is not arrested by any prominent or isolated beauty; but the very excellence of the style consists in the absence of all effort or display, and the way in which the writer beguiles us into a consideration of the matter alone, while we forget the manner, which has nevertheless a secret charm. His narratives especially are admirable for their distinctness and animation.

Though Southey is somewhat too fierce a politician and is now as ardent a lover of Kings as he once was of Republics, and is often taunted with his inconsistency on that account, his greatest enemies have acknowledged the purity and beauty of his private life. Whatever may be said or thought of him as a poet or a politician he is almost immaculate as a man, and all parties agree in speaking of him personally with the most unqualified admiration and respect. In 1839, having lost his first wife some years before, he married Miss Caroline Bowles, the accomplished poetess. It is with pain we add that he has since fallen into a miserable state of health both bodily and mental, and that there is little hope of his recovery. This is of course the sad result of overstraining the intellectual powers. No ploughman or mechanic has gone through more drudgery than Southey—and his labours unhappily were of a nature to press with peculiar severity upon the very principle of life. The exhaustion that follows literary toil affects both mind and body to a degree and in a manner that are rarely experienced from other kinds of labour.

The following tribute to the character of Southey is from Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*.

"Publicly has Mr. Southey been reviled by men, who (I would feign hope for the honor of human nature) hurled fire-brands against a figure of their own imagination, publicly have his talents been depreciated, his principles denounced; as publicly do I therefore, who have known him intimately, deem it my duty to leave recorded, that it is SOUTHEY's almost unexampled felicity, to possess the best gifts of talent and genius free from all their characteristic defects. To those who remember the state of our public schools and universities some twenty years past, it will appear no ordinary praise in any man to have passed from innocence into virtue, not only free from all vicious habit but unstained by one act of intemperance, or the degradations akin to intemperance. That scheme of head, heart, and habitual demeanour, which in his early manhood, and first controversial writings, Milton, claiming the privilege of self-defence, asserts of himself, and challenges his calumniators to disprove; this will his school-mates, his fellow-collegians, and his maturer friends, with a confidence proportioned to the intimacy of their knowledge, bear witness to, as again realized in the life of Robert Southey. But still more striking to those, who by biography or by their own experience are familiar with the general habits of genius, will appear the poet's matchless industry and perseverance in his pursuits; the worthiness and dignity of those pursuits; his generous submission to tasks of transitory interest, or such as *his* genius alone could make otherwise; and that having thus more than satisfied the claims of affection or prudence, he should yet have made for himself time and power, to achieve more, and in more various departments than almost any other writer has done, though employed wholly on subjects of his own choice and ambition. But as Southey possesses, and is not possessed by, his genius, even so is he the master even of his virtues. The regular and methodical tenor of his daily labours, which would be deemed rare in the most mechanical pursuits, and might be envied by the mere man of business, loses all semblance of formality in the dignified simplicity of his manners, in the spring and healthful cheerfulness of his spirits. Always employed, his friends find him always at leisure. No less punctual in trifles, than stedfast in the performance of the highest duties, he inflicts none of those small pains and discomforts which irregular men scatter about them, and which in the aggregate so often become formidable obstacles both to happiness and utility; while on the contrary he bestows all the pleasures, and inspires all that ease of mind in those around him or connected with him, which perfect consistency, and (if such a word might be framed) absolute *reliability*, equally in small as in great concerns, cannot but inspire and bestow: when this too is softened without being weakened by kindness and gentleness. I know few men who so well deserve the character which an antient attributes to Marcus Cato, namely, that he was likest virtue, in as much as he seemed to act aright, not in obedience to any law or outward motive, but by the necessity of a happy nature, which could not act otherwise. As son, brother, husband, father, master, friend, he moves with firm yet light steps, alike unostentatious, and alike exemplary. As a writer, he has uniformly made his talents subservient to the best interests of humanity, of public virtue, and domestic piety; his cause has ever been the cause of pure religion and of liberty, of national independence and of national illumination."

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THOMAS CAMPBELL was born at Glasgow in 1777. His father was nearly seventy years of age at the time

of his son's birth. When he was twelve years of age the poet was sent to the University of Glasgow where he speedily distinguished himself by the rapidity and extent of his scholastic acquisitions. On quitting the University he removed into Argyleshire where he obtained the situation of private tutor in a family of some distinction. He next went to Edinburgh where his talents soon brought him into notice and he became intimate with Dugald Stewart and all the other leading intellects of the Scottish Metropolis. At the early age of twenty-one he published his *Pleasures of Hope*, a poem of great beauty and which gave extraordinary promise of future excellence. He received for this work in the first instance but ten pounds, though for twenty years it produced to the publishers an annual income of thirty times that sum. In addition to the original remuneration he afterwards received a present of the profits of a quarto edition. By a subsequent act of the legislature, extending the term of copyright the work luckily reverted again to the author. After three years' residence in Edinburgh Campbell sailed for Hamburgh. He travelled over a great part of Germany and Prussia, and visited the different Universities. He witnessed the battle of Hohenlinden, which he has so nobly commemorated, from the top of a convent, and saw the French cavalry enter a town wiping their bloody sabres on the horses' manes. He became intimately acquainted with the two celebrated Schlegels, and passed a day with Klopstock. After having spent thirteen months in travelling on the Continent, he visited London for the first time. In 1803 he married a lady of the name of Sinclair who died in 1828. By this lady he had two sons, one of whom died in his twelfth year; the other is still living with his father, but in a state of mental derangement.

Campbell resided for many years at Sydenham, near London, where he composed his "Gertrude of Wyoming," which was published in 1820. About the same time he published his Specimens of the British Poets, in seven volumes. In 1824 appeared his "*Theodric*," which was a public disappointment. He was editor of the *New Monthly Magazine* for ten years from 1820 to 1830, but it is supposed that, with the exception of a few papers in the earlier numbers, he gave little more to it than his name for which he received about three hundred a year.

Mr. Campbell has the credit of having been the originator of the London University. The first scheme or proposal came from him; though Lord Brougham had the chief hand in carrying it into effect. Campbell was once urged by Sir John Sinclair to write a play upon the subject of Darius but he had the good sense to decline the attempt. Though the most condensed, the most nervous, and the most polished of our living poets, his Muse is deficient in dramatic power; and, like most of our modern bards, he can better describe his own feelings than the feelings of other men. His manner is altogether too concise, too antithetical, and too formal, to be adapted to every variety of passion and of humour. His style is classically, and even fastidiously correct, and it may perhaps be objected to it, that it has too much the appearance of being constructed on some particular model, from which he has made up his mind that it would be an unpardonable sin to deviate even in the breadth of a hair. Thus, with all his energy and fire, his Pegasus is a checked steed, and prances in a given track. It is something like an illustration of this fact, that Mr. Campbell has very rarely ventured to divest himself of the silken fetters of rhyme. Blank-verse, which, as Southey has well said, is the noblest measure of which our language is capable, seems to have presented him with a field too open and unbounded. He prefers the narrow and more beaten road, and it must be confessed that never did a more graceful and spirited personage condescend to travel on the common causeway. It is nevertheless to be regretted, that a writer who has given evidence of so much strength and animation should have thus restrained his energies by over-caution. If he had only given way somewhat more freely to his own impulses, he would have been a much greater poet.

Campbell betrays a leaning to that school of poetry to which Wordsworth is so hostile; and nothing can be more opposite than the styles of these two contemporaries. Campbell has written little, but much of that little will live; the world would not willingly let it die. Wordsworth, though a more philosophical poet, and of a far higher rank, cannot possibly travel through the rough road of futurity without leaving behind him a considerable mass of lumber. If Campbell is too timid and precise, Wordsworth is too egotistical and verbose. The former is too cautious, and the latter too careless. Campbell is a more equal, but a less ambitious poet. He performs all that he attempts, but does not attempt so much. Campbell has pursued the safest, but not the most glorious route to posterity. Wordsworth is a bolder traveller, and has aimed at nobler acquisitions with the chance of greater failures, and at the risk of being encumbered with much unwieldy wealth.

Campbell with all his fame is still a timid author, and is as much frightened at his own reputation as a child at its own shadow. He is always afraid that his new productions will not come up to the expectations of the public. It is said that he was deeply hurt at the comparatively indifferent success of his *Theodric*, notwithstanding the kind and generous notice which it received from his friend Jeffrey in the *Edinburgh Review*. Lord Byron, in speaking of Campbell's probable vexation at Coleridge's having attacked the "Pleasures of Hope," in a public lecture on Poetry, observed that Campbell was the most sensitive man in such matters that he had ever met with. "And yet what," added his Lordship, "has *he* to fear from criticism?"

His martial and naval Odes are truly magnificent; and his songs of a more quiet tone have a blended vigour and pathos of sentiment, and a spirit and harmony of versification, that make them almost unrivalled by any other Lyrics in the English language. They are superior to Thomas Moore's; for though less ingenious, they are not less elegant or finished, and have more truth and nature.

Campbell talks modestly of his hopes of immortality; but he does not affect to be wholly unconscious of his real claims. He greatly admires Goldsmith, whose works have still a wide and steady popularity, though not a noisy one; he would be satisfied, he says, with a fame like that of the author of "The Deserted Village." The disciples of the Lake School would lift up their eyes at such an instance of humility, for they class Goldsmith with the followers of the degraded French School, at the head of which, by the way, they place Dryden, the most English of English Poets.

Campbell now seldom writes poetry, and has taken a fancy to study languages, particularly the German.

In person, Campbell is eminently handsome and genteel, but is perhaps a little lower in stature than is quite consistent with dignity. Leigh Hunt's account of him is to the life;—"His face and person," says he, "are rather on a small scale; his features regular; his eye lively and penetrating; and when he speaks, dimples play about his mouth, which nevertheless has something restrained and close in it." To a stranger at first sight there is an air of primness and fastidiousness in his look and manner, but this soon wears off, and as he grows more familiar, his fine expressive eye becomes full of noble meanings. It is in a tête a tête, or in a very small and select party of friends, that he appears to most advantage. In a large company he is too guarded, and betrays a consciousness of authorship and celebrity.

THOMAS MOORE.

Thomas Moore was born in Dublin on the 28th of May, 1780. He received the rudiments of education from Mr. Samuel Whyte who was the early tutor of Sheridan. At fourteen he was entered a student of Trinity College, Dublin. In 1799 he went to London, became a member of the Middle Temple, and was called to the bar. In the year 1800, before he had completed his twentieth year he published a translation of the *Odes of Anacreon*. This work acquired immediate popularity and the author was for many years distinguished by the appellation of Anacreon Moore. It was dedicated to the Prince of Wales who received the author into his society on a footing of familiar friendship. This connection however was not lasting. The poet and the prince at last separated on hostile terms, and the latter found an unenviable place in some of the liveliest satires in our language. In 1803 Moore obtained an official situation at Bermuda, which he filled for a short time, but afterwards appointed a deputy and returned to England. He soon after married Miss Dyke, a lady of great personal attractions and most amiable disposition. In 1817 he published his "Lalla Rookh." In the following year appeared "The Fudge Family in Paris." In 1823 he published The "Loves of the Angels," of which two translations appeared soon after in Paris. Moore's principal prose works, the Life of Byron and the Memoirs of Sheridan, are highly interesting, though the style is somewhat too profusely ornamented.

Moore's personal character is delightful. He is of a cheerful and friendly disposition, with cordial, frank, and pleasant manners. He is a particularly agreeable specimen of an Irish gentleman. He is fond of music and sings his own "Irish Melodies" with great taste and feeling, his voice, though not of large compass, being very sweet and effective. His conversation is as sparkling as his poetry.

It is the fashion amongst the admirers of the Lake school to speak with unqualified contempt of the poetry of Thomas Moore. This is extravagant injustice. If he has many faults, he has also many merits of no ordinary kind. We will speak of the former first and so get rid as quickly as possible of the disagreeable part of our task. He has not much genuine pathos, and no simple nature.

Just as he is making his way to the heart some glittering ornament is sure to dissipate or distract our attention. When he aims at energy he is too often strained and bombastic; and when he attempts to represent human passion, we have too often a great deal of sound and fury signifying nothing. Nature has not endowed him with any extraordinary share of high *imagination*, though there are few writers in the English language, who have exhibited such wealth of *fancy*. It is inexhaustible. The whole creation glitters in his eyes. He looks upon nothing in the heavens above or in the earth beneath, that is not instantly associated with some resplendent image. Every thing gleams and sparkles with restless brilliancy, like the breeze-stirred leaves of trees after a summer shower and in a cheerful burst of sunshine. The misfortune is, that this exuberance of imagery leads him into idle ostentation, and that his Muse is, accordingly, too often more fine than elegant. He never seems to understand the maxim of Thomson, that nature when unadorned is adorned the most; and he dwells so much upon the mere drapery, that he tempts the critic to accuse him of a deficiency of skill in the higher departments of his art.

"Poets, like painters, when unskilled to trace
The naked nature and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover every part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art."

In fact it cannot be denied, that glittering imagery too often forms the ground-work of his productions, instead of the embellishment. His characters are lay figures, on which he hangs the most gorgeously bespangled garments. They are not of flesh and blood. They are like theatrical angels that owe every thing to paint, to dress, and to scenery. Byron was the true poet of *passion*, and whenever Thomas Moore attempts to enter upon his rival's ground he sinks into cold extravagance. He is most at home when he is thinking of sparkling eyes and illuminated halls. But even his notions of female beauty are somewhat imperfect. He is too fond of analyzing or enumerating the various points of excellence, and does not leave any unity or distinctness of impression upon the reader's mind. But, as he might have learned from Pope,

"'Tis not a lip or eye we beauty call,
But the joint force and full result of all."

He produces a rich assemblage of charms; but he gives the same to all his heroines, and they have all the requisite supply of starry eyes, cherry lips, and rosy cheeks. The poetry of the author of Lalla Rookh is more thoroughly oriental than he perhaps imagines. An overwhelming display of fanciful imagery is precisely the besetting sin of all Eastern poets, whose jewellery completely throws into "a *privacy of light*" the subject it is intended to illustrate and embellish. This richness of fancy is in them—and we fear in Moore also—generally unaccompanied with depth of thought. The great poets rarely dazzle and fatigue the reader with scenes that glitter like streams in the noon-day sun. The pages of Milton and Shakespeare do not perpetually flash and sparkle, but yet are always rendered clear and distinct by the broad light of imagination.

But now let us turn to the best side of the picture. Where is the writer who has moved in the golden fetters of verse with more ease and grace than Thomas Moore? And that this is not a trivial accomplishment, or one of easy attainment, may be shewn by a reference to the vast number of failures amongst those who have aimed at the same excellence. His rhymes almost always seem the consequence of the idea to be expressed, and not the cause. The words flow as easily and unaffectedly in his most intricate measures, as they do in elegant and familiar conversation. The reader is delighted to find a great difficulty so admirably overcome, and this success is so rare, that the pleasure is heightened by surprise. We really can remember no poet who, in rhymed verse, has exhibited such an easy mastery over the mechanism of his art. Milton's versification is undoubtedly more learned and elaborate, but it is so obviously artificial, that a child can perceive the trace of labour. Moore's poetry reads as if it were the writer's natural mode of expressing his thoughts and feelings. Not that it is always natural in the *matter*, but that the *manner* is exactly suited to the character of the poet's mind. It seems not the result of labour or affectation. In all those measures which are characterized by that obvious melody the charm of which is appreciated by the general ear, he is uniformly successful. To a wonderfully rich fancy and a fine ear for the harmonies of verse, he adds the great advantages of extreme ingenuity of thought, a quick sense of the beautiful, a turn for elegant compliments, in which he rivals even Pope himself, and a readiness of playful satire, in which he has never been surpassed. Perhaps the prime quality of his mind is wit. It seems ever at his call, and has always a double effect from its ease and spontaneity. For piquancy and point, nothing in the language can be compared with his political squibs. Let them appear how or where they may, the author's hand is instantaneously recognized.

They exhibit a delightful combination of wit and fancy, and these qualities are rendered peculiarly effective by the graceful volubility of the verse. He moves with more readiness and grace in rhyme than others do in prose. His satire never wants point, and always enchants the reader with its inimitable ease. He surpasses Prior in his arch allusions and in the smoothness and facility of his style. He cannot so well handle the heavy flail of Churchill, but he has fifty times his cunning in the use of a genteeler weapon. Satirists, however, have generally to work with temporary materials. Their genius is thrown away upon perishable themes. Moore is chiefly a party satirist, and nothing is more fugitive than the fashionable topics connected with politics. A new king or even a new administration may throw the cleverest political satires into utter and irretrievable oblivion.

It is melancholy to reflect upon the uncertainty of poetical fame, and to look back at the long file of highly-gifted men who after being for many years the "observed of all observers," are now gradually passing away from us for ever into the dreary region of oblivion. Even they who have never felt the sunshine of fame, shrink with horror from the thought of being utterly forgotten.

> "For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey
> This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
> Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
> Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?"

Fortunately for the happiness of popular poets they are generally buoyed up during their natural lives with the hope of future fame, and reconcile themselves to the fate which is common to all mortals with the proud anticipation of a second and more enduring existence even upon the earth. There have been, however, favourite writers who have survived their fame. Hayley was an instance. We do not mean to compare Thomas Moore with such a writer as Hayley, who was literally no poet. This cannot be said of the author of Lalla Rookh, who is as decidedly a true poet as any writer of his time, though the rank and character of his genius, and his chance of immortality may be open to doubt and disputation.

That Thomas Moore has not the deep philosophical sentiment of Wordsworth, nor the burning energy of Byron, nor the classical purity and precision of Campbell, nor the rich stateliness of Southey, nor the simple nature of Crabbe, nor the wild and rich imagination of Shelley or of Coleridge, must be at once admitted; but neither has any one of these great writers individually, all the attributes of his contemporaries. Nature is too sparing of her nobler gifts to lavish them on a single person. Thomas Moore, we repeat, has one of the endowments of a geniune poet—*a prolific fancy*, and in this respect he has no superior. He has also a larger share of pure wit of a light and playful kind, than has fallen to the lot of any other living author.

LEIGH HUNT.

Leigh Hunt is the son of a clergyman of the church of England, and was born at Southgate in Middlesex, October the 19th, 1784. His parents were acquainted with the celebrated Dr. Franklin who offered to teach his mother the guitar, but she was too diffident to become his pupil. The family of the Hunts were also intimate with West, the Painter, who used to speak to the King in favor of the poet's father when he fell into difficulties, and at last obtained for him a pension of £100 per annum. When Leigh Hunt was only thirteen years of age he fell in love with a lass of fifteen with "little laughing eyes and a mouth like a plum;" but such was the innocent and simple character of his passion that it gave him little concern to know that she was about to be married to a handsome young fellow of three-and-twenty. He used to sit and gaze on her with delight, and was so far from being jealous that he thought it the most natural thing in the world that every body should love her as much as he did. Byron's boyish passion was of a more selfish nature—perhaps only because it was more intense and genuine. Leigh Hunt quitted Christ's Hospital in his fifteenth year, and then published his first volume of verses of which he afterwards became heartily ashamed. They were mere imitations, and of that school of verse too for which he has ever since felt so little respect that he has perhaps done injustice to the real merits of its great founder, Pope. The book was not, however, ill received by the critics, who welcomed it as the production of a boy. His verses obtained for him an introduction to Rev. Mr. Maurice, of the British Museum, author of "Indian Antiquities," who used to talk over literary matters with him with a good-natured cordiality and an absence of all pretension of superiority that must have been very gratifying to the youthful poet. Mr. Maurice procured him permission to read in the Museum and he took a due advantage of the privilege. His first

published prose efforts appeared under the title of "The Traveller, by Mr. Town, Junior, Critic and Censor-General." They were a series of essays in imitation of the Connoiseur, and were published in the *Traveller* newspaper. He wrote about the same time a comedy and a tragedy. These were most probably destroyed at the suggestion of his maturer judgment. In his twentieth year he wrote dramatic criticisms for *The News*, a weekly paper published by his brother John. They brought him into immediate notice. He has since proved himself to be the best and most agreeable dramatic critic in England. In 1808 he and his brother set up the *Examiner*. This paper has always maintained a high character for talent, and has lost nothing of its reputation in the hands of its present editor, Mr. Fonblanque. For a satirical allusion in the *Examiner* to the Prince of Wales, in ridicule of some absurd compliments in the *Morning Post* which styled his Royal Highness an Adonis, Leigh Hunt was prosecuted for a libel and sentenced to two years imprisonment, a punishment wholly disproportioned to the offence, and which would scarcely have been inflicted in a later day. However the mind is its own place. He could have exclaimed with Lovelace,

> "Stone bars do not a prison make,
> Nor iron bars a cage."

Leigh Hunt carried his taste and his poetic feeling even into a jail. He papered the walls of his room with a trellis of roses, and had the ceiling colored like a summer sky. He added book-cases, flowers, busts and a piano-forte. Charles Lamb when he went to visit his friend was taken quite by surprise, and said there was no other such room except in a fairy tale. Thomas Moore, Wordsworth, and Lord Byron were amongst his visitors and were like Lamb astonished at the elegance and comfort that he had contrived to introduce into a jail. The venerable Jeremy Bentham found the "wit in his dungeon" playing at Battledore, and joined in the game. On the 3rd of February, 1815, he was restored to liberty. On leaving prison he published his longest and best poem, the Story of Rimini, and soon after commenced his delightful little periodical entitled *The Indicator*. In 1821 he accepted an invitation from Lord Byron, seconded by the entreaties of his friend Shelley to visit Italy and join them in a publication called the *Liberal*. His Lordship was disappointed in the expected success of that work, and Leigh Hunt and the noble poet being very opposite in their tastes and habits of thinking, at last parted with no very cordial feelings towards each other. In 1828 Leigh Hunt published his "Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries with Recollections of the Author's Life," and in 1832 a collection of his best poems in one volume.

Few poets have more faults than Leigh Hunt. But if they were fifty times as many—if they were "thick as the autumnal leaves that strow the brooks in Vallombrosa," they would not conceal or overpower his peculiar beauties. His best friends must observe with regret his studied negligence of metre, his affected novelties of diction, and the occasional vulgarity of his style. But who would not forgive the rose its thorns, and pass over numerous defects, for the sake of still more numerous excellencies? His sunny brightness of fancy, his depth and delicacy of observation, his freshness and tenderness of feeling, his intense love of nature, his happy power of description, his exuberant flow of animal spirits, the cheerful tone of his philosophy, his genuine worship of truth and freedom, and his frank, cordial, and familiar manner, are qualities which even those who may be most alive to his faults are often amongst the foremost to acknowledge and appreciate. These remarks apply with equal justice to his essays and his poems. As an essayist, he is in the same class as Lamb and Hazlitt, and takes his station perhaps between the two, mingling in his own works a large portion of the beauties of both. As a poet, some critics have connected him with the Lake school; but though in his abhorrence of the more precise and formal style that was fashionable in what has been erroneously called the Augustan Era of English Poetry, he resembles the poets of the Lakes, he differs from them in many points of a very characteristic nature. Wordsworth would not acknowledge him as a disciple. He belongs to no school. Perhaps of all living poets the one to whom he may be most easily compared and to whom he has already been compared by Hazlitt, is Thomas Moore, though, as he is far less smooth, terse, and polished than the bard of Erin, the resemblance between them does not immediately strike the casual reader. Though he is not so well fitted to delight the drawing-room with brilliant common-places, his wealth of imagery, his sparkling and elaborate descriptions, his frequent richness and felicity of phrase, and, above all, a certain gay and social spirit, frequently remind us of some of the happiest traits of the author of Lalla Rookh. If he were more uniformly careful and fastidious in his diction, and aimed more at point and antithesis of style, the resemblance

would be nearer. But trimness, smartness, and regularity, are Leigh Hunt's aversion. He affects "harmonious discords," and is ambitious to snatch a grace beyond the reach of art.

Leigh Hunt is even more agreeable as a companion than as an author. He has a constant flow of animal spirits, and his original remarks and illustrations are easily and pleasantly delivered. His clear brilliant images are poured out from the fancy-tinged fountain of his mind with wonderful rapidity. He adapts himself with great felicity to the character of the society into which he may happen to be thrown, and can not only endure with generous patience the company of an ordinary individual, but can usually find something agreeable and instructive in his conversation.

He is a most passionate admirer of the external world, and thinks "a sullenness against nature," a serious crime. He makes a firm stand against the dogmas of the Utilitarians, and considers that happiness, and whatever is most conducive to its progress, are the chief concern of the truly wise. All things are useful as they tend to this end, and no further. It may be said that virtue is a higher object, but happiness implies its presence, and indeed is only another term for virtuous emotion. Conscious guilt is never happy. Poetry and the Fine Arts, which some people despise, because they do not comprehend, contribute to our happiness by awakening the most delicate sensibilities of the soul, and are as *useful*, in the strictest sense of the word, as scientific theories and inventions. Nothing is useful in this world, but what has eventual reference to the heart of man. Poetry is the expression of human passion. It has been contemptuously characterised as an idle dream; as a pleasing falsehood. If our existence itself be not a dream, the essence of poetry is truth. The Poet's soul is a mirror, that reflects more vividly than an ordinary mind, the scenery of human life.

Leigh Hunt has too many idiosyncrasies and has too much subtlety and refinement, for most readers. It is said, that a man who is but just in advance of his pupils, is the most effective teacher. It is the same with the author, who should not be too far beyond the croud, if he desires to sway their sympathies and opinions. There are many writers of these times, who have exhibited more power, both of thought and expression; but it would be difficult to name any one who has surpassed Leigh Hunt in a delicate sense of the beautiful and the true. He is not well-fitted for the fierce struggles of political controversy; and we have arrived at a period, when the public mind demands a strong and even coarse excitement. Even in literature itself, there is a correspondent leaning to the wild and turgid. Addison and Goldsmith would attract but little attention in such times as these. The mild essays of the *Spectator* would seem flat and insipid, and no publisher would make a very liberal offer for the copyright of a one volume novel in the style of the *Vicar of Wakefield?*

Nothing but Leigh Hunt's disinterested and indestructible love of truth, and a naturally lively imagination, could have preserved him from despondency or despair in the midst of his great and manifold afflictions; and it is truly delightful to observe, how he continues to the last to turn to the sunny side of all things. He is just as full of hope and trustfulness as ever, and he looks round upon nature and upon man with the same cordial sympathy and admiration that thrilled his heart in youth. This is true religion—true virtue—true wisdom.

Leigh Hunt seems to be quite aware, that his character as a politician is not precisely suited to the tone and temper of the times. He is far too mild and scrupulous and candid, and deals too much in generalities. He is too little of a party man.

Leigh Hunt's personal appearance is extremely prepossessing. His figure is light and elegant, and he has an air of genteel negligence about him, that is not common amongst literary men. He has a quick and sparkling eye, but his mouth is the most remarkable feature of his face; it has a character of great sensibility, and a kind of voluptuous refinement. If there is any thing objectionable in Hunt's personal manners and conversation, it consists in a slight tinge of foppery in both. He wears no neckcloth, but leaves his collar open *a la Byron*. His coxcombry, if such it be, has by no means a disagreeable effect; for his extreme politeness, his elegant manners and good humour would redeem a far greater foible.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Allan Cunningham was born at Blackwood on Nithside a few miles above Dumfries, on the 7th of December, 1784. His father was a farmer. At eleven years of age he was removed from school and placed under an elder brother to learn the business of a mason. He early exhibited a taste for reading. In 1810 he went to London and obtained employment

on magazines and newspapers. Four years afterwards he entered the studio of Sir Francis Chantrey where he still remains as Clerk of the Works in that admirable sculptor's establishment. Some of his earliest pieces were published in "Cromek's Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song" and attracted great attention. His Dramatic Poem of "Sir Marmaduke Maxwell" was noticed very kindly in the preface to the *Fortunes of Nigel*. "Honest Allan," (says Scott in his Diary) "is a real and true Scotsman of the old cast. A man of genius, besides, who only requires the tact of knowing when and where to stop to attain the universal praise which ought to follow it." In a private letter to Allan Cunningham himself, Scott tells him, "I am glad you are about Scottish Song," (his collection in four volumes published in 1825.) "No man—not Robert Burns himself—has contributed more beautiful effusions to enrich it." Cunningham's prose fictions are less popular than his poetry. His style in the former is overlaid with poetical ornament. This objection does not apply to his highly interesting *Lives of the Painters*. He has published an admirable edition of the poems of Burns with a memoir that is written in a truly congenial spirit. Cunningham was present at the funeral of Burns. He is now engaged on a task of much difficulty and importance, the Lives of the Poets from Chaucer to Coleridge, with the exception, we believe, of those already written by Dr. Johnson, which will probably be incorporated in their right place in the body of his work. The *Maid of Elvar*, a "rustic epic," is the latest of his poetical publications.

Cunningham never writes any thing in verse in which he does not display more or less of his poetical genius, but his fame must rest upon his songs which are instinct with truth and nature.

In private life Cunningham is a great favorite with all who have the pleasure of his acquaintance, and he numbers in the list of his friends some of the most distinguished men of the present age.

MRS. SOUTHEY,

(late Caroline Bowles.)

Mrs. Southey was born in 1786. Her first work was a small collection of articles in prose and verse, entitled *Solitary Hours* published in 1826. The *Widow's Tale* followed. Her next work entitled *Chapters on Churchyards*, was originally published in *Blackwood's Magazine*. Her longest and latest poetical production is the blank-verse poem of *The Birthday*. It was published in 1837, in which year there was an elaborate and highly laudatory notice of it in *Blackwood's Magazine*. After an acquaintance of twenty years our poetess was married to the Poet Laureate in 1839.

One reason why Mrs. Southey is less known to the public than L. E. L. or Mrs. Hemans, is the modesty with which she has omitted her name from the title pages of her several works. Many of the lovers of poetry have some of her smaller poems by heart, though they know not to whom they are indebted for the beautiful thoughts and melodious sounds that haunt their hearts and ears.

The volume entitled *Solitary Hours* is a collection of brief compositions in prose and verse; the latter far superior to the former. Mrs. Southey's early prose, as is the case with most young authors in whom the imagination is the predominant faculty, exhibited a want of ease and simplicity. Though there is often great beauty in her prose work entitled *Chapters on Churchyards*, it must be acknowledged that she is entitled to a higher rank as a poet than as a prose writer. Her prose is occasionally a little inflated and ostentatious, a fault of which she is never guilty when she pours out her soul in verse. Her smaller poems are perhaps more truly characteristic of the best qualities of her genius than her ambitious efforts. No parent can read her exquisite address *To a Dying Infant* without emotion; and indeed no man or woman with a human heart can fail to recognize its truth and tenderness.

The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, or Mrs. Southey would have taken a more prominent station amongst the poets of the day. Her triumph, however, is yet to come, and she will reap a harvest of praise and admiration, when many who have gathered an earlier crop, shall lament that their brief season of sunshine and success has passed away for ever. It is melancholy to reflect upon the vicissitudes of literature. Nothing is more changeable and uncertain than poetic fame. It depends upon so many adventitious circumstances. A poet may be born an age too soon or too late—he may be puffed into a sudden elevation, only to be hurled down again into the gulph of oblivion by the stern re-action that always follows undeserved laudation—or he may have timid or prosaic friends that check his ambition, or fierce and indefatigable enemies that frighten him into silence, with ridicule and calumny—or he may have a rival in his own peculiar line, whose glare of fame attracts all eyes away from lesser luminaries that might have shone proudly in

his absence,—or he may have failed to procure the friendship of some leading literary journalist, who by repeated and earnest notices might have forced his merits into public notice,—or he may have entrusted his offspring to some tasteless and unfashionable publisher, without influence, energy or ambition. When a disappointed bard of the present day, conscious of some share of merit, looks over the list of the popular poets of the past generation, he may well be excused for wondering at the uncertainty of the public taste. Many a neglected and despised writer of these times, has produced verses that would have excited a sensation in the reign of the Kings and the Dukes, the Pomfrets and the Eusdens, the Walshs and the Welsteds, the Fentons and the Sprats. This small fry played about exultingly in the sunlit stream of fame for no inconsiderable period. But it is satisfactory to reflect, that though it has often happened that authors of little or no merit have enjoyed a temporary popularity, no work of real genius which has once been fairly brought into public notice, has been suffered to fall into that entire oblivion, which has sooner or later been the fate of every truly worthless production, however much it may have been upheld and overrated for a while.

BERNARD BARTON.

Bernard Barton was born in the year 1784. He is of a Quaker family, and was educated at a Quaker Seminary. He remains faithful to the religion in which he was brought up, but he has probably displeased the more rigid members of the Society of Friends by amusing himself with an art which, though it has been pronounced *divine* by some of the greatest and best men that ever lived, is regarded as something shockingly *profane* by those who regard all elegant amusements with a jealous eye. Painting as well as poetry is a forbidden art. West, the celebrated historical painter, was a Quaker, and his mother deemed it necessary to submit the subject of the profession for which he early indicated the strongest inclination to the decision of the society to which he belonged. "It is true, said a member, that our tenets refuse to own the utility of that art to mankind, but it seemeth to me that we have considered the matter too nicely. God hath bestowed on this youth a genius for art,—shall we question His wisdom? Can we believe that He bestows such rare gifts but for a wise and good purpose? I see the divine hand in this; we shall do well to sanction the art and encourage this youth." This proposition was seconded and carried in a Quaker assembly; and West was allowed to follow his favorite pursuit. The rigidity of the Quakers is gradually relaxing, though a few narrow-minded individuals may still hold out against the good sense of the majority of that pious sect of Christians. Scott of Amwell was the first Quaker poet of any note. Bernard Barton is the second in point of time, but not in point of merit. He began to court the Muses in 1810 and in 1812 published an anonymous volume entitled "Metrical Effusions." In 1818 he sent into the world a collection of "Poems by an Amateur," and at last took courage and published a volume of poems with his own name in full.

Bernard Barton lives at Woodbridge in Suffolk, where he follows the business of a Banker. He was 22 years a clerk to the respectable firm of which he has now we hope become a member.

The poetry of Bernard Barton is quaker-like—simple in expression, pious in its tone.

JOHN WILSON.

John Wilson was born at Paisley, North Britain, in the month of May, 1789. After receiving a preparatory education at Glasgow he was entered a gentleman commoner at Magdalen College, Oxford. While at the University he distinguished himself by his intellectual attainments and his feats of bodily strength. He gained Sir Roger Newdigate's prize for English poetry and exhibited great skill in *pugilism!* He quitted the University in 1807. His father left him a fortune of forty thousand pounds of which a large portion was lost through the failure of a mercantile concern at Glasgow in which it was placed. Having been warned of the danger he hastened to withdraw his funds, but arrived three hours too late to save them. Enough however, remained to him to secure the comforts and even elegancies of life, and after quitting the University he purchased the beautiful estate of Ellary, on the Lake of Winandermere, in Cumberland, a noble dwelling for a poet. Being fond of amusements on the water he established a sailing club and built some fine little vessels for his own use. In 1810 he married Miss Penny, a lady of beauty and accomplishments, with a dower of ten thousand pounds. In 1812 he published his poem of the Isle of Palms, and in 1816 his pathetic drama, entitled *The City of the Plague*. In 1820 he was elected to the chair of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. The beautiful prose

fictions "The Trials of Margaret Lindsay"—"The Foresters"—and "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life," are attributed to his prolific pen. For upwards of twenty years he has poured forth the treasures of his mind in *Blackwood's Magazine* of which he is the editor.

The poetry of Professor Wilson is not adapted to the general taste. It is chiefly addressed to a limited class of readers, who think and feel like the author himself. It is not every eye that can trace his dreamy and indistinct creations. His mind is like a twilight lake, in which the reflections of material things assume vague and unsubstantial aspects. There is rarely in the poetry of Wilson any ordinary incident or worldly passion to arouse the sympathy of common readers. He is in every respect the opposite of Crabbe. He deals not in histories of daily events, in descriptions of vulgar life, or in simple revelations of the human heart; but he leads us, with glimmering and uncertain lights, into the most aerial regions of imagination. His Muse dallies with the sunbeams, or glides like a shadow over the breezy mountains, and holds converse with "the gorgeous company of clouds."

Yet though the poetry of Wilson can never be truly popular, it wins from the least congenial reader, however dazzled and perplexed, an instant acknowledgment of the author's genius. But the admiration it excites is not often allied to love. For its full appreciation and enjoyment it requires such an intense abstraction of mind from all ordinary thoughts and objects, and such an unflagging attention to the subtle and ever-shifting hues of the poet's fancy, that there are few who can long accompany him without a sense of weariness and confusion. His poetry is full of beauties, but they are of such a gossamer-like consistency, of so ethereal a texture, and are so enveloped in a glittering mist of words, that none but those who take an especial delight in forgetting this material world and revelling in a land of visions, have the patience to trace out each almost evanescent charm, or a sufficient sympathy with the enchanter to submit entirely to his sway and to sacrifice all familiar associations. When Wilson's readers are unimaginative, or when they are disposed to be cold and critical, his genius is impotent and his spell is broken. His power as a prose writer throws his poetry into the shade, because his essays and criticisms, though sometimes a little too declamatory, are better suited to the comprehension of the general reader. It is true that they are often characterized by the same dreaminess of fancy, and the same exaggerated tone of sentiment and redundant yet felicitous phraseology; but in prose compositions the poet cannot always be on the wing, and he is compelled at frequent intervals to alight upon the common earth and hold communion with its humblest inhabitants.

But let not the spirit of criticism carry us too far in our objections. If the effect of Wilson's fine genius is too often injured by a mystical indistinctness of style, he has occasionally shown us that he knows the way into the heart of his readers when he is more disposed to move their feelings than dazzle their imagination. His *City of the Plague*, has passages of the deepest pathos, and in his prose fictions he frequently unlocks "the sacred source of sympathetic tears." His great merit consists in his fervid admiration of intellectual beauty—in the delicacy and spirituality of his fancy—his religious love of nature, and his exquisite perception of her least obvious charms—his deep domestic tenderness, and his pure and elevated faith in the natural excellence of the heart of man. Though his metre is occasionally somewhat deficient in strength and firmness, it is always very sweet and flowing; and his diction is often steeped in beauty, until it glows and sparkles like a bed of flowers on a fresh spring morning.

REV. HENRY HART MILMAN.

Mr. Milman was born in London, February 10th, 1791. He is the youngest son of Sir Francis Milman, an eminent physician. He received the rudiments of education at a school in Greenwich where the well-known Dr. Burney was his tutor. He was then removed to Eton where he remained nine years. In 1810 he was entered at Brazen Noze College, Oxford, where he is said to have gained more prizes than ever fell to the lot of any other student. In 1815 he became a fellow of his college, and two years afterwards entered into holy orders. In 1821 he was elected Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. He married in 1824.

Milman's first appearance before the public was as the author of *Fazio*, a tragedy, which was acted in 1818 with great temporary success. Though deficient in dramatic power it is full of poetical beauties. "The Fall of Jerusalem," a dramatic poem, appeared in 1820. These were followed by other poems in the dramatic form, namely "Belshazzar," "The Martyr of Antioch," and "Anne Boleyn."

"Samor Lord of the Bright City" is an heroic poem in verse in twelve books.

The poetry of Milman is somewhat too cold and stately, but his Muse assumes a high tone of morality and well sustains it. His pages are sprinkled pretty thickly with beautiful and brilliant imagery, but he does not often touch the heart. His diction is elegant and his versification musical. In private life he is highly respected as an honorable and pious man.

THOMAS HOOD.

Thomas Hood was born in London in 1798. His father was a native of Scotland, and for many years an acting partner in the well-known firm of Vernor, Hood and Sharp, extensive booksellers and publishers. He was educated at Mr. Wanostrocht's Academy, Camberwell. As he manifested a taste for the fine arts, he was placed with his uncle, Mr. Robert Sands, that he might acquire a knowledge of his profession as an engraver. He passed two years in this study, but his occasional poems finding their way into the *London Magazine* and bringing him into notice, he turned his attention exclusively to literature. In 1828 he published "The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies," a work which displays a rich imagination. But his *Whims and Oddities* took better with the public, and Hood seems now satisfied to be regarded as the Prince of Punsters, though there are passages in his graver writings that show a far nobler order of genius than is required in the concoction of verbal quibbles. He has not only a very large share of original wit and humour, but a tenderness and delicacy of sentiment, and a fine feeling for the beautiful and the true which his friends regret that he has suppressed for the reputation of a mere joker. He is certainly a truly witty versifier, and though he twists and tortures the language in so unmerciful a manner, it always seems to the operator an easy task. Nothing can be more fluent than his verses. It should be mentioned to his honor that his wit is always good-natured. He can contrive to excite the merriment of his reader without giving a moment's pain to any man or woman in existence. His nature is too amiable and his mental resources too rich to render it necessary for him to deal in personalities.. Hood is a grave and sober man in private life, and rarely ventures upon the humorous in conversation. He is scarcely ever seen to indulge in a hearty laugh.

BRYAN WALLER PROCTOR.

Bryan Waller Proctor (better known under the appellation of *Barry Cornwall* which he prefixed to all his poems) was born in London. He was educated at Harrow and had Lord Byron for his school-fellow. On leaving school he was articled to a solicitor at Calne in Wiltshire. Here he spent four years studying the initiatory part of his profession, and then went to London and became the pupil of an eminent conveyancer in one of the inns of court. He has since been called to the bar. He made his first public appearance as a poet in 1815 with a volume of "Dramatic Scenes." Soon after he published his "Sicilian Story." In 1820 appeared his "Marcian Colonna," and in the following year his tragedy of "Mirandola."

Proctor's poetry has great delicacy and sweetness.

REV. GEORGE CROLY.

George Croly was born in Ireland towards the close of the last century. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. On leaving College he was put in charge of a parish in the diocese of the Bishop of Meath, but he soon left Ireland and went to London. In 1815 he visited Paris, and wrote his first poem from the impressions on his mind produced by the interest of the time and scene. It was entitled "*Paris in* 1815." In 1823 Lord Brougham, on taking the seals presented him with the Rectory of St. Stephen's, Walbrook. The principal poetical works of Croly are "The Angel of the World" and the Tragedy of "Cataline." The latter is full of striking passages. He has published one prose fiction entitled "Salathiel, a story of the Past, the Present and the Future," founded on the legend of the Wandering Jew.

There is spirit and vigor in Croly's poetry and he is endowed with a rich imagination, but the reader is less frequently charmed than dazzled by his somewhat too ambitious pages. He is unquestionably, however, a man of no ordinary genius.

MRS. MACLEAN.

Mrs. Maclean (better known by her maiden name, Letitia Elizabeth Landon) was born in Hans Place, London. Her father was a partner with Mr. Adair the Army Agent. She made her first public

appearance as a poetess in the columns of the *London Literary Gazette*. A year or two ago she married and went with her husband to Cape Coast Castle, where she died. It is supposed that some secret grief was preying on her mind and caused her to put an end to her existence by swallowing poison. As a poetess Mrs. Maclean has a feminine grace of manner, extreme delicacy and tenderness of feeling, and a profusion of sparkling imagery. Her poetry nevertheless has been overrated by her admirers. It wants substance, simplicity, and repose. Her principal poems are "The Improvisatrice," "The Troubadour," "The Golden Violet" and "The Venetian Bracelet." She wrote a novel entitled *Romance and Reality*, which is full of lively and acute remark.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Alfred Tennyson is the son of a clergyman residing in Lincolnshire. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. Tennyson is of the school of Keats, and has many of that poet's characteristic beauties and defects. He has undoubtedly an imagination at once delicate and rich, and has a fine ear for the music of verse.

CHARLES TURNER.

Charles Turner (late Tennyson, brother of the above) has written a small volume of sonnets of no ordinary interest and beauty.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

Ebenezer Elliott was born on the 17th of March, 1781, at Masbro, a village near Sheffield, where he now follows the trade of an ironmonger. He is called the Corn-law Rhymer because he has written so many lyrics on the subject of the corn-laws. His politics are fiercely democratical.

It were to be wished that he could satisfy himself that independence and patriotism are qualities not necessarily connected with an intense hatred of the upper classes of society. He is evidently laboring under a deplorable political hallucination. He seems to think that every man in any way connected with the Government is a kind of fiend incarnate, and that the higher ranks of society are united in a deadly conspiracy to enslave or starve their poorer countrymen. His ferocious tone and wild exaggerations may do much injury amongst the class of people to whom he addresses himself, and cannot possibly do any good. All men cannot be equally rich or equally powerful, and as long as society exists there will be some degree of dissatisfaction and discontent amongst the unlucky majority. Who does not regret this inequality of fortune? Who would not wish all men to be equally wise, wealthy and happy? But what rational man expects that such an Utopian state of things can ever be brought about in human society? All that we can hope for is, that the necessary evils of society may be lessened or rendered bearable; and the furious tirades of such a man as Elliott are more likely to array the different ranks in an ungenerous and unreflecting hostility, than to bring about that happy understanding which may lead to a mutual endeavour at improvement, and cause liberal concessions on the one side, and a manly patience and forbearance on the other. Elliott's Muse should turn to more poetical subjects than the Corn-laws on which she is certainly a little crazed. How he ever came to turn the stream of Helicon that way is not easily explained, because he has considerable imaginative power, and one would think might find other subjects of an infinitely more congenial nature on which to exercise his poetical genius. Why not treat such matters in plain prose? Elliott is an honest and truly well-intentioned man—and, moreover, a man of genius, but he decidedly wants taste, and discretion.

There is sometimes a certain coarseness and literalness in Elliott's productions that are not consistent with the character of pure poetry, though they are often associated with animated versification and strong good sense. A critic has observed of Elliott's poetry that it is not album poetry, nor annual poetry, nor chamber poetry, and that he would not wish him to throw off his homely garb and array himself in the costume of a petit maitre. But surely a poet may write very differently from Elliott, and yet not write in the style of a petit maitre, or in the tone of the drawing-room. Milton wrote poems dedicated to liberty, without writing either coarsely or effeminately, and Robert Burns could touch the heart of the humblest of his countrymen, without entering upon local and temporary details of an essentially political nature. We cannot therefore help regretting that Elliott has employed his muse on uncongenial themes. We are told that his poetry is suited to the manufacturing classes, and is very popular with them. It may be so—but the *subject* must be the spell with which he touches them. As to the *poetry* of his songs, it is certainly not, generally

speaking, such as is calculated to make its way to the heart or to kindle the imagination. After one of his lyrics let any one read a song of Burns's, and the difference between them will make him understand the nature of our objection to the songs of Elliott. None of these objections to Elliott's poetry apply to the single specimen we have given, entitled "The Press."

He is a little too dogmatical even in literary criticism, and speaks of some of the great leaders of public opinion in matters of taste in the tone of fierce defiance that he adopts towards his political opponents. The Corn-law Rhymer is particularly partial to Crabbe. This is not surprising,—there is a vigorous roughness in that poet and a disposition to exaggerate the distresses of the poor and the vices of the rich, that must be congenial to the muse of Elliott; but it really is a little strange to find such a practical, and we had almost said such a *coarse*, utilitarian verse-writer delighting in the ideality of Keats. One of Elliott's odd critical decisions is his elevation of the author of the Lady of the Lake above the author of the Iliad. There is more, he says, of the truth of poetry in Scott than in Homer.

Elliott is now about sixty years of age. He says that for the last forty years he has scarcely passed a month in which he has not written something. He generally takes a prominent part in the public meetings in his neighbourhood, where, notwithstanding the violence of his politics, he is greatly and justly respected as a well-intentioned man, with a warm heart and a vigorous intellect.

ERRATA AND EMENDATIONS

IN THE FOREGOING BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES.

Page 3—left col. 34th line, for *leads*—read *lead*.
In the same page and col. omit the second sentence of the Life of Gower.
Page ii. line 39, for *He* read *Chaucer*.
Page vi. in the 8th line of the life of Sackville insert the word *was* before the word *entered*.
Page vii. right col. 9th line, for *of* read *respecting*.
Page x. left col. line 22, for *poetical* read *political*.
Page x. right col. 15th line, after the word *Westminster* insert the word *Abbey*.
Page xi. last sentence of the life of Spenser, for *latter* read *later*.
Page xiv. left col. line 21, strike out *threw off* and insert *took*.
Page xviii. right col. 5th line, insert the word *College* after the word *Majesty's*.
———. and column line 23 for *latter* read *latter's*.
Page xx left col. first line 2nd paragraph, for *play* read *plays*.
Page xxxv. right col. line 45, for *or* read *nor*.
Page xxxvii. left col. line 15, omit the word *and*.
Page xxxix. left col. first line but two, for *this* read *Addison's*.
Page xl. left col. line 15, for *into* read *at*.
Page xlv. in the notice of West 2nd line, omit the word *elegant*.
Page xlviii. right col. line 24, omit the word *instantly*.
Page liii. left col. line 30, for *conventialisms* read *conventionalisms*.
Page lv. left col. line 30, for *whom* read *while*.
Page lvi. left col. 3rd line of last paragraph, for *inquires* read *inquired*.
Page lix. left col. third line of notice of Young, in the place of the stop put a comma and omit the word *He*.
Page lxxii. right col. line 32, for *his Lordship* read *him*.
Page lxxiv. left col. line 19, omit the *a* before *master*.
Page lxxvi. left col. line 10, omit the word *infinite*.
Page lxxxvii. left col. line 27, for *Ferndausi* read *Ferdausi*.
Page lxxix. right col. line 1, after the name of *Shakespeare* insert the word *that*.
Page lxxxiii. right col. line 49, for *His own* read *The*.
Page ci. left col. line 44, for *with* read *in*.
Page cii. left col. line 33, for *time* read *period*.

No 1463

GOVT. NORMAL SCHOOL HOOGHLY

SELECTIONS

FROM

THE BRITISH POETS.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

Born 1328.—*Died* 1400.

PROLOGUE TO THE CANTERBURY TALES.

WHANNE that April with his shoures sote
The droughte of March hath perced to the rote,
And bathed every veine in swiche licour,
Of whiche vertue engendred is the flour;
Whan Zephirus eke with his sote brethe
Enspired hath in every holt and hethe
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfe cours yronne,
And smale foules maken melodie,
That slepen alle night with open eye,
So priketh hem nature in hir corages,
Than longen folk to gon on pilgrimages,
And palmeres for to seken strange strondes,
To serve halwes couthe in sondry londes;
And specially from every shire's ende
Of Englelond, to Canterbury they wende,
The holy blisful martyr for to seke
That hem hath holpen, whan that they were seke.

Befelle, that, in that seson on a day,
In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay,
Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage
To Canterbury with devoute corage,
At night was come into that hostelrie
Wel nine and twenty in a compagnie
Of sondry folk, by aventure yfalle
In felawship, and pilgrimes were they alle,
That toward Canterbury wolden ride.
The chambres and the stables weren wide,
And wel we weren esed atte beste.

And shortly, when the sonne was gon to reste,
So hadde I spoken with hem everich on,
That I was of hir felawship anon,
And made forword erly for to rise,
To take oure way ther, as I you devise.

But natheles, while I have time and space,
Or that I forther in this tale pace,
Me thinketh it accordant to reson
To tellen you alle the condition
Of eche of hem, so as it semed me,
And whiche they weren, and of what degre;
And eke in what araie that they were inne:
And at a knight than wol I firste beginne.

A *Knight* ther was, and that a worthy man,
That fro the time that he firste began
To riden out, he loved chevalrie,
Trouthe and honour, fredom and curtisie.
Ful worthy was he in his lordes werre,
And therto hadde he ridden, no man ferre,
As wel in Cristendom as in Hethenesse,
And ever honoured for his worthinesse.

At Alisandre he was whan it was wonne*.
Ful often time he hadde the bord begonne†
Aboven alle nations in Pruce.
In Lettowe hadde he reysed and in Ruce,
No Cristen man so ofte of his degre.
In Gernade at the siege eke hadde he be
Of Algesir, and ridden in Belmarie.
At Leyes was he, and at Satalie,
Whan they were wonne; and in the Grete See
At many a noble armee hadde he be.
At mortal batailles hadde he ben fiftene,
And foughten for our faith at Tramissene
In listes thries, and ay slain his fo.

This ilke worthy Knight hadde ben also
Somtime with the lord of Palatie‡,
Agen another hethen in Turkie:
And evermore he hadde a sovereine pris.
And though that he was worthy, he was wise,
And of his port as meke as is a mayde.
He never yet no vilanie ne sayde
In alle his lif, unto no manere wight.
He was a veray parfit gentil knight.

But for to tellen you of his araie,
His hors was good, but he ne was not gaie.
Of fustian he wered a gipon,
Alle besmotred with his habergeon,

* Alexandria in Egypt was won (and immediately after abandoned) in 1363 by Pierre de Lusignan, King of Cyprus.

† He had been placed at the head of the table, the usual compliment to extraordinary merit.

‡ Palathia in Anatolia.

For he was late ycome fro his viage,
And wente for to den his pilgrimage.
With him ther was his sone, a yonge Squier,
A lover, and a lusty bachelor,
With lockes crull as they were laide in presse.
Of twenty yere age he was, I gesse.
Of his stature he was of even lengthe,
And wonderly deliver, and grete of strengthe.
And he hadde be somtime in chevachie
In Flaundres, in Artois, and in Picardie,
And borne him wel, as of so lital space,
In hope to stonden in his ladies grace.
Embroided was he, as it were a mede
Alle ful of fresche floures, white and rede.
Singing he was, or floyting alle the day:
He was as fresche as is the monath of May.
Short was his goune, with sleves long and wide:
Wel coude he sitte on hors, and fayre ride.
He coude singe make, and wel endite;
Juste and eke dance, and wel pourtraie and write.
So hote he loved, that by nightertale
He slep no more than doth the nightingale.
Curteis he was, lowly, and servisable,
And carf before his fader at the table.
A Yeman hadde he, and servantes no mo
At that time, for him lusts to ride so;
And he was cladde in cote and hode of grene,
A shefe of peacock arwes bright and kene
Under his belt he bare ful thriftily.
Wel coude he dresse his takel yomanly:
His arwes drouped not with fethers lowe,
And in his hand he bare a mighty howe.
A not-hed hadde he, with a bronne visage:
Of woodcraft coude he wel alle the usage.
Upon his arme he bare a gaie bracer,
And by his side a sweed and a bokeler,
And on that other side a gaie daggere,
Harneised wel, and sharpe as point of spere:
A Cristofre on his breste of silver shene.
An horne he bare, the bandrik was of grene:
A forster was he sothely, as I gesse.
Ther was also a Nonne, a Prioresse,
That of hire smiling was ful simple and coy;
Hire gretest othe n'as but by Saint Eloy;
And she was cleped Madame Eglentine.
Ful wel she songe the service devine,
Entuned in hire nose ful swetely;
And Frenche she spake ful fayre and fetisly,
After the scole of Stratford atte bowe,
For Frenche of Paris was to hire unknowe.
At mete was she wel ytaughte withalle;
She lette no morsel from hire lippes falle,
Ne wette hire fingres in hire sauce depe.
Wel coude she carie a morsel, and wel kepe,
Thatte no drope ne fell upon hire brest.
In curtesie was sette ful moche hire lest.
Hire over lippe wiped she so clene,
That in hire cuppe was no farthing sene
Of grese, whan she drunken hadde hire draught.
Ful semely after hire mete she raught;
And sikerly she was of grete disport,
And ful pleasant, and amiable of port,
And peined hire to contrefeten chere
Of court, and ben estatelich of manere,
And to ben holden digne of reverence.
But for to spoken of hire conscience,
She was so charitable and so pitous,
She wolde wepe if that she saw a mous
Caughte in a trappe, if it were ded or bledde.
Of smale houndes hadde she, that she fedde
With rosted flesh, and milk, and wastel brede.
But sore wept she if on of hem were dede,
Or if men smote it with a yerde smert:
And all was conscience and tendre herte.
Ful semely hire wimple ypinched was;
Hire nose tretis; hire eyen grey as glas:
Hire mouth ful smale, and therto soft and red;
But sikerly she hadde a fayre forched:
It was almost a spanne brode I trowe,
For hardily she was not undergrowe.
Ful fetise was hire cloke, as I was ware.
Of smale corall aboute hire arm she bare
A pair of bedes, gauded all with grene,
And thereon heng a broche of gold ful shene,
On whiche was first ywritten a crowned A,
And after, *Amor vincit omnia.*
Another *Nonne* also with hire hadde she,
That was hire chapelleine, and *Preestes* thre.
A *Monk* ther was, a fayre for the maistrie,
An out-rider, that loved venerie;
A manly man, to ben an abbot able.
Ful many a deinte hors hadde he in stable:
And whan he rode, men mighte his bridel here
Gingeling in a whistling wind, as clere
And eke as loude as doth the chapell belle,
Ther as this lord was keper of the celle.
The reule of Saint Maure and of Saint Benoit,
Because that it was olde and somdele streit,
This ilke monk lette olde thinges pace,
And hadde after the newe world the trace.
He yave not of the text a pulled hen,
That saith, that hunters ben not holy men;
Ne that a monk, when he is rekkeles,
Is like to a fish that is waterlee;
This is to say, a monk out of his cloistre.
This ilke text held he not worth an oistre.
And I say his opinion was good.
What! shalde he studie, and make himselven wood,
Upon a book in cloistre alway to pore,
Or swinken with his hondes, and laboure,
As Austin bit? how shal the world be served?
Let Austin have his swink to him reserved.
Therfore he was a prickasoure a right:
Greihoundes he hadde as swift as foul of flight.
Of pricking and of hunting for the hare
Was all his lust; for no cost walde he spare.
I saw his sleves purfiled at the hond
With gris, and that the finest of the lond;
And for to fasten his hood under his chinne,
He hadde of gold ywrought a curious pinne;
A love-knotte in the greter ende ther was.
His hed was balled, and shone as any glas;
And eke his face, as it hadde ben anoint.
He was a lord ful fat, and in good point.
His eyen stepe, and rolling in his hed,
That stemed as a fornais of a led.
His bootes souple, his hors in grete estat;
Now certainly he was a fayre prelat.
He was not pale as a forpined gost;

A fat swan loved he best of any gest.
His palfrey was as broune as is a berry.
A *Frere* ther was, a wanton and a merry,
A limitour, a ful solempne man.
In all the ordres foure is non that can
So muche of dalliance and faire langage.
He hadde maade ful many a marriage
Of yonge wimmen, at his owen cost:
Unto his ordre he was a noble post.
Ful wel beloved, and familier was he
With frankeleins over all in his contree,
And eke with worthy wimmen of the toun:
For he had power of confession,
As seide himselfe, more than a curat,
For of his ordre he was licenciat.
Ful swetely herde he confession,
And pleasant was his absolution.
He was an esy man to give penaunce,
Ther as he wiste to han a good pitaunce:
For unto a poure ordre for to give
Is signe that a man is wel yshrive;
For if he gave, he dorste make avaunt,
He wiste that a man was repentaunt.
For many a man so hard is of his herte,
He may not wepe although him sore smerte.
Therfore in stede of weping and prieres,
Men moste give silver to the poure freres.
His tippet was ay farsed ful of knives
And pinnes, for to given faire wives:
And certainly he hadde a merry note,
Wel coude he singe and plaien on a rote.
Of yeddinges[a] he bare utterly the pris.
His nekke was white as the flour de lis,
Therto he strong was as a champioun.
And knew wel the tavernes in every toun,
And every hostelere and gay tapstere,
Better than a lasar or a beggere.
For unto swiche a worthy man as he
Acordeth nought, as by his facultie,
To have with sike lazars acquaintaunce.
It is not honest, it may not avaunce,
As for to delen with no swiche poraille,
But all with riche, and selers of vitaille.
And over all, ther as profit sholde arise,
Curteis he was, and lowly of servise.
Ther n'as no man no where so vertuous;
He was the beste begger in all his hous:
And gave a certaine ferme for the grant,
Non of his brethren came in his haunt.
For though a widewe hadde bot a shoo,
(So pleasaunt was his *In principio*)
Yet wold he have a ferthing or he went.
His purchas was wel better than his rent.
And rage he could, as it hadde ben a whelp,
In lovedayes, ther could he mochel help.
For ther was he not like a cloisterer,
With threedbare cope, as is a poure scolere.
But he was like a maister or a pope.
Of double worsted was his semicope,
That rounded was as a belle out of the presse.
Somwhat he lisped for his wantonnesse,
To make his English sweete upon his tonge;
And in his harping, whan that he hadde songe,
His eyen twinkled in his heed aright,
As doon the sterres in a frosty night.
This worthy limitour was cleped Hubberd.

A *Marchant* was ther with a forked berd,
In mottelee, and highe on horse he sat,
And on his hed a Flandrish bever hat.
His bootes clasped faire and fetisly.
His reasons spake he ful solempnely,
Sowning alway the encrese of his winning.
He wold the see were kept[*] for any thing
Betwixe Middelburgh and Orewell.
Wel coude he in exchange sheldes selle.
This worthy man ful wel his wit bisette;
Ther wiste no wight that he was in dette,
So estatelych[†] didde he his governaunce,
With his bargeines, and with his chevisaunce.
Forsothe he was a worthy man withalle.
But sooth to seyn, I n'ot how men him calle.

A *Clerk* ther was of Oxenford also,
That unto logike hadde long ygo.
As leene was his hors as is a rake,
And he was not right fat, I undertake;
But lokede holwe, and therto soberly.
Ful thredbare was his overest courtepy.
For he hadde geten him yet no benefice,
Ne was nought worldly to have an office;
For him was lever have at his beddes hed
Twenty bokes clothed in blake or red,
Of Aristotle and his philosophie
Than robes riche, or fithel, or sautrie.
But all be that he was a philosophre,
Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre,
But all that he might of his freendes hente,
On bokes and on lerning he it spente,
And bisily gan for the soules praie
Of hem, that yave him wherwith to scolaie.
Of studie took he moste cure and hede.
Not a word spake he more than was nede;
And that was said in forme and reverence,
And short and quike, and ful of high sentence.
Sowning in moral vertue was his speche,
And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche.

A *Serjeant of the Lawe* ware and wise,
That often hadde yben at the parvis,
Ther was also, ful riche of excellence.
Discreet he was, and of grete reverence:
He semed swiche, his wordes were so wise.
Justice he was ful often in assise,
By patente, and by plein commission:
For his science and for his high renoun,
Of fees and robes hadde he many on.
So grete a purchasour was no where non:
All was fee simple to him in effect,
His purchas might not ben infect.
No where so busy a man as he ther n'as,
And yet he semed busier than he was.
In termes hadde he caas and doomes alle,
That from the time of King Wil. were falle.
Therto he coude endite and make a thing;
Ther coude no wight pinche at his writing.
And every statute coude he plain by rote.

[a] A yeddinge. The old melody of carrion or something was given to the king "put in mortgage or pledge for more" 21 Edw. IV. c. 3.

[*] i. e. guarded. The old melody of carrion or something was given to the king "put in mortgage or pledge for more" 21 Edw. IV. c. 3.

[†] This word, being not understood, has been changed by some copies into estatelyer and stratelyer. It probably means a kind of song, from the French gualer or gualer, to sing.

He rode but homely in a medlee cote,
Girt with a seint of silk, with barres smale.
Of his array tell I no lenger tale.
A *Frankelein* was in this compagnie:
White was his berd as is the dayesie.
Of his complexion he was sanguin;
Wel loved he by the morwe a sop in win.
To liven in delit was ever his wone,
For he was Epicure's owen sone,
That held opinion, that plein delit
Was verailly felicite parfite.
An housholder, and that a grete was he;
Seint Julian he was in his contree.
His brede, his ale, was alway after on;
A better envyned man was no wher non.
Withouten bake mete, never was his hous,
Of fish and flesh, and that so plenteous
It snewed in his hous of mete and drinke,
Of alle deintees that men coud of thinke.
After the soudry sesons of the yere,
So changed he his mete and his soupere.
Ful many a fat partrich hadde he in mewe,
And many a breme, and many a luce in stewe.
Wo was his coke, but if his sauce were
Poinant and sharpe, and redy all his gere.
His table dormant in his halle alway
Stode redy covered alle the longe day.
At sessions ther was he lord and sire;
Ful often time he was knight of the shire.
An anelace and a gipciere all of silk
Heng at his girdel, white as morwe milk.
A shereve hadde he ben, and a countour;
Was no wher swiche a worthy vavasour *.
An *Haberdasher*, and a *Carpenter*,
A *Webbe*, a *Deyer*, and a *Tapiser*,
Were alle yclothed in o livere
Of a solempne and grete fraternite.
Ful freshe and newe hir gere ypiked was;
Hir knives were ychaped not with bras,
But all with silver, wrought ful clene and wel,
Hir girdeles and hir pouches every del.
Wel semed eche of hem a fayre burgeis
To sitten in a gild halle on the deis.
Everich for the wisdom that he can
Was shapelich for to ben an alderman.
For cattel hadden they ynough and rent,
And eke hir wives wolde it wel assent;
And elles certainly they were to blame:
It is ful fayre to ben ycleped Madame,
And for to gon to vigiles all before,
And have a mantel reallich ybore.
A *Coke* they hadden with hem for the nones,
To boile the chikenes and the marie bones,
And poudre marchant, tart and galingale.
Wel coude he knowe a draught of London ale.
He coude roste, and sethe, and broile, and frie,
Maken mortrewes, and wel bake a pie.
But grot harm was it, as it thoughte me,
That on his shinne a mormal hadde he.
For blanc manger that made he with the best.
A *Shipman* was ther, woned fer by west;
For ought I wote, he was of Dertemouth:
He rode upon a rouncie, as he couthe,
All in a goune of falding to the knee.
A dagger hanging by a las hadde hee
About his nekke under his arm adoun;
The hote sommer hadde made hishewe al broun:
And certainly he was a good felaw;
Ful many a draught of win he hadde draw
From Burdeux ward, while that the chapman slepe.
Of nice conscience toke he no kepe.
If that he faught and hadde the higher hand,
By water he sent hem home to every land.
But of his craft to reken wel his tides,
His stremes and his strandes him besides,
His herberwe, his mone, and his lodemanage,
Ther was non swiche from Hull unto Cartage.
Hardy he was, and wise, I undertake:
With many a tempest hadde his berd be shake.
He knew wel alle the havens, as they were,
Fro Gotland to the Cape de Finistere,
And every creke in Bretagne and in Spaine:
His barge ycleped was the Magdelaine.
With us ther was a *Doctour of Phisike;*
In all this world ne was ther non him like
To speke of phisike and of surgerie;
For he was grounded in astronomie.
He kept his patient a ful gret del
In houres by his magike naturel.
Wel coude he fortunen the ascendent
Of his images for his patient.
He knew the cause of every maladie,
Were it of cold, or hote, or moist, or drie,
And wer engendred, and of what humour:
He was a veray parfite practisour.
The cause yknowe, and of his harm the rote,
Anon he gave to the sike man his bote.
Ful redy hadde he his apothecaries
To send him dragges and his lettuaries,
For eche of hem made other for to winne:
Hir frendship n'as not newe to beginne.
Wel knew he the old Esculapius,
And Dioscorides, and eke Rufus;
Old Hippocras, Hali, and Gallien;
Serapion, Rasis, and Avicen;
Averrois, Damascene, and Constantin;
Bernard, and Gatisden, and Gilbertin.
Of his diete mesurable was he;
For it was of no superfluitee,
But of gret nourishing, and digestible.
His studie was but litel on the Bible.
In sanguin and in perse he clad was alle
Lined with taffata and with sendalle.
And yet he was but esy of dispence:
He kepte that he wan in the pestilence.
For gold in phisike is a cordial;
Therfore he loved gold in special.
A good *Wif* was ther *of* beside *Bathe*,
But she was som del defe, and that was scathe.
Of cloth making she hadde swiche an haunt,
She passed hem of Ipres and of Gaunt.
In all the parish wif ne was ther non
That to the offring before hire shulde gon;
And if ther did certain, so wroth was she,
That she was out of alle charitee.
Hire coverchiefs weren ful fine of ground;
I dorste swere they weyeden a pound:

* The precise import of this word is often as obscure as its original. In this place it should perhaps be understood to mean the whole class of middling landholders.

That on the Sonday were upon hire hede.
Hire hosen weren of fine scarlet rede,
Ful streite yteyed, and shoon ful moist and newe.
Bold was hire face, and fayre and rede hew.
She was a worthy woman all hire live;
Housbondes at the chirche dore had she had five,
Withouten other compagnie in youthe:
But therof nedeth not to speke as nouthe.
And thries hadde she ben at Jerusaleme.
She hadde passed many a strange streme:
At Rome she hadde ben, and at Boloine,
At Galice, at Seint James, and at Coloine:
She coude moche of wandring by the way.
Gat-tothed was she, sothly for to say.
Upon an ambler esily she sat,
Ywimpled wel, and on hire hede an hat
As brode as is a bokeler or a targe.
A sote mantel about hire hippes large,
And on hire fete a pair of sporres sharpe.
In felawship wel coude she laughe and carpe;
Of remedies of love she knew parchance,
For of that arte she coude the olde dance.

A good man ther was of religioun,
That was a poure *Parsone* of a toun:
But riche he was of holy thought and werk.
He was also a lerned man, a clerk,
That Cristes gospel trewely wolde preche.
His parishens devoutly wolde he teche.
Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
And in adversite ful patient:
And swiche he was ypreved often sithes.
Ful loth were him to cursen for his tithes,
But rather wolde he yeven out of doute,
Unto his poure parishens aboute,
Of his offring, and eke of his substance.
He coude in litel thing have suffisance.
Wide was his parish, and houses fer asonder,
But he ne left nought for no rain ne thonder.
In sikenesse and in mischief to visite
The ferest in his parish, moche and lite,
Upon his fete, and in his hand a staf:
This noble ensample to his shepe he yaf,
That first he wrought and afterward he taught.
Out of the gospel he the wordes caught,
And this figure he added yet therto,
That if gold ruste, what shuld iren do?
For if a preest be foule, on whom we trust,
No wonder is a lewed man to rust:
And shame it is, if that a preest take kepe,
To see a shitten shepherd and clene shepe:
Wel ought a preest ensample for to yeve,
By his clenenesse, how his shepe shulde live.

He sette not his benefice to hire,
And lette his shepe accombred in the mire,
And ran unto London, unto Seint Poules,
To seken him a chanterie for soules,
Or with a brotherhede to be withold:
But dwelt at home, and kepte wel his fold,
So that the wolf ne made it not miscarie:
He was a shepherd and no mercenarie.
And though he holy were, and vertuous,
He was so sinful men not dispitous,
Ne of his speche dangerous ne digne,
But in his teching discrete and benigne.
To drawen folk to heven, with fairenesse,
By good ensample, was his besinesse:
But it were any persone obstinat,
What so he were of highe or low estat,
Him wolde he snibben sharply for the nones.
A better preest I trowe that no wher non is:
He waited after no pompe ne reverence,
Ne maked him no spiced conscience,
But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve
He taught, but first he folwed it himselve.

With him ther was a *Plowman*, was his brother,
That hadde ylaid of dong ful many a fother.
A true swinker, and a good was he,
Living in pees and parfite charitee.
God loved he beste with alle his herte
At alle times, were it gain or smerte,
And than his neighebour right as himselve.
He wolde thresh, and therto dike and delve,
For Cristes sake, for every poure wight
Withouten hire, if it lay in his might.

His tithes paied he ful fayre and wel
Both of his propre swinke and his catel.
In a tabard he rode upon a mere.

Ther was also a Reve, and a Millere,
A Sompnour, and a Pardoner also,
A Manciple, and myself; ther n'ere no mo.

The *Miller* was a stout carl for the nones,
Ful bigge he was of braun and eke of bones,
That proved wel, for over all ther he came,
At wrastling he wold bere away the ram.
He was short shuldered, brode, a thikke gnarre,
Ther n'as no dore that he n'olde heve of barre,
Or breke it at a renning with his hede.
His berd as any sowe or fox was rede,
And therto brode, as though it were a spade.
Upon the cop right of his nose he hade
A wert, and theron stode a tufte of heres,
Rede as the bristles of a sowes eres.
His nose-thirles blacke were and wide:
A swerd and bokler bare he by his side.
His mouth as wide was as a forneis:
He was a jangler and a goliardeis,
And that was most of sinne and harlotries.
Wel coude he stelen corne and tollen thries.
And yet he had a thomb of gold parde.
A white cote and a blew hode wered he.
A baggepipe wel coude he blowe and soune,
And therwithall he brought us out of toune.

A gentil *Manciple* was ther of a temple,
Of which achatours mighten take ensemple
For to ben wise in bying of vitaille,
For whether that he paide or toke by taille,
Algate he waited so in his achate,
That he was ay before in good estate.
Now is not that of God a ful fayre grace,
That swiche a lewed mannes wit shall pace
The wisdom of an hepe of lered men?

Of maisters had he mo than thries ten,
That were of lawe expert and curious:
Of which ther was a dofein in that hous,
Worthy to ben stewardes of rent and lond
Of any lord that is in Englelond,
To maken him live by his propre good
In honour detteles, but if he were wood,
Or live as scarsly as him list desire;
And able for to helpen all a shire

In any cas that mighte fallen or happe;
And yet this Manciple sette hir aller cappe.
The *Reve* was a slendre colerike man,
His berd was shave as neighe as ever he can;
His here was by his eres round yshorne;
His top was docked like a preest beforne.
Ful longe were his legges and ful lene,
Ylike a staff; ther was no calf yseene.
Wel coude he kepe a garner and a binne:
Ther was non auditour coude on him winne.
Wel wiste he by the drought and by the rain
The yelding of his seed and of his grain.
His lordes shepe, his nete, and his deirie,
His swine, his hors, his store, and his pultrie,
Were holly in this Reves governing,
And by his covenant yave he rekening,
Sin that his lord was twenty yere of age;
Ther coude no man bring him in arerage.
Ther n'as bailliff, ne herde, ne other hine,
That he ne knew his sleight and his covine:
They were adradde of him as of the deth.
His wonning was ful fayre upon an heth;
With grene trees yshadewed was his place.
He coude better than his lord purchace.
Ful riche he was ystored privily:
His lord wel coude he plesen subtilly
To yeve and lene him of his owen good,
And have a thank and yet a cote and hood.
In youthe he lerned hadde a good mistere;
He was a wel good wright, a carpentere.
This Reve sate upon a right good stot
That was all pomelee grey, and highte Scot.
A long surcote of perse upon he hade,
And by his side he bare a rusty blade.
Of Norfolk was this Reve, of which I tell,
Beside a toun, men clepen Baldeswell.
Tucked he was, as is a frere aboute,
And ever he rode the hinderest of the route.
A *Sampnour* was ther with us in that place
That hadde a fire-red cherubinnes face,
For sauseflem he was, with eyen narwe.
As hote he was, and likerous as a sparwe,
With scalled browes blake and pilled berd:
Of his visage children were sore aferd.
Ther n'as quicksilver, litarge, ne brimston,
Boras, ceruse, ne oile of tartre non,
Ne oinement that wolde clense or bite,
That him might helpen of his whelkes white,
Ne of the knobbes sitting on his chekes.
Wel loved he garlike, onions, and lekes,
And for to drinke strong win as rede as blood.
Than wolde he speke, and crie as he were wood.
And wan that he wel dronken had the win,
Than wolde he speken no word but Latin:
A fewe termes coude he, two or three,
That he had lerned out of som decree;
No wonder is, he herd it all the day.
And eke ye knowen wel how that a jay
Can clepen watte, as wel as can the pope:
But who so wolde in other thing him grope,
Than hadde he spent all his philosophie;
Ay, *Questio quid juris?* wolde he crie.
He was a gentil harlot* and a kind;

* The name of harlot was anciently given to men, as well as women

A better felaw shulde a man not find.
He wolde suffre for a quart of wine
A good felaw to have his concubine
A twelvemonth, and excuse him at the full.
Ful prively a finch eke coude he pull;
And if he found o where a good felawe,
He wolde techen him to have non awe
In swiche a cas of the archedekenes curse;
But if a mannes soule were in his purse;
For in his purse he shulde ypunished be.
Purse is the archedekens helle, said he.
But wel I wote, he lied right in dede:
Of cursing ought eche gilty man him drede.
For curse wol sle right as assoiling saveth,
And also ware him of a *significavit*.
In danger hadde he at his owen gise
The yonge girles of the diocise,
And knew hir counseil and was of hir rede.
A gerlond hadde he sette upon his hede,
As gret as it were for an alestake;
A bokeler hadde he made him of a cake.
With him ther rode a gentil *Pardonere*
Of Rouncevall, his frend and his compere,
That streit was comen from the court of Rome.
Ful loude he sang, Come hither, love, to me.
This sompnour bare to him a stiff burdoun,
Was never trompe of half so gret a soun.
This Pardoner had here as yelwe as wax,
But smoth it heng as doth a strike of flax:
By unces heng his lokkes that he hadde,
And therwith he his shulders overspradde.
Full thinne it lay, by culpons on and on,
But hode for jolite, ne wered he non;
For it was trussed up in his wallet.
Him thought he rode all of the newe get,
Dishevele, sauf his cappe, he rode all bare.
Swiche glaring eyen hadde he, as an hare:
A vernicle hadde he sewed upon his cappe.
His wallet lay beforne him in his lappe
Bret-ful of pardon come from Rome al hote.
A vois he hadde as smale as hath a gote.
No berd hadde he, ne never non shulde have;
As smothe it was as it were newe shave:
I trowe he were a gelding or a mare.
But of his craft, fro Berwike unto Ware
Ne was ther swiche an other Pardonere;
For in his male he hadde a pilwebere,
Which, as he saide, was our ladies veil:
He saide, he hadde a gobbet of the seyl
Which thatte Seint Peter had, whan that he went
Upon the see, till Jesu Crist him hent.
He had a crois of laton ful of stones,
And in a glas he hadde pigges bones.
But with these relikes, whanne that he fond
A poure persone dwelling up on lond,
Upon a day he gat him more moneie
Than that the persone gat in monethes tweie.
And thus with fained flattering and japes
He made the persone and the peple his apes.
But trewely to tellen atte last,
He was in chirche a noble ecclesiast:
Wel coude he rede a lesson or a storie,
But alderbest he sang an offertorie:
For wel he wiste, whan that song was songe,
He muste preche, and wel afile his tonge,

To winne silver, as he right wel coude:
Therfore he sang the merier and loude.
Now have I told you shortly in a clause
Th' estat, th' araie, the nombre, and eke the cause,
Why that assembled was this compagnie
In Southwerk at this gentil hostelrie
That highte The Tabard, faste by the Belle.
But now is time to you for to telle
How that we baren us that ilke night,
Whan we were in that hostelrie alight.
And after wol I tell of our viage,
And all the remenant of our pilgrimage.
But firste I praie you of your curtesie,
That ye ne arette it not my vilanie,
Though that I plainly speke in this matere,
To tellen you hir wordes and hir chere;
Ne though I speke hir wordes proprely.
For this ye knowen al so wel as I,
Who so shall telle a tale after a man,
He moste reherse, as neighe as ever he can,
Everich word, if it be in his charge,
All speke he never so rudely and so large;
Or elles he moste tellen his tale untrewe,
Or feinen thinges, or finden wordes newe:
He may not spare, although he were his brother.
He moste as wel sayn o word as an other.
Crist spake himself ful brode in holy writ,
And wel ye wote no vilanie is it:
Eke Plato sayeth, who so can him rede,
The wordes moste ben cosin to the dede.
Also I praie you to forgive it me
All have I not sette folk in hir degree
Here in this tale, as that they shulden stonde:
My wit is short, ye may well understonde.
Gret chere made our hoste us everich on,
And to the souper sette he us anon:
And served us with vitaille of the beste.
Strong was the win, and wel to drink us leste.
A semely man our hoste was with alle,
For to han ben a marshal in an halle.
A large man he was, with eyen stepe;
A fairer burgeis is ther none in Chepe:
Bold of his speche, and wise, and wel ytaught,
And of manhood him lacked righte naught.
Eke therto was he right a mery man,
And after souper plaien he began,
And spake of mirthe amonges other thinges,
Whan that we hadden made our rekeninges;
And sade thus; Now, lordinges, trewely
Ye ben to me welcome right hertily:
For by my trouthe, if that I shal not lie,
I saw nat this yere swiche a compagnie
At once in this herberwe as is now.
Fayn wolde I do you mirthe, and I wiste how.
And of a mirthe I am right now bethought,
To don you ese, and it shall coste you nought.
Ye gon to Canterbury; God you spede,
The blisful martyr quite you your mede;
And wel I wot, as ye gon by the way,
Ye shapen you to talken and to play:
For trewely comfort ne mirthe is non
To riden by the way dombe as the ston;
And therfore wold I maken you disport,
As I said erst, and don you some comfort.
And if you liketh alle by on assent
Now for to stonden at my jugement:
And for to werchen as I shal you say
To-morwe, whan ye riden on the way,
Now by my faders soule that is ded,
But ye be mery, smiteth of my hed:
Hold up your hondes withouten more speche.
Our counseil was long for to seche:
Us thought it was not worth to make it wise,
And granted him withouten more avise,
And bad him say his verdit as him leste.
Lordinges, (quod he) now herkeneth for the beste:
But take it nat, I pray you, in disdain:
This is the point, to speke it plat and plain,
That eche of you to shorten with youre way,
In this viage, shal tellen tales tway,
To Canterbury ward, I mene it so,
And homeward he shall tellen other two,
Of aventures that whilom han befalle.
And which of you that bereth him best of alle.
That is to sayn, that telleth in this cas
Tales of best sentence and most solas,
Shall have a souper at youre aller cost
Here in this place sitting by this post,
Whan that he comen agen from Canterbury.
And for to maken you the more mery,
I wol my selven gladly with you ride,
Right at min owen cost, and be your gide.
And who that wol my jugement withsay,
Shal pay for alle we spenden by the way.
And if ye vouchesauf that it be so,
Telle me anon withouten wordes mo,
And I wol erly shapen me therfore.
This thing was granted, and our othes swore
With ful glad herte, and praiden him also
That he wold vouchesauf for to don so,
And that he wolde ben our governour,
And of our tales juge and reportour,
And sette a souper at a certain pris,
And we wol reuled ben at his devise
In highe and lowe: and thus by on assent
We ben accorded to his jugement.
And therupon the win was sette anon:
We dronken, and to reste wenten eche on,
Withouten any lenger tarying.
A morwe whan the day began to spring
Up rose our hoste, and was our aller cok,
And gaderd us togeder in a flok,
And forth we riden a litel more than pas
Unto the watering of Seint Thomas,
And ther our hoste began his hors arest,
And said, Lordes, herkeneth if you lest.
Ye wete your forword, and I it record:
If even song and morwe song accord,
Let se now who shal telle the first tale.
As ever mote I drinken win or ale,
Who so is rebel to my jugement,
Shal pay for alle that by the way is spent.
Now draweth cutte, or that ye forther twinne;
He which that hath the shortest shal beginne.
Sire Knight, (quod he) my maister and my lord,
Now draweth cutte, for that is min accord.
Cometh nere (quod he) my Lady Prioresse
And ye sire clerk; let be your shamefastnesse,
Ne studieth nought: lay hand to, every man.

Anon to drawen every wight began,
And shortly for tellen as it was,
Were it by aventure, or sort, or cas,
The sothe is this, the cutte fell on the Knight,
Of which ful blith and glad was every wight;
And tell he must his tale as was reson,
By forword and by composition,
As ye han herd; what nedeth wordes mo?
And whan this good man saw that it was so,
As he that wise was and obedient
To kepe his forword by his free assent,
He saide, Sithen I shal begin this game,
What, welcome be the cutte a goddes name.
Now let us ride, and hearkeneth what I say.
And with that word we riden forth our way;
And he began with a right mery chere
His tale anon, and saide as ye shal here.

JOHN GOWER.

*Born —— Died ——.

THE TALE OF THE COFFERS OR CASKETS, ETC. IN THE FIFTH BOOK OF THE 'CONFESSIO AMANTIS.'

In a Cronique thus I rede:
Aboute a king, as must nede,
Ther was of knyghtes and squiers
Gret route, and eke of officers:
Some of long time him hadden served,
And thoughten that they haue deserved
Advancement, and gon withoute:
And some also ben of the route,
That comen but a while agon,
And they avanced were anon.
These olde men upon this thing,
So as they durst, ageyne the king
Among hemselft compleignen ofte:
But there is nothing said so softe,
That is ne comith out at laste:
The king is wiste, and als so faste,
As he which was of high prudence:
He shope therfore an evidence
Of hem that pleignen in the cas,
To knowe in whose defalte it was;
And all within his owne entent,
That non ma wiste what it ment.
Anon he let two cofres make
Of one semblance, and of one make,
So lich that no lif thilke throwe,
That one may fro that other knowe:
They were into his chamber brought,
But no man wot why they be wrought,
And natheles the king hath bede
That they be set in privy stede,
As he that was of wisdom slih;
Whan he therto his time sih,
All prively, that none it wiste,
His owne hondes that one chiste
Of fin gold, and of fin perie
The which out of his tresorie
Was take, anon he fild full;
That other cofre of straw and mull
With stones meynd he fild also:
Thus be they full bothe two.
So that erliche upon a day
He had within, where he lay,
Ther should be tofore his bed
A bord up set and faire spred:
And then he let the cofres fette
Upon the bord, and did hem sette.
He knewe the names well of tho,
The whiche agein him grutched so,
Both of his chambre and of his halle,
Anon and sent for hem alle;
And seide to hem in this wise.
There shall no man his hap despise:
I wot well ye have longe served,
And God wot what ye have deserved;
But if it is along on me
Of that ye unavanced be,
Or elles if it belong on yow,
The sothe shall be proved now:
To stoppe with your evil word,
Lo! here two cofres on the bord;
Chese which you list of bothe two;
And witeth well that one of tho
Is with tresor so full begon,
That if ye happe therupon
Ye shall be riche men for ever:
Now chese, and take which you is lever,
But be well ware ere that ye take,
For of that one I undertake
There is no maner good therein,
Whereof ye mighten profit winne.
Now goth together of one assent,
And taketh your avisement;
For, but you this day avance,
Is stant upon your owne chance,
Al only in defalte of grace;
So shall be shewed in this place
Upon you all well afyn,
That no defalte shall be myn.
They knelen all, and with one vois
The king they thonken of this chois:
And after that they up arise,
And gon aside, and hem avise,
And at laste they acorde
(Wherof her tale to recorde
To what issue they be falle)
A knyght shall speke for hem alle:
He kneleth doun unto the king,
And seith that they upon this thing,
Or for to winne, or for to lese,
Ben all avised for to chese.
Tho toke this knyght a yerd on honde,
And goth there as the cofres stonde,
And with assent of everychone
He leith his yerde upon one,
And seith the king how thilke same
They chese in reguerdon by name,
And preith him that they might it have.

* The date of Gower's birth is unknown, and even that of his death is somewhat doubtful. Warton makes the year of his death 1402, but Campbell says that his will proves that he was alive in 1408.

† Themselves.

The king, which wolde his honor save,
Whan he had heard the common vois,
Hath granted hem her owne chois,
And toke hem therupon the keie;
But for he wolde it were seie
What good they have as they suppose,
He bad anon the cofre unclose,
Which was fulfild with straw and stones:
Thus be they served all at ones.
This king than, in the same stede
Anon that other cofre undede,
Where as they sihen gret richesse,
Well more than they couthen gesse.
Lo! seith the king, now may ye se
That ther is no defalte in me;
Forthy my self I wol acquite,
And bereth ye your owne wite
Of that fortune hath you refused.
Thus was this wise king excused:
And they lefte off her evil speche,
And mercy of her king beseche.

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY.

Born 1516.—*Died* 1547.

DESCRIPTION OF SPRING.

The soote season that bud, and bloome fourth bringes,
With grene hath cladde the hyll, and eke the vale,
The nightingall with fethers new she singes;
The turtle to her mate hath told her tale;
Somer is come, for every spray now springes.
The hart hath hung hys olde head on the pale;
The bucke in brake his winter coate he flynges;
The fishes flete with newe repayred scale:
The adder all her slough away she flynges.
The swift swallow pursueth the flyes smalle,
The busy bee her honey how she mynges;
Winter is worne that was the floures bale.
And thus I see among these pleasant thynges
Eche care decayes, and yet my sorrow sprynges.

DESCRIPTION AND PRAISE OF GERALDINE.

From Tuscane came my Ladies worthy race,
Faire Florence was sometime her ancient seate:
The Western Yle whose pleasant shore doth face
Wild Camber's clifs, did geve her lyuely heate:
Fostered she was with milke of Irishe brest:
Her sire, an erle, her dame, of princes blood;
From tender yeres, in Britaine she doth rest,
With kinges childe, where she tasteth costly foode.
Honsdon did first present her to myne yien:
Bright is her hewe, and Geraldine she hight,
Hampton me taught, to wishe her first for mine,
And Windsor, alas, doth chase me from her sight.
Her beauty of kinde, her vertue from above,
Happy is he, that can obtain her love.

A VOWE TO LOVE FAITHFULLY.

Set me whereas the sonne doth parch the grene,
Or where his beams do not dyssolve the yse,
In temperate heat, where he is felt, and sene,
In presence prest of people, madde, or wise;
Set me in hye, or yet in lowe degree,
In longest night, or in the shortest day;
In clearest skye, or where cloudes thickest be,
In lusty youth, or when my hairs are gray:
Set me in heaven, in earth, or else in hell,
In hyll or dale, or in the foaming flood;
Thrall, or at large, alyve where so I dwell,
Sicke, or in helthe, in evyll fame or good;
Hers will I be, and only with this thought
Content myself although my chaunce be nought.

THE MEANES TO ATTAYNE HAPPY LIFE.

Martiall the thinges that doe attayne
The happy lyfe, be these I fynde,
The riches left, not got with payne,
The fruitful grounde, the quiet mynde;
The egall frend, no grudge no strife,
No charge of rule nor governaunce;
Without disease the healthful lyfe,
The houshold of continuance.
The meane dyet, no delicate fare,
True wisdome joynde with simplenesse;
The night discharged of all care,
Where wine the witte may not oppresse.
The faithful wyfe without debate,
Such slepe as may beguile the night,
Contented with thine owne estate,
Ne wish for death, ne feare his might.

DIDO AND ÆNEAS GOING TO THE FIELD*;

Translated from the fourth book of Virgil's Eneide.

——At the threshold of her chamber dore
The Carthage lords did on the quene attend;
The trampling steed, with gold and purple trapt,
Chawing the foaming bit ther fercely stood.
Then issued she, awayted with great train,
Clad in a cloke of Tyre embroider'd rich,
Her quiver hung behind her back, her tresse
Knotted in gold, her purple vesture eke
Buttned with gold. The Trojans of her train
Before her go, with gladsome Iulus,
Æneas eke, the goodliest of the route,
Makes one of them, and joyneth close the throng.
Like when Apollo leaveth Lycia,
His wintring place, and Xanthus' flood likewise
To visit Delos, his mother's mansion,
Repairing eft and furnishing her quire:
The Candians and the folke of Driopes
With painted Agathyrsies, shoute and crye,
Environing the altars round about;
When that he walkes upon Mount Cynthus' top
His sparkled tresse repreat with garlandes softe,
Of tender leaves, and trussed up in golde;
His quivering darts clattering behind his backe;
So fresh and lustie did Æneas seme—

* This is a specimen of the first composition in heroic blank verse extant in the language.

But to the hills and wild holtes when they came,
From the rockes top the driver savage rose.
Loe from the hils above, on thother side,
Through the wide lawns thy gan to take their course.
The hartes likewise, in troops taking their flight
Raysing the dust, the mountain fast forsake.
The childe Iulus, blithe of his swift steede
Amidst the plain, now pricks by them, now these;
And to encounter, wisheth oft in minde,
The forming boar insteede of fearful beasts,
Or lion browne, might from the hill descend.

A PRAISE OF HYS LOVE, WHEREIN HE REPROVETH THEM THAT COMPARE THEIR LADIES WITH HIS.

Give place ye lovers here before,
That spent your boastes and bragges in vain,
My ladies beuty passeth more,
The best of yours I dare well sayne,
Then doth the sunne the caundle lyght,
Or bryghtest day the darkest nyght.

And thereto hath a troth as just,
As had Penelope the fayre,
For what she sayeth ye may it trust,
As it by wrytyng sealed were:
And virtues hath she many moe,
Than I wyth pen have skill to shoe.

I could reherse if that I would,
The whole effecte of natures playnt,
When she had lost the perfecte moulde,
The like to whome she could not paynte:
With wringeing hands, how she did cry,
And what she said, I know it, I.

I knowe she swore with rageing mynde,
Her kyngdome only set apart;
There was no losse by law of kynde,
That could have gone so nere her hearte;
And this was chiefely all her payne:
She could not make the lyke agayne.

Syth nature thus gave her the prayse,
To be the chiefest worke she wroughte;
In fayth me thynke some better ways,
On your behalfe myghte well be soughte,
Then to compare (as you have done)
To matche the candle withe the sunne.

SIR THOMAS WYATT.

Born 1503.—*Died* 1541.

THE LOVER COMPLAINETH OF THE UNKINDNESS OF HIS LOVE.

My lute, awake, perform the last
Labour that thou and I shall wast:
And ende that I have now begunne;
And when this song is sung and past,
My lute be still, for I have done.

As to be heard where eare is none,
As lead to grave in marble stone,
My song may pearce her hart as soon;
Should we then sigh, or sing, or mone,
No, no, my lute, for I have done.

The rocks do not so cruelly
Repulse the waves continually,
As she my suite and affection:
So that I am past remedy;
Whereby my lute and I have done.

Proude of the spoyle that thou hast gotte,
Of simple hearts thorough love's shot,
By whome unkind thou hast them wonne;
Think not he hath his bow forgott,
Although my lute and I have done.

Vengeance shall fall on thy disdaine,
That makest but game on earnest payne;
Think not alone under the sunn,
Unquit to cause thy lovers playne,
Although my lute and I have done.

May chanced thee lye withred and old,
In winter nights that are so cold,
Playing in vaine unto the moon;
Thy wishes then dare not be told;
Care then who list, for I have done.

And then may chaunce thee to repent,
The time that thou hast lost and spent,
To cause thy lovers sighe and swone;
Then shalt thou know beauty but lent,
And wish and want as I have done.

Now cease my lute, this is the last
Labour that thou and I shall wast,
And ended is that we begonne;
Now is this song both song and past;
My lute! be still, for I have done.

COMPARISON OF LOVE, TO A STREAME FALLING FROM THE ALPS.

From these hye hilles as when a spring doth fall,
It trilleth downe with still and suttle course,
Of this and that, it gathers aye and shall,
Till it have just downe flowed to stream and force,
Then at the foote it rageth over all:
So fareth love, when he hath tane a course,
Rage is his rayne, resistance vayleth none,
The first eschue is remedy alone.

OF HIS LOVE THAT PRICKED HER FINGER WITH A NEDLE.

She sate and sowed that hath done me the wrong,
Whereof I plain, and have done many a day,
And, whilst she heard my plaint, in piteous song,
She wisht my heart the sampler, that it lay.
The blind maister, whome I have served so long,
Grudging to heare, that he did heare her say,
Made her own weapon do her finger blede,
To feele, if pricking were so good indede.

AN EARNEST SUIT TO HIS UNKIND MISTRESS NOT TO FORSAKE HIM.

And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay! for shame!
To save thee from the blame
Of all my grief and grame;
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
That hath lov'd thee so long?
In wealth and woe among:
And is thy heart so strong
As for to leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus?
That hath given thee my heart,
Never for to depart,
Neither for pain nor smart,
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus?
And have no more pity
Of him that loveth thee;
Helas thy cruelty!
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

THOMAS SACKVILLE,

LORD BUCKHURST AND EARL OF DORSET.

Born 1527.—*Died* 1614.

ALLEGORICAL PERSONAGES DESCRIBED IN HELL.

[*From the Induction to a Mirrour for Magistrates.*]

And first within the porch and jaws of Hell
Sat deep Remorse of Conscience, all besprent
With tears; and to herself oft would she tell
Her wretchedness, and cursing never stent
To sob and sigh; but ever thus lament
With thoughtful care, as she that all in vain
Would wear and waste continually in pain.

Her eyes unstedfast, rolling here and there,
Whirl'd on each place, as place that vengeance brought,
So was her mind continually in fear,
Toss'd and tormented by the tedious thought
Of those detested crimes which she had wrought:
With dreadful cheer and looks thrown to the sky,
Wishing for death, *and yet she could not die.*

Next saw we Dread, all trembling how he shook,
With foot uncertain proffer'd here and there;
Benumb'd of speech, and with a ghastly look,
Search'd every place, all pale and dead for fear;
His cap upborn with staring of his hair,
Stoyn'd and amazed at his shade for dread,
And fearing greater dangers than was need.

And next within the entry of this lake
Sat fell Revenge, gnashing her teeth for ire,
Devising means how she may vengeance take,
Never in rest till she have her desire;
But frets within so far forth with the fire
Of wreaking flames, that now determines she
To die by death, or veng'd by death to be.

When fell Revenge, with bloody foul pretence,
Had showed herself, as next in order set,
With trembling limbs we softly parted thence,
Till in our eyes another sight we met,
When from my heart a sigh forthwith I fet,
Rewing, alas! upon the woeful plight
Of Misery, that next appear'd in sight.

His face was lean and some-deal pin'd away,
And eke his handes consumed to the bone,
But what his body was I cannot say;
For on his carcass raiment had he none,
Save clouts and patches, pieced one by one;
With staff in hand, and scrip on shoulders cast,
His chief defence againt the winter's blast.

His food, for most, was wild fruits of the tree;
Unless sometime some crumbs fell to his share,
Which in his vallet long, God wot, kept he,
As on the which full daintily would he fare.
His drink the running stream, his cup the bare
Of his palm closed, his bed the hard cold ground;
To this poor life was Misery ybound.

Whose wretched state, when we had well beheld,
With tender ruth on him and on his feres,
In thoughtful cares forth then our pace we held,
And, by and by, another shape appears,
Of greedy Care, still brushing up the breres,
His knuckles knob'd, his flesh deep dented in,
With tawed hands and hard ytanned skin.

The morrow gray no sooner had begun
To spread his light, even peeping in our eyes,
When he is up and to his work yrun;
And let the night's black misty mantles rise,
And with foul dark never so much disguise
The fair bright day, yet ceaseth he no while,
But hath his candles to prolong his toil.

By him lay heavy Sleep, the cousin of Death,
Flat on the ground, and still as any stone,
A very corps, save yielding forth a breath;
Small keep took he whom Fortune frowned on,
Or whom she lifted up into the throne
Of high renown: but as a living death,
So dead, alive, of life he drew the breath.

The body's rest, the quiet of the heart,
The travail's ease, the still night's fere was he;
And of our life in earth the better part,
Reever of sight, and yet in whom we see
Things oft that tide, and oft that never be;
Without respect esteeming equally
King Crœsus' pomp, and Irus' poverty.

And next in order sad Old Age we found,
His beard all hoar, his eyes hollow and blind;
With drooping cheer still poring on the ground,
As on the place where Nature him assign'd
To rest, when that the sisters had entwin'd
His vital thread, and ended with their knife,
The fleeting course of fast declining life.
* * * * * * * *
Crook'd-back'd he was, tooth-shaken, and bleareey'd;
Went on three feet, and sometime crept on four;
With old lame bones that rattled by his side,
His scalp all pill'd, and he with eld forlore,
His wither'd fist still knocking at Death's door;
Trembling and driv'ling as he draws his breath,
For brief, the shape and messenger of Death.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

Born 1540.—*Died* 1578.

THE ARRAIGNMENT OF A LOVER.

At *Beauty's* bar as I did stand,
When *False Suspect* accused me,
George, quoth the Judge, hold up thy hand,
Thou art arraign'd of Flattery;
Tell, therefore, how wilt thou be tried,
Whose judgement thou wilt here abide?

My lord, quod I, this lady here,
Whom I esteem above the rest,
Doth know my guilt, if any were;
Wherefore her doom doth please me best.
Let her be judge and juror both,
To try me guiltless by mine oath.

Quoth *Beauty*, No, it fitteth not
A prince herself to judge the cause;
Will is our justice, well ye wot,
Appointed to discuss our laws;
If you will guiltless seem to go,
God and your country quit you so.

Then *Craft* the crier call'd a quest,
Of whom was *Falsehood* foremost fere;
A pack of pickthanks were the rest,
Which came false witness for to bear:
The Jury such, the Judge unjust,
Sentence was said, "I should be truss'd."

Jealous the gaoler bound me fast,
To hear the verdict of the bill;
George, quoth the Judge, now thou art cast,
Thou must go hence to *Heavy Hill*,
And there be hang'd all but the head;
God rest thy soul when thou art dead!

Down fell I then upon my knee,
All flat before dame *Beauty's* face,
And cried, Good Lady, pardon me!
Who here appeal unto your grace;
You know if I have been untrue,
It was in too much praising you.

And though this Judge doth make such haste
To shed with shame my guiltless blood,
Yet let your pity first be plac'd
To save the man that meant you good;
So shall you shew yourself a Queen,
And I may be your servant seen.

Quoth *Beauty*, Well; because I guess
What thou dost mean henceforth to be;
Although thy faults deserve no less
Than Justice here hath judged thee;
Wilt thou be bound to stint all strife,
And be true prisoner all thy life?

Yea, madam, quoth I, that I shall;
Lo, *Faith* and *Truth* my sureties:
Why then, quoth she, come when I call,
I ask no better warrantise.
Thus am I *Beauty's* bounden thrall,
At her command when she doth call.

JOHN HARRINGTON.

Born 1534.—*Died* 1582.

VERSES ON A MOST STONY-HEARTED MAIDEN WHO DID SORELY BEGUILE THE NOBLE KNIGHT, MY TRUE FRIEND.

I.

Why didst thou raise such woeful wail,
And waste in briny tears thy days?
'Cause she that wont to flout and rail,
At last gave proof of woman's ways;
She did, in sooth, display the heart
That might have wrought thee greater smart.

II.

Why, thank her then, not weep or moan;
Let others guard their careless heart,
And praise the day that thus made known
The faithless hold on woman's art;
Their lips can gloze and gain such root,
That gentle youth hath hope of fruit:

III.

But, ere the blossom fair doth rise,
To shoot its sweetness o'er the taste,
Creepeth disdain in canker-wise,
And chilling scorn the fruit doth blast:
There is no hope of all our toil;
There is no fruit from such a soil.

IV.

Give o'er thy plaint, the danger's o'er;
She might have poison'd all thy life;
Such wayward mind had bred thee more
Of sorrow had she proved thy wife:
Leave her to meet all hopeless meed,
And bless thyself that so art freed.

V.

No youth shall sue such one to win,
Unmark'd by all the shining fair,
Save for her pride and scorn, such sin
As heart of love can never bear;
Like leafless plant in blasted shade,
So liveth she—a barren maid.

SIR PHILIP SYDNEY.

Born 1554.—*Died* 1586.

Because I oft, in dark abstracted guise,
Seem most alone in greatest company,
With dearth of words or answers quite awry,
To them that would make speech of speech arise;
They deem, and of their doom the rumour flies,
That poison foul of bubbling pride doth lie
So in my swelling breast, that only I
Fawn on myself, and others do despise.
Yet pride, I think, doth not my soul possess,
Which looks too oft in his unflattering glass:
But one worse fault, ambition, I confess,
That makes me oft my best friends overpass,
Unseen, unheard, while thought to highest place
Bends all his power, even unto Stella's grace.

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies!
How silently, and with how wan a face!
What! may it be, that even in heavenly place
That busy archer his sharp arrows tries?
Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case;
I read it in thy looks, thy languish'd grace
To me, that feel the like, thy state descries.
Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,
Is constant love deem'd there but want of wit?
Are beauties there as proud as here they be?
Do they above love to be lov'd, and yet
Those lovers scorn, whom that love doth possess?
Do they call virtue there ungratefulness?

Come, Sleep—O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,
The baiting place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
Th' indifferent judge between the high and low!
With shield of proof, shield me from out the prease
Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw:
O make in me those civil wars to cease!
I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed;
A chamber deaf to noise, and blind to light;
A rosy garland, and a weary head:
And if these things, as being thine by right,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt, in me,
Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image see.

Because I breathe not love to every one,
Nor do not use set colours for to wear,
Nor nourish special locks of vowed hair,
Nor give each speech a full point of a groan;
The courtly nymphs, acquainted with the moan
Of them who on their lips Love's standard bear,
What, he? say they of me, now I dare swear
He cannot love! no, no; let him alone.
And think so still, so Stella know my mind!
Profess indeed I do not Cupid's art;
But you, fair maids, at length this true shall find,
That his right badge is but worn in the heart.
Dumb swans, not chattering pies, do lovers prove:
They love indeed, who quake to say they love.

Having this day my horse, my hand, my lance,
Guided so well, that I obtain'd the prize,
Both by the judgment of the English eyes,
And of some sent from sweet enemy, France;
Horsemen, my skill in horsemanship advance,
Town-folks, my strength; a daintier judge applies
His praise to sleight, which from good use doth rise;
Some lucky wits impute it but to chance;
Others, because of both sides I do take
My blood from them who did excell in this,
Think nature me a man of arms did make:
How far they shot awry! the true cause is,
Stella look'd on, and from her heavenly face
Sent forth the beams which made so fair my race.

EDMUND SPENSER.

Born 1553—*Died* 1599.

[*Extracts from the Fairy Queen.*]

THE HOUSE OF PRIDE.

I.

Young knight whatever that dost armes professe,
And through long labours huntest after fame,
Beware of fraud, beware of ficklenesse,
In choice and chaunge of thy deare-loved dame,
Least thou of her believe too lightly blame,
And rash misweening doe thy hart remove;
For unto knight there is no greater shame
Then lightnesse and inconstancie in love;
That doth this Red-crosse knight's ensample plainly prove:

II.

Who after that he had faire Una lorne,
Through light misdeeming of her loialtie,
And false Duessa in her sted had borne,
Called Fidess,' and so supposd to be,
Long with her traveild, till at last they see
A goodly building, bravely garnished;
The house of mightie prince it seemed to be,
And towards it a broad high way that led,
All bare through peoples feet which thether traveiled.

III.

Great troupes of people traveild thetherward
Both day and night, of each degree and place;
But few returned, having scaped hard
With balefull beggary or foule disgrace,
Which ever after in most wretched case,
Like loathsome lazars, by the hedges lay:
Thether Duessa badd him bend his pace,
For she is wearie of the toilsom way,
And also nigh consumed is the lingring day.

IV.

A stately pallace built of squared bricke,
Which cunningly was without morter laid,
Whose wals were high, but nothing strong nor thicke,
And golden soile all over them displaid,
That purest skye with brightnesse they dismaid.
High lifted up were many loftie towres,
And goodly galleries far over laid,
Full of faire windowes and delightfull bowres,
And on the top a dial told the timely howres.

And next in order sad Old Age we found,
His beard all hoar, his eyes hollow and blind;
With drooping cheer still poring on the ground,
As on the place where Nature him assign'd
To rest, when that the sisters had entwin'd
His vital thread, and ended with their knife,
The fleeting course of fast declining life.
* * * * * * * *
Crook'd-back'd he was, tooth-shaken, and bleareey'd;
Went on three feet, and sometime crept on four;
With old lame bones that rattled by his side,
His scalp all pill'd, and he with eld forlore,
His wither'd fist still knocking at Death's door;
Trembling and driv'ling as he draws his breath,
For brief, the shape and messenger of Death.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

Born 1540.—*Died* 1578.

THE ARRAIGNMENT OF A LOVER.

At *Beauty's* bar as I did stand,
When *False Suspect* accused me,
George, quoth the Judge, hold up thy hand,
Thou art arraign'd of Flattery;
Tell, therefore, how wilt thou be tried,
Whose judgement thou wilt here abide?

My lord, quod I, this lady here,
Whom I esteem above the rest,
Doth know my guilt, if any were;
Wherefore her doom doth please me best.
Let her be judge and juror both,
To try me guiltless by mine oath.

Quoth *Beauty*, No, it fitteth not
A prince herself to judge the cause;
Will is our justice, well ye wot,
Appointed to discuss our laws;
If you will guiltless seem to go,
God and your country quit you so.

Then *Craft* the crier call'd a quest,
Of whom was *Falsehood* foremost fere;
A pack of pickthanks were the rest,
Which came false witness for to bear;
The Jury such, the Judge unjust,
Sentence was said, "I should be truss'd."

Jealous the gaoler bound me fast,
To hear the verdict of the bill;
George, quoth the Judge, now thou art cast,
Thou must go hence to *Heavy Hill*,
And there be hang'd all but the head;
God rest thy soul when thou art dead!

Down fell I then upon my knee,
All flat before dame *Beauty's* face,
And cried, Good Lady, pardon me!
Who here appeal unto your grace;
You know if I have been untrue,
It was in too much praising you.

And though this Judge doth make such haste
To shed with shame my guiltless blood,
Yet let your pity first be plac'd
To save the man that meant you good;
So shall you shew yourself a Queen,
And I may be your servant seen.

Quoth *Beauty*, Well; because I guess
What thou dost mean henceforth to be;
Although thy faults deserve no less
Than Justice here hath judged thee;
Wilt thou be bound to stint all strife,
And be true prisoner all thy life?

Yea, madam, quoth I, that I shall;
Lo, *Faith* and *Truth* my sureties:
Why then, quoth she, come when I call,
I ask no better warrantise.
Thus am I *Beauty's* bounden thrall,
At her command when she doth call.

JOHN HARRINGTON.

Born 1534.—*Died* 1582.

VERSES ON A MOST STONY-HEARTED MAIDEN WHO DID SORELY BEGUILE THE NOBLE KNIGHT, MY TRUE FRIEND.

I.

Why didst thou raise such woeful wail,
And waste in briny tears thy days?
'Cause she that wont to flout and rail,
At last gave proof of woman's ways;
She did, in sooth, display the heart
That might have wrought thee greater smart.

II.

Why, thank her then, not weep or moan;
Let others guard their careless heart,
And praise the day that thus made known
The faithless hold on woman's art;
Their lips can gloze and gain such root,
That gentle youth hath hope of fruit:

III.

But, ere the blossom fair doth rise,
To shoot its sweetness o'er the taste,
Creepeth disdain in canker-wise,
And chilling scorn the fruit doth blast:
There is no hope of all our toil;
There is no fruit from such a soil.

IV.

Give o'er thy plaint, the danger's o'er;
She might have poison'd all thy life;
Such wayward mind had bred thee more
Of sorrow had she proved thy wife:
Leave her to meet all hopeless meed,
And bless thyself that so art freed.

V.

No youth shall sue such one to win,
Unmark'd by all the shining fair,
Save for her pride and scorn, such sin
As heart of love can never bear;
Like leafless plant in blasted shade,
So liveth she—a barren maid.

SIR PHILIP SYDNEY.

Born 1554.—*Died* 1586.

Because I oft, in dark abstracted guise,
Seem most alone in greatest company,
With dearth of words or answers quite awry,
To them that would make speech of speech arise;
They deem, and of their doom the rumour flies,
That poison foul of bubbling pride doth lie
So in my swelling breast, that only I
Fawn on myself, and others do despise.
Yet pride, I think, doth not my soul possess,
Which looks too oft in his unflattering glass:
But one worse fault, ambition, I confess,
That makes me oft my best friends overpass,
Unseen, unheard, while thought to highest place
Bends all his power, even unto Stella's grace.

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies!
How silently, and with how wan a face!
What! may it be, that even in heavenly place
That busy archer his sharp arrows tries?
Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case;
I read it in thy looks, thy languish'd grace
To me, that feel the like, thy state descries.
Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,
Is constant love deem'd there but want of wit?
Are beauties there as proud as here they be?
Do they above love to be lov'd, and yet
Those lovers scorn, whom that love doth possess?
Do they call virtue there ungratefulness?

Come, Sleep—O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,
The baiting place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
Th' indifferent judge between the high and low!
With shield of proof, shield me from out the prease
Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw:
O make in me those civil wars to cease!
I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed;
A chamber deaf to noise, and blind to light;
A rosy garland, and a weary head:
And if these things, as being thine by right,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt, in me,
Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image see.

Because I breathe not love to every one,
Nor do not use set colours for to wear,
Nor nourish special locks of vowed hair,
Nor give each speech a full point of a groan;
The courtly nymphs, acquainted with the moan
Of them who on their lips Love's standard bear,
What, he? say they of me, now I dare swear
He cannot love! no, no; let him alone.
And think so still, so Stella know my mind!
Profess indeed I do not Cupid's art;
But you, fair maids, at length this true shall find,
That his right badge is but worn in the heart.
Dumb swans, not chattering pies, do lovers prove:
They love indeed, who quake to say they love.

Having this day my horse, my hand, my lance,
Guided so well, that I obtain'd the prize,
Both by the judgment of the English eyes,
And of some sent from sweet enemy, France;
Horsemen, my skill in horsemanship advance,
Town-folks, my strength; a daintier judge applies
His praise to sleight, which from good use doth rise;
Some lucky wits impute it but to chance;
Others, because of both sides I do take
My blood from them who did excell in this,
Think nature me a man of arms did make:
How far they shot awry! the true cause is,
Stella look'd on, and from her heavenly face
Sent forth the beams which made so fair my race.

EDMUND SPENSER.

Born 1553—*Died* 1599.

[*Extracts from the Fairy Queen.*]

THE HOUSE OF PRIDE.

I.

Young knight whatever that dost armes professe,
And through long labours huntest after fame,
Beware of fraud, beware of ficklenesse,
In choice and chaunge of thy deare-loved dame,
Least thou of her believe too lightly blame,
And rash misweening doe thy hart remove;
For unto knight there is no greater shame
Then lightnesse and inconstancie in love;
That doth this Red-crosse knight's ensample plainly prove:

II.

Who after that he had faire Una lorne,
Through light misdeeming of her loialtie,
And false Duessa in her sted had borne,
Called Fidess,' and so supposd to be,
Long with her traveild, till at last they see
A goodly building, bravely garnished;
The house of mightie prince it seemed to be,
And towards it a broad high way that led,
All bare through peoples feet which thether traveiled.

III.

Great troupes of people traveild thetherward
Both day and night, of each degree and place;
But few returned, having scaped hard
With balefull beggary or foule disgrace,
Which ever after in most wretched case,
Like loathsome lazars, by the hedges lay:
Thether Duessa badd him bend his pace,
For she is wearie of the toilsom way,
And also nigh consumed is the lingring day.

IV.

A stately pallace built of squared bricke,
Which cunningly was without morter laid,
Whose wals were high, but nothing strong nor thicke,
And golden soile all over them displaid,
That purest skye with brightnesse they dismaid.
High lifted up were many loftie towres,
And goodly galleries far over laid,
Full of faire windowes and delightfull bowres,
And on the top a dial told the timely howres.

v.

It was a goodly heape for to behould,
And spake the praises of the workman's witt;
But full great pittie that so faire a mould
Did on so weake foundation ever fitt;
For on a sandie hill, that still did flitt
And fall away, it mounted was full hie,
That every breath of heaven shaked itt;
And all the hinder partes, that few could spie,
Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly.

vi.

Arrived there, they passed in forth right,
For still to all the gates stood open wide;
Yet charge of them was to a porter hight
Cald Malvenu, who entrance none denide:
Thence to the hall, which was on every side
With rich array and costly arras dight:
Infinite sortes of people did abide
There, waiting long to win the wished sight
Of her that was the lady of that pallace bright.

vii.

By them they passe, all gazing on them round,
And to the presence mount; whose glorious view
Their frayle amazed sences did confound.
In living princes court none ever knew
Such endlesse richesse, and so sumptuous shew;
Ne Persia selfe, the nourse of pompous Pride,
Like ever saw; and there a noble crew,
Of lords and ladies stood on every side,
Which with their presence fayre the place much beautifide.

viii.

High above all a cloth of state was spred,
And a rich throne, as bright as sunny day,
On which there sate, most brave embellished
With royall robes, and gorgeous array,
A mayden queene, that shone as Tytan's ray.
In glistring gold and perelesse pretious stone;
Yet her bright blazing beautie did assay
To dim the brightnesse of her glorious throne,
As envying her selfe, that too exceeding shone:

ix.

Exceeding shone, like Phœbus' fayrest childe,
That did presume his father's fyrie wayne,
And flaming mouthes of steedes unwonted wilde,
Through highest heaven with weaker hand to rayne;
Proud of such glory and advancement vayne,
While flashing beames do daze his feeble eyen
He leaves the welkin way most beaten playne,
And, wrapt with whirling wheeles, inflames the skyen
With fire not made to burne, but fayrely for to shyne.

x.

So proud she shyned in her princely state,
Looking to heaven, for earth she did disdayne;
And sitting high, for lowly she did hate.
Lo underneath her scorneful feete was layne
A dreadfull dragon with an hideous trayne;
And in her hand she held a mirrhour bright,
Wherein her face she often vewed fayne.
And in her selfe-lov'd semblance took delight;
For she was wondrous fayre, as any living wight.

xi.

Of griesly Pluto she the daughter was,
And sad Proserpina, the queene of hell;
Yet did she thinke her pearelesse worth to pas
That parentage, with pride so did she swell:
And thundring Iove, that high in heaven doth dwell,
And wield the world, she claymed for her syre,
Or if that any else did love excell;
For to the highest she did still aspyre,
Or if ought higher were then that, did it desyre.

xii.

And proud Lucifera men did her call,
That made her self a queene, and crownd to be;
Yet rightfull kingdome she had none at all,
Ne heritage of native soveraintie,
But did usurpe with wrong and tyranie
Upon the sceptre which she now did hold;
Ne ruld her realme with lawes, but policie,
And strong advizement of six wizards old,
That with their counsels had her kingdome did uphold.

xiii.

Soone as the Elfin Knight in presence came,
And false Duessa, seeming lady fayre,
A gentle husher, Vanitie by name,
Made rowme, and passage for them did prepaire:
So goodly brought them to the lowest stayre
Of her high throne, were they on humble knee
Making obeysaunce, did the cause declare
Why they were come her roiall state to see,
To prove the wide report of her great maiestee.

xiv.

With loftie eyes, halfe loth to looke so lowe,
She thancked them in her disdainfull wise;
Ne other grace vouchsafed them to showe
Of princesse worthy; scarse them bad arise.
Her lordes and ladies all this while devise
Themselves to setten forth to straungers sight:
Some frounce their curled heare in courtly guise,
Some prancke their ruffes, and others trimly dight
Their gay attyre; each others greater pride does spight.

xv.

Goodly they all that knight doe entertayne,
Right glad with him to have increast their crew;
But to Duess' each one himselfe did payne
All kindnesse and faire courtesie to shew,
For in that court whylome her well they knew:
Yet the stout Faery mongst the middest crowd
Thought all their glorie vain in knightly vew,
And that great princesse too exceeding prowd,
That to strange knight no better countenance allowd.

xvi.

Suddein upriseth from her stately place
The roiall dame, and for her coche doth call:
All hurtlen forth, and she with princely pace,
As fair Aurora in her purple pall
Out of the east the dawning day doth call.
So forth she comes; her brightnes brode doth blaze.
The heapes of people, thronging in the hall,
Doe ride each other upon her to gaze: [amaze.
Her glorious glitter and light doth all mens eies

XVII.

So forth she comes, and to her coche does clyme,
Adorned all with gold and girlonds gay,
That seemd as fresh as Flora in her prime,
And strove to match, in roiall rich array,
Great Lunoes golden chayre; the which, they say,
The gods stand gazing on when she does ride
To loves high hous through heavens bras-paved way,
Drawne of fayre pecocks, that excell in pride,
And full of Argus' eyes their tayles dispredden wide

XVIII.

But this was drawne of six unequal beasts,
On which her six sage counsellours did ryde,
Taught to obey their bestiall beheasts,
With like conditions to their kindes applyde;
Of which the first, that all the rest did guyde,
Was sluggish Idlenesse, the nourse of Sin;
Upon a slouthfull asse he chose to ryde,
Arayd in habit blacke and amis thin,
Like to an holy monck the service to begin.

XIX.

And in his hand his portesse still he bare,
That much was worne, but therein little redd;
For of devotion he had little care,
Still drownd in sleepe, and most of his daies dedd:
Scarse could he once uphold his heavie hedd,
To looken whether it were night or day.
May seeme the wayne was very evil ledd,
When such an one had guiding of the way,
That knew not whether right he went or else astray.

XX.

From worldly cares himselfe he did esloyne,
And greatly shunned manly exercise;
From everie worke he chalenged essoyne,
For contemplation sake: yet otherwise
His life he led in lawlesse riotise,
By which he grew to grievous malady;
For in his lustlesse limbs, through evill guise,
A shaking fever raignd continually.
Such one was Idlenesse, first of this company.

XXI.

And by his side rode loathsome Gluttony,
Deformed creature, on a filthie swyne;
His belly was upblowne with luxury,
And eke with fatnesse swollen were his eyne;
And like a crane his necke was long and fyne,
With which he swallowed up excessive feast,
For want whereof poore people oft did pyne;
And all the way, most like a brutish beast,
He spued up his gorge, that all did him deteast.

XXII.

In greene vine leaves he was right fitly clad,
For other clothes he could not wear for heate;
And on his head an yvie girland had,
From under which fast trickled downe the sweate:
Still as he rode, he somewhat still did eat,
And in his hand did beare a bouzing can,
Of which he supt so oft, that on his seat
His dronken corse he scarse upholden can;
In shape and life more like a monster than a man.

XXIII.

Unfit he was for any worldly thing,
And eke unhable once to stirre or go;
Not meet to be of counsell to a king,
Whose mind in meat and drinke was drowned so,
That from his frend he seldome knew his fo:
Full of diseases was his carcas blew,
And a dry dropsie through his flesh did flow,
Which by misdied daily greater grew.
Such one was Gluttony, the second of that crew.

XXIV.

And next to him rode lustful Lechery
Upon a bearded goat, whose rugged heare,
And whally eies, (the sign of gelosy)
Was like the person selfe whom he did beare,
Who rough and blacke, and filthy, did appeare;
Unseemly man to please fair ladies eye:
Yet he of ladies oft was loved deare,
When fairer faces were bid standen by.
O who does know the bent of womens fantasy?

XXV.

In a greene gowne he clothed was full faire,
Which underneath did hide his filthiness;
An in his hand a burning harte he bare,
Full of vaine follies and new-fanglenesse;
For he was false, and fraught with ficklenesse,
And learned had to love with secret lookes,
And well could daunce and sing with ruefulnesse,
And fortunes tell, and read in loving bookes
And thousand other waies to bait his fleshy hookes.

XXVI.

Inconstant man, that loved all he saw,
And lusted after all that he did love;
Ne would his looser life be tide to law,
But ioyd weake womens hearts to tempt and prove,
If from their loyall loves he might them move;
Which lewdnes filld him with reprochfull pain
Of that foule evill which all men reprove,
That rotts the marrow and consumes the braine.
Such one was Lechery, the third of all this traine.

XXVII.

And greedy Avarice by him did ride,
Upon a camell loaden all with gold;
Two iron coffers hong on either side,
With precious metall full as they might hold,
And in his lap an heape of coine he told;
For of his wicked pelf his god he made,
And unto hell himselfe for money sold:
Accursed usury was all his trade,
And right and wrong ylike in equal ballance waide.

XXVIII.

His life was nigh unto deaths dore yplaste;
And thread-bare cote, and cobled shoes, hee ware;
Ne scarse good morsell all his life did taste,
But both from backe and belly still did spare,
To fill his bags, and richesse to compare:
Yet childe ne kinsman living had he none
To leave them to; but thorough daily care
To get, and nightly feare to lose his owne,
He led a wretched life, unto himselfe unknowne.

XXIX.

Most wretched wight, whom nothing might suffise,
Whose greedy lust did lacke in greatest store;
Whose need had end, but no end covertise;
Whose wealth was want, whose plenty made him pore;
Who had enough, yet wished ever more.
A vile disease, and eke in foote and hand

A grievous gout tormented him full sore,
That well he could not touch, nor goe, nor stand.
Such one was Avarice, the fourth of this faire band.

XXX.

And next to him malicious Envy rode
Upon a ravenous wolf, and still did chaw
Between his cankered teeth a venemous tode,
That all the poison ran about his jaw;
But inwardly he chawed his owne maw
At neibors welth that made him ever sad;
For death it was when any good he saw,
And wept, that cause of weeping none he had;
But when he hearde of harme he wexed wondrous glad.

XXXI.

All in a kirtle of discoloured say
He clothed was, ypaynted full of eies;
And in his bosome secretly there lay
An hateful snake, the which his taile uptyes
In many folds, and mortall sting implyes.
Still as he rode, he gnasht his teeth to see
Those heapes of gold with griple Covetyse,
And grudged at the great felicitee
Of proud Lucifera and his owne companee.

XXXII.

He hated all good workes and vertuous deeds,
And him no lesse than any like did use;
And who with gratious bread the hungry feeds,
His almes for want of faith he doth accuse;
So every good to bad he doth abuse.
And eke the verse of famous poets witt
He does backbite, and spitefull poison spues
From leprous mouth on all that ever writt.
Such one vile Envy was, that fifte in row did sitt.

XXXIII.

And him beside rides fierce revenging Wrath
Upon a lion, loth for to be led;
And in his hand a burning brond he hath,
The which he brandisheth about his hed:
His eyes did hurle forth sparcles fiery red,
And stared sterne on all that him beheld,
As ashes pale of hew, and seeming ded;
And on his dagger still his hand he held,
Trembling through hasty rage when choler in him sweld.

XXXIV.

His ruffin raiment all was staind with blood
Which he had spilt, and all to rags yrent;
Through unadvized rashness woxen wood,
For of his hands he had no government,
Ne car'd for blood in his avengement:
But when the furious fitt was overpast,
His cruel facts he often would repent;
Yet (wiful man) he never would forecast [hast.
How many mischiefs should ensue his heedlesse

XXXV.

Full many mischiefs follow cruell wrath;
Abhorred bloodshed, and tumultuous strife,
Unmanly murder, and unthrifty scath,
Bitter despight, with rancours rusty knife,
And fretting griefe, the enemy of life:
All these, and many evils moe, haunt ire,
The swelling splene, and frenzy raging rife,
The shaking palsey, and Saint Fraunces' fire.
Such one was Wrath, the last of this ungodly tire.

XXXVI.

And after all upon the waggon beame
Rode Sathan with a smarting whip in hand,
With which he forward lasht the laesy teme,
So oft as Slowth still in the mire did stand.
Huge routs of people did about them band,
Showting for joy, and still before their way
A foggy mist had covered all the land;
And underneath their feet all scattered lay
Dead sculls and bones of men, whose life had gone astray.

Book I. Canto IV.

THE BOWER OF BLISS.

THENCE passing forth, they shortly doe arryve
Whereas the Bowre of Blisse was situate;
A place pickt out by choyce of best alyve,
That Nature's worke by Art can imitate:
In which whatever in this worldly state
Is sweete and pleasing unto living sense,
Or that may dayntest fantasy aggrate,
Was poured forth with plentifull dispence,
And made there to abound with lavish affluence.

Goodly it was enclosed rownd about,
Aswell their entred guestes to keep within,
As those unruly beasts to hold without;
Yet was the fence thereof but weake and thin;
Nought feard they force that fortilage to win,
But Wisedome's powre and Temperaunce's might,
By which the mightiest things efforced bin:
And eke the gate was wrought of substaunce light,
Rather for pleasure then for battery or fight.

Yt framed was of precious yvory,
That seemed a worke of admirable witt;
And therein all the famous history
Of Iason and Medæa was ywritt;
Her mighty charmes, her furious loving fitt;
His goodly conquest of the Golden Fleece,
His falsed fayth, and love too lightly flitt;
The wondred Argo, which in venturous peece
First through the Euxine seas bore all the flowr of Greece.

Ye might have seene the frothy billowes fry
Under the ship, as thorough them she went,
That seemd the waves were into yvory,
Or yvory into the waves, were sent;
And otherwhere the snowy substaunce sprent
With vermell, like the boyes blood therein shed,
A piteous spectacle did represent;
And otherwhiles with gold besprinkeled, [wed.
Yt seemd th' enchaunted flame which did Creüsa

All this and more might in that goodly gate
Be red, that ever open stood to all
Which thether came: but in the porch there sate
A comely personage of stature tall,
And semblaunce pleasing, more than naturall,
That traveilers to him seemd to entize;
His looser garment to the ground did fall,
And flew about his heeles in wanton wize,
Not fitt for speedy pace or manly exercize.

They in that place him Genius did call;
Not that celestiall powre to whom the care
Of life, and generation of all
That lives, perteines in charge particulare,
Who wondrous things concerning our welfare,
And straunge phantomes, doth lett us ofte foresee,
And ofte of secret ills bids us beware:
That is our Selfe, whom though we do not see,
Yet each doth in himselfe it well perceive to bee:

Therefore a god him sage Antiquity
Did wisely make, and good Agdistes call:
But this same was to that quite contrary,
The foe of life, that good envyes to all,
That secretly doth us procure to fall
Through guilefull semblants, which he makes us see:
He of this gardin had the governall,
And Pleasure's porter was devizd to bee,
Holding a staffe in hand for more formalitee.

With diverse flowers he daintily was deckt
And strowed rownd about, and by his side
A mighty mazer bowle of wine was sett,
As if it had to him bene sacrifide;
Wherewith all new-come guests he gratyfide:
So did he eke Sir Guyon passing by;
But he his ydle curtesy defide,
And overthrew his bowle disdainfully,
And broke his staffe, with which he charmed semblants sly.

Thus being entred they behold arownd
A large and spacious plaine on every side
Strowed with pleasauns; whose fayre grassy grownd
Mantled with greene, and goodly beautifide
With all the ornaments of Floraes pride,
Wherewith her mother Art, as halfe in scorne
Of niggard Nature, like a pompous bride
Did decke her, and too lavishly adorne,
When forth from virgin bowre she comes in th' early morne.

Thereto the heavens, alwayes jovial,
Lookte on them lovely, still in stedfast state,
Ne suffred storme nor frost on them to fall,
Their tender buds or leaves to violate;
Nor scorching heat, nor cold intemperate,
T' afflict the creatures which therein did dwell;
But the milde ayre with season moderate
Gently attempred, and disposd so well,
That still it breathed forth sweet spirit and holesom smell:

More sweet and holesom then the pleasaunt hill
Of Rhodope, on which the nimphe that bore
A gyaunt babe, herselfe for griefe did kill;
Or the Thessalian Tempe, where of yore
Fayre Daphne Phœbus' hart with love did gore;
Or Ida, where the gods lov'd to repayre,
Whenever they their heavenly bowres forlore;
Or sweet Parnasse, the haunt of Muses fayre;
Or Eden selfe, if ought with Eden mote compayre.

Much wondred Guyon at the fayre aspect
Of that sweet place, yet suffred no delight
To sincke into his sence, nor mind affect;
But passed forth, and lookt still forward right,
Brydling his will, and maystering his might:
Till that he came unto another gate;
No gate, but like one, being goodly dight
With bowes and braunches, which did broad dilate
Their clasping armes in wanton wreathings intricate.

So fashioned a porch with rare device,
Archt over head with an embracing vine,
Whose bounches hanging downe seemed to entice
All passers-by to taste their lushious wine,
And did themselves into their hands incline,
As freely offering to be gathered;
Some deepe empurpled as the hyacine,
Some as the rubine, laughing sweetely red,
Some like faire emeraudes, not yet well ripened:

And them amongst some were of burnisht gold,
So made by art to beautify the rest,
Which did themselves emongst the leaves enfold,
As lurking from the vew of covetous guest,
That the weake boughes with so rich load opprest,
Did bow adowne as overburdened.
Under that porch a comely dame did rest,
Clad in fayre weedes, but fowle disordered,
And garments loose, that seemd unmeet for womanhed:

In her left hand a cup of gold she held,
And with her right the riper fruit did reach,
Whose sappy liquor that with fulnesse sweld,
Into her cup she scruzd with daintie breach
Of her fine fingers, without fowle empeach,
That so faire wine-presse made the wine more sweet:
Thereof she usd to give to drinke to each,
Whom passing by she happened to meet;
It was her guise all strangers goodly so to greet.

So she to Guyon offred it to tast;
Who, taking it out of her tender hond,
The cup to ground did violently cast,
That all in peeces it was broken fond,
And with the liquor stained all the lond;
Whereat Excesse exceedinly was wroth,
Yet no'te the same amend, ne yet withstond,
But suffered him to passe, all were she loth;
Who nought regarding her displeasure, forward goth.

There the most daintie paradise on ground
Itselfe doth offer to his sober eye,
In which all pleasures plenteously abownd,
And none does other's happinesse envye;
The painted flowres, the trees upshooting hye;
The dales for shade; the hilles for breathing space;
The trembling groves; the christall running by;
And, that which all faire workes doth most aggrace,
The art which all that wrought appeared in no place.

One would have thought, (so cunningly the rude
And scorned partes were mingled with the fine,)
That Nature had for wantonesse ensude
Art, and that Art at Nature did repine;
So striving each th' other to undermine,
Each did the other's worke more beautify,
So diff'ring both in willes agreed in fine:
So all agreed, through sweete diversity,
This gardin to adorne with all variety.

And in the midst of all a fountaine stood,
Of richest substance that on earth might bee,
So pure and shiny that the silver flood
Through every channell running one might see;
Most goodly it with curious ymageree
Was over-wrought, and shapes of naked boyes,
Of which some seemd, with lively iollitee,
To fly about, playing their wanton toyes;
Whylest others did themselves embay in liquid ioyes.

And over all of purest gold was spred
A trayle of yvie in his native hew;
For the rich metall was so coloured,
That wight, who did not well avis'd it vew,
Would surely deeme it to bee yvie trew:
Low his lascivious armes adown did creepe,
That themselves dipping in the silver dew
Their fleecy flowres they fearfully did steepe,
Which drops of christall seemd for wantones to weep.

Infinit streames continually did well
Out of this fountaine, sweet and faire to see,
The which into an ample laver fell,
And shortly grew to so great quantitie,
That like a litle lake it seemd to bee;
Whose depth exceeded not three cubits hight,
That through the wave sone might the bottom see,
All pav'd beneath with jasper shining bright,
That seemd the fountaine in that sea did sayle upright.

And all the margent round about was sett
With shady laurell trees, thence to defend
The sunny beames which on their billowes bett,
And those which therein bathed mote offend.
As Guyon hapned by the same to wend,
Two naked damzelles he therein espyde,
Which therein bathing seemed to contend,
And wrestle wantonly, ne car'd to hide
Their dainty partes from vew of any which them eyde.

Sometimes the one would lift the other quight
Above the waters, and then downe againe
Her plong, as over-maystered by might,
Where both awhile would covered remaine,
And each the other from to rise restraine;
The whiles their snowy limbes, as through a vele,
So through the christall waves appeared plaine:
Then suddeinly both would themselves unhele,
And th' amorous sweet spoiles to greedy eyes revele.

As that faire starre, the messenger of morne,
His deawy face out of the sea doth reare:
Or as the Cyprian goddesse, newly borne
Of th' ocean's fruitfull froth, did first appeare;
Such seemed they, and so their yellow heare
Christalline humor dropped downe apace.
Whom such when Guyon saw, he drew him neare,
And somewhat gan relent his earnest pace;
His stubborne brest gan secret pleasaunce to embrace.

The wanton maidens him espying, stood
Gazing awhile at his unwonted guise;
Then th' one herselfe low ducked in the flood,
Abasht that her a straunger did avise:
But th' other rather higher did arise,
And her two lilly paps aloft displayd,
And all, that might his melting hart entyse
To her delights, she unto him bewrayd;
The rest, hidd underneath, him more desirous made.

With that the other likewise up arose,
And her faire lockes, which formerly were bownd
Up in one knott, she now adowne did lose,
Which flowing long and thick her cloth'd arownd,
And th' yvorie in golden mantle gownd:
So that faire spectacle from him was reft,
Yet that which reft it no lesse faire was fownd:
So hidd in lockes and waves from lookers theft,
Nought but her lovely face she for his looking left.

Withall she laughed, and she blusht withall,
That blushing to her laughter gave more grace,
And laughter to her blushing, as did fall.
Now when they spyde the knight to slack his pace
Them to behold, and in his sparkling face
The secrete signes of kindled lust appeare,
Their wanton merriments they did encreace,
And to him beckned to approch more neare,
And shewd him many sights that corage cold could reare:

On which, when gazing, him the palmer saw,
He much rebukt those wandring eyes of his,
And, counseld well, him forward thence did draw.
Now are they come nigh to the Bowre of Blis,
Of her fond favorities so nam'd amis;
When thus the palmer: 'Now, Sir! well avise,
For here the end of all our traveill is;
Here wonnes Acrasia, whom we must surprise,
Els she will slip away, and all our drift despise.'

Eftsoones they heard a most melodious sound,
Of all that mote delight a daintie eare,
Such as attonce might not on living ground,
Save in this paradise, be heard elswhere:
Right hard it was for wight which did it heare
To reade what manner musicke that mote bee,
For all that pleasing is to living eare
Was there consorted in one harmonee;
Birds, voices, instruments, windes, waters, all agree.

The ioyous birdes, shrouded in chearefull shade,
Their notes unto the voice attempred sweet;
Th' angelicall soft trembling voyces made
To th' instruments divine respondence meet;
The silver sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmure of the waters fall;
The waters fall with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;
The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

There, whence that musick seemed heard to bee,
Was the faire witch herselfe now solacing
With a new lover, whom, through sorceree
And witchcraft, she from farre did thether bring:
There she had him now laid a slombering
In secret shade after long wanton ioyes:
Whilst round about them pleasauntly did sing
Many faire ladies and lascivious boyes,
That ever mixt their song with light licentious toyes.

And all that while right over him she hong
With her false eyes fast fixed in his sight,
As seeking medecine whence she was stong,
Or greedily depasturing delight;
And oft inclining downe with kisses light,
For feare of waking him, his lips bedewd,
And through his humid eyes did sucke his spright,
Quite molten into lust and pleasure lewd;
Wherewith she sighed soft, as if his case she rewd.

The whiles some one did chaunt this lovely lay;
'Ah! see, whoso fayre thing doest faine to see,
In springing flowre the image of thy day!
Ah! see the virgin rose, how sweetly shee
Doth first peepe foorth with bashful modestee,
That fairer seemes the lesse ye see her may!
Lo! see soone after, how more bold and free,
Her bared bosome she doth broad display;
Lo! see soone after how she fades and falls away!

'So passeth, in the passing of a day,
Of mortall life the leafe, the bud, the flowre;
Ne more doth florish after first decay,
That earst was sought to deck both bed and bowre
Of many a lady and many a paramowre!
Gather therefore the rose whilest yet is prime,
For soone comes age that will her pride deflowre:
Gather the rose of love whilest yet is time,
Whilest loving thou mayst loved be with equall crime.'

He ceast; and then gan all the quire of birdes
Their diverse notes t' attune unto his lay,
As in approvaunce of his pleasing wordes.
The constant payre heard all that he did say,
Yet swarved not, but kept their forward way
Through many covert groves and thickets close,
In which they creeping, did at last display
That wanton lady with her lover lose,
Whose sleepie head she in her lap did soft dispose.

Upon a bed of roses she was layd,
As faint through heat, or dight to pleasaunt sin;
And was arayd, or rather disarayd,
All in a vele of silke and silver thin,
That hid no whit her alabaster skin,
But rather shewd more white, if more might bee:
More subtile web Arachne cannot spin;
Nor the fine nets, which oft we woven see
Of scorched deaw, do not in th' ayre more lightly flee.

Her snowey brest was bare to ready spoyle
Of hungry eies, which no'te therewith be fild;
And yet through languour of her late sweet toyle
Few drops, more cleare then nectar, forth distild,
That like pure orient perles adowne it trild;
And her faire eyes, sweet smyling in delight,
Moystened their fierie beames, with which she thrild
Fraile harts, yet quenched not; like starry light,
Which sparckling on the silent waves does seeme more bright.

The young man, sleeping by her, seemd to be
Some goodly swayne of honorable place;
That certes it great pitty was to see
Him his nobility so fowle deface:
A sweet regard and amiable grace,
Mixed with manly sternesse, did appeare,
Yet sleeping, in his well-proportiond face;
And on his tender lips the downy heare
Did now but freshly spring, and silken blossoms beare.

His warlike armes, the ydle instruments
Of sleeping praise, were hong upon a tree;
And his brave shield, full of old moniments,
Was fowly ras't, that none the signes might see;
Ne for them, ne for honour, cared hee,
Ne ought that did to his advauncement see;
But in lewd loves and wastfull luxuree
His days, his goods, his bodie, he did spend:
O horrible enchantment, that him so did blend!

Book II. Canto XII.

THE MASKE OF CUPID.

I.

Tho whenas chearelesse Night ycovered had
Faire heaven with an universal clowd,
That every wight dismayd with darknes sad
In silence and in sleepe themselves did shrowd,
She heard a shrilling trompet sound alowd,
Signe of nigh battaill, or got victory;
Nought therewith daunted was her corage prowd,
But rather stird to cruell enmity,
Expecting ever when some foe she might descry.

II.

With that an hideous storme of winde arose,
With dreadfull thunder and lightning atwixt,
And an earthquake, as if it streight would loose
The world's foundation from his center fixt,
A direfull stench of smoke and sulphure mixt
Ensewd, whose noyaunce fild the fearful sted,
From the forth howre of night untill the sixt;
Yet the bold Britonesse was nought ydred,
Tho' much emmov'd, but stedfast still persevered.

III.

All suddeinly a stormy whirlwind blew
Throughout the house, that clapped every dore,
With which that yron wicket open flew,
As it with mighty levers had been tore,
And forth issewd, as on the readie flore
Of some theatre, a grave personage,
That in his hand a braunch of laurell bore,
With comely haveour and count'nance sage,
Yclad in costly garments, fit for tragicke stage.

IV.

Proceeding to the midst he stil did stand,
As if in minde he somewhat had to say,
And to the vulgare beckning with his hand,
In signe of silence, as to heare a play,
By lively actions he gan bewray
Some argument of matter passioned:
Which doen, he backe retyred soft away,
And passing by, his name discovered,
Ease, on his robe in golden letters cyphered.

V.

The noble mayd still standing, all this vewd,
And marveild at his straunge intendiment:
With that ioyous fellowship issewd
Of minstrales making goodly meriment,
With wanton bardes and rymers impudent,
All which together song full chearfully
A lay of love's delight with sweet concent,
After whom marcht a iolly company,
In manner of a mask, enranged orderly.

VI.

The whiles a most delitious harmony
In full straunge notes was sweetly heard to sound,
That the rare sweetnesse of the melody
The feeble sences wholy did confound,
And the frayle soule in deepe delight nigh drownd;
And when it ceast, shrill trompets lowd did bray,
That their report did far away rebound;
And when they ceast, it gan againe to play,
The whiles the maskers marched forth in trim aray.

VII.

The first was Fansy, like a lovely boy
Of rare aspect, and beautie without peare,
Matchable either to that ympe of Troy
Whom Iove did love, and chose his cup to beare,
Or that same daintie lad which was so deare
To great Alcides, that whenas he dyde,
He wailed womanlike with many a teare,
And every woode and every valley wide,
He fild with Hylas' name; the nymphes eke Hylas cryde.

VIII.

His garment neither was of silke nor say,
But paynted plumes in goodly order dight,
Like as the sun-burnt Indians do aray
Their tawny bodies in their proudest plight:
As those same plumes, so seemd he vaine and light,
That by his gate might easily appeare,
For still he far'd as dauncing in delight,
And in his hand a windy fan did beare,
That in the ydle ayre he mov'd still here and theare.

IX.

And him beside marcht amorous Desyre,
Who seemd of ryper yeares then the other swayne,
Yet was that other swayne this elder's syre,
And gave him being commune to them twayne:
His garment was disguysd very vayne,
And his embrodered bonet sat awry;
Twixt both his hands few sparks he close did strayne,
Which still he blew and kindled busily,
That soone they life conceiv'd, and forth in flames did fly.

X.

Next after him went Doubt, who was yclad
In a discolour'd cote of straunge disguyse,
That at his backe a brode capuccio had,
And sleeves dependaunt Albanese-wyse;
He lookt askew with his mistrustfull eyes,
And nicely trode as thornes lay in his way,
Or that the flore to shrinke he did avyse;
And on a broken reed he still did stay
His feeble steps, which shrunk when hard thereon he lay.

XI.

With him went Daunger, cloth'd in ragged weed
Made of beares skin, that him more dreadfull made,
Yet his own face was dreadfull, ne did need
Straunge horrour to deforme his griesly shade:
A net in th' one hand, and a rusty blade
In th' other was, this Mischiefe, that Mishap;
With th' one his foes he threatned to invade,
With th' other he his friends ment to enwrapt;
For whom he could not kill, he practizd to entrap.

XII.

Next to him was Feare, all armd from top to toe,
Yet thought himselfe not safe enough thereby,
But feard each shadow moving to or froe,
And his owne armes when glettering he did spy,
Or clashing heard, he fast away did fly;
As ashes pale of hew, and winged heeld,
And evermore on Daunger fixt his eye,
Gainst whom he always bent a brasen shield,
Which his right hand unarmed fearefully did wield.

XIII.

With him went Hope in rancke, a handsome mayd,
Of chearefull looke and lovely to behold;
In silken samite she was light arayd,
And her fayre locks were woven up in gold:
She always smyld, and in her hand did hold
An holy water-sprinkle, dipt in deowe,
With which she sprinkled favours manifold
On whom she list, and did great liking sheowe,
Great liking unto many, but true love to feowe.

XIV.

And after them Dissemblaunce and Suspect
Marcht in one rancke, yet an unequal paire;
For she was gentle and of milde aspect,
Courteous to all, and seeming debonaire,
Goodly adorned, and exceeding faire;
Yet was that all but paynted and pourloynd,
And her bright browes were deckt with borrowed haire;
Her deeds were forged, and her words false coynd,
And alwaies in her hand two clewes of silke she twynd:

XV.

But he was fowle, ill favoured, and grim,
Under his eiebrowes looking still askaunce;
And ever as Dissemblaunce laught on him,
He lowrd on her with daungerous eye-glaunce,
Shewing his nature in his countenaunce;
His rolling eies did never rest in place,
But walkte each where for feare of hid mischaunce
Holding a lattis still before his face,
Through which he still did peep as forward he did pace.

XVI.

Next him went Griefe and Fury, matcht yfere;
Grief all in sable sorrowfully clad,
Downe hanging his dull head with heavy chere,
Yet inly being more than seeming sad;
A paire of pincers in his hand he had,
With which he pinched many people to the hart,
That from thenceforth a wretched life thay ladd
In wilfull languor and consuming smart,
Dying each day with inward wounds of Dolour's dart.

XVII.

But Fury was full ill appareiled
In rags, that naked nigh she did appeare,
With ghastly lookes and dreadfull drerihed;
For from her backe her garments she did teare,
And from her head ofte rent her snarled haire;
In her right hand a firebrand shee did tosse
About her head, still roming here and there,
As a dismayed deare in chace embost,
Forgetfull of his safety hath his right way lost.

XVIII.

After them went Displeasure and Pleasaunce,
He looking lompish and full sullein sad,
And hanging downe his heavy countenaunce:
She chearfull, fresh, and full of ioyaunce glad,
As if no sorrow she ne felt ne drad,
That evill matched paire they seemd to bee:
An angry waspe th' one in a viall had,
Th' other in her's an hony-lady bee.
Thus marched these six couples forth in fayre degree.

XIX.

After all these there marcht a most faire dame,
Led of two gryslie villains, th' one Despight,
The other cleped Cruelty by name:
She, dolefull lady, like a drery spright
Cald by strong charmes out of eternall night,
Had Deathes owne ymage figurd in her face,
Full of sad signes, fearefull to living sight;
Yet in that horror shewd a seemely grace,
And with her feeble feete did move a comely pace.

XX.

Her brest all naked, as nett yvory
Without adorne of gold or silver bright,
Wherewith the craftesman wonts it beautify,
Of her dew honour was dispoyled quight,
And a wide wound therein (O ruefull sight!)
Entrenched deep with knyfe accursed keene,
Yet freshly bleeding forth her fainting spright,
(The worke of cruell hand) was to be seene,
That dyde in sanguine red her skin all snowy cleene:

XXI.

At that wyde orifice her trembling hart
Was drawne forth, and in silver basin layd,
Quite through transfixed with a deadly dart,
And in her blood yet steeming fresh embayd;
And those two villeins (which her steps upstayd,
When her weake feete could scarcely her sustaine,
And fading vitall powres gan to fade)
Her forward still with torture did constraine,
And evermore encreased her consuming paine.

XXII.

Next after her the winged god himselfe
Came riding on a lion ravenous,
Taught to obay the menage of that elfe,
That man and beast with powre imperious
Subdeweth to his kingdome tyrannous:
His blindfold eies he bad awhile unbind,
That his proud spoile of that same dolorous
Faire dame, he might behold in perfect kinde;
Which seene he much reioyced in his cruell minde.

XXIII.

Of which ful prowd, himselfe uprearing hye,
He looked round about with sterne disdayne,
And did survay his goodly company,
And marshalling the evill-ordered trayne;
With that the darts, which his right hand did straine,
Full dreadfully he shooke, that all did quake,
And clapt on hye his colourd winges twaine,
That all his many it affraide did make;
Tho blinding him againe, his way he forth did take.

XXIV.

Behind him was Reproch, Repentance, Shame;
Reproch the first, Shame next, Repent behinde:
Repentaunce feeble, sorrowfull, and lame;
Reproch despightful, carelesse, and unkinde;
Shame most ill-favourd, bestiall, and blinde:
Shame lowred, Repentaunce sighd, Reproch did scould;
Reproch sharpe stings, Repentaunce whips entwinde,
Shame burning brond yrons in her hand did hold;
All three to each unlike, yet all made in one mould.

XXV.

And after them a rude confused rout
Of persons flockt, whose names is hard to read:
Emongst them was sterne Strife, and Anger stout,
Unquiet Care, and fond Unthriftyhead,
Lewd losse of Time, and Sorrow seeming dead,
Inconstant Chaunge, and false Disloyalty,
Consuming Riotise, and guilty Dread
Of heavenly vengeance, faint Infirmity,
Vile Poverty, and, lastly, Death with Infamy.

[*Book III. Canto XII.*

CAVE OF DESPAIR.

Ere long they come where that same wicked wight
His dwelling has, low in an hollow cave,
Far underneath a craggy cliff ypight,
Darke, dolefull, dreary, like a greedy grave,
That still for carrion carcasses doth crave;
On top whereof ay dwelt the ghastly owle,

Shrieking his balefull note, which ever drave
Far from that haunt all other cheerful fowle,
And all about it wandring ghostes did wayle and howle:

And all about old stockes and stubs of trees,
Whereon nor fruit nor leafe was ever seen,
Did hang upon the ragged rocky knees,
On which had many wretches hanged beene,
Whose carcasses were scattered on the greene,
And throwne about the cliffs. Arrived there,
That bare-head knight, for dread and dolefull teene,
Would faine have fled, ne durst approchen neare,
But th' other forst him staye, and comforted in feare.

That darkesome cave they enter, where they find
That cursed man low sitting on the ground,
Musing full sadly in his sullein mind;
His griesly lockes long growen and unbound,
Disordred hong about his shoulders round,
And hid his face, through which his hollow eyne
Lookt deadly dull, and stared as astound;
His raw bone cheekes, through penurie and pine,
Were shronke into his iawes, as he did never dine.

His garment, nought but many ragged clouts
With thornes together pind and patched was,
The which his naked sides he wrapt abouts;
And him beside there lay upon the gras
A dreary corse, whose life away did pas,
All wallowd in his own yet luke-warme blood,
That from his wound yet welled fresh, alas!
In which a rusty knife fast fixed stood,
And made an open passage for the gushing flood.

Which piteous spectacle approving trew
The woful tale that Trevisan had told,
Whenas the gentle Red-crosse knight did vew,
With firie zeale he burnt in courage bold
Him to avenge, before his blood were cold;
And to the villein sayd, "Thou damned wight,
The author of this fact we here behold,
What iustice can but iudge against the right,
With thine owne blood to price his blood here shed in sight?

"What franticke fitt," quoth he, "hath thus distraught
The foolish man, so rash a doome to give?
What iustice ever other iudgement taught,
But he should die who merits not to live?
None els to death this man despayring drive,
But his owne guiltie mind deserving death.
Is then uniust to each his dew to give?
Or let him die that loatheth living breath?
Or let him die at ease that liveth here uneath?

"Who travailes by the wearie wandring way,
To come unto his wished home in haste,
And meetes a flood that doth his passage stay,
Is not great grace to help him over past,
Or free his feet, that in the myre sticke fast?
Most envious man, that grieves at neighbours good,
And fond, that ioyest in the woe thou hast,
Why wilt not let him passe that long hath stood
Upon the bancke, yet wilt thy selfe not pas the flood?

"He there does now enioy eternall rest
And happy ease, which thou doest want and crave,
And further from it daily wanderest:
What if some little payne the passage have,
That makes frayle flesh to feare the bitter wave?
Is not short payne well borne that bringes long ease,
And layes the soule to sleepe in quiet grave?
Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, death after life, does greatly please."

The knight much wondred at his suddein wit,
And sayd, "The terme of life is limited,
Ne may a man prolong or shorten it:
The souldier may not move from watchfull sted,
Nor leave his stand, untill his captaine bed."
"Who life did limit by almightie doome,"
Quoth he, "knowes best the termes established;
And he that points the centonell his roome,
Doth license him depart at sound of morning droome.

"Is not his deed what ever thing is donne
In heaven and earth? did not he all create
To die againe? all ends that was begonne:
Their times in his eternall booke of Fate
Are written sure, and have their certein date:
Who then can strive with strong Necessitie,
That holds the world in his still-chaunging state?
Or shunne the death ordaynd by Destinie?
When houre of Death is come, let none aske whence, nor why.

"The lenger life, I wote the greater sin;
The greater sin, the greater punishment:
All those great battels which thou boasts to win,
Through strife, and bloodshed, and avengement,
Now praysd, hereafter deare thou shalt repent;
For life must life, and blood must blood, repay.
Is not enough thy evill life forespent?
For he that once hath missed the right way,
The further he doth goe, the further he doth stray.

"Then doe no further goe, no further stray,
But here ly downe, and to thy rest betake,
Th' ill to prevent, that life ensewen may:
For what hath life that may it loved make,
And gives not rather cause it to forsake?
Feare, sicknesse, age, losse, labour, sorrow, strife,
Payne, hunger, cold, that makes the heart to quake,
And ever fickle Fortune, rageth rise:
All which, and thousands mo, do make a loathsome life.

"Thou wretched man! of death hast greatest need,
If in true ballaunce thou wilt weigh thy state;
For never knight that dared warlike deed,
More luckless disaventures did amate;
Witnes the dungeon deepe wherein of late
Thy life shut up for death so oft did call;
And though good lucke prolonged hath thy date,
Yet death then would the like mishaps forestall,
Into the which hereafter thou maiest happen fall.

"Why then doest thou, O man of sin! desire
To draw thy dayes forth to their last degree?
Is not the measure of thy sinfull hire
High heaped up with huge iniquitee,
Against the day of wrath, to burden thee?
Is not enough that to this lady mild
Thou falsed hast thy faith with periuree,
And sold thy selfe to serve Duessa vild,
With whom in all abuse thou hast thy selfe defild?

"Is not he iust, that all this doth behold
From highest heven, and beares an equall eie?
Shall he thy sins up in his knowledge fold,
And guiltie be of thine impietie?
Is not his law, let every sinner die,
Die shall all flesh? what then must needs be donne,
Is it not better to die willinglie,
Then linger till the glas be all outronne?
Death is the end of woes: die soone, O Faries sonne!"

The knight was much enmoved with this speach,
That as a sword's poynt through his hart did perse,
And in his conscience made a secrete breach,
Well knowing trew all that he did reherse,
And to his fresh remembraunce did reverse
The ugly vew of his deformed crimes,
That all his manly powres it did disperse,
As he were charmed with inchaunted rimes,
That oftentimes he quakt, and fainted oftentimes.

In which amazement when the miscreaunt
Perceived him to waver weake and fraile,
(Whiles trembling horror did his conscience daunt,
And hellish anguish did his soule assaile)
To drive him to despaire, and quite to quaile,
Hee shewed him painted in a table plaine
The damned ghosts that doe in torments waile,
And thousand feends that doe them endlesse paine [remaine.
With fire and brimstone, which for ever shall

The sight whereof so thoroughly him dismaid,
That nought but death before his eies he saw,
And ever-burning wrath before him laid,
By righteous sentence of th' Almighties law,
Then gan the villein him to over-craw,
And brought unto him swords, ropes, poison, fire,
And all that might him to perdition draw,
And bad him choose what death he would desire,
For death was dew to him that had provokt God's ire.

But whenas none of them he saw him take,
He to him raught a dagger sharp and keen,
And gave it him in hand: his hand did quake,
And tremble like a leafe of aspin greene,
And troubled blood through his pale face was seene
To come and goe with tidings from the heart,
As it a ronning messenger had beene.
At last resolv'd to work his finall smart,
He lifted up his hand, that backe againe did start.

Which whenas Una saw, through every vaine
The curddled cold ran to her well of life,
As in a swowne; but soone reliv'd againe,
Out of his hand she snatcht the cursed knife,
And threw it to the ground, enraged rife,
And to him said, "Fie, fie, faint-hearted knight,
What meanest thou by this reprochfull strife?
Is this the battaile which thou vaunst to fight
With that fire-mouthed dragon, horrible and bright?

"Come, come away, fraile, feeble, fleeshy wight,
Ne let vaine words bewitch thy manly hart,
Ne divelish thoughts dismay thy constant spright.
In heavenly mercies hast thou not a part?
Why shouldst thou then despeire that chosen art?
Where iustice growes, there growes eke greater grace,
The which doth quench the brond of hellish smart,
And that accurst hand-writing doth deface.
Arise, Sir knight, arise, and leave this cursed place."

So up he rose, and thence amounted streight.
Which when the carle beheld, and saw his guest
Would safe depart, for all his subtile fleight,
He chose an halter from among the rest,
And with it hong himselfe, unbid, unblest.
But death he could not worke himselfe thereby,
For thousand times he so himselfe had drest,
Yet nathlesse it could not doe him die,
Till he should die his last, that is eternally.

Book I. Canto IX.

A COMBAT.

The Knight of the Red-crosse, when him he spide
Spurring so hote with rage dispiteous,
Gan fairely couch his speare, and towards ride,
Soone mete they both; both fell and furious,
That daunted with their forces hideous
Their steeds doe stagger, and amazed stand;
And eke themselves, too rudely rigorous,
Astoined with the stroke of their owne hand,
Doe backe rebutte, and each to other yealdeth land.

As when two rams, stirred with ambitious pride,
Fight for the rule of the rich-fleeced flocke,
Their horned fronts so fierce on either side
Doe meete, that with the terror of the shocke
Astoined both stand sencelesse as a blocke,

Forgetfull of the hanging victory:
So stood these twaine, unmoved as a rocke,
Both staring fierce, and holding idely
The broken reliques of their former cruelty.

The Sarazin sore daunted with the buffe,
Snatcheth his sword, and fiercely to him flies,
Who well it wards, and quytteth cuff with cuff:
Each others equall puissance envies,
And through their iron sides with cruell spies
Does seeke to pierce; repining courage yields
No foote to foe; the flashing fier flies,
As from a forge, out of their burning shields,
And streams of purple bloud new die the verdant fields.

"Curse on that crosse," quoth then the Sarazin,
"That keeps thy body from the bitter fitt;
Dead long ygoe, I wote, thou haddest bin,
Had not that charme from thee forwarned itt;
But yet I warne thee now assured sitt,
And hide thy head." Therewith upon his crest
With rigor so outrageous he smitt,
That a large share it hewd out of the rest,
And glauncing downe his shield from blame him fairly blest.

Who thereat wondrous wroth, the sleeping spark
Of native vertue gan eftsoones revive;
And at his haughty helmet making mark,
So hugely stroke, that it the steele did rive,
And cleft his head. He tumbling downe alive,
With bloudy mouth his mother earth did kis,
Greeting his grave; his grudging ghost did strive
With the fraile flesh; at last it flitted is
Whether the soules doe fly of men that live amis.

Book I. Canto II.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

Born 1564.—*Died* 1616.

SONNETS.

Lo in the orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
Serving with looks his sacred majesty;
And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage;
But when from high-most pitch, with weary car,
Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,
The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are
From his low tract, and look another way:
So thou, thyself out-going in thy noon,
Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls, all silver'd o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard;
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,
And die as fast as they see others grow;
And nothing 'gainst time's scythe can make defence,
Save breed, to brave him, when he takes thee hence.

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tyger's jaws,
And burn the long-liv'd phœnix in her blood;
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleet'st,
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world, and all her fading sweets;
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:
O carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;
Him in thy course untainted do allow,
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.
Yet, do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong,
My love shall in my verse ever live young.

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired;
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind, when body's work's expired:
For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eye-lids open-wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do see.
Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new.
Lo thus by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee, and for myself, no quiet find.

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my out-cast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee,—and then my state
(Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remember'd, such wealth brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since cancel'd woe,
And moan the expence of many a vanish'd sight.
Then can I grieve at grievances fore-gone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not pay'd before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end.

If thou survive my well-contented day,
When that churl Death my bones with dust shall cover,
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,
Compare them with the bettering of the time;
And though they be out-stripp'd by every pen,
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhime,
Exceeded by the height of happier men.
O then vouchsafe me but this loving thought!
Had my friend's muse grown with this growing age,
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage:
But since he died, and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchymy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
Even so my sun one early morn did shine,
With all triumphant splendour on my brow;
But out! alack! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun staineth.

O how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye,
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses:
But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwoo'd and unrespected fade;
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made:
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade, my verse distills your truth.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall out-live this powerful rhime;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the works of masonry,
Nor Marsis sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room,
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
So till the judgment that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defac'd
The rich proud cost of out-worn bury'd age;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-ras'd,
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the watry main,
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store;
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate—
That time will come and take my love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead,
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O if (I say) you look upon this verse,
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse;
But let your love even with my life decay:
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

That time of year thou may'st in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou seest the twilight of such day,
As after sun-set fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing;
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:
Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, sweet figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

The expence of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action; and till action, lust
Is perjur'd, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;
Enjoy'd no sooner, but despised straight;
Past reason hunted; and no sooner had,
Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait,
On purpose laid to make the taker mad:
Mad in pursuit, and in possession so;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
A bliss in proof,—and prov'd, a very woe;
Before, a joy propos'd; behind, a dream:
All this the world well knows; yet none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

BEAUTY.

[*From the "Passionate Pilgrim."*]

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,
A shining gloss, that fadeth suddenly;
A flower that dies, when first it 'gins to bud;
A brittle glass, that's broken presently:
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as goods lost are seld or never found,
As faded gloss no rubbing will refresh,
As flowers dead, lie wither'd on the ground,
As broken glass no cement can redress,
So beauty blemish'd once, for ever's lost,
In spite of physick, painting, pain, and cost.

AGE AND YOUTH.

[*From the same.*]

Crabbed age and youth
Cannot live together;
Youth is full of pleasance,
Age is full of care:
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave,
Age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short,
Youth is nimble, age is lame:
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild, and age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee,
Youth, I do adore thee;
O, my love, my love is young:
Age, I do defy thee;
O sweet shepherd, hie thee,
For methinks thou stay'st too long.

OPPORTUNITY AND TIME.

[*From the Rape of Lucrece.*]

O Opportunity! thy guilt is great:
'Tis thou that execut'st the traitor's treason;
Thou set'st the wolf where he the lamb may get;
Whoever plots the sin, thou point'st the season;
'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason;
And in thy shady cell, where none may spy him,
Sits Sin, to seize the souls that wander by him.

Thou mak'st the vestal violate her oath;
Thou blow'st the fire when temperance is thaw'd;
Thou smother'st honesty, thou murder'st troth;
Thou foul abettor! thou notorious bawd!
Thou plantest scandal, and displacest laud:
Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,
Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief!

Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,
Thy private feasting to a publick fast;
Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name;
Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste:
Thy violent vanities can never last.
How comes it then, vile Opportunity,
Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee;

When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's friend,
And bring him where his suit may be obtained?
When wilt thou sort an hour great strifes to end?
Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chained?
Give physick to the sick, ease to the pained?
The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee;
But they ne'er meet with Opportunity.

The patient dies while the physician sleeps;
The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds;

Justice is feasting while the widow weeps;
Advice is sporting while infection breeds;
Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds;
Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's rages,
Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages.

When Truth and Virtue have to do with thee,
A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid;
They buy thy help: but Sin ne'er gives a fee,
He gratis comes; and thou art well appay'd
As well to hear as grant what he hath said.
My Collatine would else have come to me
When Tarquin did, but he was stay'd by thee.

Guilty thou art of murder and of theft;
Guilty of perjury and subornation;
Guilty of treason, forgery, and shift;
Guilty of incest, that abomination:
An accessary by thine inclination
To all sins past, and all that are to come,
From the creation to the general doom.

Mishapen Time, copesmate of ugly Night,
Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly care;
Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,
Base watch of woes, sin's pack-horse, virtue's snare;
Thou nursest all, and murderest all that are.
O hear me then, injurious, shifting Time!
Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

Why hath thy servant, Opportunity,
Betray'd the hours thou gav'st me to repose?
Cancel'd my fortunes, and enchained me
To endless date of never-ending woes;
Time's office is to fine the hate of foes;
To eat up error by opinion bred,
Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light,
To stamp the seal of time in aged things,
To wake the morn, and sentinel the night,
To wrong the wronger till he render right;
To ruinate proud buildings with his hours,
And smear with dust their glittering golden towers:

To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,
To feed oblivion with decay of things,
To blot old books, and alter their contents,
To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings,
To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish springs;
To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel,
And turn the giddy round of fortune's wheel:

To shew the beldame daughters of her daughter,
To make the child a man, the man a child,
To stay the tyger that doth live by slaughter,
To tame the unicorn and lion wild;
To mock the subtle, in themselves beguil'd;
To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops,
And waste huge stones with little water-drops.

HAMLET.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Claudius, king of Denmark.
Hamlet, son to the former, and nephew to the present king.
Polonius, lord chamberlain,
Horatio, friend to Hamlet.
Laertes, son to Polonius.
Voltimand, *Cornelius*, *Rosencrantz*, *Guildenstern*, } courtiers.
Osric, a courtier.
Another courtier.
A Priest.
Marcellus, *Bernardo*, } officers.
Francisco, a soldier.
Reynaldo, servant to Polonius.
A Captain. An Ambassador.
Ghost of Hamlet's father.
Fortinbras, prince of Norway.
Gertrude, queen of Denmark, and mother of Hamlet.
Ophelia, daughter of Polonius.
Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Players, Gravediggers, Sailors, Messengers; and other Attendants.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Elsinore. A Platform before the Castle.
Francisco on his Post. Enter to him Bernardo.

Ber. WHO's there?
Fran. Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold yourself.
Ber. Long live the king!
Fran. Bernardo?
Ber. He.
Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.
Ber. 'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.
Fran. For this relief, much thanks: 'tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.
Ber. Have you had quiet guard?
Fran. Not a mouse stirring.
Ber. Well, good night.
If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals* of my watch, bid them make haste.
Enter Horatio and Marcellus.
Fran. I think, I hear them.—Stand, ho! Who is there!
Hor. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And liegemen to the Dane.
Fran. Give you good night.
Mar. O, farewell, honest soldier:
Who hath reliev'd you?
Fran. Bernardo hath my place.
Give you good night. [*Exit Francisco.*
Mar. Holla! Bernardo!
Ber. Say.
What, is Horatio there?
Hor. A piece of him.
Ber. Welcome, Horatio; welcome, good Marcellus.
Hor. What, has this thing appear'd again tonight?
Ber. I have seen nothing.
Mar. Horatio says, 'tis but our fantasy;
And will not let belief take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us;

* Partners.

Therefore I have entreated him along,
With us to watch the minutes of this night;
That, if again this apparition come,
He may approve* our eyes, and speak to it.
Hor. Tush! tush! 'twill not appear.
Ber. Sit down awhile;
And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we two nights have seen.
Hor. Well, sit we down,
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.
Ber. Last night of all,
When yon same star, that's westward from the pole,
Had made his course to illume that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus, and myself,
The bell then beating one,—
Mar. Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes again!

Enter Ghost.

Ber. In the same figure like the king that's dead.
Mar. Thou art a scholar, speak to it, Horatio.
Ber. Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio.
Hor. Most like:—it harrows me with fear, and wonder.
Ber. It would be spoke to.
Mar. Speak to it, Horatio.
Hor. What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? by heaven, I charge thee, speak.
Mar. It is offended.
Ber. See! it stalks away.
Hor. Stay; speak: speak I charge thee, speak.

[*Exit Ghost.*

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.
Ber. How, now, Horatio? you tremble, and look pale:
Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you of it?
Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe,
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.
Mar. Is it not like the king?
Hor. As thou art to thyself:
Such was the very armour he had on,
When he the ambitious Norway combated;
So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle†,
He smote the sledded‡ Polack§ on the ice.
'Tis strange.
Mar. Thus, twice before, and jump‖ at this dead hour,
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.
Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not;
But in the gross and scope of mine opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.
Mar. Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows,
Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils the subject of the land;
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war;
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week:
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day;
Who is't, that can inform me?
Hor. That can I;
At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,
Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet
(For so this side of our known world esteem'd him,)
Did slay this Fortinbras; who by a seal'd compact,
Well ratified by law and heraldry,
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands,
Which he stood seiz'd of, to the conqueror:
Against the which, a moiety competent
Was gaged by our king: which had return'd
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same co-mart*,
And carriage of the article design'd†,
His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras,
Of unimproved mettle hot and full‡,
Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,
Shark'd§ up a list of landless resolutes,
For food and diet, to some enterprize
That hath a stomach‖ in't: which is no other
(As it doth well appear unto our state,)
But to recover of us, by strong hand,
And terms compulsatory, those 'foresaid lands
So by his father lost. And this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations;
The source of this our watch; and the chief head
Of this post-haste and romage¶ in the land.
Ber. I think, it be no other, but even so:
Well may it sort**, that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch; so like the king
That was, and is, the question of these wars.
Hor. A mote it is, to trouble the mind's eye.
In the most high and palmy†† state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.

— — — — — — — — — — — — — —

As, stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,
Disasters in the sun; and the moist star‡‡,
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
Was sick almost to dooms-day with eclipse.
And even the like precurse of fierce events,—
As harbingers preceding still the fates,
And prologue to the omen§§ coming on,
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
Unto our climatures and countrymen.—

Re-enter Ghost.

But, soft; behold! lo, where it comes again!
I'll cross it, though it blast me.—Stay, illusion!
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speak to me:
If there be any good thing to be done,

* Confirm. † Dispute. ‡ Sledged, on a sledge.
§ Polander, an inhabitant of Poland. ‖ Just.
* Joint bargain. † The covenant to confirm that bargain.
‡ Full of spirit without experience. § Picked.
‖ Resolution. ¶ Search. ** Suit.
†† Victorious. ‡‡ The moon. §§ Event.

That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,
Speak to me:
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which, happily, foreknowing, may avoid,
O, speak!
Or, if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth, [*Cock crows.*
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,
Speak of it:—stay, and speak.—Stop it, Marcellus.
Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partizan?
Hor. Do, if it will not stand.
Ber. 'Tis here!
Hor. 'Tis here!
Mar. 'Tis gone! [*Exit Ghost.*
We do it wrong, being so majestical,
To offer it to the show of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.
Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.
Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet of the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring* spirit hies
To his confine: and of the truth herein
This present object made probation†.
Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then they say no spirit dares stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome: then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.
Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill:
Break we our watch up; and, by my advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to night
Unto young Hamlet: for, upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him:
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?
Mar. Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning know
Where we shall find him most convenient. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. A Room of State in the same.
Enter the King, Queen, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, Voltimand, Cornelius, Lords, and Attendants.

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green: and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe;
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.
Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
The imperial jointress of this warlike state,
Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,—

* Wandering. † Proof.

With one auspicious, and one dropping eye;
With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole*,—
Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along:—For all, our thanks.
Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,—
Holding a weak supposal of our worth;
Or thinking, by our late dear brother's death,
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,
Colleagued with this dream of his advantage,
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bands† of law,
To our most valiant brother.—So much for him.
Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting.
Thus much the business is. We have here writ
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—
Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress
His further gait herein; in that the levies,
The lists, and full proportions, are all made
Out of his subject:—and we here despatch
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway;
Giving to you no further personal power
To business with the king, more than the scope
Of these dilated articles allow.
Farewell; and let your haste commend your duty.
Cor. Vol. In that, and all things, will we show our duty.
King. We doubt it nothing; heartily farewell.
[*Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.*
And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
You told us of some suit; what is't, Laertes?
You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
And lose your voice. What would'st thou beg, Laertes,
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
What would'st thou have, Laertes?
Laer. My dread lord,
Your leave and favour to return to France;
From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,
To show my duty in your coronation;
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France,
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.
King. Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?
Pol. He hath my lord, wrung from me my slow leave,
By laboursome petition; and, at last,
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent:
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.
King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,
And thy best graces: spend it at thy will.—
But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—
Ham. A little more than kin, and less than kind‡. [*Aside.*

* Grief. † Bonds.
‡ Nature; a little more than a kinsman, and less than a natural one.

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so, my lord, I am too much i' the sun.

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark,
Do not, for ever, with thy veiled lids
Seek for thy noble father in the dust:
Thou know'st, 'tis common; all, that live, must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee?

Ham. Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not seems.
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly. These, indeed, seem,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within, which passeth show;
These, but the trappings and suits of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father:
But, you must know, your father lost a father;
That father lost his; and the survivor bound
In filial obligation, for some term
To do obsequious sorrow. But to persever
In obstinate condolement, is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief:
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven;
A heart unfortified, or mind impatient;
An understanding simple and unschool'd:
For what, we know, must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
Take it to heart? Fye! 'tis a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd; whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first corse, till he that died to-day,
This must be so. We pray you, throw to earth
This unprevailing woe; and think of us
As of a father: for let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne;
And, with no less nobility of love,
Than that which dearest father bears his son,
Do I impart toward you. For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire:
And, we beseech you, bend you to remain
Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet;
I pray thee, stay with us, go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply;
Be as ourself in Denmark.—Madam, come;
This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart: in grace whereof
No jocund health, that Denmark drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell;
And the king's rouse* the heaven shall bruit† again,
Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, Lords, &c. Polonius, and Laertes.*

Ham. O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon‡ 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fye on't! O fye! 'tis an unweeded garden
That grows to seed; things rank, and gross in nature,
Possess it merely§. That it should come to this!
But two months dead!—nay, not so much, not two:
So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion|| to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem¶ the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on. And yet, within a month,—
Let me not think on't;—Frailty, thy name is woman!—
A little month; or ere those shoes were old,
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears;—why she, even she,—
O heaven! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourn'd longer,—married with my uncle,
My father's brother; but no more like my father,
Than I to Hercules: Within a month;
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married:—O most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to, good;
But break, my heart: for I must hold my tongue!

Enter Horatio, Bernardo, and Marcellus.

Hor. Hail to your lordship!

Ham. I am glad to see you well:
Horatio,—or I do forget myself.

Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

Ham. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you.
And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?—
Marcellus?

Mar. My good lord,——

Ham. I am very glad to see you; good even, sir.—
But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so:
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it truster of your own report
Against yourself; I know you are no truant.
But what is your affair in Elsinore?
We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student;
I think, it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

* Draught. † Report. ‡ Law.
§ Entirely. || Apollo. ¶ Suffer.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral bak'd meats*
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
'Would I had met my dearest† foe in heaven
Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!—
My father,—Methinks, I see my father.
Hor. Where,
My lord?
Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.
Hor. I saw him once, he was a goodly king.
Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.
Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.
Ham. Saw! who?
Hor. My lord, the king your father.
Ham. The king my father.
Hor. Season your admiration for a while
With an attent‡ ear; till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.
Ham. For God's love let me hear.
Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead waist and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,
Armed at point, exactly, cap-à-pé§,
Appears before them, and, with solemn march,
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd,
By their oppress'd and fear-surprized eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distill'd
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did;
And I with them, the third night kept the watch:
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes; I knew your father;
These hands are not more like.
Ham. But where was this? [watch'd.
Hor. My lord, upon the platform where we
Ham. Did you not speak to it?
Hor. My lord, I did:
But answer made it none: yet once, methought,
It lifted up its head, and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak;
But, even then, the morning cock crew loud;
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanish'd from our sight.
Ham. 'Tis very strange.
Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty,
To let you know of it.
Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?
All. We do, my lord.
Ham. Arm'd, say you?
All. Arm'd, my Lord.
Ham. From top to toe?
All. My lord, from head to foot.
Ham. Then saw you not
His face.
Hor. O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver‖ up.
Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?
Hor. A countenance more
In sorrow than in anger.
Ham. Pale, or red?
Hor. Nay, very pale.
Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you?
Hor. Most constantly.
Ham. I would, I had been there.
Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.
Ham. Very like,
Very like. Stay'd it long?
Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.
Mar. Ber. Longer, longer.
Hor. Not when I saw it.
Ham. His beard was grizzl'd? no?
Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd.
Ham. I will watch to night;
Perchance, 'twill walk again.
Hor. I warrant, it will.
Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still;
And whatsoever else shall hap to night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue;
I will requite your loves. So, fare you well:
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.
All. Our duty to your honour.
Ham. Your loves, as mine to you: Farewell.
[*Exeunt Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo.*
My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;
I doubt some foul play: 'would, the night were come!
Till then sit still, my soul. Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Room in Polonius's House.
Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Laer. My necessaries are embark'd; farewell:
And, sister, as the winds give benefit,
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.
Oph. Do you doubt that?
Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute;
No more.
Oph. No more but so?
Laer. Think it no more:
For nature, crescent*, does not grow alone
In thews†, and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps, he loves you now;
And now no soil, nor cautel‡ doth besmirch§
The virtue of his will: but, you must fear,

* It was anciently the custom to give a cold entertainment at a funeral. † Chiefest. ‡ Attentive. § From head to foot. ‖ That part of the helmet which may be lifted up.

* Increasing. † Sinews. ‡ Subtlety, deceit. § Discolour

His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;
For he himself is subject to his birth:
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends
The safety and the health of the whole state;
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding of that body,
Whereof he is the head. Then if he says he loves you,
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,
As he in his particular act and place
May give his saying deed; which is no further,
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
If with too credent* ear you list his songs;
Or lose your heart; or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaster'd importunity.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister;
And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.
The chariest† maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon:
Virtue itself scapes not calumnious strokes:
The canker galls the infants of the spring,
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary then: best safety lies in fear;
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

Oph. I shall the effect of this good lesson keep,
As watchman to my heart: But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven;
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own read‡.

Laer. O fear me not.
I stay too long;—But here my father comes.

Enter Polonius.

A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for shame;
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are staid for. There,—my blessing with you;

[*Laying his hand on Laertes' head.*

And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character§. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel: but, being in,
Bear it that the opposer may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure‖, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France, of the best rank and station,
Are most select and generous*, chief in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry†.
This above all,—To thine ownself be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell; my blessing season this in thee!

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

Pol. The time invites you; go, your servants tend.

Laer. Farewell, Ophelia; and remember well
What I have said to you.

Oph. 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewell. [*Exit Laertes.*

Pol. What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

Oph. So please you, something touching the lord Hamlet.

Pol. Marry, well bethought;
'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you; and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous:
If it be so, (as so 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution,) I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly,
As it behoves my daughter, and your honour:
What is between you? give me up the truth.

Oph. He hath, my lord, of late, made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection? puh! you speak like a green girl,
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a baby;
That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly;
Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
Wronging it thus), you'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My lord, he hath impórtun'd me with love,
In honourable fashion.

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it; go to, go to.

Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord,
With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol. Ay, springes to catch wood-cocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter,
Giving more light than heat,—extinct in both,
Even in their promise, as it is a making,—
You must not take for fire. From this time,
Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence;
Set your entreatments at a higher rate,
Than a command to parley. For lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him, That he is young;
And with a larger tether‡ may he walk,

* Believing. † Most cautious.
‡ Regards not his own lessons. § Write. ‖ Opinion.

* Noble. † Economy.
‡ Longer line; a horse fastened by a string to a stake, is *tethered*.

Than may be given you. In few, Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows: for they are brokers,
Not of that die which their investments show,
But mere implorators* of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,
The better to beguile. This is for all,—
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you to slander any moment's leisure,
As to give words or talk with the lord Hamlet.
Look to't, I charge you; come your ways.
Oph. I shall obey, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Platform.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.
Hor. It is a nipping and an eager† air.
Ham. What hour now?
Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.
Mar. No, it is struck.
Hor. Indeed? I heard it not; it then draws near the season,
Wherein the spirit held is wont to walk.
[*A Flourish of trumpets, and ordnance shot off, within.*
What does this mean, my lord?
Ham. The king doth wake to-night, and takes his rouse‡.
Keeps wassel§, and the swaggering up-spring reels:
And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.
Hor. Is it a custom?
Ham. Ay, marry, is't:
But to my mind,—though I am native here,
And to the manner born,—it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach, than the observance.
This heavy-headed revel, east and west,
Makes us traduc'd, and tax'd of other nations:
They clepe‖ us, drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition; and, indeed it takes
From our achievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So, oft it chances in particular men.
That, for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth, (wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin,)
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion¶,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;
Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausive manners;—that these men,—
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect;
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,—
Their virtues else (be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo),
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault. The dram of base
Doth all the noble substance often dout**,
To his own scandal.

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!
Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!—
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee; I'll call thee, Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me:
Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell,
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements! why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again! What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature,
So horridly to shake our disposition*,
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?
Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.
Mar. Look, with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground:
But do not go with it.
Hor. No, by no means.
Ham. It will not speak; then I will follow it.
Hor. Do not, my lord.
Ham. Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?
It waves me forth again;—I'll follow it.
Hor. What, if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
That beetles† o'er his base into the sea?
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,
And draw you into madness? think of it:
The very place puts toys‡ of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain,
That looks so many fathoms to the sea.
And hears it roar beneath.
Ham. It waves me still:—
Go on, I'll follow thee.
Mar. You shall not go, my lord.
Ham. Hold off your hands.
Hor. Be rul'd, you shall not go.
Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.—
[*Ghost beckons.*
Still am I call'd;—unhand me, gentlemen;—
[*Breaking from them.*
By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets§ me:—
I say, away:—Go on, I'll follow thee.
[*Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet.*
Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.
Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

* Implorers. † Sharp. ‡ Jovial draught. § Jollity.
‖ Call. ¶ Humour. ** Do out.

* Frame. † Hangs. ‡ Whims. § Hinders.

Hor. Have after:—To what issue will this come?
Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.
Hor. Heaven will direct it.
Mar. Nay, let's follow him.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A more remote part of the Platform.

Re-enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? speak, I'll go no further.
Ghost. Mark me.
Ham. I will.
Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.
Ham. Alas, poor ghost!
Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.
Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.
Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.
Ham. What?
Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night;
And, for the day, confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood.—List, list, O list!—
If thou didst ever thy dear father love,——
Ham. O heaven!
Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.
Ham. Murder?
Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.
Ham. Haste me to know it; that I, with wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.
Ghost. I find thee apt;
And duller should'st thou be than the fat weed
That rots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,
Would'st thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear:
'Tis given out, that sleeping in mine orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life,
Now wears his crown.
Ham. O, my prophetick soul! my uncle!
Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,
(O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce!) won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming virtuous queen:
O, Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!
But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven;
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage.
But soft! methinks, I scent the morning air;
Brief let me be:—Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always of the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebenon* in a vial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous distilment: whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;
And with a sudden vigour, it doth posset
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
And a most instant tetter† bark'd about,
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once despatch'd‡:
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel'd§, disappointed‖, unanel'd¶;
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head:
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught; leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:
Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me. [*Exit.*
Ham. O all you host of heaven! O earth! What else?
And shall I couple hell?—O fye!—Hold, hold my heart;
And you my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up!—Remember thee?
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe**. Remember thee?
Yea, from the tablet of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws†† of books, all forms, all pleasures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,

* Henbane. † Scab, scurf.
‡ Bereft. § Without having received the Sacrament.
‖ Unappointed, unprepared. ¶ Without extreme unction.
** Head. †† Sayings, sentences.

Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven.
O most pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
My tables*,—meet it is, I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least, I am sure, it may be so in Denmark:
[*Writing.*
So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;
It is, Adieu, adieu! remember me.
I have sworn't.

Hor. [*Within.*] My lord, my lord,——
Mar. [*Within.*] Lord Hamlet,——
Hor. [*Within.*] Heaven secure him!
Ham. So be it!
Mar. [*Within.*] Illo, ho, ho, my lord!
Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Mar. How is't, my noble lord!
Hor. What news, my lord?
Ham. O wonderful!
Hor. Good my lord, tell it.
Ham. No;
You will reveal it.
Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.
Mar. Nor I, my lord.
Ham. How say you then; would heart of man once think it?—
But you'll be secret,——
Hor. Mar. Ay, by heaven, my lord.
Ham. There's ne'er a villain, dwelling in all Denmark,
But he's an arrant knave.
Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave,
To tell us this.
Ham. Why, right; you are in the right;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit, that we shake hands, and part:
You, as your business, and desire, shall point you;—
For every man hath business, and desire,
Such as it is,—and, for my own poor part,
Look you, I will go pray.
Hor. These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.
Ham. I am sorry they offend you, heartily; yes,
'Faith, heartily.
Hor. There's no offence, my lord.
Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,
And much offence too. Touching this vision here,—
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you;
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'er-master it as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.
Hor. What is't my lord?
We will.
Ham. Never make known what you have seen to-night.
Hor. Mar. My lord, we will not.
Ham. Nay, but swear't.
Hor. In faith,
My lord, not I.
Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.

* Memorandum book.

Ham. Upon my sword.
Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already.
Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.
Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.
Ham. Ha, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there, true-penny?
Come on,—you hear this fellow in the cellarage,—
Consent to swear.
Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.
Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen,
Swear by my sword.
Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.
Ham. *Hic and ubique!** then we'll shift our ground:—
Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my sword:
Swear by my sword,
Never to speak of this that you have heard.
Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear by his sword.
Ham. Well said, old mole! can'st work i'the earth so fast?
A worthy pioneer!—Once more remove, good friends.
Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!
Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.
But come;——
Here, as before, never, so help you mercy!
How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,
As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet
To put an antick disposition on,—
That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,
With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
As, *Well, well, we know*; or, *We could, and if we would*;—or, *If we list to speak*:—or, *There be, and if they might*;—
Or such ambiguous giving out, to note
That you know aught of me:—This do you swear,
So grace and mercy at your most need help you!
Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.
Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! So, gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you:
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
May do, to express his love and friending to you,
God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;
And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
The time is out of joint;—O cursed spite!
That ever I was born to set it right!
Nay, come, let's go together. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room in Polonius's House.

Enter Polonius and Reynaldo.

Pol. Give him this money, and these notes, Reynaldo.
Rey. I will, my lord.
Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo,
Before you visit him, to make inquiry
Of his behaviour.
Rey. My lord, I did intend it.

* Here and every where.

Pol. Marry, well said: very well said. Look you, sir,
Inquire me first what Danskers* are in Paris;
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what expence; and finding,
By this encompassment and drift of question,
That they do know my son, come you more nearer
Than your particular demands will touch it:
Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge of him:
As thus,—*I know his father, and his friends,*
And, in part, him;—do you mark this, Reynaldo?
Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.
Pol. *And, in part, him;—but,* you may say, *not well:*
But, if't be he I mean, he's very wild;
Addicted so and so;—and there put on him
What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank
As may dishonour him; take heed of that;
But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.
Rey. As gaming, my lord.
Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quarrelling,
Drabbing:—You may go so far.
Rey. My lord, that would dishonour him.
Pol. 'Faith, no; as you may season it in the charge.
You must not put another scandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency;
That's not my meaning: but breathe his faults so quaintly,
That they may seem the taints of liberty;
The flash and out-break of a fiery mind;
A savageness† in unreclaimed blood,
Of general assault.
Rey. But, my good lord,——
Pol. Wherefore should you do this?
Rey. Ay, my lord,
I would know that.
Pol. Marry, sir, here's my drift;
And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant:
You laying these slight sullies on my son,
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i'the working,
Mark you,
Your party in converse, him you would sound,
Having ever seen in the predominate‡ crimes,
The youth you breathe of, guilty, be assur'd,
He closes with you in this consequence:
Good sir, or so; or *friend,* or *gentleman,*—
According to the phrase, or the addition,
Of man, and country.
Rey. Very good, my lord.
Pol. And then, sir, does he this,—He does—
What was I about to say?—By the mass, I was
About to say some something;—Where I did leave?
Rey. At, closes in the consequence.
Pol. At, closes in the consequence,—*Ay, marry;*
He closes with you thus:—*I know the gentleman;*
I saw him yesterday, or t'other day,
Or then, or then; with such, or such; and, as you say,
There was he gaming; there o'ertook in his rouse;
There falling out at tennis: or, perchance,
I saw him enter such a house of sale,
(Videlicet, a brothel), or so forth.—*
See you now;
Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth:
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlaces, and with assays of bias,
By indirections find directions out;
So, by former lecture and advice,
Shall you my son. You have me, have you not?
Rey. My lord, I have.
Pol. God be wi' you; fare you well.
Rey. Good my lord,——
Pol. Observe his inclination in yourself.
Rey. I shall, my lord.
Pol. And let him ply his music.
Rey. Well, my lord.

[*Exit.*

Enter Ophelia.

Pol. Farewell!—How now, Ophelia? what's the matter?
Oph. O, my lord, my lord, I have been so affrighted!
Pol. With what, in the name of heaven?
Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all unbrac'd;
No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved† to his ancle;
Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other;
And with a look so piteous in purport,
As if he had been loosed out of hell,
To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.
Pol. Mad for thy love?
Oph. My lord, I do not know;
But, truly, I do fear it.
Pol. What said he?
Oph. He took by the wrist, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face,
As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so;
At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,—
He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk‡,
And end his being. That done, he lets me go:
And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out o'doors he went without their helps,
And, to the last, bended their light on me.
Pol. Come, go with me; I will go seek the king.
This is the very ecstasy of love;
Whose violent property foredoes§ itself,
And leads the will to desperate undertakings,
As oft as any passion under heaven,
That does afflict our natures. I am sorry,—
What, have you given him any hard words of late?
Oph. No, my good lord; but, as you did command,
I did repel his letters, and denied
His access to me.
Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am sorry, that with better heed and judgment,

* Danes. † Wildness. ‡ Already named.

* That is to say. † Hanging down like fetters. ‡ Body. § Destroys.

I had not quoted* him: I fear'd, he did but trifle,
And meant to wreck thee; but beshrew my jealousy
It seems, it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king:
This must be known; which, being kept close, might move
More grief to hide, than hate to utter love.
Come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Castle.

Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and Attendants.

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern!
Moreover that we much did long to see you,
The need, we have to use you, did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation; so I call it,
Since not the exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was. What it should be,
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from the understanding of himself,
I cannot dream of: I entreat you both,
That,—being of so young days brought up with him:
And, since, so neighbour'd to his youth and humour,—
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time; so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures; and to gather,
So much as from occasion you may glean,
Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
That, open'd, lies within our remedy. [you;
Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of
And, sure I am, two men there are not living,
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To show us so much gentry†, and goodwill,
And to expend your time with us awhile,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.
Ros. Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.
Guil. But we both obey;
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent‡,
To lay our service freely at your feet,
To be commanded. [denstern:
King. Thanks, Rosencrantz, and gentle Guil-
Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern, and gentle Rosencrantz:
And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed son.—Go, some of you,
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.
Guil. Heavens makes our presence, and our practices,
Pleasant and helpful to him!
Queen. Ay, Amen!
[*Exeunt Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and some Attendants.*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. The embassadors from Norway, my good lord,
Are joyfully return'd.
King. Thou still hast been the father of good news.
Pol. Have I, my lord? Assure you, my good liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my God, and to my gracious king:
And I do think, (or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail* of policy so sure
As it hath us'd to do,) that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.
King. O, speak of that; that do I long to hear.
Pol. Give first admittance to the embassadors;
My news shall be the fruit† to that great feast.
King. Thyself do grace to them, and bring them in.
[*Exit Polonius.*
He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper.
Queen. I doubt, it is no other but the main;
His father's death, and our o'erhasty marriage.

Re-enter Polonius, with Voltimand and Cornelius.

King. Well, we shall sift him.—Welcome, my good friends!
Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?
Vol. Most fair return of greetings and desires.
Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His nephew's levies; which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack‡;
But, better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your highness: whereat griev'd,—
That so his sickness, age, and impotence,
Was falsely borne in hand§,—sends out arrests
On Fortinbras; which he, in brief obeys;
Receives rebuke from Norway: and, in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle, never more
To give the assay of arms against your majesty.
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee;
And his commission, to employ those soldiers,
So levied as before, against the Polack:
With an entreaty, herein further shown,
[*Gives a paper.*
That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions for this enterprize;
On such regards of safety, and allowance,
As therein are set down.
King. It likes us well:
And, at our more consider'd time, we'll read,
Answer, and think upon this business.
Mean time, we thank you for your well-took labour
Go to your rest; at night we'll feast together:
Most welcome home!
[*Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.*
Pol. This business is well ended.
My liege, and madam, to expostulate‖
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night, night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.
Therefore,—since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,—
I will be brief. Your noble son is mad:
Mad call I it: for, to define true madness,

* Observed. † Complaisance. ‡ Utmost exertion.

* Scent. † Desert. ‡ Poland. § Imposed on. ‖ Discuss.

What is't, but to be nothing else but mad:
But let that go.
Queen. More matter, with less art.
Pol. Madam, I swear I use no art at all.
That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true, 'tis pity:
And pity 'tis, 'tis true: a foolish figure;
But farewell it, for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him then: and now remains,
That we find out the cause of this effect;
Or, rather say, the cause of this defect;
For this effect, defective, comes by cause:
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.
Perpend.
I have a daughter; have, while she is mine;
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this. Now gather and surmise.
—*To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified Ophelia,*——
That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; *beautified* is a vile phrase; but you shall hear.—Thus:
In her excellent white bosom, these, &c.
Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?
Pol. Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faithful.—
Doubt thou, the stars are fire; [*Reads.*
Doubt, that the sun doth move:
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt, I love.
O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I have not art to reckon my groans; but that I love thee best, O most best, believe it. Adieu.
Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him, Hamlet.
This, in obedience, hath my daughter shown me:
And more above, hath his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.
King. But how hath she
Receiv'd his love?
Pol. What do you think of me?
King. As of a man faithful and honourable.
Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you think,
When I had seen this hot love on the wing,
(As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me,) what might you,
Or my dear majesty your queen here, think,
If I had play'd the desk, or table-book;
Or given my heart a working, mute and dumb;
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight;
What might you think? no, I went round* to work,
And my young mistress thus did I bespeak;
Lord Hamlet is a prince out of thy sphere;
This must not be: and then I precepts gave her,
That she should lock herself from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice,
And he, repulsed, (a short tale to make,)
Fell into a sadness; then into a fast;
Thence to a watch; thence into a weakness;
Thence to a lightness; and, by this declension,
Into the madness wherein now he raves,
And all we mourn for.

* Roundly, without reserve.

King. Do you think, 'tis this?
Queen. It may be, very likely.
Pol. Hath there been such a time, (I'd fain know that,)
That I have positively said, '*Tis so,*
When it prov'd otherwise?
King. Not that I know.
Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise:
[*Pointing to his head and shoulder.*
If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.
King. How may we try it further?
Pol. You know, sometimes he walks four hours together,
Here in the lobby.
Queen. So he does, indeed.
Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him:
Be you and I behind an arras* then;
Mark the encounter: if he love her not,
And be not from his reason fallen thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm, and carters.
King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet, reading.

Queen. But, look, where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.
Pol. Away, I do beseech you, both away;
I'll board† him presently:—O, give me leave.—
[*Exeunt King, Queen, and Attendants.*
How does my good lord Hamlet?
Ham. Well, god-'a-mercy.
Pol. Do you know me, my lord?
Ham. Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.
Pol. Not I, my lord?
Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.
Pol. Honest, my lord?
Ham. Ay, sir: to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.
Pol. That's very true, my lord.
Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god, kissing carrion,——Have you a daughter?
Pol. I have, my lord.
Ham. Let her not walk i'the sun: conception‡ is a blessing; but as your daughter may conceive§,—friend, look to't.
Pol. How say you by that? [*Aside.*] Still harping on my daughter:—yet he knew me not at first; he said, I was a fishmonger. He is far gone, far gone: and, truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love; very near this. I'll speak to him again.—What do you read, my lord?
Ham. Words, words, words!
Pol. What is the matter, my lord?
Ham. Between who?
Pol. I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.
Ham. Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue says here, that old men have grey beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber, and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams: all of which, sir,

* Tapestry. † Accost. ‡ Understanding. § Become pregnant.

though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for yourself, sir, shall be as old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madness, yet there's method in it. [*Aside.*] Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham. Into my grave?

Pol. Indeed, that is out o'the air.—How pregnant* sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.—My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal; except my life, except my life, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools!

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Pol. You go to seek the lord Hamlet; there he is.

Ros. God save you, sir! [*To Polonius.*

[*Exit Polonius.*

Guil. My honour'd lord!—

Ros. My most dear lord!—

Ham. My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not overhappy; On Fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe?

Ros. Neither, my lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours? * * * * * What news?

Ros. None, my lord; but that the world is grown honest.

Ham. Then is dooms-day near: but your news is not true. Let me question more in particular: what have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of Fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

Guil. Prison, my lord!

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

Ros. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons; Denmark being one of the worst.

Ros. We think not so, my lord.

Ham. Why, then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so; to me it is a prison.

Ros. Why, then your ambition makes it one; 'tis too narrow for your mind.

Ham. O God! I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count myself a king of infinite space; were it not that I have bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

* Ready, apt.

Ros. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars, bodies; and our monarchs, and outstretch'd heroes, the beggars' shadows. Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

Ros. Guil. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter: I will not sort you with the rest of my servants; for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you; and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear, a halfpenny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, come; deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Any thing—but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour; I know, the good king and queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no?

Ros. What say you? [*To Guildenstern.*

Ham. Nay, then I have an eye of you; [*Aside.*

—if you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather. I have of late, (but, wherefore, I know not,) lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises: and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a steril promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form, and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me, nor woman neither; though, by your smiling, you seem to say so.

Ros. My lord, there is no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh then, when I said, *Man delights not me?*

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what *lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you: we coted† them on the way: and hither are they coming, to offer you service.

* Spare. † Overtook.

What is't, but to be nothing else but mad:
But let that go.
Queen. More matter, with less art.
Pol. Madam, I swear I use no art at all.
That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true, 'tis pity:
And pity 'tis, 'tis true: a foolish figure;
But farewell it, for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him then: and now remains,
That we find out the cause of this effect;
Or, rather say, the cause of this defect;
For this effect, defective, comes by cause:
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.
Perpend.
I have a daughter; have, while she is mine;
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this. Now gather and surmise.
—*To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified Ophelia,*——
That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; *beautified* is a vile phrase; but you shall hear.—Thus:
In her excellent white bosom, these, &c.
Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?
Pol. Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faithful.—

Doubt thou, the stars are fire; [*Reads.*
Doubt, that the sun doth move:
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt, I love.

O dear Ophelia, *I am ill at these numbers; I have not art to reckon my groans; but that I love thee best, O most best, believe it. Adieu.*

Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him, Hamlet.

This, in obedience, hath my daughter shown me:
And more above, hath his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.
King. But how hath she
Receiv'd his love?
Pol. What do you think of me?
King. As of a man faithful and honourable.
Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you think,
When I had seen this hot love on the wing,
(As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me,) what might you,
Or my dear majesty your queen here, think,
If I had play'd the desk, or table-book;
Or given my heart a working, mute and dumb;
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight;
What might you think? no, I went round* to work,
And my young mistress thus did I bespeak;
Lord Hamlet is a prince out of thy sphere;
This must not be: and then I precepts gave her,
That she should lock herself from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice,
And he, repulsed, (a short tale to make,)
Fell into a sadness; then into a fast;
Thence to a watch; thence into a weakness;
Thence to a lightness; and, by this declension,
Into the madness wherein now he raves,
And all we mourn for.

* Roundly, without reserve.

King. Do you think, 'tis this?
Queen. It may be, very likely.
Pol. Hath there been such a time, (I'd fain know that,)
That I have positively said, *'Tis so,*
When it prov'd otherwise?
King. Not that I know.
Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise:
[*Pointing to his head and shoulder.*
If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.
King. How may we try it further?
Pol. You know, sometimes he walks four hours together,
Here in the lobby.
Queen. So he does, indeed.
Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him:
Be you and I behind an arras* then;
Mark the encounter: if he love her not,
And be not from his reason fallen thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm, and carters.
King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet, reading.

Queen. But, look, where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.
Pol. Away, I do beseech you, both away;
I'll board† him presently:—O, give me leave.—
[*Exeunt King, Queen, and Attendants.*
How does my good lord Hamlet?
Ham. Well, god-'a-mercy.
Pol. Do you know me, my lord?
Ham. Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.
Pol. Not I, my lord?
Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.
Pol. Honest, my lord?
Ham. Ay, sir: to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.
Pol. That's very true, my lord.
Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god, kissing carrion,——Have you a daughter?
Pol. I have, my lord.
Ham. Let her not walk i'the sun: conception‡ is a blessing; but as your daughter may conceive§, —friend, look to't.
Pol. How say you by that? [*Aside.*] Still harping on my daughter:—yet he knew me not at first; he said, I was a fishmonger. He is far gone, far gone: and, truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love; very near this. I'll speak to him again.—What do you read, my lord?
Ham. Words, words, words!
Pol. What is the matter, my lord?
Ham. Between who?
Pol. I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.
Ham. Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue says here, that old men have grey beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber, and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams: all of which, sir,

* Tapestry. † Accost. ‡ Understanding. § Become pregnant.

though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for yourself, sir, shall be as old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madness, yet there's method in it. [*Aside.*] Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham. Into my grave?

Pol. Indeed, that is out o'the air.—How pregnant* sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.—My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal; except my life, except my life, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools!

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Pol. You go to seek the lord Hamlet; there he is.

Ros. God save you, sir! [*To Polonius.*

[*Exit Polonius.*

Guil. My honour'd lord!—

Ros. My most dear lord!—

Ham. My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not overhappy; On Fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe?

Ros. Neither, my lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours? * * * * * What news?

Ros. None, my lord; but that the world is grown honest.

Ham. Then is dooms-day near: but your news is not true. Let me question more in particular: what have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of Fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

Guil. Prison, my lord!

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

Ros. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons; Denmark being one of the worst.

Ros. We think not so, my lord.

Ham. Why, then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so; to me it is a prison.

Ros. Why, then your ambition makes it one; 'tis too narrow for your mind.

Ham. O God! I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count myself a king of infinite space; were it not that I have bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

* Ready, apt.

Ros. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars, bodies; and our monarchs, and outstretch'd heroes, the beggars' shadows. Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

Ros. Guil. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter: I will not sort you with the rest of my servants; for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you; and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear, a halfpenny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, come; deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Any thing—but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour; I know, the good king and queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no?

Ros. What say you? [*To Guildenstern.*

Ham. Nay, then I have an eye of you; [*Aside.*

—if you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather. I have of late, (but, wherefore, I know not,) lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises: and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a steril promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form, and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me, nor woman neither; though, by your smiling, you seem to say so.

Ros. My lord, there is no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh then, when I said, *Man delights not me?*

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what *lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you: we coted† them on the way: and hither are they coming, to offer you service.

* Spare. † Overtook.

Ham. He that plays the king, shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me: the adventurous knight shall use his foil, and target; the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man shall end his part in peace; the clown shall make those laugh, whose lungs are tickled o'the sere; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't.—What players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it, they travel?* their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Ros. I think, their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so followed?

Ros. No, indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? Do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: but there is, sir, an aiery of children, little eyases†, that cry out on the top of question‡, and are most tyrannically clapped for't: these are now the fashion; and so berattle the common stages, (so they call them) that many, wearing rapiers, are afraid of goose quills, and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What, are they children? who maintains them? how are they escoted§? Will they pursue the quality‖ no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players, (as it is most like, if their means are no better,) their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession?

Ros. 'Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin, to tarre¶ them on to controversy: there was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is it possible?

Guil. O, there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too**.

Ham. It is not very strange: for my uncle is king of Denmark, and those, that would make mouths at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece, for his picture in little††. 'Sblood, there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

[*Flourish of trumpets within.*

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands. Come then: the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me comply‡‡ with you in this garb; lest my extent to the players, which, I tell you, must show fairly outward, should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome: but my uncle-father, and aunt-mother, are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

* Become strollers. † Young nestlings. ‡ Dialogue.
§ Paid. ‖ Profession. ¶ Provoke.
** *i. e.* The globe, the sign of Shakspeare's Theatre.
†† Miniature. ‡‡ Compliment.

Ham. I am but mad north-north west; when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a hand-saw*.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen!

Ham. Hark you, Guildenstern;—and you too;—at each ear a hearer; that great baby, you see there, is not yet out of his swaddling-clouts.

Ros. Happily, he's the second time come to them; for, they say, an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophecy, he comes to tell me of the players; mark it.—You say right, sir: o'Monday morning; 'twas then, indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome,——

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz!

Pol. Upon my honour,——

Ham. *Then came each actor on his ass,*——

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, [tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral,] scene individable, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ†, and the liberty, these are the only men.

Ham. *O Jephthah, judge of Israel,*—what a treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What a treasure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why—*One fair daughter, and no more,*
The which he loved passing well.

Pol. Still on my daughter. [*Aside.*

Ham. Am I not i'the right, old Jephthah?

Pol. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter, that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows then, my lord?

Ham. Why, As by lot, God wot, and then, you know, It came to pass, As most like it was,—The first row of the pious chanson† will show you more; for look, my abridgment comes.

Enter Four or Five Players.

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all:—I am glad to see thee well:—welcome, good friends.—O, old friend! Why, thy face is valanced§ since I saw thee last; Com'st thou to beard‖ me in Denmark?—What! my young lady and mistress! By-'r-lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven, than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine¶. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring.—Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at any thing we see. We'll have a speech straight. Come, give us a taste of your quality**; come, a passionate speech.

1 *Play.* What speech, my lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once,—but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once: for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas caviare†† to the general‡‡: but it was (as I received

* *Hernsaw*, a kind of bird, was perhaps the word used by Shakspeare. † Writing. ‡ Song.
§ Fringed. ‖ Defy. ¶ Clog. ** Profession.
†† An Italian dish made of the roes of fishes. ‡‡ Multitude.

it, and others, whose judgments, in such matters, cried in the top* of mine,) an excellent play; well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said, there were no sallads in the lines, to make the matter savoury; nor no matter in the phrase, that might indite† the author of affection‡: but called it, an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly loved: 'twas Æneas' tale to Dido: and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter: If it live in your memory, begin at this line; let me see, let me see;—

The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast,—'tis not so; it begins with Pyrrhus.

The rugged Pyrrhus,—he, whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble,
When he lay couched in the ominous horse,
Hath now this dread and black complexion smear'd
With heraldry more dismal; head to foot
Now is he total gules§; horridly trick'd‖
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons;
Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous and a damned light
To their lord's murder. Roasted in wrath, and fire,
And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandsire Priam seeks;—So proceed you.

Pol. Well spoken, my lord; with good accent, and good discretion.

1 *Play.* Anon he finds him
Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command. Unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage, strikes wide;
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
The unnerved father falls. Then senseless Ilium,
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base; and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear: for, lo! his sword
Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick:
So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood;
And, like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.
But, as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack¶ stand still,
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death: anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region: so, after Pyrrhus' pause,
A roused vengeance sets him new a work;
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars's armour, forg'd for proof eterne**
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.—
Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you gods,
In general synod, take away your power;
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,
As low as to the fiends!

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard.—Pr'ythee, say on:—He's for a jig, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps:—say on: come to Hecuba.

* Above. † Convict. ‡ Affectation. § Red.
‖ Blazoned. ¶ Light clouds. ** Eternal.

1 *Play.* But who, ah woe! had seen the mobled* queen——

Ham. The mobled queen?

Pol. That's good; mobled queen is good.

1 *Play* Run barefoot up and down, threat'ning the flames
With bisson† rheum; a clout upon that head,
Where late the diadem stood; and, for a robe,
About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins,
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up;
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,
'Gainst fortune's state would treason have pronounc'd:
But if the gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs;
The instant burst of clamour that she made,
(Unless things mortal move them not at all,)
Would have made milch‡ the burning eye of heaven,
And passion in the gods.

Pol. Look, whether he has not turn'd his colour, and has tears in's eyes.—Pr'ythee no more.

Ham. 'Tis well; I'll have thee speak out the rest of this soon.—Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used; for they are the abstract, and brief chronicles, of the time. After your death you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you live.

Pol. My Lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Ham. Odd's bodikin, man, much better. Use every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity: the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, sirs.

[*Exit Polonius, with some of the Players.*

Ham. Follow him, friends; we'll hear a play tomorrow. Dost thou hear me, old friend; can you play the murder of Gonzago?

1 *Play.* Ay, my lord.

Ham. We'll have it to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down, and insert in't? could you not?

1 *Play.* Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well.—Follow that Lord: and look you mock him not. [*Exit Player.*] My good friends, [*To Ros. and Guil.*] I'll leave you till night: you are welcome to Elsinore.

Ros. Good my Lord!

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

Ham. Ay, so, God be wi' you:—Now I am alone.
O what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That from her working, all his visage wann'd;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing!
For Hecuba!
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,

* Muffled. † Blind. ‡ Milky.

Had he the motive and the cue for passion,
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears.
Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property, and most dear life,
A damn'd defeat* was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i'the throat,
As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?
Ha!
Why, I should take it: for it cannot be,
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter; or, ere this,
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless†, villain!
Why, what an ass am I? This is most brave;
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a cursing like a very drab,
A scullion!
Fye upon't! foh! About my brains! Humph! I have heard,
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have, by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father,
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks:
I'll tent him‡ to the quick; if he do blench,
I know my course. The spirit, that I have seen,
May be a devil: and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps,
Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,
(As he is very potent with such spirits,)
Abuses me to damn me; I'll have grounds
More relative than this: the play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.
[*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in the Castle.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

King. And can you, by no drift of conference
Get from him why he puts on this confusion;
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?
Ros. He does confess, he feels himself distracted.
But from what cause he will by no means speak.
Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded;
But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,
When we should bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.
Queen. Did he receive you well?
Ros. Most like a gentleman.
Guil. But with much forcing of his disposition.
Ros. Niggard of question; but, of our demands,
Most free in his reply.
Queen. Did you assay him
To any pastime?
Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain players
We o'er-raught* on the way: of these we told him;
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it. They are about the court;
And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.
Pol. 'Tis most true:
And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties,
To hear and see the matter.
King. With all my heart; and it doth much content me
To hear him so inclin'd.
Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.
Ros. We shall, my lord.
[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*
King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too:
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither;
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront† Ophelia:
Her father, and myself (lawful espials‡,)
Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly§ judge;
And gather by him, as he is behav'd,
If't be the affliction of his love, or no,
That thus he suffers for.
Queen. I shall obey you:
And, for your part, Ophelia, I do wish,
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness: so shall I hope, your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.
Oph. Madam, I wish it may.
[*Exit Queen.*
Pol. Ophelia, walk you here:—Gracious, so please you,
We will bestow‖ ourselves:—Read on this book;
[*To Ophelia.*
That show of such an exercise may colour.
Your loneliness.—We are oft to blame in this,—
'Tis too much prov'd¶,—that, with devotion's visage,
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.
King. O, 'tis too true! how smart
A lash that speech doth give my conscience!
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plast'ring art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my deed to my most painted word:
O heavy burden! [*Aside.*
Pol. I hear him coming; let's withdraw, my lord.
[*Exeunt King and Polonius.*
Enter Hamlet.
Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the question:—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer

* Destruction. † Unnatural. ‡ Search his wounds.

* Overtook. † Meet. ‡ Spies. § Freely. ‖ Place. ¶ Too frequent.

The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them?—To die,—to sleep,—
No more;—and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ach, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die;—to sleep;—
To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil*,
Must give us pause. There's the respect†,
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus‡ make
With a bare bodkin§? who would fardels‖ bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life;
But that the dread of something after death,—
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn¶
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.—Soft you, now!
The fair Ophelia:—Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd.

Oph. Good my lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you; well.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver;
I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, not I;
I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honour'd lord, you know right well, you did;
And, with them, words of so sweet breath compos'd
As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,
Take these again; for to the noble mind,
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.

Ham Ha ha! are you honest?

Oph. My lord?

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and fair, you should admit no discourse to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd, than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness; this was some time a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believed me; for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it: I loved you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery; why would'st thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better, my mother had not borne me; I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in; what should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven! We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him; that he may play the fool no where but in's own house. Farewell.

Oph. O, help him, you sweet heavens!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry. Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery; farewell. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough, what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly too. Farewell.

Oph. Heavenly powers, restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too, well enough. God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another; you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nick-name God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to; I'll no more of't: it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages; those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go.

[*Exit Hamlet.*

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword:
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould* of form,
The observ'd of all observers! quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his musick vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth,
Blasted with ectasy†. O, woe is me!
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Re-enter King and Polonius.

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend;
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness. There's something in his soul,
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;
And, I do doubt, the hatch, and the disclose,
Will be some danger: which for to prevent,
I have, in quick determination,
Thus set it down. He shall with speed to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute:

* Stir, bustle.
§ Small dagger.
† Consideration.
‖ Burdens.
‡ Acquittance,
¶ Boundary.

* The model by whom all endeavoured to form themselves.
† Madness.

Haply, the seas, and countries different,
With variable objects, shall expel
This something-settled matter in his heart;
Whereon his brains still beating, puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

Pol. It shall do well. But yet, I do believe,
The origin and commencement of his grief
Sprung from neglected love.—How now, Ophelia,
You need not tell us what lord Hamlet said:
We heard it all.—My lord, do as you please;
But, if you hold it fit, after the play,
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
To show his grief; let her be round with him;
And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conference. If she find him not,
To England send him; or confine him, where
Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so:
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Hall in the same.

Enter Hamlet, and certain Players.

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings*; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows, and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing Termagant†; it out-herods Herod‡. Pray you, avoid it.

1 *Play.* I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action: with this special observance, that you o'er-step not the modesty of nature: for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure§. Now this, overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one, must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players, that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of christians, nor the gait of christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted, and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

* The people in the pit. † The God of the Saracens.
‡ Herod's character was particularly violent.
§ Impression, resemblance.

1 *Play.* I hope, we have reformed that indifferently with us.

Ham. O, reform it altogether. And let those, that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too: though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villainous; and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready.
[*Exeunt Players.*

Enter Polonius, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

How now, my lord? will the king hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the players make haste.—
[*Exit Polonius.*
Will you two help to hasten them?

Both. Ay, my lord.
[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

Ham. What, ho; Horatio!

Enter Horatio.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

Hor. O, my dear lord.——

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter:
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,
To feed, and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp;
And crook the pregnant* hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish her election,
She hath seal'd thee for herself; for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and bless'd are those,
Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—
There is a play to-night before the king;
One scene of it comes near the circumstance,
Which I have told thee of my father's death.
I pr'ythee, when thou seest that act afoot,
Even with the very comment of thy soul
Observe my uncle: if his occulted† guilt
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
It is a damned ghost that we have seen;
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithy‡. Give him heedful note:
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;
And, after, we will both our judgments join
In censure§ of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my lord:
If he steal aught, the whilst this play is playing,
And scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

* Ready. † Secret. ‡ A smith's shop.
§ Opinion.

Ham. They are coming to the play; I must be idle:
Get you a place.

Danish March, A Flourish. Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and others.

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent, i'faith: of the camelion's dish: I eat the air, promise-crammed: You cannot feed capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet; these words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now. My lord,—you played once in the university, you say? [*To Polonius.*

Pol. That did I, my lord; and was accounted a good actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was killed i'the Capitol; Brutus killed me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him, to kill so capital a calf there.—Be the players ready?

Ros. Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.

Pol. O ho! do you mark that? [*To the king.*

* * * * * * *

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. O! your only jig-maker. What should a man do, but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within these two hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? Nay, then let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables*. O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope, a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year. But, by'r-lady, he must build churches then: or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse; whose epitaph is, *For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot.*

Trumpets sound. The dumb show follows.
Enter a King and a Queen, very lovingly: the Queen embracing him, and he her. She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck: lays him down upon a bank of flowers; she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King's ears, and exit. The Queen returns; finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The poisoner, with some two or three mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The poisoner wooes the Queen with gifts; she seems loath and unwilling awhile, but in the end, accepts his love. [*Exeunt.*

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is miching mallecho†; it means mischief.

Oph. Belike, this show imports the argument of the play.

* The richest dress. † Secret wickedness.

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this show meant?

Ham. Ay, or any show that you'll show him. Be not you ashamed to show, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught; I'll mark the play.

Pro. For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter a King and a Queen.

P. King. Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart* gone round
Neptune's salt wash, and Tellus'† orbed ground;
And thirty dozen moons, with borrow'd sheen‡,
About the world have times twelve thirties been;
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,
Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

P. Queen. So many journeys may the sun and moon
Make us again count o'er, ere love be done?
But, woe is me, you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer, and from your former state,
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must:
For women fear too much, even as they love;
And women's fear and love hold quantity;
In neither aught, or in extremity.
Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know;
And as my love is siz'd, my fear is so.
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

P. King. 'Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;
My operant§ powers their functions leave to do:
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd; and, haply, one as kind,
For husband shalt thou——

P. Queen. O, confound the rest!
Such love must needs be treason in my breast;
In second husband let me be accurst!
None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.

Ham. That's wormwood.

P. Queen. The instances‖, that second marriage move,
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love;
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

P. King. I do believe, you think what now you speak;
But, what we do determine oft we break.
Purpose is but the slave to memory;
Of violent birth, but poor validity:
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree;
But fall, unshaken, when they mellow be.
Most necessary 'tis, that we forget

* Car, chariot. † The earth. ‡ Shining, lustre.
§ Active. ‖ Motives.

To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt:
What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of either grief or joy
Their own enactures* with themselves destroy:
Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
This world is not for aye; nor 'tis not strange,
That even our loves should with our fortunes change;
For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.
The great man down, you mark his favourite flies;
The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies.
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend:
For who not needs, shall never lack a friend:
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy.
But, orderly to end where I begun,—
Our wills, and fates, do so contrary run,
That our devices still are overthrown;
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own:
So think thou wilt no second husband wed;
But die thy thoughts, when thy first lord is dead.

P. Queen. Nor earth to give me food, nor heaven light!
Sport and repose lock from me, day, and night!
To desperation turn my trust and hope!
An anchor's† cheer in prison be my scope!
Each opposite, that blanks the face of joy,
Meet what I would have well, and it destroy!
Both here, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,
If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

Ham. If she should break it now.——

[*To Ophelia.*

P. King. 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here a while;
My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep. [*Sleeps.*

P. Queen. Sleep rock thy brain:
And never come mischance between us twain!

[*Exit.*

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Queen. The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

Ham. O, but she'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest: no offence i' the world.

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The mouse-trap‡. Marry, how? Tropically. This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the duke's name; his wife, Baptista: you shall see anon; 'tis a knavish piece of work. But what of that? your majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not. Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.—

Enter Lucianus.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

Oph. You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

* Determinations. † Anchoret.
‡ ——————————the thing.
In which he'll catch the conscience of the king.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning, to take off my edge.

Oph. Still better, and worse.

Ham. So you mistake your husbands.—Begin, murderer;—leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Come;

——The croaking raven
Doth bellow for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;
Confederate season, else no creature seeing;
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With Hecat's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magick and dire property,
On wholesome life usurp immediately.

[*Pours the poison into the sleeper's ears.*

Ham. He poisons him i'the garden for his estate. His name's Gonzago: the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian. You shall see anon, how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

Oph. The king rises.

Ham. What! frighted with false fire!

Queen. How fares my lord?

Pol. Give o'er the play.

King. Give me some light: away!

Pol. Lights, lights, lights!

[*Exeunt all but Hamlet and Horatio.*

Ham. Why, let the strucken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play:
For some must watch, while some must sleep;
Thus runs the world away.—
Would not this, sir and a forest of feathers*, (if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me,) with two Provencial roses on my razed† shoes get me a fellowship in a cry‡ of players, sir?

Hor. Half a share.

Ham. A whole one, I.
For thou dost know, O Damon dear,
This realm dismantled was
Of Jove himself; and now reigns here
A very, very—peacock.

Hor. You might have rhymed.

Ham. O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning,——

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ha!—Come, some musick; come the recorders§.—
For if the king like not the comedy,
Why then, belike,—he likes it not perdy||.—

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Come, some musick.

Guil. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The king, sir,——

* For his head. † Slashed. ‡ Pack, company.
§ A kind of flute. || *Par Dieu.*

Ham. Ay, sir, what of him?

Guil. Is, in his retirement, marvellous distempered.

Ham. With drink, sir?

Guil. No, my lord, with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should show itself more richer, to signify this to the doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation, would, perhaps, plunge him into more choler.

Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, sir:—pronounce.

Guil. The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment; if not, your pardon, and my return shall be the end of my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased. But, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or, rather, as you say, my mother: therefore no more, but to the matter. My mother, you say,——

Ros. Then thus she says; Your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother?—But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade* with us?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. And do still, by these pickers and stealers†.

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do, surely, but bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

Ham. Ay, sir, but, *While the grass grows*,—the proverb is something musty.

Enter the Players, with Recorders.

O, the recorders:—let me see one.—To withdraw with you:—Why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventages‡, with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent musick. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass; and there is much musick, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think, I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

Enter Polonius.

God bless you, sir!

Pol. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a camel?

Pol. By the mass, and, 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks, it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is backed like a weasel.

Ham. Or, like a whale?

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by and by.—They fool me to the top of my bent*.—I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so. [*Exit Polonius.*

Ham. By and by is easily said.—Leave me friends. [*Exeunt Ros. Guil. Hor. &c.*

'Tis now the very witching time of night;
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out.
Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood,
And do such business as the bitter day
Would quake to look on. Soft; now to my mother,—
O, heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever.
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:
Let me be cruel, not unnatural:
I will speak daggers to her, but use none;
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites:
How in my words soever she be shent†,
To give them seals‡ never, my soul, consent!

SCENE III.

A Room in the same.

Enter King, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

King. I like him not; nor stands it safe with us,
To let his madness range. Therefore, prepare you;
I your commission will forthwith despatch,
And he to England shall along with you:
The terms of our estate may not endure
Hazard so near us, as doth hourly grow
Out of his lunes§.

Guil. We will ourselves provide:
Most holy and religious fear it is,
To keep those many many bodies safe,
That live, and feed, upon your majesty.

* Business. † Hands. ‡ Holes.

* Utmost stretch. † Reproved.
‡ Authority to put them in execution. § Lunacy.

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound,
With all the strength and armour of the mind,
To keep itself from 'noyance ; but much more
That spirit, upon whose weal depend and rest
The lives of many. The cease of majesty
Dies not alone ; but like a gulf, doth draw
What's near it, with it : it is a massy wheel,
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortis'd and adjoin'd ; which, when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boist'rous ruin. Never alone
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage ;
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Ros. Guil. We will haste us.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet.
Behind the arras* I'll convey myself,
To hear the process ; I'll warrant, she'll tax him home :
And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meet, that some more audience, than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear
The speech, of vantage. Fare you well, my liege ;
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

King. Thanks, dear my lord. [*Exit Polonius.*

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven ;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,
A brother's murder!—Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will ;
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent ;
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood ?
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens,
To wash it white as snow ? Whereto serves mercy,
But to confront the visage of offence ?
And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,—
To be forestalled, ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd, being down ? Then I'll look up ;
My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn ? Forgive me my foul murder ?—
That cannot be ; since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain the offence ?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice ;
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law. But 'tis not so above :
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature : and we ourselves compell'd,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then ? what rests ?

* Tapestry.

Try what repentance can. What can it not ?
Yet what can it, when one can not repent ?
O wretched state ! O bosom, black as death !
O limed* soul ; that struggling to be free,
Art more engag'd ! Help, angels, make assay !
Bow, stubborn knees ! and, heart, with strings of steel ;
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe ;
All may be well ! [*Retires and kneels.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it, pat, now he is praying ;
And now I'll do't ; and so he goes to heaven :
And so am I reveng'd ? That would be scann'd :
A villain kills my father ; and, for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.
Why, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly full of bread ;
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May ;
And, how his audit stands, who knows, save heaven ;
But, in our circumstance and course of thought,
'Tis heavy with him. And am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage ?
No.
Up, sword ; and know thou a more horrid hent† ;
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage ;
Or in the incestuous pleasures of his bed ;
At gaming, swearing ; or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in't :
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven :
And that his soul may be as damn'd, and black,
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays :
This physick but prolongs thy sickly days. [*Exit.*

The King rises and advances.

King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain below :
Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Another Room in the same.

Enter Queen and Polonius.

Pol. He will come straight. Look, you lay home to him :
Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to bear with ;
And that your grace hath screen'd and stood between
Much heat and him. I'll silence me e'en here.
Pray you, be round with him.

Queen. I'll warrant you ;
Fear me not :—withdraw, I hear him coming.

[*Polonius hides himself.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now, mother ; what's the matter ?

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

* Caught as with bird-lime.
† To hent is to seize or lay hold on.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.
Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.
Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.
Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet?
Ham. What's the matter now.
Queen. Have you forgot me.
Ham. No, by the rood*, not so:
You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;
And,—'would it were not so!—you are my mother.
Queen. Nay, then I'll set those to you that can speak,
Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge;
You go not, till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.
Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?
Help, help, ho!
Pol. [*Behind.*] What, ho! help!
Ham. How now! a rat? [*Draws.*
Dead, for a ducut, dead.
[*Hamlet makes a pass through the Arras.*
Pol. [*Behind.*] O, I am slain. [*Falls, and dies.*
Queen. O me, what hast thou done?
Ham. Nay, I know not:
Is it the king?
[*Lifts up the Arras, and draws forth Polonius.*
Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!
Ham. A bloody deed; almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.
Queen. As kill a king!
Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.—
Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!
[*To Polonius.*
I took thee for thy better; take thy fortune:
Thou find'st to be too busy, is some danger.—
Leave wringing of your hands. Peace; sit you down,
And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff;
If damned custom have not braz'd it so,
That it be proof and bulwark against sense.
Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?
Ham. Such an act,
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;
Calls virtue, hypocrite; takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there: makes marriage vows
As false as dicers' oaths: O, such a deed
As from the body of contraction† plucks
The very soul; and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words. Heavens's face doth glow;
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful‡ visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.
Queen. Ah me, what act,
That roars so loud, and thunders in the index§?
Ham. Look here upon this picture, and on this;
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See, what a grace was seated on this brow:
Hyperion's* curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man:
This was your husband.—Look you now, what follows;
Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten† on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it, love: for, at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgement. And what judgment
Would step from this to this? Sense‡, sure, you have,
Else could you not have motion. But, sure, that sense
Is apoplex'd: for madness would not err;
Nor sense to ectasy§ was ne'er so thrall'd,
But it reserv'd some quantity of choice,
To serve in such a difference. What devil was't,
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind‖?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans¶ all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense
Could not so mope**.
O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire; proclaim no shame,
When the compulsive ardour gives the charge:
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
And reason panders will.
Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more:
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
And there I see such black and grained spots
As will not leave their tinct.
Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an enseamed†† bed:
Stew'd in corruption; honeying, and making love
Over the nasty sty;——
Queen. O, speak to me no more;
These words, like daggers enter in mine ears:
No more, sweet Hamlet.
Ham. A murderer, and a villain:
A slave, that is not twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent lord:—a vice‡‡ of kings:
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule;
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket!
Queen. No more.
Enter Ghost.
Ham. A king
Of shreds and patches:—
Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards!—What would your gracious figure?

* Cross. † Marriage contract. ‡ Sorrowful.
§ Index of contents prefixed to a book.

* Apollo's. † To grow fat. ‡ Sensation.
§ Frenzy. ‖ Blindman's-buff. ¶ Without.
** Be so stupid. †† Greasy. ‡‡ Mimick.

Queen. Alas, he's mad.
Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command?
O, say!
Ghost. Do not forget. This visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look! amazement on thy mother sits:
O, step between her and her fighting soul!
Conceit* in weakest bodies strongest works;
Speak to her, Hamlet.
Ham. How is it with you, lady?
Queen. Alas, how is't with you?
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,
Starts up, and stands on end. O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?
Ham. On him! on him!—Look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable†.—Do not look upon me;
Lest, with this piteous action, you convert
My stern effects‡: then what I have to do
Will want true colour; tears, perchance, for blood.
Queen. To whom do you speak this?
Ham. Do you see nothing there?
Queen. Nothing at all; yet all, that is, I see.
Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?
Queen. No, nothing, but ourselves.
Ham. Why, look you there! look, how it steals away!
My father, in his habit as he liv'd!
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!
[*Exit Ghost.*
Queen. This the very coinage of your brain:
This bodiless creation ectasy
Is very cunning in.
Ham. Ectasy!
My pulse, as your, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful musick. It is not madness,
That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will reword; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place;
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come:
And do not spread the compost§ on the weeds,
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue:
For in the fatness of these pursy times.
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg:
Yea, curb and woo, for leave to do him good.
Queen. O, Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in twain.
Ham, O, throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night: but go not to my uncle's bed;
Assume a virtue if you have it not.
That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat
Of habit's devil, is angel yet in this:
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock, or livery,
That aptly is put on. Refrain to-night;
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence: the next more easy:
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And either curb the devil or throw him out
With wondrous potency. Once more, good night!
And when you are desirous to be bless'd,
I'll blessing beg of you.—For this same lord,
[*Pointing to Polonius.*
I do repent. But heaven hath pleas'd it so,—
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister.
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him. So, again, good night!—
I must be cruel, only to be kind:
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.—
But one word more, good lady.
Queen. What shall I do?
Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:
Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed;
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you, his mouse*;
And let him, for a pair of reechy† kisses,
Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft. 'Twere good, you let him know:
For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock‡, from a bat, a gib§,
Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
No, in despite of sense, and secrecy,
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
Let the birds fly; and, like the famous ape,
To try conclusions‖, in the basket creep,
And break your own neck down.
Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.
Ham. I must to England; you know that?
Queen. Alack,
I had forgot; 'tis so concluded on.
Ham. There's letters seal'd: and my two schoolfellows,—
Whom I will trust, as I will adders fang'd¶,—
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,
And marshal me to knavery. Let it work;
For 'tis the sport, to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petar**; and it shall go hard,
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon. O, 'tis most sweet,
When in one line two crafts directly meet.—
This man shall set me packing.
I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room:—

* Imagination. † Intelligent.
‡ Actions. § Manure.

* A term of endearment. † Steaming with heat.
‡ Toad. § Cat. ‖ Experiments. ¶ Having their teeth.
** Blown up with his own mortar.

Mother, good night.—Indeed, this counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you :—
Good night, mother.
[*Exeunt severally; Hamlet dragging in Polonius.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The same.

Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

King. There's matter in these sighs; these profound heaves :
You must translate: 'tis fit we understand them :
Where is your son?

Queen. Bestow this place on us a little while.—
[*To Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, who go out.*
Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night!

King. What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

Queen. Mad as the sea, and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier. In his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
Whips out his rapier, cries, A rat! a rat!
And, in this brainish apprehension, kills
The unseen good old man.

King. O heavy deed!
It had been so with us, had we been there:
His liberty is full of threats to all;
To you yourself, to us, to every one.
Alas! how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?
It will be laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt*,
This mad young man: but, so much was our love
We would not understand what was most fit;
But, like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd:
O'er whom his very madness, like some ore,
Among a mineral† of metals base,
Shows itself pure; he weeps for what is done.

King. O, Gertrude, come away!
The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
But we will ship him hence: and this vile deed
We must, with all our majesty and skill,
Both countenance and excuse.—Ho! Guildenstern!

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid:
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him:
Go, seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.
[*Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*
Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends;
And let them know, both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done: so, haply, slander,—
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank‡,
Transports his poison'd shot,—may miss our name,
And hit the woundless air.—O come away!
My soul is full of discord, and dismay. [*Exeunt.*

* Company. † Mine. ‡ Mark.

SCENE II.

Another Room in the same.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham.——Safely stowed.—[*Ros. &c. within.*
Hamlet! lord Hamlet!] But soft!—what noise? who calls on Hamlet? O, here they come.

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.

Ros. Tell us where 'tis; that we may take it thence,
And bear it to the chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your counsel, and not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge! —what replication should be made by the son of a king?

Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir; that soaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king best service in the end; he keeps them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw: first mouthed to be last swallowed; when he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it; A knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.

Ham. The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing——

Guil. A thing, my lord?

Ham. Of nothing; bring me to him. *Hide fox, and all after**. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Room in the same.

Enter King, attended.

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body.
How dangerous is it, that this man goes loose?
Yet must not we put the strong law on him:
He's lov'd of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes:
And, where 'tis so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd,
But never the offence. To bear all smooth and even,
This sudden sending him away must seem
Deliberate pause. Diseases, desperate grown,
By desperate appliance are relieved,

Enter Rosencrantz.

Or not at all.—How now? what hath befallen?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Ros. Without, my lord; guarded, to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

* A sport among children.

Enter Hamlet and Guildenstern.

King. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper? Where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation of politick worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else, to fat us; and we fat ourselves for maggots. Your fat king, and your lean beggar, is but variable service; two dishes, but to one table; that's the end.

King. Alas, alas!

Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king; and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

King. What dost thou mean by this?

Ham. Nothing, but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heaven; send thither to see: if your messenger find him not there, seek him i'the other place yourself. But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

King. Go seek him there. [*To some Attendants.*

Ham. He will stay till you come.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*

King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,—
Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done,—must send thee hence
With fiery quickness. Therefore prepare thyself;
The bark is ready, and the wind at help*,
The associates tend, and every thing is bent
For England.

Ham. For England?

King. Ay, Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a cherub, that sees them.—But, come; for England!—Farewell, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, Hamlet,

Ham. My mother: Father and mother is man and wife; man and wife is one flesh; and so, my mother. Come, for England. [*Exit.*

King. Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed aboard;
Delay it not, I'll have him hence to night;
Away, for every thing is seal'd and done
That else leans on the affair. Pray you, make haste.

[*Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*

And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught,
(As my great power thereof may give thee sense;
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us,) thou may'st not coldly set†
Our sovereign process; which imports at full,
By letters conjuring to that effect,
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England;
For like the hectick in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me. Till I know 'tis done,
Howe'er my haps, my joys will ne'er begin.

[*Exit.*

* Favorable. † Value, estimate.

SCENE IV.

A Plain in Denmark.

Enter Fortinbras, and forces, marching.

For. Go, captain, from me greet the Danish king;
Tell him, that by his licence, Fortinbras
Craves the conveyance of a promis'd march
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous,
If that his majesty would aught with us,
We shall express our duty in his eye*.
And let him know so.

Cap. I will do't my lord.

For. Go softly on.

[*Exeunt Fortinbras and Forces.*

Enter Hamlet, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, &c.

Ham. Good sir, whose powers† are these?

Cap. They are of Norway, sir.

Ham. How purpos'd, sir,
I pray you?

Cap. Against some part of Poland.

Ham. Who
Commands them, sir?

Cap. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.

Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,
Or for some frontier?

Cap. Truly to speak, sir, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground,
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;
Nor will it yield to Norway, or the Pole,
A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why then the Polack‡ never will defend it.

Cap. Yes, 'tis already garrison'd.

Ham. Two thousand souls, and twenty thousand ducats,
Will not debate the question of this straw:
This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace:
That inward breaks, and shows no cause without
Why the man dies.—I humbly thank you, sir.

Cap. God be wi'you, sir. [*Exit Captain.*

Ros. Will't please you go, my lord?

Ham. I will be with you straight. Go a little before. [*Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*

How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good, and market§ of his time,
Be but to sleep, and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure, he, that made us with such large discourse‖,
Looking before, and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To fust¶ in us unus'd. Now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven** scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event,—
A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom,
And, ever, three parts coward,—I do not know
Why yet I live to say, This thing's to do;
Sith‖ I have cause, and will, and strength, and means,
To do't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me:
Witness, this army of such mass, and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince;

* Presence, † Forces. ‡ Polander.
§ Profit. ‖ Power of comprehension. ¶ Grow mouldy.
** Cowardly. †† Since.

Whose spirit, with divine ambition puff'd,
Makes mouths at the invisible event;
Exposing what is mortal, and unsure,
To all that fortune, death, and danger, dare,
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great,
Is, not to stir without great argument;
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honour's at the stake. How stand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason, and my blood,
And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That, for a fantasy, and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds: fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough, and continent,
To hide the slain?—O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth! [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Elsinore. A Room in the Castle.

Enter Queen and Horatio.

Queen.——I will not speak with her.

Hor. She is importunate; indeed, distract;
Her mood will needs be pitied.

Queen. What would she have?

Hor. She speaks much of her father; says, she hears,
There's tricks i' the world; and hems, and beats her heart;
Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things in doubt,
That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection; they aim* at it,
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;
Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield them,
Indeed would make one think, there might be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Queen. 'Twere good, she were spoken with; for she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds:
Let her come in. [*Exit Horatio.*
To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy† seems prologue to some great amiss:
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

Re-enter Horatio, with Ophelia.

Oph. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

Queen. How now, Ophelia?

Oph. How should I your true love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon‡. [*Singing.*

Queen. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

Oph. Say you? nay, pray you, mark.
He is dead and gone, lady, [*Sings.*
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.
O, ho!

Queen. Nay, but Ophelia,——

* Guess. † Trifle. ‡ Shoe.

Oph. Pray you, mark.
White his shroud as the mountain snow. [*Sings.*

Enter King.

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord.

Oph. Larded* all with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did go,
With true-love showers.

King. How do you, pretty lady?

Oph. Well, God'ield† you! They say, the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray, let us have no words of this; but when they ask you, what it means, say you this:
Good morrow, 'tis Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.

King. Pretty Ophelia!
How long hath she been thus?

Oph. I hope, all will be well. We must be patient: but I cannot choose but weep, to think, they should lay him i' the cold ground. My brother shall know of it, and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach! Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies: good night, good night. [*Exit.*

King. Follow her close! give her good watch,
I pray you. [*Exit Horatio.*
O! this is the poison of deep grief; it springs
All from her father's death. And now behold,
O Gertrude, Gertrude,
When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions! First, her father slain;
Next, your son gone; and he most violent author
Of his own just remove. The people muddied,
Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers,
For good Polonius' death; and we have done but greenly‡,
In hugger-mugger§ to inter him. Poor Ophelia
Divided from herself, and her fair judgment;
Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts.
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France:
Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
With pestilent speeches of his father's death;
Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
Will nothing stick our person to arraign
In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,
Like to a murdering piece, in many places
Gives me superfluous death! [*A noise within.*

Queen. Alack! what noise is this?

Enter a Gentleman.

King. Attend.
Where are my Switzers‖! Let them guard the door:
What is the matter?

Gent. Save yourself, my lord;
The ocean, overpeering of his list¶,

* Garnished. † Reward. ‡ Without mature judgment.
§ Secretly. ‖ Swiss guards. ¶ Bounds.

Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste,
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'erbears your officers! The rabble call him, lord;
And, as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry, Choose we; Laertes shall be king!
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!

Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail* they cry!
O, this is counter† you false Danish dogs.

King. The doors are broke. [*Noise within.*

Enter Laertes, armed; Danes following.

Laer. Where is this king?—Sirs, stand you all without.

Dan. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you, give me leave.

Dan. We will, we will.

[*They retire without the door.*

Laer. I thank you:—keep the door.—O thou vile king,
Give me my father.

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood, that's calm, proclaims me bastard;
Cries cuckold, to my father; brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaste unsmirched‡ brow
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?—
Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person;
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will.—Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus incens'd.—Let him go, Gertrude;—
Speak, man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill. [with:

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!
Conscience, and grace, to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation. To this point I stand,—
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I'll be reveng'd
Most thoroughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the world's:
And, for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

King. Good Laertes,
If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your revenge,
That, sweepstake, you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser?

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms;
And like the kind life-rendering pelican,
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why, now you speak
Like a good child, and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensibly in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment 'pear*,
As day does to your eye.

Danes. [*Within.*] Let her come in.

Laer. How now! what noise is that?

Enter Ophelia, fantastically dress'd with Straws and Flowers.

O heat, dry up my brains! tears seven times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!—
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid with weight,
Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!
O heavens! is't possible, a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine† in love; and, where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.

Oph. They bore him barefac'd on the bier;
Hey no nonny, nonny hey nonny:
And in his grave rained many a tear;—
Fare you well, my dove!

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,
It could not move thus.

Oph. You must sing, Down-a-down, an you call him a-down-a. O, how the wheel‡ becomes it! It is the false steward, that stole his master's daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray you, love, remember: and there is pansies, that's for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madness; thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines:—there's rue for you; and here's some for me:—we may call it, herb of grace o'Sundays:—you may wear your rue with a difference§.—There's a daisy:—I would give you some violets; but they withered all, when my father died:—they say, he made a good end,——

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy,—

[*Sings.*

Laer. Thought‖ and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favour, and to prettiness.

Oph. And will he not come again? [*Sings.*
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead,
Go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.
His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll:
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan;
God 'a mercy on his soul!

* Scent. † Hounds run counter, when they trace the scent backwards. ‡ Clean, undefiled.

* Appear. † Subtle, delicate. ‡ The burthen.
§ *i. e.* By its Sunday name, "herb of grace" mine is merely rue, *i. e.* sorrow. ‖ Melancholy.

And of all christian souls! I pray God. God be wi' you! [*Exit Ophelia.*

Laer. Do you see this, O God?

King. Laertes, I must commune with your grief,
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me:
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction; but, if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your soul
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so;
His means of death, his obscure funeral,—
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment, o'er his bones,
No noble rite, nor formal ostentation,—
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
That I must call't in question.

King. So you shall;
And where the offence is, let the great axe fall.
I pray you, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Another Room in the same.

Enter Horatio and a Servant.

Hor. What are they, that would speak with me?

Serv. Sailors, sir;
They say, they have letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in,— [*Exit Servant.*
I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.

1 *Sail.* God bless you, sir.

Hor. Let him bless thee too.

1 *Sail.* He shall, sir, an't please him. There's a letter for you, sir: it comes from the ambassador that was bound for England; if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. [*Reads.*] Horatio, when thou shalt have overlooked this, give these fellows some means to the king; they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chace. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour; and in the grapple I boarded them: on the instant, they got clear of our ship; so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy; but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou would'st fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear, will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England: of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.

He that thou knowest thine, Hamlet.

Come, I will give you way for these your letters;
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Another Room in the same.

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for friend;
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he, which hath your noble father slain,
Pursu'd my life.

Laer. It well appears.—But tell me,
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So crimeful and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, greatness, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd up.

King. O, for two special reasons;
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsinew'd*
But yet to me they are strong. The queen, his mother,
Lives almost by his looks; and for myself,
(My virtue, or my plague, be it either which,)
She is so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a publick count I might not go,
Is, the great love the general gender† bear him:
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Work like the spring‡ that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gyves§ to graces; so that my arrows,
Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost;
A sister driven into desperate terms;
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections:—but my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that: you must not think,
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be shook with danger,
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more;
I loved your father, and we love ourself;
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine,—
How now? what news?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet:
This to your majesty; this to the queen.

King. From Hamlet! who brought them?

Mess. Sailors, my lord, they say: I saw them not;
They were given me by Claudio, he receiv'd them
Of him that brought them.

King. Laertes, you shall hear them:—
Leave us. [*Exit Messenger.*

[*Reads.*] High and mighty, you shall know, I am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes: when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the occasion of my sudden and more strange return. Hamlet.

* Deprived of strength.
† Common people.
‡ A petrifying spring.
§ Chains.

What should this mean! Are all the rest come back?
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?
Laer. Know you the hand?
King. 'Tis Hamlet's character. *Naked,*—
And, in a postscript here, he says, *alone:*
Can you advise me?
Laer. I am lost in it, my lord. But let him come;
It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
Thus diddest thou.
King. If it be so, Laertes,
As how should it be so? how otherwise?—
Will you be rul'd by me?
Laer. Ay, my lord;
So you will not o'er-rule me to a peace.
King. To thine own peace. If he be now return'd,—
As checking* at his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it,—I will work him
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall:
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe;
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it, accident.
Laer. My lord, I will be rul'd;
The rather, if you could devise it so,
That I might be the organ.
King. It falls right.
You have been talk'd of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they say, you shine: your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him,
As did that one; and that, in my regard,
Of the unworthiest siege†.
Laer. What part is that, my lord?
King. A very ribband in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears,
Than settled age his sables, and his weeds,
Importing health and graveness.—Two months since,
Here was a gentleman of Normandy,—
I have seen myself, and serv'd against the French,
And they can well on horseback: but this gallant
Had witchcraft in't; he grew unto his seat;
And to such wond'rous doing brought his horse,
As he had been incorps'd and demi-natur'd
With the brave beast: so far he topp'd my thought,
That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,
Come short of what he did.
Laer. A Norman, was't?
King. A Norman.
Laer. Upon my life, Lamord.
King. The very same.
Laer. I know him well: he is the brooch‡, indeed,
And gem of all the nation.
King. He made confession of you;
And gave you such a masterly report,
For art and exercise in your defence§,
And for your rapier most especial,
That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed,
If one could match you: the scrimers* of their nation,
He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd them. Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy,
That he could nothing do, but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with you.
Now, out of this,—
Laer. What out of this, my lord?
King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?
Laer. Why ask you this?
King. Not that I think, you did not love your father;
But that I know, love is begun by time;
And that I see, in passages of proof†,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it;
And nothing is at a like goodness still;
For goodness, growing to a plurisy,
Dies in his own too-much. That we would do,
We should do when we would: for this *would* changes,
And hath abatements and delays as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents:
And then this *should* is like a spendthrift sigh,
That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o'the ulcer:
Hamlet comes back. What would you undertake,
To show yourself in deed your father's son
More than in words?
Laer. To cut his throat i'the church.
King. No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize;
Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laertes,
Will you do this, keep close within your chamber:
Hamlet, return'd, shall know you are come home:
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you; bring you, in fine, together,
And wager o'er your heads: he being remiss,
Most generous and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils; so that, with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword unbated‡, and, in a pass of practice§,
Requite him for your father.
Laer. I will do't:
And, for the purpose, I'll anoint my sword.
I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death,
That is but scratch'd withal: I'll touch my point
With this contagion; that, if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.
King. Let's further think of this;
Weigh, what convenience, both of time and means,
May fit us to our shape. If this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad performance,
'Twere better not assay'd: therefore this project

* Objecting to. † Place. ‡ Ornament.
§ Science of defence, *i. e.* fencing.

* Fencers. † Daily experience.
‡ Not blunted as foils are. § Exercise.

Should have a back, or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in proof*. Soft :—let me see :—
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings†,—
I ha't :
When in your motion you are hot and dry,
(As make your bouts more violent to that end,)
And that he calls for drink, I'll have preferr'd‡ him
A chalice for the nonce§ ; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck‖,
Our purpose may hold there. But stay, what noise ?

Enter Queen.

How now, sweet queen ?

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow :—Your sister's drown'd, Laertes.

Laer. Drown'd ! O, where ?

Queen. There is a willow grows ascaunt the brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream ;
Therewith fantastick garlands did she make
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal¶ shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them :
There on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke ;
When down her weedy trophies, and herself,
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide ;
And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up :
Which time, she chanted snatches of old tunes ;
As one incapable** of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indu'd
Unto that element : but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas then, she is drown'd ?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears. But yet
It is our trick ; Nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will : when these are gone,
The woman will be out††.—Adieu, my lord !
I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it. [*Exit.*

King. Let's follow, Gertrude ;
How much I had to do to calm his rage !
Now fear I, this will give it start again ;
Therefore, let's follow. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Church Yard.

Enter Two Clowns, with Spades, &c.

1 *Clo.* Is she to be buried in christian burial, that wilfully seeks her own salvation ?

2 *Clo.* I tell thee, she is ; therefore make her grave straight‡‡ : the crowner hath set on her, and finds it christian burial.

1 *Clo.* How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence ?

2 *Clo.* Why, 'tis found so.

1 *Clo.* It must be *se offendendo* ; it cannot be else. For here lies the point : If I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act : and an act hath three branches ; it is, to act, to do, and to perform. Argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

2 *Clo.* Nay, but hear you, goodman delver.

1 *Clo.* Give me leave. Here lies the water ; good : here stands the man ; good : If the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes ; mark you that : but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself : Argal, he, that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own life.

2 *Clo.* But is this law ?

1 *Clo.* Ay, marry is't ; crowner's-quest law.

2 *Clo.* Will you ha' the truth on't ? if this had not been a gentlewoman she should have been buried out of christian burial.

1 *Clo.* Why, there thou say'st : and the more pity ; that great folks shall have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves more than their even* christian. Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers ; they hold up Adam's profession.

2 *Clo.* Was he a gentleman ?

1 *Clo.* He was the first that ever bore arms.

2 *Clo.* Why, he had none.

1 *Clo.* What, art a heathen ? How dost thou understand the scripture ? The scripture says, Adam digged. Could he dig without arms ? I'll put another question to thee : if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself——

2 *Clo.* Go to.

1 *Clo.* What is he, that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter ?

2 *Clo.* The gallows-maker ; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

1 *Clo.* I like thy wit well, in good faith ; the gallows does well. But how does it well ? it does well to those that do ill : now thou dost ill, to say, the gallows is built stronger than the church ; argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again ; come.

2 *Clo.* Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter ?

1 *Clo.* Ay, tell me that, and unyoke†.

2 *Clo.* Marry, now I can tell.

1 *Clo.* To't.

2 *Clo.* Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio, at a distance.

1 *Clo.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it ; for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating ; and, when you are asked this question next, say, a grave-maker ; the houses that he makes, last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan and fetch me a stoup of liquor. [*Exit* 2 *Clown.*

1 *Clown digs, and sings.*

In youth, when I did love, did love‡,
Methought, it was very sweet,
To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my behove
O, methought, there was nothing meet.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business ! he sings at grave-making.

* As firearms sometimes burst in proving their strength.
† Skill. ‡ Presented. § A cup for the purpose.
‖ Thrust. ¶ Licentious. ** Insensible.
†† Tears will flow. ‡‡ Immediately

* Fellow. † Give over.
‡ The song entire is printed in Percy's Reliques of ancient English Poetry, Vol. I. It was written by Lord Vaux.

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

1 *Clo.* But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me into the land,
As if I had never been such.
[*Throws up a scull.*

Ham. That scull had a tongue in it, and could sing once. How the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! This might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-reaches; one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier; which would say, *Good-morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?* This might be my lord such-a-one, that praised my lord such a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it; might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, e'en so: and now my lady Worm's chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade. Here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats*, with them? mine ache to think on't.

1 *Clo.* A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade, [*Sings.*
For—and a shrouding sheet:
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.
[*Throws up a scull.*

Ham. There's another. Why may not that be the scull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits† now, his quillets‡, his cases, his tenures and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce§ with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Humph! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries. Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more? ha?

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calves-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep, and calves, which seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow:—Whose grave's this, sirrah?

1 *Clo.* Mine, sir.— [*Sings.*
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

Ham. I think it be thine, indeed, for thou liest in't.

1 *Clo.* You lie out on't, sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in't, yet it is mine.

* An ancient game played as quoits are at present.
† Subtilties. ‡ Frivolous distinctions. § Head.

Ham. Thou dost lie in't, to be in't, and say it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

1 *Clo.* 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again, from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

1 *Clo.* For no man, sir.

Ham. What woman then?

1 *Clo.* For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

1 *Clo.* One, that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card* or equivocation will undo us. By the lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it; the age is grown so picked†, that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe.—How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

1 *Clo.* Of all the days i'the year, I came to't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long's that since?

1 *Clo.* Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that. It was that very day that young Hamlet was born: he that is mad, and sent into England.

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

1 *Clo.* Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

1 *Clo.* 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

1 *Clo.* Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely?

1 *Clo.* 'Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

1 *Clo.* Why, here in Denmark; I have been sexton here, man, and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i'the earth ere he rot?

1 *Clo.* 'Faith, if he be not rotten before he die, (as we have many corses now a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in,) he will last you some eight year, or nine year; a tanner will last you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another?

1 *Clo.* Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a scull now hath lain you i'the earth three-and-twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

1 *Clo.* A mad fellow's it was; Whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

1 *Clo.* A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! he poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same scull, sir, was Yorick's scull, the king's jester.

Ham. This? [*Takes the scull.*

1 *Clo.* E'en that.

Ham. Alas! poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy:

* By the compass, or chart of direction.
† Spruce, affected.

he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips, that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour* she must come; make her laugh at that.—Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that my lord?

Ham. Dost thou think, Alexander looked o'this fashion i'the earth?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah!

[*Throws down the scull.*

Hor. E'en so, my lord

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bunghole!

Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: As thus; Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam: and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperious† Cæsar, dead, and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
O, that the earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw‡!

But soft! but soft! aside:—Here comes the king.

Enter Priests, &c. in Procession; the corpse of Ophelia, Laertes, and mourners following; King, Queen, their trains, &c.

The queen, the courtiers. Who is this they follow? And with such maimed rites§! This doth betoken, The corse, they follow, did with desperate hand Fordo‖ its own life. 'Twas of some estate¶. Couch we a while, and mark.

[*Retiring with Horatio.*

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is Laertes,
A very noble youth: Mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

1 *Priest.* Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd As we have warranty. Her death was doubtful; And, but that great command o'ersways the order, She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers, Shards**, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her, Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants††, Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

1 *Priest.* No more be done!
We should profane the service of the dead,
To sing a *requiem**, and such rest to her
As to peace-parted souls.

Laer. Lay her i' the earth;—
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh,
May violets spring!—I tell thee, churlish priest,
A minist'ring angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Ham. What, the fair Ophelia!

Queen. Sweets to the sweet: farewell!

[*Scattering flowers.*

I hop'd, thou should'st have been my Hamlet's wife;
I thought, thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not have strew'd thy grave.

Laer. O, treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head,
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Depriv'd thee of!—Hold off the earth a while,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms:

[*Leaps into the grave.*

Now pile your dust upon the quick† and dead;
Till of this flat a mountain you have made
To o'er-top old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

Ham. [*Advancing.*] What is he, whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wand'ring stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? this is I,
Hamlet the Dane. [*Leaps into the grave.*

Laer. The devil take thy soul!

[*Grappling with him.*

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.
I pr'ythee, take thy fingers from my throat;
For, though I am not splenetive and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear. Hold off thy hand.

King. Pluck them asunder.

Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet!

All. Gentlemen, ——

Hor. Good my lord, be quiet.

[*The Attendants part them, and they come out of the grave.*

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

Queen. O my son! what theme?

Ham. I lov'd Ophelia; forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love
Make up my sum.—What wilt thou do for her?

King. O, he is mad, Laertes.

Queen. For love of God, forbear him.

Ham. 'Zounds, show me what thou'lt do:
Woul't weep? woul't fight? woul't fast? woul't tear thyself?
Woul't drink up Esil‡ eat a crocodile?
I'll do't.—Dost thou come here to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I:
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us; till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

* Countenance, complexion. † Imperial.
‡ Blast. § Imperfect obsequies. ‖ Undo, destroy.
¶ High rank. ** Broken pots or tiles. †† Garlands.

* A mass for the dead. † Living.
‡ *Eisel* is vinegar; but Mr. Steevens conjectures the word should be *Weisel*, a river which falls into the Baltic ocean.

Queen. This is mere madness:
And thus a while the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are disclos'd*,
His silence will sit drooping.
Ham. Hear you, sir;
What is the reason that you use me thus?
I lov'd you ever. But it is no matter;
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.
[*Exit.*
King. I pray thee, good Horatio, wait upon him.— [*Exit Horatio.*
Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech;
[*To Laertes.*
We'll put the matter to the present push—
Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.—
This grave shall have a living monument:
An hour of quiet shortly shall we see:
Till then, in patience our proceeding be. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Hall in the Castle.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this, sir: now shall you see the other;—
You do remember all the circumstance?
Hor. Remember it, my lord?
Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me sleep: methought, I lay
Worse than the mutines† in the bilboes‡ Rashly,
And prais'd be rashness for it.—Let us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deep plots do pall§; and that should teach us,
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.
Hor. That is most certain.
Ham. Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark
Grop'd I to find out them: had my desire;
Finger'd their packet: and, in fine, withdrew
To mine own room again: making so bold,
My fears forgetting manners, to unseal
Their grand commission; where I found Horatio,
A royal knavery; an exact command,—
Larded‖ with many several sorts of reasons,
Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,
With, ho! such bugs¶ and goblins in my life,—
That, on the supervise**, no leisure bated,
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
My head should be struck off.
Hor. Is't possible?
Ham. Here's the commission; read it at more leisure.
But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?
Hor. Ay, 'beseech you.
Ham. Being thus benetted round with villanies,
Or†† I could make a prologue to my brains,
They had begun the play:—I sat me down:
Devis'd a new commission: wrote it fair:
I once did hold it, as our statists* do,
A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
How to forget that learning; but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's service. Wilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote?
Hor. Ay, good my lord.
Ham. An earnest conjuration from the king,—
As England was his faithful tributary;
As love between them like the palm might flourish;
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,
And stand a comma† tween their amities;
And many such like as's of great charge,—
That, on the view and knowing of these contents,
Without debatement further, more, or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving‡ time allow'd.
Hor. How was this seal'd?
Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordinant;
I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model§ of that Danish seal:
Folded the writ up in form of the other;
Subscrib'd it; gave't the impression; plac'd it safely
The changeling never known. Now, the next day
Was our sea-fight; and what to this was sequent‖
Thou know'st already.
Hor. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't.
Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this employment:
They are not near my conscience; their defeat
Does by their own insinuation grow:
'Tis dangerous, when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.
Hor. Why, what a king is this! [upon?
Ham. Does it not, think thee, stand me now
He that hath kill'd my king, and whor'd my mother;
Popp'd in between the election and my hopes;
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage: is't not perfect conscience,
To quit¶ him with this arm: and is't not to be damn'd,
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?
Hor. It must be shortly known to him from England,
What is the issue of the business there.
Ham. It will be short: the interim is mine;
And a man's life no more than to say, one.
But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself;
For by the image of my cause, I see
The portraiture of his: I'll count** his favours:
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering passion.
Hor. Peace: who comes here?

Enter Osric.

Osr. Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.
Ham. I humbly thank you, sir.—Dost know this water-fly††?

* Hatched. † Mutineers.
‡ Fetters and handcuffs brought from *Bilboa* in Spain.
§ Fail. ‖ Garnished. ¶ Bugbears.
** Looking over. †† Before.

* Statesmen. † A note of connection. ‡ Confessing.
§ Copy. ‖ Following. ¶ Requite.
** For *count* some Editors read *court*.
†† *Water-flies* are gnats.

Hor. No, my good lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him. He hath much land, and fertile: let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the king's mess. Tis a chough*; but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

Osr. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

Ham. I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit. Your bonnet to his right use; 'tis for the head.

Osr. I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold: the wind is northerly.

Osr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet, methinks it is very sultry and hot; or my complexion——

Osr. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry,—as 'twere,—I cannot tell how—My lord, his majesty bade me signify to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter,—

Ham. I beseech you, remember——

[*Hamlet moves him to put on his hat.*

Osr. Nay, good my lord; for my ease, in good faith. Sir, here is newly come to court, Laertes: believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences†, of very soft society, and great showing. Indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card‡ or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you;—though, I know, to divide him inventorially, would dizzy the arithmetick of memory; and yet but raw neither, in respect of his quick sail. But in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article; and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirrour; and, who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more§.

Osr. Your lordship speaks most infallibly him.

Ham. The concernancy, sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Osr. Sir?

Hor. Is't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do't, sir, really.

Ham. What imports the nomination‖ of this gentleman?

Osr. Of Laertes?

Hor. His purse is empty already: all his golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him, sir.

Osr. I know, you are not ignorant—

Ham. I would, you did, sir: yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve¶ me;—Well, sir.

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is——

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but, to know a man well, were to know himself.

Osr. I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed he's unfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons: but, well.

Osr. The king sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary horses: against the which he has impawned*, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers†, and so. Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hor. I knew, you must be edified by the margent‡, ere you had done.

Osr. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more german§ to the matter, if we could carry a cannon by our sides; I would, it might be hangers till then. But, on: Six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal conceited carriages; that's the French bet against the Danish. Why is this impawned, as you call it?

Osr. The king, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits; he hath laid, on twelve for nine; and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How, if I answer, no?

Osr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall. If it please his majesty, it is the breathing time of day with me: let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him, if I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

Osr. Shall I deliver you so?

Ham. To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your lordship.

[*Exit.*

Ham. Yours, yours.—He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for's turn.

Hor. This lapwing‖ runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did comply with¶ his dug, before he sucked it. Thus has he (and many more of the same breed, that, I know, the drossy** age dotes on,) only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter: a kind of yesty†† collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions: and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Osric, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall. He sends to know, if

* A bird like a jackdaw.
† Distinguishing excellencies. ‡ Compass or chart.
§ This speech is a ridicule of the court jargon of that time.
‖ Mentioning. ¶ Recommend.

* *Imponed*, put down, staked.
† That part of the belt by which the sword was suspended.
‡ Margin of a book which contains explanatory notes.
§ Akin. ‖ A bird which runs about immediately it is hatched. ¶ Compliment. ** Worthless. †† Frothy.

your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now, or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The king, and queen, and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queen desires you, to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes, before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me.

[*Exit Lord.*

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou would'st not think, how ill all's here about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord,——

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving*, as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it: I will forestal† their repair hither, and say, you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury; there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all. Since no man, of aught he leaves, knows, what is't to leave betimes? Let be.

Enter King, Queen, Laertes, Lords, Osric, and attendants, with foils, &c.

King. Come, Hamlet, come and take this hand from me.

[*The King puts the hand of Laertes into that of Hamlet.*

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir; I have done you wrong;
But pardon it, as you are a gentleman.
This presence knows, and you must needs have heard,
How I am punish'd with a sore distraction.
What I have done,
That might your nature, honour, and exception,
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.
Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never, Hamlet;
If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,
And, when he's not himself, does wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.
Who does it then? His madness. If't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;
His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.
Sir, in this audience,
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot my arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most
To my revenge: but in my terms of honour,
I stand aloof; and will no reconcilement,
Till by some elder masters, of known honour,
I have a voice and precedent of peace,
To keep my name ungor'd‡. But till that time,

* Misgiving. † Prevent. ‡ Unwounded.

I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely;
And will this brother's wager frankly play.—
Give us the foils; come on.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes: in mine ignorance
Your skill shall, like a star i'the darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me, sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young Osric.—Cousin Hamlet,
You know the wager?

Ham. Very well, my lord;
Your grace hath laid the odds o'the weaker side.

King. I do not fear it; I have seen you both:—
But since he's better'd, we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy, let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well. These foils have all a length? [*They prepare to play.*

Osr. Ay, my good lord.

King. Set me the stoups* of wine upon that table:—
If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire:
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;
And in the cup an union† shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cups;
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heaven to earth,
Now the king drinks to Hamlet.—Come, begin;—
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, sir.

Laer. Come, my lord. [*They play.*

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgment.

Osr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well,—again.

King. Stay, give me drink. Hamlet, this pearl is thine;
Here's to thy health.—Give him the cup.

[*Trumpets sound; and cannons shot off within.*

Ham. I'll play this bout first, set it by awhile.
Come.—Another hit. What say you? [*They play.*

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.

King. Our son shall win.

Queen. He's fat, and scant of breath.—
Here, Hamlet, take my napkin‡, rub thy brows:
The queen carouses§ to thy fortune, Hamlet.

Ham. Good madam.——

King. Gertrude, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my lord;—I pray you, pardon me.

King. It is the poison'd cup; it is too late.

[*Aside.*

Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.

* Large jugs. † A precious pearl. ‡ Handkerchief.
§ Drinks good luck to you.

Queen. Come let me wipe thy face.
Laer. My lord, I'll hit him now.
King. I do not think it.
Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience.
[*Aside.*
Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes. You do but dally;
I pray you, pass with your best violence;
I am afeard, you make a wanton* of me.
Laer. Say you so? come on. [*They play.*
Osr. Nothing neither way.
Laer. Have at you now.
[*Laertes wounds Hamlet; then, in scuffling, they change Rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes.*
King. Part them, they are incens'd.
Ham. Nay, come again. [*The Queen falls.*
Osr. Look to the queen there, ho!
Hor. They bleed on both sides;—How is it, my lord?
Osr. How is't, Leartes?
Laer. Why, as a woodcock to my own springe, Osric;
I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.
Ham. How does the queen?
King. She swoons to see them bleed.
Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear Hamlet!
The drink, the drink;—I am poison'd! [*Dies.*
Ham. O villainy! ho! let the door be lock'd;
Treachery! seek it out. [*Laertes falls.*
Laer. It is here, Hamlet: Hamlet, thou art slain;
No medicine in the world can do thee good,
In thee there is not half an hour's life;
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated†, and envenom'd; the foul practice
Hath turn'd itself on me; lo, here I lie,
Never to rise again. Thy mother's poison'd;
I can no more; the king, the king's to blame.
Ham. The point
Envenom'd too!—Then, venom, to thy work.
[*Stabs the King.*
Osr. & Lords. Treason! treason!
King. O, yet defend me, friends, I am but hurt.
Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murd'rous, damned Dane,
Drink off this potion:—Is the union here?
Follow my mother. [*King dies.*
Laer. He is justly serv'd;
It is a poison temper'd‡ by himself.—
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet;
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee;
Nor thine on me! [*Dies.*
Ham. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.
I am dead, Horatio:—Wretched queen, adieu!—
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time, (as this fell sergeant§, death,
Is strict in his arrest,) O, I could tell you,—
But let it be:—Horatio, I am dead;
Thou liv'st; report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.

* Treat me like a child or an effeminate person.
† The foil without a button, and poisoned point.
‡ Mixed. § A sergeant is a sheriff's officer.

Hor. Never believe it;
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane,
Here's yet some liquor left.
Ham. As thou'rt a man,—
Give me the cup; let go; by heaven I'll have it.—
O God!—Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me?
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story.—
[*March afar off, and shot within.*
What warlike noise is this:
Osr. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland.
To the ambassadors of England gives
This warlike volley.
Ham. O, I die, Horatio;
The potent poison quite o'er-crows* my spirit
I cannot live to hear the news from England:
But I do prophecy the election lights
On Fortinbras; he has my dying voice;
So tell him, with the occurrents†, more or less,
Which have solicited‡—The rest is silence. [*Dies.*
Hor. Now cracks a noble heart;—Good night, sweet prince;
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!
Why does the drum come hither? [*March within.*

Enter Fortinbras the English Ambassadors, and others.

Fort. Where is this sight?
Hor. What is it, you would see?
If aught of woe, or wonder, cease your search.
Fort. This quarry§ cries on havock‖!—O proud death!
What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,
That thou so many princes, at a shot,
So bloodily hast struck?
1 *Amb.* The sight is dismal;
And our affairs from England come too late:
The ears are senseless, that should give us hearing,
To tell him, his commandment is fulfill'd,
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead:
Where should we have our thanks?
Hor. Not from his mouth¶,
Had it the ability of life to thank you;
He never gave commandment for their death.
But since, so jump** upon this bloody question,
You from the Polack†† wars, and you from England,
Are here arriv'd; give order, that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view;
And let me speak, to the yet unknowing world,
How these things come about. So shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts;
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters;
Of deaths put on by cunning and forc'd cause;
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on the inventors' heads: all this can I
Truly deliver.

* O'er-comes. † Incidents. ‡ Incited.
§ Heap of dead game.
‖ A word of censure when more game was destroyed than was reasonable.
¶ *i. e.* The king's. ** By chance. †† Polish.

Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the noblest to the audience.
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune ;
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.
Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more :
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild ; lest more mischance,
On plots and errors, happen.
Fort. Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage ;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd most royally : and, for his passage,
The soldier's musick, and the rites of war,
Speak loudly for him.—
Take up the bodies :—Such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.
Go, bid the soldiers shoot. [*A dead march.*

[*Exeunt, bearing off the dead bodies ; after which, a peal of ordnance is shot off.*

OTHELLO,

THE MOOR OF VENICE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Duke of Venice.
Brabantio, a senator.
Two other senators.
Gratiano, brother to Brabantio.
Lodovico, kinsman to Brabantio.
Othello, the Moor.
Cassio, his lieutenant.
Iago, his ancient.
Roderigo, a Venetian gentleman.
Montano, Othello's predecessor in the government of Cyprus.
Clown, servant to Othello.
Herald.
Desdemona, daughter to Brabantio, and wife to Othello.
Emilia, wife to Iago.
Bianca, a courtezan, mistress to Cassio.
Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians, Sailors, Attendants, &c.

Scene, for the first Act, in Venice ; during the rest of the play, at a sea-port in Cyprus.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Venice. A Street.

Enter Roderigo and Iago.

Rod. Tush, never tell me, I take it much unkindly,
That thou, Iago,—who hast had my purse,
As if the strings were thine,—should'st know of this.
Iago. 'Sblood, but you will not hear me :—
If ever I did dream of such a matter,
Abhor me.
Rod. Thou told'st me, thou didst hold him in thy hate.
Iago. Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones of the city.
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Oft capp'd* to him :—and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place :
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them, with a bombast circumstance*,
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war :
And, in conclusion, nonsuits
My mediators : for, certes†, says he,
I have already chose my officer.
And what was he ?
Forsooth, a great arithmetician.
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife‡ ;
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster ; unless the bookish theorick§,
Wherein the toged consuls can propose
As masterly as he ; mere prattle, without practice,
Is all his soldiership. But, he, sir, had the election :
And I,—of whom his eyes had seen the proof,
At Rhodes, at Cyprus ; and on other grounds
Christian and heathen,—must be be-lee'd and calm'd
By debitor and creditor, this counter-caster‖ ;
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
And I, (God bless the mark !) his Moorship's ancient.
Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.
Iago. But there's no remedy, 'tis the curse of service ;
Preferment goes by letter, and affection,
Not by the old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to the first. Now, Sir, be judge yourself,
Whether I in any just term am affin'd
To love the Moor.
Rod. I would not follow him then.
Iago. O, sir, content you ;
I follow him to serve my turn upon him :
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
For nought but provender ; and, when he's old, cashier'd ;
Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are,
Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves ;
And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
Do well thrive by them, and, when they have lin'd their coats,
Do themselves homage : these fellows have some soul ;
And such a one do I profess myself.
For, sir,
It it as sure as you are Roderigo,
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago :
In following him, I follow but myself ;
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end :
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern¶, 'tis not long after

* Saluted.

* Circumlocution. † Certainly.
‡ Very near being married to a courtesan.
§ Theory. ‖ It was anciently the practice to reckon up sums with counters.
¶ Outward show of civility.

But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at: I am not what I am.
Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe*.
If he can carry't thus!
Iago. Call up her father,
Rouse him: make after him, poison his delight,
Proclaim him in the streets; incense her kinsmen,
And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies: though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such changes of vexation on't,
As it may lose some colour.
Rod. Here is her father's house; I'll call aloud.
Iago. Do: with like timorous accent, and dire yell,
As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous cities.
Rod. What ho! Brabantio! signior Brabantio, ho!
Iago. Awake! what, ho! Brabantio! thieves! thieves! thieves!
Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags!
Thieves! thieves!

Brabantio, above at a window.

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible summons?
What is the matter there?
Rod. Signior, is all your family within?
Iago. Are your doors lock'd?
Bra. Why? wherefore ask you this?
Iago. 'Zounds, sir, you are robb'd; for shame, put on your gown;
* * * * * * * *
Arise, arise;
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you:
Arise, I say.
Bra. What, have you lost your wits?
Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know my voice?
Bra. Not I; What are you;
Rod. My name is—Roderigo.
Bra. The worse welcome:
I have charg'd thee, not to haunt about my doors:
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say,
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madness,
Being full of supper, and distempering† draughts,
Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come
To start my quiet.
Rod. Sir, sir, sir, sir,——
Bra. But thou must needs be sure.
My spirit, and my place, have in them power
To make this bitter to thee.
Rod. Patience, good sir.
Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is Venice;
My house is not a grange‡,
Rod. Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul I come to you.
Iago. 'Zounds, sir, you are one of those, that will not serve God, if the devil bid you. Because we come to do you service, you think we are ruffians: You'll have your daughter covered with a Barbary horse: you'll have your nephews neigh to you: you'll have coursers for cousins, and gennets for germans*.
Bra. What profane wretch art thou?
Iago. I am one, sir, that comes to tell you, your daughter and the Moor are * * * *
Bra. Thou art a villain.
Iago. You are—a senator.
Bra. This thou shalt answer: I know thee, Roderigo.
Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But I beseech you,
If't be your pleasure, and most wise consent,
(As partly, I find, it is,) that your fair daughter,
At this odd-even† and dull watch o'the night,
Transported—with no worse nor better guard,
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier‡,—
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor,—
If this be known to you, and your allowance§,
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs;
But if you know not this, my manners tell me,
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe,
That, from the sense of all civility,
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence:
Your daughter,—if you have not given her leave,—
I say again, hath made a gross revolt;
Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,
In an extravagant‖ and wheeling stranger,
Of here and every where. Straight satisfy yourself;
If she be in her chamber, or your house.
Let loose on me the justice of the state
For thus deluding you.
Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho!
Give me a taper;—call up all my people:—
This accident is not unlike my dream,
Belief of it oppresses me already:—
Light, I say! light! [*Exit from above.*
Iago. Farewell; for I must leave you:
It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
To be produc'd (as, if I stay, I shall,)
Against the Moor. For, I do know, the state,—
However this may gall him with some check,—
Cannot with safety cast¶ him; for he's embark'd*
With such loud reason to the Cyprus' wars,
(Which even now stand in act,) that, for their souls,
Another of his fathom they have not,
To lead their business: in which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell pains,
Yet, for necessity of present life,
I must show out a flag and sign of love,
Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find him,
Lead to the Sagittary the rais'd search;
And there will I be with him. So, farewell.
[*Exit.*
Enter below, Brabantio, and Servants with torches.
Bra. It is too true an evil: gone she is;
And what's to come of my despised time**,
Is nought but bitterness.—Now Roderigo,
Where didst thou see her?—O, unhappy girl!—
With the Moor, say'st thou?—Who would be a father?—
How didst thou know 'twas she? O, thou deceiv'st me

* Possess. † Intoxicating. ‡ A lone farm house.
* Relations. † Nearly midnight. ‡ A waterman.
§ Approbation. ‖ Wandering. ¶ Dismiss. ** Old age.

Past thought!—What said she to you?—Get more tapers;
Raise all my kindred.—Are they married think you?
Rod. Truly, I think, they are.
Bra. O heaven!—How got she out!—O treason of the blood!—
Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds
By what you see them act.—Are there not charms,
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abus'd? Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of some such thing?
Rod. Yes, sir; I have indeed.
Bra. Call up my brother.—O, that you had had her!—
Some one way, some another.—Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?
Rod. I think, I can discover him; if you please
To get good guard, and go along with me.
Bra. Pray you lead on. At every house I'll call;
I may command at most;—Get weapons, ho!
And raise some special officers of night.—
On, good Roderigo;—I'll deserve your pains.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. Another street.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Attendants.

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience,
To do no contriv'd murder; I lack iniquity
Sometimes, to do me service. Nine or ten times
I had thought to have yerk'd him here under the ribs.
Oth. 'Tis better as it is.
Iago. Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honour,
That, with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray, sir,
Are you fast married? for, be sure of this,—
That the magnifico* is much beloved;
And hath, in his effect, a voice potential
As double as the duke's; he will divorce you;
Or put upon you what restraint and grievance
The law (with all his might, to enforce it on,)
Will give him cable.
Oth. Let him do his spite:
My services, which I have done the signiory,
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
(Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,
I shall promulgate,) I fetch my life and being
From men of royal siege† ; and my demerits‡
May speak, unbonneted§, to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd. For know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into circumscription and confine
For the sea's worth. But, look! what lights come yonder?

Enter Cassio, at a distance, and certain Officers with torches.

Iago. These are the raised father, and his friends.
You were best go in.
Oth. Not I: I must be found;
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul,
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?
Iago. By Janus, I thing no.
Oth. The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.
The goodness of the night upon you, friends!
What is the news?
Cas. The duke does greet you, general;
And he requires your haste-post-haste appearance,
Even on the instant.
Oth. What is the matter, think you?
Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine;
It is a business of some heat: the gallies
Have sent a dozen sequent* messengers
This very night at one another's heels;
And many of the consuls, rais'd, and met,
Are at the duke's already. You have been hotly call'd for;
When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The senate hath sent about three several quests†,
To search you out.
Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you.
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you. [*Exit.*
Cas. Ancient, what makes he here?
Iago. 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land carrack‡;
If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.
Cas. I do not understand.
Iago. He's married.
Cas. To who?

Re-enter Othello.

Iago. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?
Oth. Have with you.
Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you.
Enter Brabantio, Roderigo, and Officers of night, with torches and weapons.
Iago. It is Brabantio:—general, be advis'd;
He comes to bad intent.
Oth. Hola! stand there!
Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.
Bra. Down with him, thief!
[*They draw on both sides.*
Iago. You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for you.
Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.—
Good signior, you shall more command with years,
Than with your weapons.
Bra. O thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd my daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her:
For I'll refer me to all things of sense,
If she in chains of magick were not bound,
Whether a maid—so tender, fair, and happy:
So opposite to marriage, that she shunn'd
The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,

* Brabantio; magnifico is his title as a senator.
† Seat or throne. ‡ Demerits has the same meaning in Shakspeare as merits. § Covered.

* Following. † Searchers. ‡ A vessel.

Would ever have, to incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom
Of such a thing as thou: to fear, not to delight*.
Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense,
That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms;
Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs, or minerals,
That waken motion:—I'll have it disputed on;
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,
For an abuser of the world, a practiser
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant:—
Lay hold upon him; if he do resist,
Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the rest:
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a prompter.—Where will you that I go
To answer this your charge?

Bra. To prison: till fit time
Of law, and course of direct session,
Call thee to answer.

Oth. What if I do obey?
How may the duke be therewith satisfied;
Whose messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the state,
To bring me to him?

Off. 'Tis true, most worthy signior,
The duke's in council; and your noble self,
I am sure, is sent for.

Bra. How! the duke in council!
In this time of the night!—Bring him away:
Mine's not an idle cause: the duke himself,
Or any of my brothers of the state,
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own:
For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves, and pagans†, shall our statesmen be.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. A Council Chamber.

The Duke, and senators, sitting at a table; Officers attending.

Duke. There is no composition‡ in these news,
That gives them credit.

1 *Sen.* Indeed, they are disproportion'd;
My letters say, a hundred and seven gallies.

Duke. And mine, a hundred and forty.

2 *Sen.* And mine, two hundred:
But though they jump not on a just account,
(As in these cases, where the aim§ reports,
'Tis oft with difference,) yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment:
I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.

Sailor. [*Within.*] What ho! what ho! what ho!

Enter an Officer, with a sailor.

Off. A messenger from the gallies.

Duke. Now? the business?

* To terrify not delight.
† The pagans and bond-slaves of Africa.
‡ Consistency. § Conjecture.

Sailor. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes;
So was I bid report here to the state,
By signior Angelo.

Duke. How say you by this change?

1 *Sen.* This cannot be,
By no assay of reason; 'tis a pageant,
To keep us in false gaze. When we consider
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk;
And let ourselves again but understand,
That, as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question* bear it,
For that it stands not in such warlike brace†,
But altogether lacks the abilities
That Rhodes is dress'd in:—if we make thought of this,
We must not think, the Turk is so unskilful,
To leave that latest which concerns him first;
Neglecting an attempt of ease, and gain,
To wake, and wage‡, a danger profitless.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes.

Off. Here is more news.

Enter a messenger.

Mess. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes,
Have there injointed them with an after fleet.

1 *Sen.* Ay, so I thought:—How many, as you guess?

Mess. Of thirty sail: and now do they re-stem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes toward Cyprus.—Signior Montano,
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
With his free duty recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'Tis certain then for Cyprus,—
Marcus Lucchesé, is he not in town?

1 *Sen.* He's now in Florence.

Duke. Write from us; wish him post-post-haste: despatch.

1 *Sen.* Here comes Brabantio, and the valiant Moor.

Enter Brabantio, Othello, Iago, Roderigo, and Officers.

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you
Against the general enemy Ottoman.
I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior;
[*To Brabantio.*
We lack'd your counsel and your help to night.

Bra. So did I yours. Good your grace, pardon me;
Neither my place, not aught I heard of business,
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general care
Take hold on me; for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature,
That it engluts and swallows other sorrows,
And it is still itself.

Duke. Why, what's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! O, my daughter!

* Easy dispute. † State of defence. ‡ Combat.

Sen. Dead?
Bra. Ay, to me;
She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks:
For nature so preposterously to err,
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,
Sans* witchcraft could not——
Duke. Whoe'er he be, that, in this foul proceeding,
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,
After your own sense; yea, though our proper son
Stood in your action†.
Bra. Humbly I thank your grace.
Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate, for the state affairs,
Hath hither brought.
Duke & Sen. We are very sorry for it.
Duke. What, in your own part, can you say to this? [*To Othello.*
Bra. Nothing but this is so.
Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace:
For since these arms of mine hath seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action‡ in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself: yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magick,
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withal,)
I won his daughter with.
Bra. A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at herself. And she,—in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,—
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on?
It is a judgment maim'd, and most imperfect,
That will confess—perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature; and must be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her.
Duke. To vouch this, is no proof;
Without more certain and more over test§,
Than these thin habits, and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming‖, do prefer against him.
1 *Sen.* But, Othello, speak:—
Did you by indirect and forced courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?
Or came it by request, and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?
Oth. I do beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary*,
And let her speak of me before her father:
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.
Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither.
Oth. Ancient, conduct them; you best know the place.— [*Exeunt Iago and Attendants.*
And, till she come, as truly as to heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.
Duke. Say, it, Othello.
Oth. Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents, by flood, and field;
Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance† in my travel's history:
Wherein of antres‡ vast, and desarts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak, such was the process;
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. These things to hear,
Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse. Which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels§ she had something heard,
But not intentively‖: I did consent;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke,
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore,—In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful;
'She wish'd, she had not heard it; yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man; she thank'd me;
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,

* Without. † Accusation. ‡ Best exertion. § Open proof. ‖ Weak show.

* The sign of the fictitious creature so called.
† My behaviour. ‡ Caves and dens. § Parts.
‖ Intention and attention were once synonymous.

I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I spake;
She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd;
And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd;
Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, and Attendants.

Duke. I think, this tale would win my daughter too.—
Good Brabantio,
Take up this mangled matter at the best:
Men do their broken weapons rather use,
Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you, hear her speak;
If she confess, that she was half the wooer,
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man!—Come hither, gentle mistress;
Do you perceive in all this noble company,
Where most you owe obedience?

Des. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty:
To you, I am bound for life, and education;
My life, and education, both do learn me
How to respect you; you are the lord of duty,
I am hitherto your daughter. But here's my husband:
And so much duty as my mother show'd
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor, my lord.

Bra. God be with you!—I have done:—
Please it your grace, on to the state affairs;
I had rather to adopt a child, than get it.—
Come hither, Moor;
I here do give thee that with all my heart,
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee.—For your sake, jewel,
I am glad at soul I have no other child;
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them.—I have done, my lord.

Duke. Let me speak like yourself; and lay a sentence,
Which, as a grise*, or step, may help these lovers
Into your favour.
When remedies are past, the griefs are ended,
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.
The robb'd, that smiles, steal something from the thief;
He robs himself, that spends a bootless grief.

Bra. So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile;
We lose it not, so long as we can smile.
He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears:
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow,
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.
These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal:
But words are words; I never yet did hear,
That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the ear.
I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of state.

Duke. The Turk with a most mighty preparation makes for Cyprus:—Othello, the fortitude of the place is best known to you. And though we have there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects, throws a more safer voice on you; you must therefore be content to slubber* the gloss of your new fortunes with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down: I do agnize†
A natural and prompt alacrity,
I find in hardness; and do undertake
These present wars against the Ottomites.
Most humbly therefore bending to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife;
Due reference of place, and exhibition‡.
With such accommodation, and besort,
As levels with her breeding.

Duke. If you please,
Be't at her father's.

Bra. I'll not have it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Des. Nor I; I would not there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts,
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,
To my unfolding lend a gracious ear;
And let me find a charter in your voice,
To assist my simpleness.

Duke. What would you, Desdemona?

Des. That I did love the Moor, to live with him,
My downright violence and storm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world; my heart's subdued
Even to the very quality of my lord:
I saw Othello's visage in his mind;
And to his honours, and his valiant parts,
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites, for which I love him, are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence: Let me go with him.

Oth. Your voices, lords—'beseech you, let her will
Have a free way.
Vouch with me, heaven; I therefore beg it not,
To please the palate of my appetite;
Nor to comply with heat, the young affects§,
In my distinct and proper satisfaction;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind:
And heaven defend‖your good souls, that you think
I will your serious and great business scant,
For¶ she is with me. No, when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd Cupid seel** with wanton dulness
My speculative and active instruments,
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
Let housewives make a skillet†† of my helm‡‡.
And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation!

* Grise, from degrees.

* Obscure. † Acknowledge. ‡ Allowance.
§ Affections. ‖ Forbid. ¶ Because.
** Blind. †† A small kettle. ‡‡ Helmet.

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay, or going: the affair cries—haste,
And speed must answer it; you must hence to night.
Des. To-night, my lord?
Duke. This night.
Oth. With all my heart.
Duke. At nine i'the morning here we'll meet again.
Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you:
With such things else of quality and respect,
As doth import you.
Oth. Please your grace, my ancient;
A man he is of honesty and trust;
To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With what else needful your good grace shall think
To be sent after me.
Duke. Let it be so.—
Good night to every one.—And, noble signior,
[*To Brabantio.*
If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.
1 Sen. Adieu, brave Moor! use Desdemona well.
Bra. Look to her, Moor; have a quick eye to see;
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.
[*Exeunt Duke, Senators, Officers, &c.*
Oth. My life upon her faith.—Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee;
I pr'ythee, let thy wife attend on her;
And bring them after in the best advantage.—
Come, Desdemona; I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matters and direction,
To spend with thee: we must obey the time.
[*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.*
Rod. Iago.
Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart?
Rod. What will I do, thinkest thou?
Iago. Why, go to bed, and sleep.
Rod. I will incontinently drown myself.
Iago. Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee after it. Why, thou silly gentleman!
Rod. It is silliness to live, when to live is a torment: and then have we a prescription to die, when death is our physician.
Iago. O villainous! I have looked upon the world for four times seven years! and since I could distinguish between a benefit and an injury, I never found a man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say, I would drown myself for the love of a Guinea-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.
Rod. What should I do? I confess, it is my shame to be so fond*; but it is not in virtue to amend it.
Iago. Virtue? a fig! 'tis in ourselves, that we are thus, or thus. Our bodies are our gardens; to the which, our wills are gardeners: so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce; set hyssop, and weed up thyme; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many; either to have it steril with idleness, or manured with industry: why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions. But we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted* lusts; whereof I take this, that you call—love, to be a sect†, or scion.
Rod. It cannot be.
Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will. Come, be a man. Drown thyself? drown cats, and blind puppies. I have professed me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness; I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse: follow these wars; defeat thy favour with an usurped beard‡; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be, that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor,—put money in thy purse:—nor he his to her: it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration;—put but money in thy purse.—These Moors are changeable in their wills;—fill thy purse with money: the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. She must change for youth; when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice.—She must have change, she must; therefore put money in thy purse.—If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst. If sanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an erring§ barbarian and a supersubtle Venetian, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her: therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way: seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy, than to be drowned and go without her.
Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?
Iago. Thou art sure of me:—Go, make money:—I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor. My cause is hearted: thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him; if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, and me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverse‖; go; provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.
Rod. Where shall we meet i'the morning?
Iago. At my lodging.
Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.
Iago. Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?
Rod. What say you?
Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear.
Rod. I am changed. I'll sell all my land.
Iago. Go to; farewell; put money enough in your purse. [*Exit Roderigo.*
Thus do I ever make my fool my purse;
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
If I would time expend with such a snipe,
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor;
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
He has done my office; I know not if it be true;
But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,

* Foolish.

* Unbridled.
† A set is what the gardeners call a cutting.
‡ Change your countenance with a false beard.
§ Wandering. ‖ An ancient military word of command.

Will do, as if for surety. He holds* me well;
The better shall my purpose work on him.
Cassio's a proper man. Let me see now;
To get his place, and to plume up my will:
A double knavery,—How? how?—Let me see:—
After some time, to abuse Othello's ear,
That he is too familiar with his wife—
He hath a person; and a smooth dispose,
To be suspected; fram'd to make women false.
The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest, that but seem to be so;
And will as tenderly be led by the nose,
As asses are.
I have't;—it is engender'd:—Hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.
[*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Sea-port town in Cyprus. A Platform. Enter Montano and two gentlemen.

Mon. What from the cape can you discern at sea?

1 *Gent.* Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought flood;
I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main,
Descry a sail.

Mon. Methinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at land:
A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements:
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
Can hold the mortise? what shall we hear of this?

2 *Gent.* A segregation† of the Turkish fleet:
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
The chiding billow seems to pelt the clouds:
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous main,
Seems to cast water on the burning bear‡,
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole;
I never did like molestation view
On th' enchafed flood.

Mon. If that the Turkish fleet
Be not ensheltered and embay'd, they are drown'd;
It is impossible they bear it out.

Enter a third gentleman.

3 *Gent.* News, lords! our wars are done:
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,
That their designment halts. A noble ship of Venice
Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance
On most part of their fleet.

Mon. How! is this true?

3 *Gent.* The ship is here put in,
A Veronese; Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,
Is come on shore: the Moor himself's at sea,
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

Mon. I am glad on't; 'tis a worthy governor.

3 *Gent.* But this same Cassio,—though he speak of comfort,
Touching the Turkish loss,—yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempest.

* Extremes. † Separation.
‡ The constellation near the polar star.

Mon. 'Pray heaven he be;
For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full* soldier. Let's to the sea-side, ho!
As well to see the vessel that's come in,
As throw out our eyes for brave Othello;
Even till we make the main, and the aerial blue,
An indistinct regard.

3 *Gent.* Come, let's do so!
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter Cassio.

Cas. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike isle,
That so approve the Moor; O, let the heavens
Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea!

Mon. Is he well shipp'd?

Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approv'd allowance†;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.
[*Within.*] A sail, a sail, a sail!

Enter another gentleman.

Cas. What noise?

4 *Gent.* The town is empty; on the brow o'the sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry—a sail.

Cas. My hopes do shape him for the governor.

2 *Gent.* They do discharge their shot of courtesy;
Our friends, at least. [*Guns heard.*

Cas. I pray you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.

2 *Gent.* I shall. [*Exit.*

Mon. But, good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd?

Cas. Most fortunately: he hath achiev'd a maid
That paragons description, and wild fame:
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in the essential vesture of creation,
Does bear all excellency.—How now? who has put in?

Re-enter second gentleman.

2 *Gent.* 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.

Cas. He has most favourable and happy speed:
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,—
Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal‡ natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.

Mon. What is she?

Cas. She that I spoke of, our great captain's captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago:
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts,
A se'nnight's speed.—Great Jove, Othello guard,
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath;
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,
And bring all Cyprus comfort!—O, behold,

* Complete. † Allowed and approved experience.
‡ Deadly, destructive.

Enter Desdemona, Emilia, Iago, Roderigo, and attendants.

The riches of the ship is come on shore!
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees;—
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round!

Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio.
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

Cas. He is not yet arriv'd; nor know I aught
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

Des. O, but I fear;—How lost you company?

Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship. But, hark! a sail.

[*Cry within*, A sail, a sail! *Then guns heard.*

2 *Gent.* They give their greeting to the citadel;
This likewise is a friend.

Cas. See for the news.—

[*Exit gentleman.*

Good ancient, you are welcome;—Welcome, mistress:— [*To Emilia.*
Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners; 'tis my breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesy.

[*Kissing her.*

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.

Des. Alas, she has no speech.

Iago. In faith too much;
I find it still, when I have list* to sleep:
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Emil. You have little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on; you are pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds.

Des. O, fye upon thee, slanderer!

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk;
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

Emil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Des. What would'st thou write of me, if thou should'st praise me?

Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to't;
For I am nothing, if not critical.

Des. Come on, assay;—There's one gone to the harbour?

Iago. Ay madam.

Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise—
Come, how would'st thou praise me?

Iago. I am about it; but indeed, my invention
Comes from my pate, as birdlime does from frize,
It plucks out brains and all. But my muse labours,
And thus she is deliver'd.
If she be fair and wise,—fairness, and wit,
The one's for use, the other useth it.

* Desire.

Des. Well prais'd! How if she be black and witty?

Iago. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

Des. Worse and worse.

Emil. How, if fair and foolish?

Iago. She never yet was foolish that was fair;
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

Des. These are old fond paradoxes, to make fools laugh i'the alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou for her that's foul and foolish!

Iago. There's none so foul, and foolish thereunto,
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.

Des. O heavy ignorance!—thou praisest the worst best. But what praise could'st thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed! one, that, in the authority of her merit, did justly put on the vouch of very malice itself?

Iago. She that was ever fair, and never proud;
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay;
Fled from her wish, and yet said,—*now I may*;
She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly:
She, that in wisdom never was so frail,
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail;
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following, and not look behind;
She was a wight,—if ever such wight were,—

Des. To do what?

Iago. To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.

Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion!—Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband.—How say you, Cassio? is he not a most profane and liberal* counsellor?

Cas. He speaks home, madam; you may relish him more in the soldier, than in the scholar.

Iago. [*Aside.*] He takes her by the palm. Ay, well said, whisper: with as little a web as this, will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do; I will gyve† thee in thine own courtship. You say true; 'tis so, indeed: if such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the sir in‡. Very good; well kissed! an excellent courtesy§! 'tis so, indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips? * * * * * *

——[*Trumpet.*] The Moor, I know his trumpet.

Cas. 'Tis truly so.

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes!

Enter Othello, and attendants.

Oth. O my fair warrior!

Des. My dear Othello?

Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content,
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!

* Licentious, free-spoken. † Shackle, fetter.
‡ Your good breeding and gallantry.
§ Courtesy, in the sense of obeisance, was formerly applied to men as well as women.

And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas,
Olympus-high; and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Des. The heavens forbid,
But that our loves and comforts should increase,
Even as our days do grow!

Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers!—
I cannot speak enough of this content,
It stops me here; it is too much of joy:
And this, and this, the greatest discords be,
[*Kissing her.*
That e'er our hearts shall make!

Iago. O, you are well tun'd now!
But I'll set down the pegs that make this musick,
As honest as I am. [*Aside.*

Oth. Come let's to the castle.—
News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks are drown'd.
How do our old acquaintance of this isle?—
Honey, you shall be well desir'd* in Cyprus,
I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet,
I prattle out of fashion†, and I dote
In mine own comforts.—I pr'ythee, good Iago,
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers:
Bring thou the master to the citadel;
He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect,—Come, Desdemona,
Once more well met at Cyprus.

[*Exeunt Othello, Desdemona, and attendants.*

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the harbour. Come hither. If thou be'st valiant as (they say) base men, being in love, have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them,—list me‡. The lieutenant to-night watches on the court of guard:—First, I must tell thee this—Desdemona is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him! why, 'tis not possible.

Iago. Lay thy finger—thus, and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me with what violence she first loved the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical lies. And will she love him still for prating? let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed; and what delight shall she have to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull there should be,—again to inflame it, and to give satiety a fresh appetite,—loveliness in favour; sympathy in years, manners, and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in. Now, for want of these required conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abused, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted, (as it is a most pregnant and unforced position,) who stands so eminently in the degree of thisf ortune, as Cassio does? a knave very voluble, no further conscionable, than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? why, none; why, none. A slippery and subtle knave; a finder out of occasions; that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself. A devilish knave! besides, the knave is handsome, young; and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and green minds* look after. A pestilent complete knave; and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her; she is full of most blessed condition†.

Iago. Blessed fig's end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes; if she had been blessed, she would never have loved the Moor. Blessed pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

Iago. Lechery, by his hand; an index, and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips, that their breaths embraced together. Villainous thoughts, Roderigo! when these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion: Pish!—But, sir, be you ruled by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay't upon you: Cassio knows you not:—I'll not be far from you. Do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting‡ his discipline: or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he is rash, and very sudden in choler: and, haply, with his truncheon may strike at you. Provoke him, that he may; for, even out of that, will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny: whose qualification shall come into no true taste again, but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer§ them: and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel: I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

Rod. Adieu. [*Exit.*

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it:
That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit:
The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not,—
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature;
And, I dare think, he'll prove to Desdemona
A most dear husband. Now I do love her too;
Not out of absolute lust, (though, peradventure,
I stand accountant for as great a sin,)
But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
Hath leap'd into my seat: the thought whereof
Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards;

* Much solicited by invitation.
† Out of method, without order.
‡ Listen to me.

* Minds unripe.
† Qualities, disposition of mind.
‡ Throwing a slur upon his discipline.
§ To advance them.

And nothing can or shall content my soul,
Till I am even with him, wife for wife;
Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor
At least into a jealousy so strong
That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,—
If this poor trash* of Venice, whom I trash†
For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,
I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip;
Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb‡,
For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too:
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
For making him egregiously an ass,
And practising upon his peace and quiet
Even to madness. 'His here, but yet confus'd:
Knavery's plain face is never seen, till us'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter a Herald, with a Proclamation; People following.

Her. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere§ perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph; some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him; for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptials. So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices‖ are open: and there is full liberty of feasting, from this present hour of five, till the bell hath told eleven. Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus, and our noble general, Othello. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Hall in the Castle.

Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, and attendants.

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to night:
Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
Not to out-sport discretion.
Cas. Iago hath direction what to do;
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to't.
Oth. Iago is most honest.
Michael, good night. To-morrow, with our earliest,
Let me have speech with you.—Come, my dear love,
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue;
[*To Desdemona.*
That profit's yet to come 'twixt me and you.—
Good night. [*Exeunt Oth., Des. and Attend.*

Enter Iago.

Cas. Welcome, Iago. We must to the watch.
Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten o'clock. Our general cast¶ us thus early, for the love of his Desdemona; whom let us not therefore blame; he hath not yet made wanton the night with her: and she is sport for Jove.
Cas. She's a most exquisite lady.
Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

* Worthless hound.
† The term for a clog put on a hound to hinder his running.
‡ In the grossest manner.
§ Entire. ‖ Rooms or places in the castle.
¶ Dismissed.

Cas. Indeed, she is a most fresh and delicate creature.
Iago. What an eye she had! methinks it sounds a parley of provocation.
Cas. An inviting eye; and yet methinks right modest.
Iago. And, when she speaks, is it not an alarm to love.
Cas. She is, indeed, perfection.
Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoop of wine: and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of the black Othello.
Cas. Not to night, good Iago: I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.
Iago. O, they are our friends; but one cup; I'll drink for you.
Cas. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified* too, and behold, what innovation it makes here: I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.
Iago. What, man! 'tis a night of revels; the gallants desire it.
Cas. Where are they?
Iago. Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.
Cas. I'll do't; but it dislikes me.
[*Exit Cassio.*
Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool, Roderigo,
Whom love has turn'd almost the wrong side outward,
To Desdemona hath to-night carous'd
Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch;
Three lads of Cyprus,—noble swelling spirits,
That hold their honours in a wary distance,
The very elements of this warlike isle,—
Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards,
Am I to put our Cassio in some action
That may offend the isle:—But here they come:
If consequence do but approve my dream,
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

Re-enter Cassio, with him Montano, and gentlemen.

Cas. 'Fore heaven, they have given me a rouse already.
Mon. Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as I am a soldier.
Iago. Some wine, ho!
And let me the canakin clink, clink; [*Sings.*
And let me the canakin clink:
A soldier's a man;
A life's but a span;
Why then, let a soldier drink.
Some wine, boys! [*Wine brought in.*

* Silly mixed with water.

Cas. 'Fore heaven, an excellent song.

Iago. I learned it in England, where (indeed) they are most potent in potting: your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander,—Drink, ho!—are nothing to your English.

Cas. Is your Englishman so expert in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be filled.

Cas. To the health of our general.

Mon. I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you justice*.

Iago. O sweet England!
King Stephen was a worthy peer†,
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor—lown‡.
He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis pride that pulls the country down;
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.
Some wine, ho!

Cas. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago. Will you hear it again?

Cas. No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place, that does those things.—Well,—Heaven's above all; and there be souls that must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part,—no offence to the general, or any man of quality,—I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.

Cas. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let's have no more of this: let's to our affairs.—Forgive us our sins!—Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk; this is my ancient;—this is my right hand, and this is my left hand:—I am not drunk now: I can stand well enough, and speak well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Cas. Why, very well, then; you must not think then that I am drunk. [*Exit.*

Mon. To the platform, masters; come, let's set the watch.

Iago. You see this fellow, that is gone before;—
He is a soldier, fit to stand by Cæsar
And give direction; and do but see his vice;
'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,
The one as long as the other: 'tis pity of him.
I fear, the trust Othello puts him in,
On some odd time of his infirmity
Will shake this island.

Mon. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep:
He'll watch the horologe a double set§,
If drink rock not his cradle.

* Drink as much as you do. † A worthy fellow.
‡ Clown.
§ While the clock strikes two rounds, or four-and-twenty hours.

Mon. It were well,
The general were put in mind of it.
Perhaps, he sees it not: or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,
And looks not on his evils; is not this true?

Enter Roderigo.

Iago. How now, Roderigo? [*Aside.*
I pray you, after the lieutenant: go.
[*Exit Roderigo.*

Mon. And 'tis great pity, that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place, as his own second,
With one of an ingraft* infirmity;
It were an honest action, to say
So to the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island:
I do love Cassio well; and would do much
To cure him of this evil. But hark! what noise;
[*Cry within*—Help! help!

Re-enter Cassio, driving in Roderigo.

Cas. You rogue! you rascal!

Mon. What's the matter, lieutenant?

Cas. A knave!—teach me my duty!
I'll beat the knave into a twiggen† bottle.

Rod. Beat me!

Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue?
[*Striking Roderigo.*

Mon. Nay, good lieutenant;
[*Staying him.*
I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

Cas. Let me go, sir,
Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

Mon. Come, come, you're drunk.

Cas. Drunk! [*They fight.*

Iago. Away, I say! go out, and cry—a mutiny.
[*Aside to Rod. who goes out.*
Nay, good lieutenant,—alas! gentlemen,—
Help, ho!—Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—sir;—
Help, masters!—Here's goodly watch, indeed!
[*Bell rings.*
Who's that that rings the bell?—Diablo, ho!
The town will rise; God's will, lieutenant! hold;
You will be sham'd for ever.

Enter Othello, and attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here?

Mon. I bleed still, I am hurt to the death;—he dies.

Oth. Hold, for your lives.

Iago. Hold, hold, lieutenant, sir, Montano,—gentlemen,—
Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?
Hold, hold! the general speaks to you; hold, for shame!

Oth. Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth this!
Are we turn'd Turks; and to ourselves do that,
Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?
For christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl:
He that stirs next to carve for his own rage,
Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.—
Silence that dreadful bell, it frights the isle
From her propriety.—What is the matter, masters?—

* Rooted, settled. † A wickered bottle.

Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.
Iago. I do not know—friends all but now, even now,
In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom
Devesting them for bed; and then, but now,
(As if some planet had unwitted men,)
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
Any beginning to this peevish odds:
And 'would in action glorious I had lost
These legs, that brought me to a part of it!
Oth. How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot*?
Cas. I pray you, pardon me, I cannot speak.
Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil;
The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure. What's the matter,
That you unlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night-brawler? give me answer to it.
Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger;
Your officer, Iago, can inform you—
While I spare speech, which something now offends me;—
Of all that I do know: nor know I aught
By me that's said or done amiss this night;
Unless self-charity† be sometime a vice;
And to defend ourselves it be a sin,
When violence assails us.
Oth. Now, by heaven,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule;
And passion, having my best judgment collied‡,
Assays to lead the way. If I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began, who set it on;
And he that is approv'd§ in this offence,
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall lose me.—What! in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,
To manage private and domestick quarrel,
In night, and on the court and guard of safety!
'Tis monstrous.—Iago, who began it?
Mon. If partially affin'd‖, or leagu'd in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.
Iago. Touch me not so near:
I had rather have this tougue cut from my mouth,
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio;
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him.—Thus it is, general,
Montano and myself being in speech
There comes a fellow, crying out for help
And Cassio following him with determin'd sword,
To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause;
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,
Lest, by his clamour, (as it so fell out,)
The town might fall in fright: he, swift of foot,
Outran my purpose; and I return'd the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
And Cassio high in oath; which, till to-night,
I ne'er might say before: when I came back,
(For this was brief,) I found them close together,
At blow, and thrust; even as again they were,
When you yourself did part them.
More of this matter can I not report:—
But men are men: the best sometimes forget:—
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,—
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,—
Yet, surely, Cassio, I believe, receiv'd,
From him that fled, some strange indignity,
Which patience could not pass.
Oth. I know, Iago,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to Cassio:—Cassio, I love thee;
But never more be officer of mine.—

Enter Desdemona, attended.

Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up:—
I'll make thee an example.
Des. What's the matter, dear?
Oth. All's well now, sweeting. Come away to bed.
Sir, for your hurts,
Myself will be your surgeon. Lead him off.
[*To Montano, who is led off.*
Iago, look with care about the town;
And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.—
Come, Desdemona; 'tis the soldier's life,
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.
[*Exeunt all but Iago and Cassio.*
Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?
Cas. Ay, past all surgery.
Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!
Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part, sir, of myself, and what remains is bestial.—My reputation, Iago, my reputation.
Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound; there is more offence in that, than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving. You have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man! there are ways to recover the general again. You are but now cast in his mood*, a punishment more in policy than in malice; even so as one would beat his offenceless dog, to affright an imperious lion; sue to him again, and he's yours.
Cas. I will rather sue to be despised, than to deceive so good a commander, with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk? and speak parrot† ? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow?—O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil!
Iago. What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?
Cas. I know not.
Iago. Is it possible?

* *i. e.* You have thus forgot yourself. † Care of one's self.
‡ Darkened.
§ Convicted by proof. ‖ Related by nearness of office.

* Dismissed in his anger. † Talk idly.

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough. How came you thus recovered?

Cas. It hath pleased the devil, drunkenness, to give place to the devil, wrath: one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen: but, since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cas. I will ask him for my place again: he shall tell me, I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange!—Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used; exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think, you think I love you.

Cas. I have well approved it, sir.—I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general;—I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and denotement of her parts and graces:—confess yourself freely to her; importune her; she'll help to put you in your place again: she is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, that she holds it a vice in her goodness, not to do more than she is requested. This broken joint, between you and her husband, entreat her to splinter; and, my fortunes against any lay* worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love, and honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely; and betimes in the morning, I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me: I am desperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night, honest Iago. [*Exit Cassio.*

Iago. And what's he then, that says—I play the villain?
When this advice is free, I give, and honest,
Probal to thinking, and (indeed) the course
To win the Moor again? For, 'tis most easy
The inclining Desdemona to subdue
In any honest suit; she's fram'd as fruitful†
As the free elements. And then for her
To win the Moor,—were't to renounce his baptism,
All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,—
His soul is so enfetter'd to her love,
That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
Even as her appetite shall play the god
With his weak function. How am I then a villain,
To counsel Cassio to this parallel* course,
Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
When devils will their blackest sins put on,
They do suggest† at first with heavenly shows,
As I do now. For while this honest fool
Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,—
That she repeals‡ him for her body's lust;
And, by how much she strives to do him good,
She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
So will I turn her virtue into pitch;
And out of her own goodness make the net,
That shall enmesh them all.—How now, Roderigo?

Enter Roderigo.

Rod. I do follow here in the chace, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled; and, I think, the issue will be—I shall have so much experience for my pains: and so, with no money at all, and a little more wit, return to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they, that have not patience!—
What wound did ever heal, but by degrees?
Thou know'st we work by wit, and not by witchcraft?
And wit depends on dilatory time.
Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,
And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd Cassio;
Though other things grow fair against the sun,
Yet fruits, that blossom first, will first be ripe:
Content thyself awhile.—By the mass, 'tis morning;
Pleasure, and action, make the hours seem short.—
Retire thee: go where thou art billetted:
Away, I say, thou shalt know more hereafter:
Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit Rod.*] Two things are to be done,—
My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress;
I'll set her on;
Myself, the while, to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jumps§ when he may Cassio find
Soliciting his wife. Ay, that's the way:
Dull not device by coldness and delay. [*Exit.*

* Bet or wager. † Liberal, bountiful.

* Even. † Tempt. ‡ Recalls. § Just at the time.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Before the Castle.

Enter Cassio and some musicians.

Cas. Masters, play here, I will content your pains,
Something that's brief: and bid—good morrow, general. [*Musick.*

Enter Clown.

Clo. Why, masters, have your instruments been at Naples, that they speak i'the nose thus?

1 *Mus.* How, sir, how!

Clo. Are these, I pray you called wind instruments?

1 *Mus.* Ay, marry, are they, sir.

Clo. O, thereby hangs a tail.

1 *Mus.* Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

Clo. Marry, sir, by many a wind instrument that I know. But, masters, here's money for you; and the general so likes your musick, that he desires you, of all loves, to make no more noise with it.

1 *Mus.* Well, sir, we will not.

Clo. If you have any musick that may not be heard, to't again: but, as they say, to hear musick, the general does not greatly care.

1 *Mus.* We have none such, sir.

Clo. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away. Go; vanish into air; away.

[*Exeunt musicians.*

Cas. Dost thou hear, my honest friend?

Clo. No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, keep up thy quillets*. There's a poor piece of gold for thee: if the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife, be stirring, tell her, there's one Cassio entreats her a little favour of speech. Wilt thou do this?

Clo. She is stirring, sir; if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her. [*Exit.*

Enter Iago.

Cas. Do, good my friend.—In happy time, Iago.

Iago. You have not been a-bed then?

Cas. Why, no; the day had broke
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To send in to your wife. My suit to her
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona
Procure me some access.

Iago. I'll send her to you presently:
And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converse and business
May be more free. [*Exit.*

Cas. I humbly thank you for't. I never knew
A Florentine more kind and honest.

Enter Emilia.

Emil. Goodmorrow, good lieutenant: I am sorry
For your displeasure†; but all will soon be well.
The general, and his wife, are talking of it;
And she speaks for you stoutly. The Moor replies,
That he, you hurt, is of great fame in Cyprus,
And great affinity; and that, in wholesome wisdom,
He might not but refuse you: but, he protests, he loves you;
And needs no other suitor, but his likings,
To take the saf'st occasion by the front,
To bring you in again.

Cas. Yet, I beseech you,—
If you think fit, or that it may be done,
Give me advantage of some brief discourse
With Desdemona alone.

Emil. Pray you, come in;
I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your bosom freely.

Cas. I am much bound to you. [*Exeunt.*

* Nice distinctions.

† The displeasure you have incurred from Othello.

SCENE II.

A Room in the Castle.

Enter Othello, Iago and gentlemen.

Oth. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot;
And, by him, do my duties to the state:
That done, I will be walking on the works,
Repair there to me.

Iago. Well, my good lord, I'll do't.

Oth. This fortification, gentlemen,—shall we see't?

Gent. We'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Before the Castle.

Enter Desdemona, Cassio, and Emilia.

Des. Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.

Emil. Good madam, do; I know it grieves my husband,
As if the case were his.

Des. O, that's an honest fellow.—Do not doubt, Cassio,
But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.

Cas. Bounteous madam,
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He's never any thing but your true servant.

Des. O, sir, I thank you. You do love my lord:
You have known him long; and be you well assur'd,
He shall in strangeness stand no further off
Than in a politick distance.

Cas. Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed itself so out of circumstance,
That, I being absent, and my place supplied,
My general will forget my love and service.

Des. Do not doubt that; before Emilia here,
I give thee warrant of thy place: assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
To the last article: my lord shall never rest;
I'll watch him tame*, and talk him out of patience;
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;
I'll intermingle every thing he does
With Cassio's suit. Therefore be merry, Cassio;
For thy solicitor shall rather die,
Than give thy cause away.

Enter Othello and Iago at a distance.

Emil. Madam, here comes
My lord.

Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Des. Why stay,
And hear me speak.

Cas. Madam, not now; I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.

Des. Well, well,
Do your discretion. [*Exit Cassio.*

Iago. Ha! I like not that.

Oth. What dost thou say?

Iago. Nothing my lord: or if—I know not what.

Oth. Was not that Cassio, parted from my wife?

* Hawks are tamed by keeping them from sleep.

Iago. Cassio, my lord? No sure, I cannot think it,
That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.
Oth. I do believe 'twas he.
Des. How now, my lord?
I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.
Oth. Who is't you mean?
Des. Why, your lieutenant Cassio. Good my lord,
If I have any grace, or power to move you
His present reconciliation take;
For, if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning*,
I have no judgment in an honest face:
I pr'ythee, call him back.
Oth. Went he hence now?
Des. Ay, sooth; so humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me;
I suffer with him. Good love, call him back.
Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other time.
Des. But shall't be shortly?
Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you.
Des. Shall't be to-night at supper?
Oth. No, not to-night.
Des. To-morrow dinner then?
Oth. I shall not dine at home;
I meet the captains at the citadel.
Des. Why then, to-morrow night: or Tuesday morn;
Or Tuesday noon, or night; or Wednesday morn;—
I pray thee, name the time; but let it not
Exceed three days: in faith, he's penitent;
And yet his trespass, in our common reason,
(Save that, they say, the wars must make examples
Out of their best†,) is not almost a fault
To incur a private check. When shall he come?
Tell me, Othello. I wonder in my soul,
What you could ask me, that I should deny,
Or stand so mammering‡ on. What! Michael Cassio,
That came a wooing with you; and many a time,
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,
Hath ta'en your part; to have so much to do
To bring him in! Trust me, I could do much,—
Oth. Pr'ythee, no more: let him come when he will;
I will deny thee nothing.
Des. Why, this is not a boon;
'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm;
Or sue to you to do peculiar profit
To your own person. Nay, when I have a suit,
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of poize§ and difficulty,
And fearful to be granted.
Oth. I will deny thee nothing;
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myself.
Des. Shall I deny you? no. Farewell, my lord.
Oth. Farewell, my Desdemona: I will come to thee straight.
Des. Emilia, come;—Be it as your fancies teach you;
Whate'er you be, I am obedient.
[*Exit with Emilia.*
Oth. Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.
Iago. My noble lord,——
Oth. What dost thou say, Iago?
Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?
Oth. He did, from first to last. Why dost thou ask?
Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought;
No further harm.
Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?
Iago. I did not think he had been acquainted with her.
Oth. O, yes; and went between us very oft.
Iago. Indeed?
Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed:—Discern'st thou aught in that?
Is he not honest?
Iago. Honest, my lord?
Oth. Ay, honest.
Iago. My lord, for aught I know.
Oth. What dost thou think?
Iago. Think, my lord?
Oth. Think, my lord?
By heaven, he echoes me,
As if there were some monster in his thought
Too hideous to be shown.—Thou dost mean something:
I heard thee say but now,—Thou lik'dst not that,
When Cassio left my wife. What did'st not like?
And when I told thee—he was of my counsel
In my whole course of wooing, thou cry'dst, *Indeed?*
And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then had'st shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me,
Show me thy thought.
Iago. My lord, you know I love you.
Oth. I think, thou dost;
And,—for I know thou art full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,—
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more;
For such things, in a false disloyal knave,
Are tricks of custom; but, in a man that's just,
They are close denotements, working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.
Iago. For Michael Cassio,—
I dare be sworn, I think that he is honest.
Oth. I think so too.
Iago. Men should be what they seem;
Or, those that be not, 'would they might seem none!
Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem,
Iago. Why then,
I think that Cassio is an honest man.
Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this;

* Knowledge.
† Best men.
‡ Hesitating.
§ Weight.

I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate; and give thy worst of thoughts
The worst of words.
Iago. Good my lord, pardon me;
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.
Utter my thoughts? Why, say, they are vile and false,—
As where's that palace, whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets*, and law-days, and in session sit
With meditations lawful?
Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.
Iago. I do beseech you,—
Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guess,
As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses: and, oft, my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not,—I entreat you then,
From one that so imperfectly conjects†,
You'd take no notice? nor build yourself a trouble
Out of his scattering and unsure observance:
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.
Oth. What dost thou mean?
Iago. Good name, in man, and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.
Oth. By heaven, I'll know thy thought.
Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.
Oth. Ha!
Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on. That cuckold lives in bliss,
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves!
Oth. O misery!
Iago. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough;
But riches, fineless‡, is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor:—
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!
Oth. Why? why is this?
Think'st thou, I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No: to be once in doubt,
Is—once to be resolv'd. Exchange me for a goat,
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsufflicate and blown surmises,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous,
To say—my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt;
For she had eyes, and chose me. No, Iago:
I'll see, before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,—
Away at once with love, or jealousy.
Iago. I am glad of this, for now I shall have reason
To show the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit: therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me:—I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife: observe her well with Cassio:
Wear your eye—thus, not jealous, nor secure:
I would not have your free and noble nature,
Out of self-bounty, be abus'd; look to't:
I know our country disposition well;
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
They dare not show their husbands; their best conscience
Is—not to leave undone, but keep unknown.
Oth. Dost thou say so?
Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you;
And, when she seem'd to shake, and fear your looks,
She lov'd them most.
Oth. And so she did.
Iago. Why, go to, then;
She that, so young, could give out such a seeming*,
To seel† her father's eyes up, close as oak,—
He thought, 'twas witchcraft;—but I am much to blame:
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.
Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.
Iago. I see, this hath a little dash'd your spirits.
Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.
Iago. Trust me, I fear it has.
I hope, you will consider, what is spoke
Comes from my love;—but, I do see you are mov'd:—
I am to pray you, not to strain my speech
To grosser issues‡, nor to larger reach
Than to suspicion.
Oth. I will not.
Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile success
As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my worthy friend;—
My lord, I see you are mov'd.
Oth. No, not much mov'd:—
I do not think but Desdemona's honest.
Iago. Long live she so! and long live you to think so!
Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itself,—
Iago. Ay, there's the point:—As,—to be bold with you,—

* Courts of inquiry.
† Conjectures. ‡ Endless, unbounded.

* Appearance.
† An expression from falconry: to seel a hawk is to sew up his eyelids. ‡ Conclusions.

Not to affect many proposed matches,
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree;
Whereto, we see, in all things nature tends:
Foh! one may smell, in such, a will most rank,
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.—
But pardon me; I do not, in position,
Distinctly speak of her: though I may fear,
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And (happily) repent.

Oth. Farewell, farewell:
If more thou dost perceive, let me know more:
Set on thy wife to observe. Leave me, Iago,

Iago. My lord, I take my leave. [*Going.*

Oth. Why did I marry?—This honest creature, doubtless,
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

Iago. My lord, I would, I might entreat your honour
To scan this thing no further: leave it to time:
And though it be fit that Cassio have his place,
(For, sure, he fills it up with great ability,)
Yet, if you please to hold him off a while.
You shall by that perceive him and his means:
Note, if your lady strain his entertainment*
With any strong or vehement opportunity;
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,
(As worthy cause I have, to fear—I am,)
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

Oth. Fear not my government.

Iago. I once more take my leave. [*Exit.*

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
Of human dealings. If I do prove her haggard†,
Though that her jesses‡ were my dear heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black;
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers§ have:—Or, for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years;—yet that's not much;—
She's gone; I am abus'd; and my relief
Must be to loath her. O curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For others' uses. Yet, 'tis the plague of great ones;
Prerogativ'd are they less than the base;
'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death;
Even then this forked plague is fated to us,
When we do quicken‖. Desdemona comes;

Enter Desdemona and Emilia.

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!—
I'll not believe it.

Des. How now, my dear Othello?
Your dinner, and the generous islanders
By you invited, do attend your presence.

* Press hard his re-admission to his pay and office.
† A species of hawk, also a term of reproach applied to a wanton.
‡ Straps of leather by which a hawk is held on the fist.
§ Men of intrigue.
‖ When we begin to live.

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why is your speech so faint? are you not well?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Des. Faith, that's with watching; 'twill away again:
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin* is too little;

[*He puts the Handkerchief from him, and it drops.*

Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.

[*Exeunt Oth. and Des.*

Emil. I am glad I have found this napkin;
This was her first remembrance from the Moor:
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steal it: but she so loves the token,
(For he conjur'd her, she would ever keep it,)
That she reserves it evermore about her,
To kiss, and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,
And give it Iago:
What he'll do with it, heaven knows, not I;
I nothing, but to please his fantasy.

Enter Iago.

Iago. How now! what do you here alone?

Emil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.

Iago. A thing for me?—it is a common thing.

Emil. Ha!

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

Emil. O, is that all? What will you give me now
For that same handkerchief?

Iago. What handkerchief?

Emil. What handkerchief?
Why that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;
That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago. Hast stolen it from her?

Emil. No, faith; she let it drop by negligence;
And, to the advantage, I, being here, took't up.
Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench; give it me.

Emil. What will you do with it, that you have been so earnest
To have me filch it?

Iago. Why, what's that to you?

[*Snatching it.*

Emil. If it be not for some purpose of import,
Give it me again. Poor lady! she'll run mad,
When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not you known of't†; I have use for it.
Go, leave me. [*Exit Emilia.*
I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it. Trifles, light as air,
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poison:—
Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,
Which, at the first, are scarce found to distaste;

* In the north of England this term for a handkerchief is still used.
† Seem as if you knew nothing of the matter.

But, with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so:—

Enter Othello.

Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora*,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst† yesterday.

Oth. Ha! ha! false to me?
To me?

Iago. Why, how now, general? no more of that.

Oth. Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the rack:—
I swear, 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know't a little.

Iago. How now, my lord?

Oth. What sense had I of her stolen hours of lust?
I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:
I slept the next night well, was free and merry;
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know it, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioneers‡ and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known. O now, for ever,
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner; and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

Iago. Is it possible!—My lord,——

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore;
Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof;
[*Taking him by the throat.*
Or by the worth of mine eternal soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,
Than answer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is it come to this? [prove it,

Oth. Make me to see it; or (at the least) so
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on: or, woe upon thy life!

Iago. My noble lord,——

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more: abandon all remorse§;
On horror's head horrors accumulate:
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd
For nothing canst thou to damnation add,
Greater than that.

Iago. O grace! O heaven defend me!
Are you a man? have you a soul, or sense?—
God be wi'you; take mine office.—O wretched fool,
That liv'st to make thine honesty, a vice!—
O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world,
To be direct and honest, is not safe.—
I thank you for this profit; and, from hence,
I'll love no friend, since love breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay, stay:—Thou should'st be honest.

Iago. I should be wise; for honesty's a fool,
And loses that it works for.

Oth. By the world,
I think my wife be honest, and think she is not;
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not;
I'll have some proof. Her name, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own face.—If there be cords, or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure it.—Would, I were satisfied!

Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion:
I do repent me, that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied?

Oth. Would? nay, I will. [lord?

Iago. And may: but, how? how satisfied, my
Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on?
* * * * * * * *

Oth. Death and damnation! O!

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring them to that prospect. Damn them then,
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster,
More than their own! What then? how then?
What shall I say? Where's satisfaction?
It is impossible, you should see this,
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,
If imputation, and strong circumstances,—
Which lead directly to the door of truth.—
Will give you satisfaction, you may have it.

Oth. Give me a living* reason she's disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office:
But, sith† I am enter'd in this cause so far,—
Prick'd to it by foolish honesty and love,—
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately;
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep.
There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs:
One of this kind is Cassio:
In sleep I heard him say,—Sweet Desdemona,
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!
And then, sir, would he gripe, and wring my hand,
Cry,—O, sweet creature! and then kiss me hard,
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,
That grew upon my lips: then laid his leg
Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kiss'd; and then
Cry'd,—Cursed fate! that gave thee to the Moor?

Oth. O monstrous! monstrous!

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion;
'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs,
That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wise; yet we see nothing done;
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,—
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,
Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand?

* The mandrake has a soporifick quality.
† Possessed'st.
‡ The vilest of the camp. Pioneers were generally degraded soldiers.
§ All tenderness, all pity.

* Speaking, manifest. † Since.

Oth. I gave her such a one; 'twas my first gift.
Iago. I know not that: but such a handkerchief,
(I am sure it was your wife's,) did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.
Oth. If it be that,—
Iago. If it be that, or any that was hers,
It speaks against her with the other proofs.
Oth. O, that the slave had forty thousand lives;
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge!
Now do I see 'tis true.—Look here, Iago:
All my fond love thus I do blow to heaven:
'Tis gone.—
Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell!
Yield up, O love, thy crown, and hearted throne*,
To tyrannous hate! swell, bosom, with thy fraught†,
For 'tis of aspicks' tongues!
Iago. Pray, be content.
Oth. O, blood, Iago, blood!
Iago. Patience, I say; your mind, perhaps, may change.
Oth. Never, Iago. Like to the Pontick sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontick, and the Hellespont;
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable‡ and wide revenge
Swallow them up.—Now, by yond' marble heaven,
In the due reverence of a sacred vow [*Kneels.*
I here engage my words.
Iago. Do not rise yet,— [*Kneels.*
Witness, you ever-burning lights above!
You elements that clip§ us round about!
Witness, that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service! let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse‖,
What bloody work soever.
Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the instant put thee to't:
Within these three days let me hear thee say,
That Cassio's not alive.
Iago. My friend is dead; 'tis done, at your request:
But let her live.
Oth. Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her!
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw,
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.
Iago. I am your own for ever. [*Exeunt.*

* The heart on which thou wast enthroned.
† Freight, load. ‡ Capacious. § Embrace.
‖ Not malice to others, but tenderness for him.

SCENE IV.

The same.

Enter Desdemona, Emilia, and Clown.

Des. Do you know, sirrah, where lieutenant Cassio lies?
Clo. I dare not say, he lies any where.
Des. Why, man?
Clo. He is a soldier; and for me to say a soldier lies, is stabbing.
Des. Go to. Where lodges he?
Clo. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.
Des. Can any thing be made of this?
Clo. I know not where he lodges; and for me to devise a lodging, and say—he lies here, or he lies there, were to lie in my own throat.
Des. Can you inquire him out, and be edified by report?
Clo. I will catechize the world for him; that is, make questions, and by them answer.
Des. Seek him, bid him come hither: tell him, I have moved my lord in his behalf, and hope, all will be well.
Clo. To do this, is within the compass of man's wit; and therefore I will attempt the doing it. [*Exit.*
Des. Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia?
Emil. I know not, madam.
Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse
Full of cruzadoes*. And, but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill-thinking.
Emil. Is he not jealous?
Des. Who, he? I think, the sun, where he was born,
Drew all such humours from him.
Emil. Look, where he comes.
Des. I will not leave him now, till Cassio
Be call'd to him.—How is't with you, my lord?

Enter Othello.

Oth. Well, my good lady:—[*Aside.*] O, hardness to dissemble!—
How do you, Desdemona?
Des. Well, my good lord.
Oth. Give me your hand. This hand is moist, my lady.
Des. It yet has felt no age, nor known no sorrow.
Oth. This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart;—
Hot, hot, and moist. This hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,
Much castigation†, exercise devout;
For here's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,
A frank one.
Des. You may, indeed, say so;
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.
Oth. A liberal hand. The hearts of old, gave hands;
But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts.
Des. I cannot speak of this. Come now your promise.
Oth. What promise, chuck?
Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.
Oth. I have a salt and sullen rheum offends me;
Lend me thy handkerchief.

* A Portuguese coin. † Penance, discipline.

Des. Here, my lord.
Oth. That which I gave you.
Des. I have it not about me.
Oth. Not?
Des. No, indeed, my lord.
Oth. That is a fault:
That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give;
She was a charmer*, and could almost read [it,
The thoughts of people: she told her, while she kept
'Twould make her amiable, and subdue my father
Entirely to her love; but if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathly, and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies: she, dying, gave it me;
And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,
To give it her. I did so: and take heed of't,
Make it a darling like your precious eye;
To lose or give't away, were such perdition,
As nothing else could match.
Des. Is it possible?
Oth. 'Tis true: there's magick in the web of it:
A sibyl, that had number'd in the world
The sun to make two hundred compasses,
In her prophetick fury sew'd the work:
The worms were hallow'd, that did breed the silk;
And it was died in mummy, which the skilful
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.
Des. Indeed! is't true?
Oth. Most veritable; therefore look to't well.
Des. Then 'would to heaven, that I had never seen it.
Oth. Ha! wherefore?
Des. Why do you speak so startingly and rash†?
Oth. Is't lost? is't gone? speak, is it out of the way?
Des. Heaven bless us!
Oth. Say you?
Des. It is not lost; but what an if it were?
Oth. Ha!
Des. I say it is not lost.
Oth. Fetch't, let me see it,
Des. Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now;
This is a trick, to put me from my suit;
I pray, let Cassio be receiv'd again.
Oth. Fetch me that handkerchief: my mind misgives.
Des. Come, come;
You'll never meet a more sufficient man.
Oth. The handkerchief,——
Des. I pray, talk me of Cassio.
Oth. The handkerchief,——
Des. A man that, all his time,
Hath founded his good fortune on your love;
Shar'd dangers with you;——
Oth. The handkerchief,——
Des. In sooth,
You are to blame.
Oth. Away! [*Exit Othello.*
Emil. Is not this man jealous?
Des. I ne'er saw this before.
Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief:
I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

* Enchantress. † Vehement.

Emil. 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man:
They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;
They eat us hungerly, and when they are full,
They belch us. Look you! Cassio, and my husband.

Enter Iago and Cassio.

Iago. There is no other way; 'tis she must do't:
And, lo, the happiness! go, and importune her.
Des. How now? good Cassio? what's the news with you?
Cas. Madam, my former suit: I do beseech you,
That, by your virtuous means, I may again
Exist, and be a member of his love,
Whom I, with all the duty of my heart,
Entirely honour; I would not be delay'd;
If my offence be of such mortal kind,
That neither service past, nor present sorrows,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ransom me into his love again,
But to know so must be my benefit;
So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content,
And shut myself up in some other course,
To fortune's alms.
Des. Alas! thrice-gentle Cassio,
My advocation is not now in tune;
My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,
Were he in favour*, as in humour, alter'd.
So help me, every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best:
And stood within the blank† of his displeasure,
For my free speech! You must awhile be patient;
What I can do, I will; and more I will,
Than for myself I dare; let that suffice you.
Iago. Is my lord angry?
Emil. He went hence but now.
And, certainly, in strange unquietness.
Iago. Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air;
And, like the devil, from his very arm
Puff'd his own brother;—And can he be angry?
Something of moment, then: I will go meet him;
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.
Des. I prythee, do so.—Something, sure, of state,— [*Exit Iago.*
Either from Venice; or some unhatch'd practice,
Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him,—
Hath puddled his clear spirit; and, in such cases,
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even so;
For let our finger ache, and it indues
Our other healthful members ev'n to that sense
Of pain. Nay, we must think, men are not gods;
Nor of them look for such observances
As fit the bridal‡.—Beshrew me much, Emilia,
I was (unhandsome warrior as I am,)
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul:
But now I find, I had suborn'd the witness,
And he's indited falsely.
Emil. Pray heaven, it be state matters, as you think;
And no conception, nor no jealous toy,
Concerning you.
Des. Alas, the day? I never gave him cause.

* In countenance. † Within the shot of his anger. The blank is the white part of a target. ‡ The nuptial feast.

Emil. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;
They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they are jealous: 'tis a monster,
Begot upon itself, born on itself.
Des. Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind!
Emil. Lady, amen.
Des. I will go seek him.—Cassio walk hereabout;
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.
Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship.
[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*

Enter Bianca.

Bian. Save you, friend Cassio!
Cas. What make you from home?
How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?
I'faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.
Bian. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.
What! keep a week away? seven days and nights?
Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eight score times?
O weary reckoning!
Cas. Pardon me, Bianca;
I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd:
But I shall, in a more continuate time*,
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,
[*Giving her Desdemona's Handkerchief.*
Take me this work out†.
Bian. O, Cassio, whence came this?
This is some token from a newer friend.
To the felt absence now I feel a cause:
Is it come to this? Well, well.
Cas. Woman, go to!
Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous now,
That this is from some mistress, some remembrance:
No, in good troth, Bianca.
Bian. Why, whose is it?
Cas. I know not, sweet: I found it in my chamber.
I like the work well: ere it be demanded,
(As like enough, it will,) I'd have it copied:
Take it, and do't; and leave me for this time.
Bian. Leave you! wherefore?
Cas. I do attend here on the general;
And think it no addition, nor my wish,
To have him see me woman'd.
Bian. Why, I pray you?
Cas. Not that I love you not.
Bian. But that you do not love me,
I pray you, bring me on the way a little;
And say, if I shall see you soon at night.
Cas. 'Tis but a little way, that I can bring you,
For I attend here: but I'll see you soon.
Bian. 'Tis very good; I must be circumstanc'd.
[*Exeunt.*

* Time less interrupted.
† The meaning is not pick out the work, but copy this work in another handkerchief.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The same.

Enter Othello and Iago.

Iago. Will you think so?
Oth. Think so, Iago?
Iago. What,
To kiss in private?
Oth. An unauthoriz'd kiss.
Iago. Or to be naked with her friend abed,
An hour, or more, not meaning any harm?
Oth. Naked abed, Iago, and not mean harm?
It is hypocrisy against the devil:
They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.
Iago. So they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip;
But if I give my wife a handkerchief,——
Oth. What then?
Iago. Why then 'tis hers, my lord; and, being hers,
She may, I think, bestow't on any man.
Oth. She is protectress of her honour too;
May she give that?
Iago. Her honour is an essence that's not seen;
They have it very oft, that have it not;
But, for the handkerchief,——
Oth. By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it:—
Thou said'st,—O, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,
Boding to all*,—he had my handkerchief.
Iago. Ay, what of that?
Oth. That's not so good, now.
Iago. What, if I had said, I had seen him do you wrong?
Or heard him say,—As knaves be such abroad,
Who having, by their own importunate suit,
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
Convinced or supplied† them, cannot choose
But they must blab——
Oth. Hath he said any thing?
Iago. He hath, my lord; but be you well assur'd,
No more than he'll unswear.
Oth. What hath he said?
Iago. 'Faith, that he did,—I know not what he did.
Oth. What? what?
Iago. Lie——
Oth. With her?
Iago. With her, on her; what you will.
Oth. Lie with her! lie on her!—We say, lie on her, when they belie her. Lie with her! that's fulsome.—Handkerchief,—confessions,—handkerchief.—To confess, and be hanged for his labour‡.—First to be hanged, and then to confess:—I tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion, without some instruction. It is not words, that shake me thus;—Pish!—Noses, ears, and lips:—Is it possible?—Confess!—Handkerchief!—O devil!— [*Falls in a trance.*
Iago. Work on,

* The raven was thought to be a constant attendant on a house infected with the plague.
† Old spelling of suppled, *i. e.* softened.
‡ A proverbial saying.

My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught;
And many worthy and chaste dames, even thus,
All guiltless meet reproach.—What, ho! my lord!

Enter Cassio.

My lord, I say! Othello!—How now, Cassio?
Cas. What is the matter?
Iago. My lord is fallen into an epilepsy;
This is his second fit: he had one yesterday.
Cas. Rub him about the temples.
Iago. No, forbear;
The lethargy must have his quiet course:
If not, he foams at mouth; and, by and by,
Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs;
Do you withdraw yourself a little while,
He will recover straight: when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speak with you.—
[*Exit Cassio.*
How is it, general? have you not hurt your head?
Oth. Dost thou mock me?
Iago. I mock you! no, by heaven:
'Would, you would bear your fortunes like a man.
Oth. A horned man's a monster, and a beast.
Iago. There's many a beast then in a populous city,
And many a civil monster.
Oth. Did he confess it?
Iago. Good sir, be a man;
Think, every bearded fellow, that's but yok'd,
May draw with you: there's millions now alive,
That nightly lie in those unproper* beds,
Which they dare swear peculiar; your case is better.
O, 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a secure couch,
And to suppose her chaste! No, let me know;
And, knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.
Oth. O, thou art wise: 'tis certain.
Iago. Stand you awhile apart;
Confine yourself but in a patient list†.
Whilst you were here, ere while mad with your grief,
(A passion most unsuiting such a man,)
Cassio came hither: I shifted him away,
And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy;
Bade him anon return, and here speak with me;
The which he promis'd. Do but encave‡ yourself,
And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns,
That dwell in every region of his face;
For I will make him tell the tale anew,—
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is again to cope your wife;
I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience;
Or I shall say, you are all in all in spleen,
And nothing of a man.
Oth. Dost thou hear, Iago?
I will be found most cunning in my patience;
But (dost thou hear?) most bloody.
Iago. That's not amiss;
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?
[*Othello withdraws.*
Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
A housewife, that, by selling her desires,
Buys herself bread and clothes: it is a creature,
That dotes on Cassio,—as 'tis the strumpet's plague,
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one;
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the excess of laughter:—Here he comes:—

Re-enter Cassio.

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad;
And his unbookish* jealousy must construe
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour
Quite in the wrong.—How do you now, lieutenant?
Cas. The worser, that you give me the addition†,
Whose want even kills me.
Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure of't.
Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power,
[*Speaking lower.*
How quickly should you speed?
Cas. Alas, poor caitiff!
Oth. Look, how he laughs already! [*Aside.*
Iago. I never knew a woman love man so.
Cas. Alas, poor rogue! I think i' faith she loves me.
Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out.
[*Aside.*
Iago. Do you hear, Cassio?
Oth. Now he importunes him
To tell it o'er. Go to; well said, well said. [*Aside.*
Iago. She gives it out, that you shall marry her:
Do you intend it?
Cas. Ha, ha, ha!
Oth. Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph?
[*Aside.*
Cas. I marry her!—what? a customer‡! I pr'ythee, bear some charity to my wit; do not think it so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha!
Oth. So, so, so, so. They laugh that win.
[*Aside.*
Iago. 'Faith, the cry goes, that you shall marry her.
Cas. Pr'ythee, say true.
Iago. I am a very villain else.
Oth. Have you scored me? Well. [*Aside.*
Cas. This is the monkey's own giving out: she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.
Oth. Iago beckons me; now he begins the story.
[*Aside.*
Cas. She was here even now; she haunts me in every place. I was, the other day, talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians; and thither comes this bauble; by this hand, she falls thus about my neck;——
Oth. Crying, O dear Cassio! as it were: his gesture imports it. [*Aside.*
Cas. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; so hales, and pulls me: ha, ha, ha!—
Oth. Now he tells, how she pluck'd him to my chamber: O, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to. [*Aside.*
Cas. Well, I must leave her company.
Iago. Before me! look where she comes.

* Common. † Within the bounds of patience. ‡ Hide.

* Ignorant. † Title of lieutenant. ‡ Common woman.

Enter Bianca.

Cas. 'Tis such another fitchew* ! marry, a perfumed one.—What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the whole work?—A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there. This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work? There,—give it your hobby-horse; wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

Cas. How now, my sweet Bianca? how now? how now?

Oth. By heaven, that should be my handkerchief! [*Aside.*

Bian. An you'll come to supper to night, you may: an you will not, come when you are next prepared for. [*Exit.*

Iago. After her, after her.

Cas. 'Faith I must, she'll rail in the street else.

Iago. Will you sup there?

Cas. 'Faith, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you; for I would very fain speak with you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, come; Will you?

Iago. Go to; say no more. [*Exit Cassio.*

Oth. How shall I murder him, Iago?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice?

Oth. O, Iago!

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief!

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours, by this hand: and to see how he prizes the foolish woman, your wife! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a killing:—A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Oth. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damned to-night; for she shall not live. No, my heart is turned to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand. O, the world hath not a sweeter creature: she might lie by an emperor's side, and command him tasks.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her! I do but say what she is:—So delicate with her needle!—An admirable musician! O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear!—Of so high and plenteous wit and invention!—

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. O, a thousand, a thousand times:—And then, of so gentle a condition† !

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain. But yet the pity of it, Iago!—O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

Oth. I will chop her into messes:—Cuckold me!

Iago. O, 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer!

Iago. That's fouler.

* A pole-cat. † Of so sweet a disposition.

Oth. Get me some poison, Iago; this night:—I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again: this night, Iago.

Iago. Do it not with poison, strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good: the justice of it pleases; very good.

Iago. And, for Cassio,—let me be his undertaker. You shall hear more by midnight.

[*A trumpet within.*

Oth. Excellent good.—What trumpet is that same:

Iago. Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico,
Come from the duke: and, see, your wife is with him.

Enter Lodovico, Desdemona, and Attendants.

Lod. 'Save you, worthy general!

Oth. With all my heart, sir.

Lod. The duke and senators of Venice greet you.

[*Gives him a packet.*

Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

[*Opens the packet and reads.*

Des. And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?

Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior;
Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thank you. How does lieutenant Cassio?

Iago. Lives, sir.

Des. Cousin, there's fallen between him and my Lord
An unkind breach; but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

Des. My lord?

Oth. *This fail you not to do, as you will*—[*Reads.*

Lod. He did not call; he's busy in the paper.
Is there division 'twixt thy lord and Cassio?

Des. A most unhappy one; I would do much
To atone* them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

Oth. Fire and brimstone!

Des. My Lord?

Oth. Are you wise?

Des. What, is he angry?

Lod. May be, the letter mov'd him;
For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing Cassio in his government.

Des. By my troth, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed?

Des. My lord?

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. How, sweet Othello?

Oth. Devil! [*Striking her.*

Des. I have not deserv'd this.

Lod. My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice,
Though I should swear I saw it. 'Tis very much;
Make her amends, she weeps.

Oth. O devil, devil!
If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile:—
Out of my sight!

Des. I will not stay to offend you. [*Going.*

* Reconcile.

Lod. Truly, an obedient lady :—
I do beseech your lordship, call her back.
Oth. Mistress,——
Des. My lord ?
Oth. What would you with her, sir ?
Lod. Who, I, my lord ?
Oth. Ay ; you did wish, that I would make her turn ;
Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again : and she can weep, sir, weep ;
And she's obedient, as you say,—obedient,—
Very obedient. —Proceed you in your tears.—
Concerning this, sir,—O well-painted passion !
I am commanded home :—Get you away ;
I'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to Venice :—Hence, avaunt !
[*Exit Desdemona.*
Cassio shall have my place. And,—sir,—to-night,
I do entreat that we may sup together.
You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—Goats, and monkies ! [*Exit.*
Lod. Is this the noble Moor whom our full senate.
Call—all-in-all sufficient ?—This the noble nature
Whom passion could not shake ? whose solid virtue
The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,
Could neither graze, nor pierce ?
Iago. He is much chang'd.
Lod. Are his wits safe ? is he not light of brain ?
Iago. He is that he is ; I may not breathe my censure.
What he might be,—if, what he might, he is not,—
I would to heaven, he were.
Lod. What, strike his wife !
Iago. 'Faith, that was not so well ; Yet 'would I knew.
That stroke would prove the worst.
Lod. Is it his use ?
Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create this fault ?
Iago. Alas, alas !
It is not honesty in me, to speak
What I have seen and known. You shall observe him ;
And his own courses will denote him so,
That I may save my speech. Do but go after,
And mark how he continues.
Lod. I am sorry, that I am deceiv'd in him.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Castle.

Enter Othello and Emelia.

Oth. You have seen nothing then ?
Emil. Nor ever heard ; nor ever did suspect.
Oth. Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.
Emil. But then I saw no harm : and then I heard
Each syllable, that breath made up between them.
Oth. What, did they never whisper ?
Emil. Never, my lord.
Oth. Nor send you out o'the way ?
Emil. Never.
Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing ?
Emil. Never, my lord.
Oth. That's strange.
Emil. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake : if you think other,
Remove your thought ; it doth abuse your bosom.
If any wretch hath put this in your head
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse !
For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There's no man happy ; the purest of their wives
Is foul as slander.
Oth. Bid her come hither :—go.—
[*Exit Emilia.*
She says enough :—yet she's a simple bawd,
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,
A closet-lock-and-key of villainous secrets :
And yet she'll kneel, and pray ; I have seen her do't.

Re-enter Emilia, with Desdemona.

Des. My lord, what is your will ?
Oth. Pray, chuck, come hither.
Des. What is your pleasure ;
Oth. Let me see your eyes ;
Look in my face.
Des. What horrible fancy's this ?
Oth. Some of your function, mistress ;
[*To Emilia.*
Leave procreants alone, and shut the door ;
Cough, or cry—hem, if any body come :
Your mystery, your mystery ;—nay, despatch.
[*Exit Emilia.*
Des. Upon my knees, what doth your speech import ?
I understand a fury in your words,
But not the words.
Oth. Why, what art thou ?
Des. Your wife, my lord ; your true
And loyal wife.
Oth. Come, swear it, damn thyself ;
Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves
Should fear to seize thee : therefore be double-damn'd,
Swear—thou art honest.
Des. Heaven doth truly know it.
Oth. Heaven truly knows, that thou art false as hell.
Des. To whom, my lord ? with whom ? How am I false ?
Oth. O Desdemona !—away ! away ! away !
Des. Alas, the heavy day !—Why do you weep ?
Am I the occasion of these tears, my lord ?
If, haply, you my father do suspect,
An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me ; if you have lost him,
Why, I have lost him too.
Oth. Had it pleas'd heaven
To try me with affliction ; had he rain'd
All kinds of sores, and shames, on my bare head ;
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips ;
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes ;
I should have found in some part of my soul
A drop of patience : but (alas !) to make me
A fixed figure, for the time of scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger at,—
O ! O !
Yet could I bear that too ; well, very well ;

But there, where I have garner'd* up my heart;
Where either I must live, or bear no life;
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!
Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads
To knot and gender in!—turn thy complexion there!
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubim;]
Ay, there, look grim as hell!

Des. I hope, my noble lord esteems me honest.

Oth. O, ay; as summer flies are in the shambles,
That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed,
Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,
That the sense aches at thee.—'Would, thou had'st ne'er been born!

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write whore upon? What committed!
Committed!—O thou publick commoner!
I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deeds.—What committed!
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it. What committed!—
Impudent strumpet!

Des. By heaven, you do me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a christian;
If to preserve this vessel for my lord,
From any other foul unlawful touch,
Be—not to be strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What not a whore?

Des. No, as I shall be saved.

Oth. Is it possible?

Des. O, heaven forgive us!

Oth. I cry you mercy, then;
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,
That married with Othello.—You, mistress,

Re-enter Emilia.

That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keep the gate of hell; you! you! ay, you!
We have done our course; there's money for your pains;
I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel. [*Exit.*

Emil. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?—
How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?

Des. 'Faith, half asleep.

Emil. Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?

Des. With who?

Emil. Why, with my lord, madam.

Des. Who is thy lord?

Emil. He that is yours, sweet lady.

Des. I have none. Do not talk to me, Emilia;
I cannot weep; nor answer I have none,
But what should go by water. Pr'ythee, to night
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets,—remember;—
And call thy husband hither.

Emil. Here is a change, indeed! [*Exit.*

* Treasured up.

Des. 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very meet.
How have I been behav'd, that he might stick
The small'st opinion on my great'st abuse?

Re-enter Emilia, with Iago.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam? How is it with you?

Des. I cannot tell. Those, that do teach young babes,
Do it with gentle means, and easy tasks:
He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What's the matter, lady?

Emil. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,
As true hearts cannot bear.

Des. Am I that name, Iago?

Iago. What name, fair lady?

Des. Such as, she says, my lord did say I was.

Emil. He call'd her, whore; a beggar, in his drink,
Could not have laid such terms upon his callet*.

Iago. Why did he so?

Des. I do not know; I am sure, I am none such.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep. Alas, the day!

Emil. Has she forsook so many noble matches,
Her father, and her country, and her friends,
To be call'd—whore? would it not make one weep?

Des. It is my wretched fortune.

Iago. Beshrew him for it!
How comes this trick upon him?

Des. Nay, heaven doth know.

Emil. I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devis'd this slander; I'll be hang'd else.

Iago. Fye, there is no such man: it is impossible.

Des. If any such there be, heaven pardon him!

Emil. A halter pardon him! and hell gnaw his bones!
Why should he call her, whore? who keeps her company?
What place? what time? what form? what likelihood?
The Moor's abus'd by some most villainous knave,
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow:—
O, heaven, that such companions† thoud'st unfold;
And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascal naked through the world,
Even from the east to the west!

Iago. Speak within door.

Emil. O, fye upon him! some such squire he was,
That turn'd your wit the seamy side‡ without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool; go to.

Des. O good Iago,
What shall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven,

* His strumpet. † Fellows. ‡ Inside out.

I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel :—
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse of thought, or actual deed ;
Or that mine-eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
Delighted them in any other form ;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will,—though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement,—love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much :
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I cannot say, whore ;
It does abhor me, now I speak the word ;
To do the act that might the addition* earn,
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you, be content : 'tis but his humour ;
The business of the state does him offence,
And he does chide with you.

Des. If 'twere no other,—

Iago. It is but so, I warrant you. [*Trumpets.*
Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!
And the great messengers of Venice stay :
Go in, and weep not ; all things shall be well.
[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*

Enter Roderigo.

How now, Roderigo ?

Rod. I do not find, that thou deal'st justly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary ?

Rod. Every day thou doff'st† me with some device, Iago ; and rather (as it seems to me now,) keep'st from me all conveniency, than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it. Nor am I yet persuaded, to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo ?

Rod. 'Faith, I have heard too much ; for your words and performances, are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly,

Rod. With nought but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me, to deliver to Desdemona, would half have corrupted a votarist. You have told me—she has received them, and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquittance‡ ; but I find none.

Iago. Well ; go to ; very well.

Rod. Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man ; nor 'tis not very well. By this hand, I say, it is very scurvy ; and I begin to find myself fobbed in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona. If she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful solicitation ; if not, assure yourself, I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Rod. Ay, and I have said nothing, but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee ; and even, from this instant, do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo. Thou hast taken against me a most just exception ; but, yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appeared.

Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appeared ; and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that within thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever,—I mean, purpose, courage, and valour,—this night show it : if thou the next night following enjoyest not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.

Rod. Well, what is it? is it within reason, and compass ?

Iago. Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice, to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Rod. Is that true ? why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

Iago. O, no ; he goes into Mauritania, and takes away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident ; wherein none can be so determinate, as the removing of Cassio.

Rod. How do you mean—removing of him ?

Iago. Why, by making him uncapable of Othello's place ; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me do ?

Iago. Ay ; if you dare do yourself a profit, and a right. He sups to-night with a harlot, and thither will I go to him ;—he knows not yet of his honourable fortune ; if you will watch his going thence, (which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one,) you may take him at your pleasure ; I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me ; I will show you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste ; about it.

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall, be satisfied. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Room in the Castle.

Enter Othello, Lodovico, Desdemona, Emilia, and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

Oth. O, pardon me ; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good night ; I humbly thank your ladyship.

Des. Your honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, sir ?—
O,—Desdemona,——

Des. My lord ?

Oth. Get you to bed on the instant, I will be returned forthwith : dismiss your attendant there ; look, it be done.

Des. I will, my lord.
[*Exeunt Othello, Lodovico, and Attendants.*

Emil. How goes it now ? he looks gentler than he did.

* Title. † Put'st me off. ‡ Requital.

Des. He says, he will return incontinent*;
He hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bade me to dismiss you.
Emil. Dismiss me!
Des. It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu:
We must not now displease him.
Emil. I would, you had never seen him.
Des. So would not I; my love doth so approve him,
That even his stubbornness, his checks, and frowns,—
Pr'ythee, unpin me,—have grace and favour in them.
Emil. I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.
Des. All's one:—Good father! how foolish are our minds!—
If I do die before thee, pr'ythee, shroud me
In one of those same sheets.
Emil. Come, come, you talk.
Des. My mother had a maid call'd—Barbara;
She was in love; and he, she lov'd, prov'd mad†,
And did forsake her: she had a song of—willow,
An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,
And she died singing it. That song, to-night,
Will not go from my mind; I have much to do,
But to go hang my head all at one side,
And sing it like poor Barbara. Pr'ythee, despatch.
Emil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?
Des. No, unpin me here.—
This Lodovico is a proper man.
Emil. A very handsome man.
Des. And he speaks well.
Emil. I know a lady in Venice, who would have walked barefoot to Palestine, for a touch of his nether lip.

I.

Des. *The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,*
[*Singing.*
Sing all a green willow;
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow:
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;
Sing willow, &c.
Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones;
Lay by these:
Sing willow, willow, willow;
Pr'ythee, hie thee; he'll come anon.—
Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

II.

Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve,—
Nay, that's not next.—Hark! who is it that knocks?
Emil. It is the wind.
Des. *I call'd my love, false love; but what said he then?*
Sing willow, &c.
If I court mo‡ women, you'll couch with mo men.
So, get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes do itch;
Doth that bode weeping?
Emil. 'Tis neither here nor there.

* Immediately. † Wild, inconstant. ‡ More.

Des. I have heard it is said so.—O, these men, these men!—
Dost thou in conscience think,—tell me, Emilia,—
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross kind?
Emil. There be some such, no question.
Des. Would's thou do such a deed for all the world?
Emil. Why, would not you?
Des. No, by this heavenly light!
Emil. Nor I neither by this heavenly light:
I might do't as well i'the dark.
Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?
Emil. The world is a huge thing. 'Tis a great price
For a small vice.
Des. Good troth, I think thou would'st not.
Emil. By my troth, I think I should; and undo't, when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring; nor for measures of lawn; nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition; but, for the whole world,—why, who would not make her husband a cuckold, to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for't.
Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong for the whole world.
Emil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'the world; and, having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.
Des. I do not think there is any such woman.
Emil. Yes, a dozen; and as many
To the vantage, as would store the world they play'd for.
But, I do think, it is their husbands' faults
If wives do fall. Say, that they slack their duties,
And pour our treasures into foreign laps;
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,
Throwing restraint upon us; or, say, they strike us,
Or scant our former having* in despite;
Why, we have galls; and, though we have some grace,
Yet we have some revenge. Let husbands know,
Their wives have sense† like them: they see, and smell,
And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
As husbands have. What is it that they do,
When they change us for others? Is it sport?
I think it is. And doth affection breed it?
I think, it doth. Is't frailty, that thus errs?
It is so too. And have not we affections?
Desires for sport? and frailty, as men have?
Then, let them use us well: else, let them know,
The ills we do, their ills instruct us to.
Des. Good night, good night; Heaven me such usage send,
Not to pick bad from bad: but, by bad, mend!
[*Exeunt.*

* Our former allowance of expence. † Sensation.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter Iago and Roderigo.

Iago. Here, stand behind this bulk; straight will he come
Wear thy good rapier bare*, and put it home:
Quick, quick; fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow:
It makes us, or it mars us; think on that,
And fix most firm thy resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand; I may miscarry in't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand; be bold, and take thy sword. [*Retires to a little distance.*

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed;
And yet he has given me satisfying reasons:—
'Tis but a man gone;—forth, my sword; he dies.
[*Goes to his stand.*

Iago. I have rubb'd this young quat† almost to the sense‡,
And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain. Live Roderigo,
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold, and jewels, that I bobb'd§ from him,
As gifts to Desdemona;
It must not be: if Cassio do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me ugly; and, besides, the Moor
May unfold me to him; there stand I in much peril:
No, he must die.—But so, I hear him coming.

Enter Cassio.

Rod. I know his gait, 'tis he.—Villain, thou diest.
[*Rushes from his post, and makes a pass at Cassio.*

Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou think'st;
I will make proof of thine.
[*Draws, and wounds Roderigo.*

Rod. O, I am slain!
[*Iago rushes from his post, cuts Cassio behind in the leg, and exit.*

Cas. I am maim'd for ever;—Help, ho! murder! murder! [*Falls.*

Enter Othello, at a distance.

Oth. The voice of Cassio:—Iago keeps his word.

Rod. O, villain that I am!

Oth. Hark! 'tis even so.

Cas. O, help! ho! light! a surgeon!

Oth. 'Tis he;—O brave Iago, honest, and just,
That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong!
Thou teachest me,—Minion, your dear lies dead,
And your fate hies apace:—Strumpet, I come:
Forth‖ of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted;
Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted. [*Exit Othello.*

Enter Lodovico and Gratiano, at a distance.

Cas. What, ho! no watch? no passage¶? murder! murder!

Gra. 'Tis some mischance; the cry is very direful.

Cas. O, help!

Lod. Hark!

Rod. O wretched villain!

Lod. Two or three groans;—it is a heavy* night;
These may be counterfeits; let's think't unsafe
To come into the cry, without more help.

Rod. No body come? then I shall bleed to death.

Enter Iago, with a Light.

Lod. Hark!

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.

Iago. Who's there? whose noise is this, that cries on murder?

Lod. We do not know.

Iago. Did you not hear a cry?

Cas. Here, here; for heaven's sake, help me.

Iago. What's the matter?

Gra. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The same, indeed; a very valiant fellow.

Iago. What are you here that cry so grievously?

Cas. Iago? O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains! Give me some help.

Iago. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?

Cas. I think, that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.

Iago. O treacherous villains!—
What are you there? come in, and give some help.
[*To Lodovico and Gratiano.*

Rod. O, help me here!

Cas. That's one of them.

Iago. O murderous slave! O villain!
[*Iago stabs Roderigo.*

Rod. O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!—
O! O! O!

Iago. Kill men i' the dark!—Where be these bloody thieves?
How silent is this town!—Ho! murder! murder!
What may you be? are you of good or evil?

Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago. Signior Lodovico?

Lod. He, sir.

Iago. I cry you mercy. Here's Cassio hurt
By villains.

Gra. Cassio?

Iago. How is it, brother?

Cas. My leg is cut in two.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!—
Light, gentlemen; I'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. What is the matter, ho? who is't that cry'd?

Iago. Who is't that cry'd?

Bian. O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio!
O Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!

Iago. O notable strumpet!—Cassio, may you suspect
Who they should be, that have thus mangled you?

* Unsheathed. † A quat is a pimple—here used figuratively for a dull person excited to anger. ‡ To the quick. § Fished. ‖ Out. ¶ No passengers.

* Thick, cloudy.

Cas. No.
Gra. I am sorry, to find you thus : I have been to seek you.
Iago. Lend me a garter : so.—O, for a chair,
To bear him easily hence !
Bian. Alas, he faints :—O Cassio ! Cassio ! Cassio !
Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash
To be a party in this injury.
Patience a while, good Cassio.—Come, come ;
Lend me a light.—Know we this face, or no ?
Alas ! my friend, and my dear countryman,
Roderigo ? no :—Yes, sure ; O heaven ! Roderigo.
Gra. What, of Venice ?
Iago. Even he, sir ; did you know him ?
Gra. Know him, ay.
Iago. Signior Gratiano ? I cry you gentle pardon ;
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
That so neglected you.
Gra. I am glad to see you.
Iago. How do you, Cassio ?—O, a chair, a chair !
Gra. Roderigo !
Iago. He, he, 'tis he :—O, that's well said ;—the chair :— [*A chair brought in.*
Some good man bear him carefully from hence ;
I'll fetch the general's surgeon.—For you, mistress.
[*To Bianca.*
Save you your labour. He that lies slain here, Cassio,
Was my dear friend. What malice was between you ?
Cas. None in the world ; nor do I know the man.
Iago. [*To Bian.*] What, look you pale ?—O, bear him out o'the air.—
[*Cassio and Rod. are borne off.*
Stay you, good gentlemen.—Look you, pale, mistress ?
Do you perceive the gastness of her eye ?—
Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon :—
Behold her well ; I pray you, look upon her ;
Do you see, gentlemen ? nay, guiltiness will speak,
Though tongues were out of use.

Enter Emilia.

Emil. 'Las, what's the matter ; what's the matter, husband ?
Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark,
By Roderigo, and fellows that are scap'd ;
He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.
Emil. Alas, good gentleman ! alas, good Cassio !
Iago. This is the fruit of whoring.—Pr'ythee, Emilia,
Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night :—
What, do you shake at that ?
Bian. He supp'd at my house ; but I therefore shake not.
Iago. O, did he so ? I charge you, go with me.
Emil. Fye, fye upon thee, strumpet !
Bian. I am no strumpet : but of life as honest,
As you that thus abuse me.
Emil. As I ? foh ! fye upon thee !
Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio dress'd—
Come, mistress, you must tell us another tale.—
Emilia, run you to the citadel,
And tell my lord and lady what has happ'd.—
Will you go on, I pray ?—This is the night, [*Aside.*
That either makes me, or fordoes* me quite.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Bedchamber ; Desdemona in bed asleep. A Light burning.

Enter Othello.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars !—
It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood ;
Nor scar that whiter skin of her's than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.
[*Takes off his sword.*
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then put out the light† ;
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy flaming light restore,
Should I repent me :—but once put out thine,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat,
That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd thy rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs must whither :—I'll smell it on the tree.—
[*Kissing her.*
O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword !—One more, one more.—
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after.—One more, and this the last :
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears ; this sorrow's heavenly ;
It strikes, where it doth love.—She wakes—
Des. Who's there ? Othello ?
Oth. Ay, Desdemona.
Des. Will you come to bed, my lord ?
Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona ?
Des. Ay, my lord.
Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime,
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.
Des. Alas, my lord, what may you mean by that ?
Oth. Well, do it, and be brief ; I will walk by :
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit ;
No,—Heaven forfend‡—I would not kill thy soul.
Des. Talk you of killing ?
Oth. Ay, I do.
Des. Then, Heaven
Have mercy on me !
Oth. Amen, with all my heart !
Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.
Oth. Humph !
Des. And yet I fear you : for you are fatal then,
When your eyes roll so. Why I should fear, I know not,
Since guiltiness I know not ; but yet I feel, I fear.

* Undoes. † *i. e.* The light of life. ‡ Forbid.

Oth. Think on thy sins.
Des. They are loves I bear to you.
Oth. Ay, and for that thou diest.
Des. That death's unnatural, that kills for loving.—
Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:
These are portents; but yet, I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.
Oth. Peace, and be still!
Des. I will so: What's the matter?
Oth. That handkerchief, which I so lov'd, and gave thee,
Thou gavest to Cassio.
Des. No, by my life and soul;
Send for the man, and ask him.
Oth. Sweet soul, take heed,
Take heed of perjury; thou'rt on thy death-bed.
Des. Ay, but not yet to die.
Oth. Yes, presently:
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;
For to deny each article with oath,
Cannot remove, nor choke the strong conception,
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.
Des. Then, Lord have mercy on me!
Oth. I say, amen.
Des. And have you mercy too! I never did
Offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio,
But with such general warranty of heaven
As I might love: I never gave him token.
Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in his hand.
O perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart,
And mak'st me call, what I intend to do,—
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice*:
I saw the handkerchief.
Des. He found it then;
I never gave it him:—Send for him hither,
And let him confess a truth.
Oth. He hath confess'd.
Des. What, my lord?
Oth. That he hath—us'd thee.
Des. How? unlawfully?
Oth. Ay.
Des. He'll not say so.
Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd;
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't†.
Des. My fear interprets then,—What, is he dead?
Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.
Des. Alas! he is betray'd, and I undone.
Oth. Out, strumpet! Weep'st thou for him to my face?
Des. O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not.
Oth. Down, strumpet!
Des. Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night.
Oth. Nay, if you strive,—
Des. But half an hour.
Oth. Being done,
There is no pause.

* A sacrifice atoning for thy crime.
† Has taken measures.

Des. But while I say one prayer.
Oth. It is too late. [*He smothers her.*
Emil. [*Within.*] My lord, my lord! what ho! my lord! my lord!
Oth. What noise is this?—Not dead! not yet quite dead?
I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain—
So, so*.
Emil. [*Within.*] What ho! my lord, my lord!
Oth. Who's there?
Emil. [*Within.*] O, good my lord, I would speak a word with you.
Oth. Yes;—'tis Emilia:—by and by.—She's dead.
'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death:
The noise was high.—Ha! no more moving?
Still as the grave. Shall she come in? Were't good?
I think, she stirs again:—No.—What's the best?
If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife:
My wife! my wife! what wife?—I have no wife:
O insupportable! O heavy hour!
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon; and that the affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration.
Emil. [*Within.*] I do beseech you I may speak with you,
O, good my lord!
Oth. I had forgot thee: O, come in, Emilia:—
Soft,—by and by.—Let me the curtains draw.—
Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now?
[*Unlocks the door.*

Enter Emilia.

Emil. O, good my lord, yonder's foul murder done.
Oth. What? now?
Emil. But now, my lord!
Oth. It is the very error of the moon;
She comes more near the earth than she was wont;
And makes men mad.
Emil. Cassio, my lord, has kill'd a young Venetian,
Call'd—Roderigo.
Oth. Roderigo killed!
And Cassio kill'd!
Emil. No, Cassio is not kill'd.
Oth. Not Cassio kill'd? Then murder's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.
Des. O, falsely, falsely murder'd!
Emil. Alas! what cry is that?
Oth. That! what?
Emil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice:—
Help! help, ho! help!—O lady, speak again!
Sweet Desdemona! O, sweet mistress, speak!
Des. A guiltless death I die.
Emil. O, who hath done
This deed?
Des. Nobody; I myself; farewell:
Commend me to my kind lord; O, farewell. [*Dies.*

* It is supposed that some theatrical direction has been omitted, and that, when Othello says, "So, so," he then stabs her, or perhaps tries to smother her more effectually. After the repetition of wounds, Desdemona might speak again with propriety, and yet very soon expire.

Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd?
Emil. Alas, who knows?
Oth. You heard her say herself, it was not I.
Emil. She said so; I must needs report the truth.
Oth. She's like a liar, gone to burning hell;
'Twas I that kill'd her.
Emil. O, the more angel she,
And you the blacker devil!
Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.
Emil. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.
Oth. She was false as water.
Emil. Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false; O, she was heavenly true!
Oth. Cassio did tup her; ask thy husband else.
O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.
Emil. My husband?
Oth. Thy husband.
Emil. That she was false to wedlock?
Oth. Ay, with Cassio.
Nay, had she been true,
If heaven would make me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite*,
I'd not have sold her for it.
Emil. My husband?
Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me first;
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.
Emil. My husband?
Oth. What needs this iterance†, woman? I say, thy husband.
Emil. O mistress, villainy hath made mocks with love!—
My husband say, that she was false?
Oth. He, woman.
I say, thy husband. Dost understand the word?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.
Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart;
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.
Oth. Ha!
Emil. Do thy worst:
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,
Than thou wast worthy her.
Oth. Peace, you were best.
Emil. Thou hast not half the power to do me harm,
As I have to be hurt‡. O gull! O dolt!
As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed,—
I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives:—Help! help, ho! help!
The Moor has kill'd my mistress: Murder! murder!

Enter Montano, Gratiano, and Iago.

Mon. What is the matter?—How now, general?
Emil. O, are you come Iago? you have done well,
That men must lay their murders on your neck.
Gra. What is the matter?
Emil. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man;
He says, thou told'st him that his wife was false;
I know, thou didst not, thou'rt not such a villain;
Speak, for my heart is full.

* A precious stone. † Repetition.
‡ "*More can I bear than you dare execute.*"

Iago. I told him what I thought; and told no more
Than what he found himself was apt and true.
Emil. But did you ever tell him, she was false?
Iago. I did.
Emil. You told a lie; an odious damned lie;
Upon my soul, a lie; a wicked lie:—
She false with Cassio.—Did you say with Cassio?
Iago. With Cassio, mistress; go to, charm your tongue.
Emil. I will not charm my tongue; I am bound to speak!
My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed.
All. O heavens forefend* !
Emil. And your reports have set the murder on.
Oth. Nay, stare not, masters; it is true, indeed.
Gra. 'Tis a strange truth.
Mon. O monstrous act!
Emil. Villainy, villainy, villainy!—
I think upon't,—I think,—I smell't;—O villainy!
I thought so then;—I'll kill myself for grief.—
O villainy, villainy!
Iago. What, are you mad? I charge you, get you home.
Emil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak;
'Tis proper I obey him, but not now:—
Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.
Oth. O! O! O! [*Hanging over his wife.*
Emil. Nay, lay thee down, and roar;
For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent,
That e'er did lift up eye.
Oth. O, she was foul!—
[*Rising.*
I scarce did know you, uncle. There lies your niece,
Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopp'd:
I know, this act shows horrible and grim.
Gra. Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's dead;
Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,
This sight would make him do a desperate turn,
Yea, curse his better angel from his side,
And fall to reprobation.
Oth. 'Tis pitiful; but yet Iago knows,
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed; Cassio confess'd it:
And she did gratify his amorous works
With that recognizance and pledge of love
Which I first gave her; I saw it in his hand;
It was a handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother.
Emil. O heaven! O heavenly powers!
Iago. Come, hold your peace.
Emil. 'Twill out, 'twill out;—I hold my peace, sir; no;
No, I will speak as liberal† as the air;
Let heaven, and men, and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.
Iago. Be wise, and get you home.
Emil. I will not.
[*Iago offers to stab his Wife.*

* Forbid. † Free.

Gra. Fye!
Your sword upon a woman?
Emil. O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou speak'st of,
I found by fortune, and did give my husband;
For often, with a solemn earnestness,
(More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle,)
He begg'd of me to steal it.
Iago. Villainous whore!
Emil. She give it Cassio! no, alas; I found it,
And I did give't my husband.
Iago. Filth, thou liest.
Emil. By heaven, I do not; I do not, gentlemen:
O murd'rous coxcomb! what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife?
[*Iago stabs Emilia, then runs out.*
Oth. Are there no stones in heaven,
But what serve for the thunder?—Precious villain!
Gra. The woman falls; sure, he has kill'd his wife.
Emil. Ay, ay; O, lay me by my mistress' side!
Gra. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.
Mon. 'Tis a notorious villain. Take you this weapon,
Which I have here recover'd from the Moor:
Come, guard the door without; let him not pass,
But kill him rather; I'll after that same villain,
For 'tis a damned slave.
[*Exeunt Montano and Gratiano.*
Oth. I am not valiant neither,
But every puny whipster gets my sword:—
By why should honour outlive honesty?
Let it go all.
Emil. What did thy song bode, lady?
Hark, can'st thou hear me? I will play the swan,
And die in musick;—Willow, willow, willow.—
Moor, she was chaste; she lov'd thee, cruel Moor;
So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true;
So speaking as I think, I die,—I die. [*Dies.*
Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber,
It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper*;—
O, here it is:—Uncle, I must come forth.
Gra. [*Within.*] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear;
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.
Oth. Look in upon me then, and speak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter Gratiano.

Gra. What is the matter?
Oth. Behold! I have a weapon;
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the day,
That, with this little arm, and this good sword,
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop.—But, O vain boast!
Who can control his fate? 'tis not so now.—
Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd;
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear;
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires;—where should Othello go?—
Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd wench!
Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt*,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl?
Even like thy chastity.—
O cursed, cursed slave!—Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!—
O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead?
Dead? O! O! O!

Enter Lodovico, Montano, Cassio, carried in a chair, and Officers, with Iago, prisoner.

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?
Oth. That's he, that was Othello; here I am.
Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.
Oth. I look down towards his feet†—but that's a fable;
If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.
[*Othello wounds Iago.*
Lod. Wrench his sword from him.
Iago. I bleed, sir; but not kill'd.
Oth. I am not sorry neither; I'd have thee live;
For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.
Lod. O thou Othello, that was once so good,
Fall'n in the practice‡ of a cursed slave,
What shall be said to thee?
Oth. Why, any thing:
An honourable murderer, if you will;
For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.
Lod. This wretch hath part confess'd his villainy:
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?
Oth. Ay.
Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cause.
Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.
Will you, I pray you, demand that demi-devil,
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body?
Iago. Demand me nothing. What you know, you know:
From this time forth I never will speak word.
Lod. What? not to pray?
Gra. Torments will ope your lips.
Oth. Well, thou dost best.
Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,
Which, as I think, you know not. Here is a letter,
Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo;
And here, another: the one of them imports
The death of Cassio to be undertook
By Roderigo.
Oth. O villain!
Cas. Most heathenish, and most gross!
Lod. Now here's another discontented paper,
Found in his pocket too: and this, it seems,
Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain;
But that, belike, Iago in the interim,
Came in and satisfied him.
Oth. O the pernicious caitiff?—
How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's?

* Steel is hardened by being put red hot into very cold water.

* Account. † To see if his feet be cloven.
‡ By the stratagem.

Cas. I found it in my chamber:
And he himself confess'd, but even now,
That there he dropp'd it, for a special purpose,
Which wrought to his desire.
Oth. O fool! fool! fool!
Cas. There is, besides, in Roderigo's letter,—
How he upbraids Iago, that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was cast; and even but now he spake,
After long seeming dead,—Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on.
Lod. You must forsake this room, and go with us;
Your power and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,—
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian state.—Come, bring him away.
Oth. Soft you; a word or two, before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they know it;
No more of that;—I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then must you speak
Of one, that lov'd not wisely, but too well;
Of one, not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one, whose hand,
Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away,
Richer than all his tribe; of one, whose subdu'd eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum. Set you down this:
And say, besides,—that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him—thus. [*Stabs himself.*
Lod. O bloody period?
Gra. All, that's spoke, is marr'd.
Oth. I kiss'd thee, ere I kill'd thee.—No way but this, [*Falling upon Desdemona.*
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. [*Dies.*
Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon;
For he was great of heart.
Lod. O Spartan dog,
More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea!
Look on the tragick loading of this bed; [*To Iago.*
This is thy work: the object poisons sight;—
Let it be hid. Gratiano, keep the house,
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they succeed to you.—To you, lord governor,
Remains the censure* of this hellish villain;
The time, the place, the torture,—O enforce it!
Myself will straight aboard; and, to the state,
This heavy act with heavy heart relate. [*Exeunt.*

* Judgment.

MACBETH.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Duncan, King of Scotland.
Malcolm, *Donalbain*, } his sons.
Macbeth, *Banquo*, } generals of the King's army.
Macduff, *Lenox*, *Rossee*, *Menteth*, *Angus*, *Cathness*, } noblemen of Scotland.
Fleance, son to Banquo.
Siward, Earl of Northumberland, General of the English forces.
Young Siward, his son.
Seyton, an officer attending on Macbeth.
Son to Macduff.
An English Doctor. A Scotch Doctor.
A Soldier. A Porter. An old Man.
Lady Macbeth.
Lady Macduff.
Gentlewoman attending on lady Macbeth.
Hecate, and three Witches.
Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers.
The Ghost of Banquo, and several other Apparitions.
Scene, in the end of the fourth act, lies in England; through the rest of the play, in Scotland; and, chiefly, at Macbeth's castle.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An open Place.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

1 *Witch.* When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
2 *Witch.* When the hurlyburly's* done,
When the battle's lost and won.
3 *Witch.* That will be ere set of sun.
1 *Witch.* Where the place?
2 *Witch.* Upon the heath:
3 *Witch.* There to meet with Macbeth.
1 *Witch.* I come, Graymalkin!
All. Paddock calls:—Anon.—
Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
Hover through the fog and filthy air.
[*Witches vanish.*

SCENE II.

A Camp near Fores.

Alarum within. Enter King Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding soldier.

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.
Mal. This is the sergeant,
Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought
'Gainst my captivity.—Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.
Sold. Doubtfully it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald
(Worthy to be a rebel; for, to that,

* Tumult.

The multiplying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him,) from the western isles
Of Kernes and Gallowglasses is supplied*;
And fortune, on his damned quarrel† smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore. But all's too weak:
For brave Macbeth, (well he deserves that name,)
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smok'd with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion,
Carv'd out his passage, till he fac'd the slave;
And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Sold. As whence the sun 'gins his reflexion
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break;
So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:
No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heels;
But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms, and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Sold. Yes;
As sparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.
If I say sooth‡, I must report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;
So they
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha§,
I cannot tell:——
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds;
They smack of honour both.—Go, get him surgeons. [*Exit soldier, attended.*

Enter Rosse.

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthy thane of Rosse.

Len. What a haste looks through his eyes! So should he look,
That seems to speak things strange.

Rosse. God save the king!

Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?

Rosse. From Fife, great king,
Where the Norweyan banners flout‖ the sky,
And fan our people cold.
Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The thane of Cawdor, 'gan a dismal conflict:
Till that Bellona's bridegroom¶, lapp'd in proof**,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us;——

Dun. Great happiness!

Rosse. That now
Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
Till he disbursed, at Saint Colmes' inch,
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest.—Go, pronounce his death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Rosse. I'll see it done.

Dun. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister?

2 *Witch.* Killing swine.

3 *Witch.* Sister, where thou?

1 *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chesnuts in her lap,
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd:—
Give me quoth I:
Aroint thee*, witch! the rump-fed ronyon† cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o'the Tiger:
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

2 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.

1 *Witch.* Thou art kind.

3 *Witch.* And I another.

1 *Witch.* I myself have all the other;
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card‡.
I will drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall, neither night nor day,
Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid§:
Weary sev'n-nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-toss'd.
Look what I have.

2 *Witch.* Show me, show me.

1 *Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd, as homeward he did come.
[*Drum within.*

3 *Witch.* A drum, a drum;
Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters‖, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about;
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine:
Peace!—the charm's wound up.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is't call'd to Fores?—What are these,
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire;
That look not like the inhabitants of the earth,

* *i. e.* Supplied with light and heavy armed troops.
† Cause. ‡ Truth.
§ Make another Golgotha as memorable as the first.
‖ Mock. ¶ Mars is meant.
** Defended by armour of proof.

* Avaunt, begone. † A scurvy woman fed on offals.
‡ Sailor's chart. § Accursed. ‖ Prophetick sisters.

And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips.—You should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Mach. Speak, if you can;—what are you?

1 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

2 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

3 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter.

Ban. Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair?—I' the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical*, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace, and great prediction
Of noble having†, and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak not:
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say, which grain will grow, and which will not;
Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
Your favours, nor your hate.

1 *Witch.* Hail!

2 *Witch.* Hail!

3 *Witch.* Hail!

1 *Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2 *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 *Witch.* Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:
So, all hail, Macbeth, and Banquo!

1 *Witch.* Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail!

Mach. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:
By Sinel's death, I know, I am thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king,
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetick greeting?—Speak, I charge you. [*Witches vanish.*

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them.—Whither are they vanish'd?

Mach. Into the air; and what seem'd corporal, melted
As breath into the wind.—'Would they had staid!

Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten of the insane root‡,
That takes the reason prisoner?

Mach. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Mach. And thane of Cawdor too; went it not so?

Ban. To the self-same tune, and words. Who's here?

Enter Rosse and Angus.

Rosse. The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,
The news of thy success: and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend,
Which should be thine, or his. Silenc'd with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as tale§,
Came post with post; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent,
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
To herald thee into his sight, not pay thee.

Rosse. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor;
In which addition†, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true?

Mach. The thane of Cawdor lives; why do you dress me
In borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the thane, lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was
Combin'd with Norway, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage; or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

Mach. Glamis, the thane of Cawdor:
The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.—
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no less to them?

Ban. That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle‖ you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange;
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.—
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Mach. Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—
This supernatural soliciting¶
Cannot be ill; cannot be good.—If ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor;
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single‖ state of man, that function
Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is,
But what is not.

* Supernatural, spiritual. † Possession.
‡ The root which makes the eater insane.

§ As fast as they could be counted. † Title.
‖ Stimulate. ¶ Incitement. ‖ Simple.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.
Macb. If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir.
Ban. New honours come upon him
Like our strange garments; cleave not to their mould
But with the aid of use.
Macb. Come what come may;
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.
Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.
Macb. Give me your favour*:—my dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains,
Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them.—Let us toward the king.—
Think upon what hath chanc'd; and, at more times,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.
Ban. Very gladly.
Macb. Till then, enough.—Come, friends.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Fores. A Room in the Palace. Flourish. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox, and Attendants.

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet return'd?
Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die; who did report,
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons:
Implor'd your highness' pardon; and set forth
A deep repentance; nothing in his life
Became him, like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd†,
As 'twere a careless trifle.
Dun. There's no art,
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.—O worthiest cousin!

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Rosse, and Angus.

The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me. Thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. 'Would thou hadst less deserv'd;
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.
Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children, and servants;
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing
Safe toward your love and honour.
Dun. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me infold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.
Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.
Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter,
The prince of Cumberland: which honour must
Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.
Macb. The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you:
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach!
So, humbly take my leave.
Dun. My worthy Cawdor!
Macb. The prince of Cumberland!—That is a step,
On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap,
[*Aside.*
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light see my black and deep desires:
The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.
[*Exit.*
Dun. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant*;
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Inverness. A Room in Macbeth's Castle.

Enter Lady Macbeth, reading a letter.

Lady M. They met me in the day of success and I have learned by the perfectest report†, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves—air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives‡ from the king, who all-hailed me, Thane of Cawdor; by which title before these weird sister, saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of times with, Hail, king that shalt be! This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness; that thou mightest not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.
Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promis'd:—Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way. Thou would'st be great;
Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it. What thou would'st highly,

* Goodwill. † Possessed.

* Full as valiant as described. † The best intelligence.
‡ Messengers.

That would'st thou holily ; would'st not play false,
And yet would'st wrongly win : thou'd'st have, great Glamis,
That which cries, Thus thou must do, if thou have it ;
And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear ;
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round*,
Which fate and metaphysical† aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.——What is your tidings ?

Enter an Attendant.

Attend. The King comes here to-night.
Lady M. Thou'rt mad to say it :
Is not thy master with him ? who, wer't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.
Attend. So please you, it is true ; our thane is coming :
One of my fellows had the speed of him ;
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.
Lady M. Give him tending,
He brings great news. The raven himself is hoarse,
[*Exit Attendant.*
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, come, you spirits
That tend on mortal‡ thoughts, unsex me here ;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty ! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse§ ;
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect, and it ! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances,
You wait on nature's mischief ! Come, thick night,
And pall|| thee in the dunnest smoke of hell !
That my keen knife¶ see not the wound it makes ;
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, Hold, Hold !——Great Glamis ! worthy Cawdor !

Enter Macbeth.

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter !
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present**, and I feel now
The future in the instant.
Macb. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.
Lady M. And when goes hence ?
Macb. To-morrow,—as he purposes.
Lady M. O, never
Shall sun that morrow see !
Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters.—To beguile the time,
Look like the time ; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue ; look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under it. He that's coming
Must be provided for ; and you shall put
This night's great business into my despatch ;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.
Macb. We will speak further.
Lady M. Only look up clear ;
To alter favour* ever is to fear ;
Leave all the rest to me. [*Exeunt.*

* Diadem. † Supernatural.
‡ Murderous. § Pity. || Wrap as in a mantle.
¶ Knife anciently meant a sword or dagger.
** *i. e.* Beyond the present time, which is, according to the process of nature, ignorant of the future.

SCENE VI.

The same. Before the Castle.

Hautboys. Servants of Macbeth attending.

Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff, Rosse, Angus, and Attendants.

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat : the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.
Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here ; no jutty, frieze, buttress,
Nor coigne of vantage†, but this bird hath made
His pendent bed, and procreant cradle. Where they
Most breed and haunt, I have observ'd, the air
Is delicate.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Dun. See, see ! our honour'd hostess !
The love that follows us, sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
How you shall bid God yield‡ us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.
Lady M. All our service,
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business, to contend
Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your majesty loads our house. For those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits§.
Dun. Where's the thane of Cawdor ?
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor : but he rides well ;
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.
Lady M. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt||,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.
Dun. Give me your hand :
Conduct me to mine host ; we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt.*

* Look, countenance. † Convenient corner.
‡ Reward. § *i. e.* We as hermits shall ever pray for you.
|| Subject to accompt.

SCENE VII.

The same. A Room in the Castle.

Hautboys and torches. Enter, and pass over the stage, a sewer, and divers servants with dishes and service. Then enter Macbeth.*

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly. If the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,—
We'd jump the life to come.—But, in these cases,
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor. This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust;
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers† of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itself,
And falls on the other—How now, what news?

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. He has almost supp'd. Why have you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady M. Know you not, he has?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since;
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem:
Letting I dare not wait upon I would,
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

Macb. Pr'ythee, peace;
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.

Lady M. What beast was it then,
That made you break this enterprize to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place,
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck; and know
How tender 'tis, to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn, as you
Have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail,——

Lady M. We fail!
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him,) his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassel* so convince†,
That memory, the warder‡ of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only. When in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers; who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell§?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only!
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd‖,
When we have mark'd with blood these sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have don't?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show!
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The same. Court within the Castle.

Enter Banquo and Fleance, and a servant, with a torch before them.

Ban. How goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take't, 'tis later, sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword;—There's husbandry¶ in heaven,
Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet, I would not sleep. Merciful powers!
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature
Gives way to in repose;—Give me my sword;—
[*Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a torch.*
Who's there?

* An officer so called from his placing the dishes on the table. † Winds; sightless for invisible.

* Intemperance. † Overpower. ‡ Sentinel.
§ Murder. ‖ Apprehended. ¶ Thrift.

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed:
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess* to your offices†:
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up‡
In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the servant to defect;
Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters;
To you they have show'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them:
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
Would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent—when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you.

Ban. So I lose none,
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsel'd.

Macb. Good repose, the while!

Ban. Thanks, sir; the like to you!
[*Exit Banquo.*

Macb. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.
[*Exit servant.*
Is this a dagger, which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:——
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind; a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest; I see thee still;
And on thy blade, and dudgeon§, gouts‖ of blood,
Which was not so before.—There's no such thing;
It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost.——Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat, he lives;
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
[*A bell rings.*
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell. [*Exit.*

* Bounty.
† The rooms appropriated to servants. ‡ Concluded.
§ Haft. ‖ Drops.

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold;
What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire:—Hark!—peace!
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it:
The doors are open: and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores; I have drugg'd their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Macb. [*Within.*] Who's there?—what, ho!

Lady M. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done;—the attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us:—Hark!—I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miss them.—Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done't.—My husband?

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. I have done the deed:—Didst thou not hear a noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark!—
Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight.
[*Looking on his hands.*

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in his sleep, and one cried, murder!
That they did wake each other; I stood and heard them:
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cried, God bless us! and Amen, the other;
As they had seen me, with these hangman's hands.
Listening their fear, I could not say, amen,
When they did say, God bless us.

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce, amen?
I had most need of blessing, and amen
Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought,
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry, Sleep, no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep;
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleave* of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast;—
Lady M. What do you mean?
Macb. Still it cried, Sleep no more! to all the house;
Glamis hath murder'd sleep; and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more. Macbeth shall sleep no more!
Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things:—Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there. Go, carry them; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.
Macb. I'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again, I dare not.
Lady M. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead,
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.
[*Exit. Knocking within.*
Macb. Whence is that knocking;
How is 't with me, when every noise appals me;
What hands are here! Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnardine†,
Making the green—one red.

Re-enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [*Knock.*] I hear a knocking
At the south entry:—retire we to our chamber:
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it then? Your constancy
Hath left you unattended.—[*Knocking.*] Hark! more knocking:
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers:—Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.
Macb. To know my deed,—'twere best not know myself. [*Knock.*
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! Ay, 'would thou could'st? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same.

Enter a Porter. Knocking within.

Porter. Here's a knocking, indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old‡ turning the key [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock: Who's there, i'the name of Belzebub? Here's a farmer, that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty. Come in time; have napkins* enough about you; here you'll sweat for't. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock: Who's there, i'the other devil's name? 'Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock: Who's there? 'Faith, here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose: Come in, tailor: here you may roast your goose. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock: Never at quiet! What are you?—But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. [*Knocking.*] Anon, anon; I pray you, remember the porter. [*Opens the gate.*

Enter Macduff and Lenox.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late?
Port. 'Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock† * * * * * * * *
Macd. Is thy master stirring?—
Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Enter Macbeth.

Len. Good-morrow, noble sir!
Macb. Good-morrow, both!
Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?
Macb. Not yet.
Macd. He did command me to call timely on him
I have almost slipp'd the hour.
Macb. I'll bring you to him.
Macd. I know, this is a joyful trouble to you;
But yet, 'tis one.
Macb. The labour we delight in, physicks pain.
This is the door.
Macd. I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service‡. [*Exit Macduff.*
Len. Goes the king.
From hence to-day?
Macb. He does:—he did appoint it so.
Len. The night has been unruly: Where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down: and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i'the air; strange screams of death;
And prophesying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to the woeful time. The obscure bird
Clamour'd the livelong night: some say, the earth
Was feverous, and did shake.
Macb. 'Twas a rough night.
Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

* Sleave is unwrought silk.
† To incarnardine is to stain of a flesh colour, or red.
‡ Frequent.

* Handkerchiefs. † Cockcrowing.
‡ Appointed service.

Re-enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror! horror! horror! Tongue, nor heart,
Cannot conceive, nor name thee*!
Macb. Len. What's the matter?
Macd. Confusion now hath made his master-piece!
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o'the building.
Macb. What is't you say? the life?
Len. Mean you his majesty?
Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon:—Do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves.—Awake! Awake!—
[*Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.*
Ring the alarum-bell:—Murder! and treason!
Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself!—up, up, and see
The great doom's image?——Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprights,
To countenance this horror! [*Bell rings.*

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak,——
Macd. O, gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:
The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell.——O Banquo! Banquo!

Enter Banquo.

Our royal master's murder'd!
Lady M. Woe, alas!
What, in our house?
Ban. Too cruel, any where.——
Dear Duff, I pr'ythee, contradict thyself,
And say, it is not so.

Re-enter Macbeth and Lenox.

Macd. Had I but died an hour before this chance
I had liv'd a blessed time; for from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toys: renown, and grace, is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter Malcolm and Donalbain.

Don. What is amiss?
Macb. You are, and do not know it:
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.
Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.
Mal. O, by whom?
Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't:
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
Upon their pillows:
They star'd, and were distracted; no man's life
Was to be trusted with them.
Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.
Macd. Wherefore did you so?
Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate, and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:
The expedition of my violent love
Out-ran the pauser reason.—Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature,
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore*. Who would refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage, to make his love known?
Lady M. Help me hence, ho!
Macd. Look to the lady.
Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?
Don. What should be spoken here,
Where our fate, hid within an augre-hole,
May rush, and seize us? Let's away; our tears
Are not yet brew'd.
Mal. Nor our strong sorrow on
The foot of motion.
Ban. Look to the lady:—
[*Lady Macbeth is carried out.*
And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:
In the great hand† of God I stand; and thence,
Against the undivulg'd pretence‡ I fight
Of treasonous malice.
Macb. And so do I.
All. So all.
Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet 'i the hall together.
All. Well contented.
[*Exeunt all but Mal. and Don.*
Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort with them:
To show an unfelt sorrow, is an office
Which the false man does easy: I'll to England.
Don. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.
Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot,
Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away. There's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left.
[*Exeunt.*

* The use of two negatives, not to make an affirmative, but to deny more strongly, is common in our author.

* Covered with blood to their hilt.
† Power. ‡ Intention.

SCENE IV.

Without the castle.

Enter Rosse and an old man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well:
Within the volume of which time, I have seen
Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.
Rosse. Ah, good father,
Thou see'st, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock, 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:
Is it night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth intomb,
When living light should kiss it?
Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,
A falcon, tow'ring in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl* hawk'd at, and kill'd.
Rosse. And Duncan's horses, (a thing most strange and certain,)
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make
War with mankind.
Old M. 'Tis said, they ate each other.
Rosse. They did so; to the amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon't. Here comes the good Macduff:——

Enter Macduff.

How goes the world, sir, now?
Macd. Why, see you not?
Rosse. Is't known who did this more than bloody deed?
Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.
Rosse. Alas, the day!
What good could they pretend† ?
Macd. They were suborn'd:
Malcolm, and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.
Rosse. 'Gainst nature still:
Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means!—Then 'tis most like,
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.
Macd. He is already nam'd; and gone to Scone,
To be invested.
Rosse. Where is Duncan's body?
Macd. Carried to Colmes-kill;
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.
Rosse. Will you to Scone?
Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.
Rosse. Well, I will thither.
Macd. Well, may you see things well done there;
—adieu!——
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

* An owl whose proper prey is the mouse.
† Intend to themselves.

Rosse. Father, farewell.
Old M. God's benison go with you: and with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Forres. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Banquo.

Ban. Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promis'd; and, I fear,
Thou play'dst most foully for't: yet it was said,
It should not stand in thy posterity;
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine,)
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But, hush; no more.
Senet sounded. Enter Macbeth, as King; Lady Macbeth, as Queen; Lenox, Rosse, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.
Macb. Here's our chief guest.
Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all things unbecoming.
Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.
Ban. Let your highness
Command upon me; to the which, my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.
Macb. Ride you this afternoon?
Ban. Ay, my good lord.
Macb. We should have else desir'd your good advice
(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,)
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.
Is't far you ride?
Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour, or twain.
Macb. Fail not our feast.
Ban. My lord, I will not.
Macb. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England, and in Ireland; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention. But of that to-morrow:
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state,
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: Adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?
Ban. Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon us.
Macb. I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot;
And so I do commend* you to their backs.
Farewell.—— [*Exit Banquo.*
Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone; while then, God be with you.
[*Exeunt Lady Macbeth, Lords, Ladies, &c.*

* Commit.

Sirrah, a word. Attend those men our pleasure?
Atten. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.
Macb. Bring them before us.—[*Exit Atten.*]
To be thus, is nothing;
But to be safely thus:—Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty* of nature
Reigns that, which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he dares;
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none, but he
Whose being I do fear: and, under him,
My genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,
When first they put the name of King upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,
They hail'd him father to a line of kings:
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,
For Banquo's issue have I fil'd† my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings; the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance‡!——Who's there?—

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.

Now to the door, and stay there till we call.
[*Exit attendant.*
Was it not yesterday we spoke together?
1 *Mur.* It was, so please your highness.
Macb. Well then, now
Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know,
That it was he, in the times past, which held you
So under fortune; which, you thought, had been
Our innocent self: this I made good to you
In our last conference, pass'd in probation§ with you,
How you were borne in hand‖; how cross'd; the instruments;
Who wrought with them; and all things else, that might,
To half a soul, and to a notion craz'd,
Say, Thus did Banquo.
1 *Mur.* You made it known to us.
Macb. I did so; and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd¶
To pray for that good man, and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?
1 *Mur.* We are men, my liege.
Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs*, water rugs, and demi-wolves, are cleped†
All by the name of dogs: the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The house-keeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
Particular addition‡, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
And not in the worst rank of manhood, say it;
And I will put that business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your enemy off;
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.
2 *Mur.* I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what
I do, to spite the world.
1 *Mur.* And I another,
So weary with disasters, tugg'd§ with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.
Macb. Both of you
Know, Banquo was your enemy.
2 *Mur.* True, my lord.
Macb. So is he mine: and in such bloody distance‖,
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: and though I could
With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it; yet I must not,
For¶ certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Whom I myself struck down: and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love;
Masking the business from the common eye,
For sundry weighty reasons.
2 *Mur.* We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.
1 *Mur.* Though our lives——
Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour at most,
I will advise you where to plant yourselves.
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o'the time,
The moment on't; for't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace; always thought,
That I require a clearness. And with him,
(To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work,)
Fleance his son, that keeps his company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart;
I'll come to you anon.
2 *Mur.* We are resolv'd, my lord.
Macb. I'll call upon you straight; abide within.
It is concluded:——Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night.
[*Exeunt.*

* Nobleness. † For defiled.
‡ Challenge me to extremities. § Proved. ‖ Deluded.
¶ Are you so obedient to the precept of the Gospel?

* Wolf-dogs. † Called. ‡ Title, description.
§ Worried. ‖ Mortal enmity. ¶ Because of.

SCENE II.

The same. Another Room.

Enter Lady Macbeth, and a servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?
Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.
Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.
Serv. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*
Lady M. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my lord? why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest* fancies your companions making?
Using those thoughts, which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without remedy,
Should be without regard: what's done, is done.
Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it;
She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let
The frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestick, for eign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further!
Lady M. Come on;
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial 'mong your guests to-night.
Macb. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you:
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo;
Present him eminence†, both with eye and tongue:
Unsafe the while, that we
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams;
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.
Lady M. You must leave this.
Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st, that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.
Lady M. But in them nature's copy's not eterne‡.
Macb. There's comfort yet; they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund: ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight; ere, to black Hecate's summons,
The shard-borne beetle§, with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.
Lady M. What's to be done?
Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling* night,
Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
Which keeps me pale!—Light thickens; and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;
Whiles night's black agents to their prey do rouse.
Thou marvell'st at my words; but hold thee still;
Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by ill:
So, pr'ythee go with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. A Park or Lawn, with a gate leading to the Palace.

Enter three Murderers.

1 *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us?
3 *Mur.* Macbeth.
2 *Mur.* He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.
1 *Mur.* Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.
3 *Mur.* Hark! I hear horses.
Ban. [*Within.*] Give us a light there, ho!
2 *Mur.* Then it is he; the rest
That are within the note of expectation†,
Already are i'the court.
1 *Mur.* His horses go about.
3 *Mur.* Almost a mile: but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.

Enter Banquo and Fleance, a servant with a torch preceding them.

2 *Mur.* A light, a light!
3 *Mur.* 'Tis he.
1 *Mur.* Stand to't.
Ban. It will be rain to-night.
1 *Mur.* Let it come down.
[*Assaults Banquo.*
Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly;
Thou may'st revenge. O slave!
[*Dies. Fleance and servant escape.*
3 *Mur.* Who did strike out the light?
1 *Mur.* Was't not the way?
3 *Mur.* There's but one down: the son is fled.
2 *Mur.* We have lost best half of our affair.
1 *Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how much is done. [*Exeunt.*

* Most melancholy. † Do him the highest honours.
‡ *i. e.* The copy, the lease, by which they hold their lives from nature, has its time of termination.
§ The beetle borne in the air by its shards or scaly wings.

* Blinding. † *i. e.* They who are set down in the list of guests, and expected to supper.

SCENE IV.

A Room of State in the Palace.

A Banquet prepared. Enter Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, Rosse, Lenox, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. You know your own degrees, sit down: at first
And last, the hearty welcome.
Lords. Thanks to your majesty.
Macb. Ourself will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state*; but, in best time,
We will require her welcome.
Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

Enter first Murderer, to the door.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks:——
Both sides are even. Here I'll sit i'the mid'st:
Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a measure
The table round.—There's blood upon thy face.
Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.
Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than he within.
Is he despatch'd?
Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.
Macb. Thou art the best o'the cut-throats. Yet he's good,
That did the like for Fleance: if thou did'st it,
Thou art the nonpareil.
Mur. Most royal sir,
Fleance is scap'd.
Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect;
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;
As broad, and general, as the casing air:
But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?
Mur. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.
Macb. Thanks for that:——
There the grown serpent lies; the worm, that's fled,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone; to-morrow
We'll hear ourselves again. [*Exit Murderer.*
Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold,
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making,
'Tis given with welcome. To feed were best at home;
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.
Macb. Sweet remembrancer!—
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!
Len. May it please your highness sit?
[*The Ghost of Banquo rises, and sits in Macbeth's place.*
Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,

* Continues in her chair of state.

Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance!
Rosse. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your highness
To grace us with your royal company?
Macb. The table's full.
Len. Here's a place reserv'd, sir.
Macb. Where?
Len. Here, my lord. What is't that moves your highness?
Macb. Which of you have done this?
Lords. What, my good lord!
Macb. Thou canst not say, I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.
Rosse. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.
Lady M. Sit, worthy friends:—my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: 'pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought*
He will again be well. If much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion†;
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?
Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.
Lady M. O proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws‡, and starts,
(Impostors to true fear,) would well become
A woman's story, at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.
Macb. Pr'ythee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you?——
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.—
If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send
Those that we bury, back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [*Ghost disappears.*
Lady M. What! quite unmann'd in folly?
Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.
Lady M. Fye, for shame!
Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i'the olden time,
Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end: but now, they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools. This is more strange
Than such a murder is.
Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.
Macb. I do forget:—
Do not muse§ at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;

* As quick as thought.
† Prolong his suffering.
‡ Sudden gusts.
§ Wonder.

Then I'll sit down:——Give me some wine, fill full:
I drink to the general joy of the whole table,
Ghost rises.
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all*.
Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.
Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with!
Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.
Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword:
If trembling I inhibit† thee, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
[*Ghost disappears.*
Unreal mockery, hence!—Why, so;—being gone,
I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.
Lady M. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With most admir'd disorder.
Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome‡ us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe§,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanch'd with fear.
Rosse. What sights, my lord?
Lady M. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;
Question enrages him: at once, good night:—
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.
Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his majesty!
Lady M. A kind good night to all!
[*Exeunt Lords and Attendants.*
Macb. It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood;
Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;
Augurs, and understood relations, have
By magot-pies‖, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth
The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?
Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.
Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person,
At our great bidding?
Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?
Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send:
There's not a one* of them, but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,
(Betimes I will,) unto the weird sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst: for mine own good,
All causes shall give way: I am in blood
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd†.
Lady M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.
Macb. Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:—
We are yet but young in deed. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Heath.

Thunder. Enter Hecate, meeting the three Witches.
1 *Witch.* Why, how now, Hecate? you look angerly.
Hec. Have I not reason, beldams, as you are,
Saucy, and overbold? How did you dare
To trade and traffick with Macbeth,
In riddles, and affairs of death;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art?
And, which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful, and wrathful; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now. Get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron,
Meet me i'the morning; thither he
Will come to know his destiny.
Your vessels, and your spells, provide,
Your charms, and every thing beside:
I am for the air; this night I'll spend
Unto a dismal fatal end.
Great business must be wrought ere noon:
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound‡;
I'll catch it ere it come to ground:
And that, distill'd by magick slights,
Shall raise such artificial sprights,
As, by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his confusion:
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear:
And you all know, security
Is mortal's chiefest enemy.
Song. [*Within.*] Come away, come away, &c.
Hark, I am call'd; my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [*Exit.*
1 *Witch.* Come let's make haste; she'll soon be back again. [*Exeunt.*

* *i. e.* All good wishes to all.
§ Possess. ‖ Mag-pies. ‡ Pass over. † Forbid.

* An individual. † Examined nicely.
‡ *i. e.* A drop that has deep or hidden qualities.

SCENE VI.

Fores. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Lenox and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret further: only, I say,
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth:—marry, he was dead:—
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;
Whom, you may say, if it please you, Fleance kill'd,
For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was for Malcolm, and for Donalbain,
To kill their gracious father? damned fact!
How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
That where the slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep?
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive,
To hear the men deny it. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well: and I do think,
That had he Duncan's sons under his key,
(As, an's please heaven, he shall not,) they should find
What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.
But, peace!—for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,
Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The son of Duncan,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the English court; and is receiv'd
Of the most pious Edward with such grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the holy king, on his aid
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward:
That, by the help of these, (with Him above
To ratify the work,) we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights;
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives;
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours*,
All which we pine for now: and this report
Hath so exasperate† the king, that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did: and with an absolute, *Sir, not I,*
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums; as who should say, *You'll rue the time*
That clogs me with this answer.

Len. And that well might
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England, and unfold
His message ere he come; that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accurs'd!

Lord. My prayers with him!

[*Exeunt.*

* Honours freely bestowed. † For exasperated.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A dark Cave. In the middle, a cauldron boiling. Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.
2 *Witch.* Thrice and once the hedge-pig whin'd.
3 *Witch.* Harper cries:—'Tis time, 'tis time.
1 *Witch.* Round about the cauldron go;
In the poison'd entrails throw.——
Toad, that under coldest stone,
Days and nights hast thirty-one
Swelter'd* venom, sleeping got,
Boil thou first i'the charmed pot!
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn; and, cauldron, bubble.
2 *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake:
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.
3 *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf;
Witch's mummy; maw and gulf†
Of the ravin'd‡ salt-sea shark;
Root of hemlock, digg'd i'the dark;
Liver of blaspheming Jew;
Gall of goat: and slips of yew,
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse;
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;
Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron§,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.
2 *Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate, and the other three Witches.

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains:
And every one shall share i'the gains.
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

Song.

Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and grey;
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.

2 *Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes:——
Open, locks, whoever knocks.

* This word is employed to signify that the animal was wetted with its own cold exsudations.
† The throat. ‡ Ravenous. § Entrails.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags?
What is't you do?
All. A deed without a name.
Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
(Howe'er you come to know it,) answer me:
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty* waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd†, and trees blown down;
Though castles topple‡ on their warders' heads;
Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's germins§ tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken, answer me
To what I ask you.
1 *Witch.* Speak.
2 *Witch.* Demand.
3 *Witch.* We'll answer.
1 *Witch.* Say, if thoud'st rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters'?
Macb. Call them, let me see them.
1 *Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease, that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.
All. Come, high, or low;
Thyself, and office, deftly‖ show.

Thunder. An Apparition of an armed Head rises.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,——
1 *Witch.* He knows thy thought:
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.
App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife.—Dismiss me:—Enough.
[*Descends.*
Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks;
Thou hast harp'd¶ my fear aright.—But one word more:—
1 *Witch.* He will not be commanded. Here's another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. An Apparition of a bloody Child rises.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—
Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.
App. Be bloody, bold,
And resolute: laugh to scorn the power of man,
For none of woman born shall harm Macbeth.
[*Descends.*
Macb. Then live, Macduff. What need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.—What is this,

* Frothy. † Laid flat by wind or rain. ‡ Tumble.
§ Seeds which have begun to sprout. ‖ Adroitly.
¶ Touched on a passion as a harper touches a string.

Thunder. An Apparition of a Child crowned with a tree in his hand, rises.

That rises like the issue of a king;
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty?
All. Listen, but speak not.
App. Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are;
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [*Descends.*
Macb. That will never be;
Who can impress the forest*; bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? sweet bodements! good!
Rebellious head, rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortal custom.—Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing. Tell me, (if your art
Can tell so much,) shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?
All. Seek to know no more.
Macb. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know:—
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?
[*Hautboys.*
1 *Witch.* Show! 2 *Witch.* Show! 3 *Witch.* Show!
All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart.
Eight Kings appear, and pass over the Stage in order; the last with a glass in his hand; Banquo following. [down!
Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo;
Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls:—And thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:—
A third is like the former:—Filthy hags!
Why do you show me this?—A fourth?—Start eyes!
What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom†?
Another yet?—A seventh?—I'll see no more:—
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,
Which shows me many more; and some I see,
That two-fold balls and treble scepters carry‡:
Horrible sight!—Ay, now, I see, 'tis true;
For the blood-bolter'd§ Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his.—What, is this so?
1 *Witch.* Ay, sir, all this is so.—But why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?—
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprights.
And show the best of our delights;
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antique round:
That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.
[*Musick. The Witches dance, and vanish.*
Macb. Where are they? Gone?—Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar!—
Come in, without there!

* Who can command the forest to serve him like a soldier impressed? † The dissolution of nature. ‡ A compliment to James who first united the two islands, and the three kingdoms under one head. § Besmeared with blood.

Enter Lenox.

Len. What's your grace's will?
Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?
Len. No, my lord.
Macb. Came they not by you?
Len. No, indeed, my lord.
Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride;
And damn'd all those that trust them!—I did hear
The galloping of horse. Who was't came by?
Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word,
Macduff is fled to England.
Macb. Fled to England?
Len. Ay, my good lord.
Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st* my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done;
The castle of Macduff I will surprize;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o'the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace† his line. No boasting like a fool:
This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool:
But no more sights!—Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Fife. A Room in Macduff's Castle.

Enter Lady Macduff, her Son, and Rosse.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the land?
Rosse. You must have patience, madam.
L. Macd. He had none;
His flight was madness. When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors‡.
Rosse. You know not,
Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.
L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;
He wants the natural touch§: for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight‖,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.
Rosse. My dearest coz',
I pray you, school yourself. But, for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o'the season. I dare not speak much further:
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear;
But float upon a wild and violent sea,
Each way, and move.—I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!
L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.
Rosse. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort:
I take my leave at once. [*Exit Rosse.*
L. Macd. Sirrah*, your father's dead:
And what will you do now? How will you live?
Son. As birds do, mother.
L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?
Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.
L. Macd. Poor bird! thou'dst never fear the net, nor lime,
The pit-fall, nor the gin.
Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for.
My father is not dead, for all your saying.
L. Macd. Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do for a father?
Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?
L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.
Son. Then you'll buy'em to sell again.
L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and yet i'faith,
With wit enough for thee.
Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?
L. Macd. Ay, that he was.
Son. What is a traitor?
L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.
Son. And be all traitors, that do so?
L. Macd. Every one that does so, is a traitor, and must be hanged.
Son. And must they all be hanged, that swear and lie?
L. Macd. Every one.
Son. Who must hang them?
L. Macd. Why the honest men.
Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools: for there are liars and swearers enough to beat the honest men, and hang up them.
L. Macd. Now, God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?
Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.
L. Macd. Poor prattler! how thou talk'st.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect†.
I doubt, some danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;
To do worse to you, were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!
I dare abide no longer. [*Exit Messenger.*

* Preventest, by taking away the opportunity. † Follow.
‡ *i. e.* Our flight is considered as evidence of our treason.
§ Natural affection. ‖ Fight for.

* Sirrah was not in our author's time a term of reproach.
† I am perfectly acquainted with your rank.

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world; where, to do harm,
Is often laudable; to do good, sometime,
Accounted dangerous folly: why then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say I have done no harm?——What are these faces?

Enter Murderers.

Mur. Where is your husband?
L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified,
Where such as thou may'st find him.
Mur. He's a traitor.
Son. Thou ly'st, thou shag-ear'd villain.
Mur. What, you egg! [*Stabbing him.*
Young fry of treachery!
Son. He has killed me, mother;
Run away, I pray you. [*Dies.*

[*Exit Lady Macduff, crying murder, and pursued by the Murderers.*

SCENE III.

England. A Room in the King's Palace.
Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.
Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men,
Bestride our downfall'n birthdom*. Each new morn,
New widows howl; new orphans cry; new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour
Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and, what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend†, I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well;
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but something
You may deserve of him through me; and wisdom
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,
To appease an angry god.
Macd. I am not treacherous.
Mal. But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil,
In an imperial charge‡. But 'crave your pardon;
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose:
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.
Macd. I have lost my hopes.
Mal. Perchance, even there, where I did find my doubts.

* Birthright. † Befriend.
‡ *i. e.* A good mind may recede from goodness in the execution of a royal commission.

Why in that rawness left you wife and child,
(Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,)
Without leave taking?—I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties:—You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.
Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dares not check thee! wear thou thy wrongs,
Thy title is affeer'd* !—Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.
Mal. Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here, from gracious England, have I offer
Of goodly thousands. But, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before;
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.
Macd. What should he be?
Mal. It is myself I mean: in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless harms.
Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd
In evils, to top Macbeth.
Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious†, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden‡, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name. But there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust: and my desire
All continent impediments would o'er-bear,
That did oppose my will. Better Macbeth,
Than such a one to reign.
Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hood-wink.
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.
Mal. With this, there grows,
In my most ill-compos'd affection, such
A staunchless avarice, that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;

* Legally settled by those who had the final adjudication.
† Lascivious. ‡ Passionate.

Desire his jewels, and this other's house:
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more: that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good, and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.
Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeding lust*: and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings. Yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foysons† to fill up your will,
Of your mere own. All these are portable‡,
With other graces weigh'd.
Mal. But I have none. The king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them; but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.
Macd. O Scotland! Scotland!
Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.
Macd. Fit to govern!
No, not to live.—O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,
And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king; the queen, that bore thee,
Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well!
These evils, thou repeat'st upon thyself,
Have banish'd me from Scotland.—O, my breast,
Thy hope ends here!
Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste§. But God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction: here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman; never was forsworn;
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
At no time broke my faith; would not betray
The devil to his fellow; and delight
No less in truth, than life: my first false speaking
Was this upon myself. What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
All ready at a point, was setting forth:
Now we'll together; and the chance, of goodness,
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?
Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once,
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well; more anon.—Comes the king forth, I pray you?
Doct. Ay, sir: there are a crew of wretched souls,
That stay his cure: their malady convinces*
The great assay of art; but, at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.
Mal. I thank you, doctor.

[*Exit Doctor.*

Macd. What's the disease he means?
Mal. 'Tis call'd the evil:
A most miraculous work in this good king;
Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures;
Hanging a golden stamp† about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

Enter Rosse.

Macd. See, who comes here?
Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not.
Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.
Mal. I know him now. Good God, betimes remove
The means that make us strangers!
Rosse. Sir, Amen.
Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?
Rosse. Alas, poor country!
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rent the air,
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstacy‡; the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd, for who; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying, or ere they sicken.
Macd. O, relation,
Too nice, and yet too true!
Mal. What is the newest grief?
Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;
Each minute teems a new one.
Macd. How does my wife?
Rosse. Why, well.
Macd. And all my children?
Rosse. Well too.

* Like a flower sprung from seed in summer, and dying with the season. † Plenty. ‡ May be endured. § Over-hasty credulity.

* Overpowers, subdues. † The coin called an Angel. ‡ Common distress of mind.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?
Rosse. No; they were well at peace, when I did leave them.
Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech; how goes it?
Rosse. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:
Now is the time of help! your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff* their dire distresses.
Mal. Be it their comfort,
We are coming thither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men;
An older, and a better soldier, none
That Christendom gives out.
Rosse. 'Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words,
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch† them.
Macd. What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief‡,
Due to some single breast?
Rosse. No mind, that's honest,
But in it shares some woe: though the main part
Pertains to you alone.
Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.
Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.
Macd. Humph! I guess at it.
Rosse. Your castle is surpriz'd; your wife, and babes,
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry§ of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.
Mal. Merciful heaven!—
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief, that does not speak,
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.
Macd. My children too?
Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.
Macd. And I must be from thence!
My wife kill'd too?
Rosse. I have said.
Mal. Be comforted:
Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.
Macd. He has no children.—All my pretty ones?
Did you say, all?—O, hell-kite!—All?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop?
Mal. Dispute it like a man.
Macd. I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.—Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls; Heaven rest them now!
Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.
Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue!——But, gentle heaven,
Cut short all intermission*: front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!
Mal. This tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the king: our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long that never finds the day. [*Exeunt.*

* Put off. † Catch. ‡ A grief that has a single owner.
§ The game after it is killed.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle. Enter a Doctor of Physick, and a waiting Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?
Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.
Doct. A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of sheep, and do the effects of watching.—In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking, and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?
Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.
Doct. You may, to me; and 'tis most meet you should.
Gent. Neither to you, nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady Macbeth, with a Taper.

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her: stand close.
Doct. How came she by that light?
Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.
Doct. You see her eyes are open.
Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.
Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.
Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands; I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.
Lady M. Yet here's a spot.
Doct. Hark, she speaks: I will set down what

* All pause.

comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One: Two: Why then 'tis time to do't:—Hell is murky!—Fye, my lord, fye! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife. Where is she now?——What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o'that, my lord, no more o'that: you mar all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She spoke what she should not, I am sure of that. Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still; all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand, Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well,—

Gent. 'Pray God, it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice. Yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look not so pale:—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out of his grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady M. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done, cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed. [*Exit Lady Macbeth.*

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad. Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles. Infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine, than the physician.—
God, God, forgive us all! Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her:—So, good night:
My mind she has mated*, and amaz'd my sight:
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Country near Dunsinane.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, Menteth, Cathness, Angus, Lenox, and Soldiers.

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff,
Revenges burn in them: for their dear causes
Would, to the bleeding, and the grim alarm,
Excite the mortified man†.

* Confounded. † A religious; an ascetic.

Ang. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

Cath. Who knows, if Donalbain be with his brother?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file
Of all the gentry; there is Siward's son,
And many unrough* youths, that even now
Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Cath. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:
Some say, he's mad; others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
Those he commands, move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil, and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself, for being there?

Cath. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the medicin† of the sickly weal;
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs,
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam.

[*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE III.

Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all;
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm!
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequents, pronounc'd me thus:
Fear not, Macbeth; no man, that's born of woman,
Shall e'er have power on thee.——Then fly, false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures:
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sagg‡ with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon§!
Where got'st thou that goose look?

Serv. There is ten thousand——

Macb. Geese, villain?

Serv. Soldiers, sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch‖?
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

* Unbearded. † The physician.
‡ Sink. § Base fellow. ‖ An appellation of contempt.

Serv. The English force, so please you.
Macb. Take thy face hence.—Seyton!—I am sick at heart,
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push
Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.
I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf:
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, but dare not.
Seyton!——

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?
Macb. What news more?
Sey. All is confirm'd my lord, which was reported.
Macb. I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.
Give me my armour.
Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.
Macb. I'll put it on.
Send out more horses, skirr* the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear.—Give me mine armour.
How does your patient, doctor?
Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.
Macb. Cure her of that:
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart?
Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself. [it:—
Macb. Throw physick to the dogs, I'll none of
Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff:—
Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from me:
Come, sir, despatch:—If thou could'st, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.—Pull't off, I say.—
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence?—Hearest thou of them?
Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.
Macb. Bring it after me.—
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane. [*Exit.*
Doct. Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Country near Dunsinane; a Wood in view.
Enter, with Drum and Colours, Malcolm, old Siward and his Son, Macduff, Menteth, Cathness, Angus, Lenox, Rosse, and Soldiers, marching.

Mal. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand
That chambers will be safe.

* Scour.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.
Siw. What wood is this before us?
Ment. The wood of Birnam.
Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him: thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.
Sold. It shall be done.
Siw. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before't.
Mal. 'Tis his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less* have given him the revolt;
And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.
Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.
Siw. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe,
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate;
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate†:
Towards which, advance the war.
[*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE V.

Dunsinane. Within the Castle.

Enter, with Drums and Colours, Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers.

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still, *They come.* Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn; here let them lie,
Till famine, and the ague, eat them up:
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noise?
[*A cry within of women.*
Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.
Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell‡ of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir
As life were in't: I have supp'd full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaught'rous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.—Wherefore was that cry?
Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.
Macb. She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.—
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.——

* i. e. Greater and less. † Determine. ‡ Skin.

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue ; thy story quickly.

Mess. Gracious my lord,
I shall report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.

Macb. Well, say, sir.

Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar and slave! [*Striking him.*

Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so :
Within this three mile may you see it coming ;
I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling* thee : if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.—
I pall in resolution ; and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth. Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane;—and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and out!—
If this, which he avouches, does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish the estate o'the world were now undone.—
Ring the alarum-bell :—Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness† on our back.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The same. A plain before the Castle.

Enter, with Drums and Colours, Malcolm, old Siward, Macduff, &c. and their Army, with Boughs.

Mal. Now near enough; your leavy screens
throw down,
And show like those you are :—You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle : worthy Macduff, and we,
Shall take upon us what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well.—
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak ; give them
all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.

[*Exeunt. Alarums continued.*

SCENE VII.

The same. Another Part of the Plain.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake ; I cannot
fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course.—What's he,
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young Siward.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siw. No ; though thou call'st thyself hotter
name
Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce
a title
More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant: with my
sword
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[*They fight, and young Siward is slain.*

Macb. Thou wast born of woman.—
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

Macd. That way the noise is.—Tyrant, show
thy face :
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghost will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kernes*, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their staves ; either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou should'st be;
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited†. Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarum.*

Enter Malcolm and old Siward.

Siw. This way, my lord—the castle's gently
render'd ;
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight ;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war ;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.

Siw. Enter, sir, the castle.

[*Exeunt. Alarum.*

Re-enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and
die
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Re-enter Macduff.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee ;
But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words,
My voice is in my sword ; thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [*They fight.*

Macb. Thou losest labour ;
As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air‡
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed :
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests ;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm ;
And let the angel, whom thou still hast serv'd,
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

* Soldiers. † Reported with clamour.
‡ The air which cannot be cut.

* Gripe, compress. † Armour.

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter* with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o'the time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole; and underwrit,
Here may you see the tyrant.

Macb. I'll not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last. Before my body
I throw my warlike shield; lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries, Hold, enough.
[*Exeunt, fighting.*

Retreat. Flourish. Re-enter, with Drum and Colours, Malcolm, old Siward, Rosse, Lenox, Angus, Cathness, Menteth, and Soldiers.

Mal. I would, the friends we miss were safe arriv'd.

Siw. Some must go off: and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

Rosse. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:
He only liv'd but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.

Siw. Then he is dead?

Rosse. Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Siw. Had he his hurts before?

Rosse. Ay, on the front.

Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him,

Siw. He's worth no more;
They say, he parted well, and paid his score:
So, God be with him!—Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter Macduff, with Macbeth's Head on a Pole.

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art. Behold, where stands
The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl†,
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—
Hail, king of Scotland!

All. King of Scotland, hail!
[*Flourish.*

* Shuffle, equivocate. † Thy kingdom's ornament.

Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of time,
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,—
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen;
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life;—This, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place:
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

KING LEAR.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Lear, King of Britain.
King of France.
Duke of Burgundy.
Duke of Cornwall.
Duke of Albany.
Earl of Kent.
Earl of Gloster.
Edgar, son to Gloster.
Edmund, bastard son to Gloster.
Curan, a courtier.
Old Man, tenant to Gloster.
Physician.
Fool.
Oswald, steward to Goneril.
An Officer, employed by Edmund.
Gentleman, attendant on Cordelia.
A Herald.
Servants to Cornwall.

Goneril, *Regan*, *Cordelia*, } daughters to Lear.

Knights attending on the King, Officers, Messengers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

Scene, Britain.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room of State in King Lear's Palace.

Enter Kent, Gloster, and Edmund.

Kent. I thought, the king had more affected the duke of Albany, than Cornwall.

Glo. It did always seem so to us: but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for equalities are so weigh'd, that curiosity* in neither can make choice of either's moiety†.

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord?

Glo. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge: I have so often blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to it.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could; whereupon she grew round-wombed; and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

* Most scrupulous nicety. † Part or division.

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper*.

Glo. But I have, sir, a son by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account: though this knave came somewhat saucily into the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair; * * * * * * Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my lord.

Glo. My lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again:—The king is coming.

[*Trumpets sound within.*

Enter Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Goneril, Regan, Cordelia, and Attendants.

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloster.

Glo. I shall, my liege.

[*Exeunt Gloster and Edmund.*

Lear. Mean-time we shall express our darker† purpose.
Give me the map there.—Know, that we have divided,
In three, our kingdom: and 'tis our fast intent
To shake all cares and business from our age;
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
Unburden'd crawl toward death.—Our son of Cornwall,
And you, our no less loving son of Albany,
We have this hour a constant will to publish
Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife
May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy,
Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,
Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,
And here are to be answer'd.—Tell me, my daughters,
(Since now we will divest us, both of rule,
Interest of territory, cares of state,)
Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most?
That we our largest bounty may extend
Where merit doth most challenge it.—Goneril,
Our eldest-born, speak first.

Gon. Sir, I
Do love you more than words can wield the matter,
Dearer than eye-sight, space and liberty;
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour:
As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found.
A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable;
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Cor. What shall Cordelia do? Love, and be silent.

[*Aside.*

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,
With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd,
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady. To thine and Albany's issue
Be this perpetual.—What says our second daughter,
Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.

Reg. I am made of that self metal as my sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find, she names my very deed of love;
Only she comes too short,—that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys,
Which the most precious square* of sense possesses;
And find, I am alone felicitate† In your dear highness' love.

Cor. Then poor Cordelia! [*Aside.*
And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's
More richer than my tongue.

Lear. To thee and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
No less in space, validity‡, and pleasure.
Than that confirm'd on Goneril.—Now, our joy,
Although the last, not least; to whose young love
The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,
Strive to be interess'd: what can you say, to draw
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing?

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing can come of nothing: speak again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth; I love your majesty
According to my bond; nor more, nor less.

Lear. How, how, Cordelia? mend your speech a little,
Lest it may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me: I
Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say,
They love you, all? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care, and duty:
Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all.

Lear. But goes this with thy heart?

Cor. Ay, good my lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender?

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so.—Thy truth then be thy dower:
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun:
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night;
By all the operations of the orbs,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be;
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this§, for ever. The barbarous Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation‖ messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom

* Handsome. † More secret.

* Comprehension. † Made happy. ‡ Value.
§ From this time. ‖ His children.

Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou my sometime daughter.
Kent. Good my liege,—
Lear. Peace, Kent!
Come not between the dragon and his wrath:
I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery.—Hence, and avoid my sight!—
[*To Cordelia.*
So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her!—Call France.—Who stirs?
Call Burgundy.—Cornwall, and Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers digest this third:
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
I do invest you jointly with my power,
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majesty.—Ourself, by monthly course,
With reservation of an hundred knights,
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due turns. Only we still retain
The name, and all the additions* to a king;
The sway,
Revenue, execution of the rest,
Beloved sons, be yours: which to confirm,
This coronet part between you. [*Giving the crown.*
Kent. Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers,—
Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from the shaft.
Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly,
When Lear is mad. What would'st thou do, old man?
Think'st thou, that duty shall have dread to speak,
When power to flattery bows? To plainness honour's bound,
When majesty stoops to folly. Reverse thy doom;
And, in thy best consideration, check
This hideous rashness: and answer my life my judgment,
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;
Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low sound
Reverbs† no hollowness.
Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more.
Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thine enemies; nor fear to lose it,
Thy safety being the motive.
Lear. Out of my sight!
Kent. See better, Lear, and let me still remain
The true blank‡ of thine eye.
Lear. Now, by Apollo,—
Kent. Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.
Lear. O, vassal! miscreant!
[*Laying his hand on his sword.*
Alb. Corn. Dear sir, forbear.
Kent. Do;
Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift;
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee, thou dost evil.
Lear. Hear me, recreant!
On thine allegiance hear me!—
Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow,
(Which we durst never yet,) and, with strain'd pride,
To come betwixt our sentence and our power;
(Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,)
Our potency make good, take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee, for provision
To shield thee from diseases of the world;
And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom: if, on the tenth day following,
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death. Away! By Jupiter,
This shall not be revok'd.
Kent. Fare thee well, king: since thus thou wilt appear,
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.—
The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,
[*To Cordelia.*
That justly think'st, and has most rightly said!—
And your large speeches may your deeds approve,
[*To Regan and Goneril.*
That good effects may spring from words of love.—
Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu;
He'll shape his old course in a country new.
[*Exit.*

Re-enter Gloster; with France, Burgundy, and Attendants.

Glo. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.
Lear. My lord of Burgundy,
We first address towards you, who with this king
Hath rivall'd for our daughter; what, in the least,
Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love*?
Bur. Most royal majesty,
I crave no more than hath your highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender less.
Lear. Right noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;
But now her price is fall'n. Sir, there she stands;
If aught within that little, seeming† substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure pierc'd,
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
She's there, and she is yours.
Bur. I know no answer.
Lear. Sir,
Will you, with those infirmities she owes‡,
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,
Take her, or leave her?
Bur. Pardon me, royal sir;
Election makes not up on such conditions.
Lear. Then leave her, sir; for, by the power that made me,
I tell you all her wealth.—For you, great king,
[*To France.*

* Titles. † Reverberates. ‡ The mark to shoot at.

* Amorous expedition. † Specious. ‡ Owns, is possessed of.

I would not from your love make such a stray,
To match you where I hate ; therefore beseech you
To avert your liking a more worthier way,
Than on a wretch whom nature is asham'd
Almost to acknowledge hers.

France. This is most strange !
That she, that even but now was your best object,
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
Most best, most dearest, should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favour ! Sure, her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree,
That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall into taint : which to believe of her,
Must be a faith, that reason without miracle
Could never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your majesty,
(If for* I want that glib and oily art,
To speak and purpose not ; since what I well intend,
I'll do't before I speak,) that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour :
But even for want of that, for which I am richer ;
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
That I am glad I have not, though not to have it,
Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou
Hadst not been born, than not to have pleas'd me better.

France. Is it but this ? a tardiness in nature,
Which often leaves the history unspoke,
That it intends to do ?—My lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady ? Love is not love,
When it is mingled with respects, that stand
Aloof from the entire point ? Will you have her ?
She is herself a dowry.

Bur. Royal Lear,
Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing : I have sworn ; I am firm.

Bur. I am sorry then, you have so lost a father,
That you must lose a husband.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy !
Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich, being poor ;
Most choice, forsaken ; and most lov'd, despis'd !
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon :
Be it lawful, I take up what's cast away.
Gods, gods ! 'tis strange, that from their cold'st neglect
My love should kindle to inflam'd respect.—
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France :
Not all the dukes of wat'rish Burgundy
Shall buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me.—
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind ;
Thou losest here, a better where† to find.

* Because. † Place.

Lear. Thou hast her, France : let her be thine ; for we
Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of her's again :—Therefore begone,
Without our grace, our love, our benizon.—
Come, noble Burgundy.

[*Flourish. Exeunt Lear, Burgundy, Cornwall, Albany, Gloster, and Attendants.*

France. Bid farewell to your sisters.

Cor. The jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you ; I know you what you are :
And, like a sister, am most loath to call
Your faults, as they are nam'd. Use well our father :
To your professed bosoms I commit him :
But yet, alas ! stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So farewell to you both.

Gon. Prescribe not us our duties.

Reg. Let your study
Be, to content your lord ; who hath receiv'd you
At fortune's alms. You have obedience scanted,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.

Cor. Time shall unfold what plaited cunning hides ;
Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.
Well may you prosper !

France. Come, my fair Cordelia.

[*Exeunt France and Cordelia.*

Gon. Sister, it is not a little I have to say, of what most nearly appertains to us both. I think, our father will hence to-night.

Reg. That's most certain, and with you ; next month with us.

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is ; the observation we have made of it hath not been little ; he always loved our sister most ; and with what poor judgment he hath now cast her off, appears too grossly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age : yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself.

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash ; then must we look to receive from his age, not alone the imperfections of long-engrafted condition*, but therewithal, the unruly waywardness that infirm and cholerick years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him, as this of Kent's banishment.

Gon. There is further compliment of leave taking between France and him. Pray you, let us hit together. If our father carry authority with such dispositions as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We shall further think of it.

Gon. We must do something, and i'the heat.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Hall in the Earl of Gloster's Castle.

Enter Edmund, with a letter.

Edm. Thou, nature, art my goddess ; to thy law
My services are bound : wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom ; and permit

* Qualities of mind.

The curiosity* of nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-shines
Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore base?
When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?
Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
More composition and fierce quality,
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween asleep and wake?—Well then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land:
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund,
As to the legitimate: Fine word,—legitimate!
Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
And my invention thrive. Edmund the base
Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper:—
Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

Enter Gloster.

Glo. Kent banish'd thus! And France in choler parted!
And the king gone to-night! subscrib'd† his power!
Confin'd to exhibition‡! All this done
Upon the gad§!——Edmund! How now? what news?

Edm. So please your lordship, none.

[*Putting up the letter.*

Glo. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?

Edm. I know no news, my lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glo. No? What needed then that terrible despatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see: Come, if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

Edm. I beseech you, sir, pardon me: it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'erread; for so much as I have perused, I find it not fit for your over-looking.

Glo. Give me the letter, sir.

Edm. I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

Glo. Let's see, let's see.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay or taste of my virtue.

Glo. [Reads.] *This policy, and reverence of age, makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us, till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond*‖ *bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother,* Edgar.—Humph—Conspiracy!—*Sleep till I waked him—you should enjoy half his revenue,*—My son Edgar!—Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in?—When came this to you? Who brought it?

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord, there's the cunning of it; I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; but, I hope, his heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Hath he never heretofore sounded you in this business?

Edm. Never, my lord: but I have often heard him maintain it to be fit, that, sons at perfect age, and fathers declining, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glo. O villain, villain!—His very opinion in the letter!—Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish!—Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him:—Abominable villain!—Where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother, till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shall run a certain course; where*, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no other pretence† of danger.

Glo. Think you so?

Edm. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be such a monster.

Edm. Nor is not, sure.

Glo. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him.—Heaven and earth!—Edmund, seek him out: wind me into him, I pray you frame the business after your own wisdom: I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution‡.

Edm. I will seek him, sir, presently: convey§ the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glo. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects: love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond cracked between son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there's son against father: the king falls from bias of nature; there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time: machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves!—Find out this villain, Edmund, it shall lose thee nothing; do it carefully:—And the noble and true-hearted Kent banished! his offence, honesty!—Strange! strange! [*Exit.*

* The nicety of civil institution.
† Yielded, surrendered. ‡ Allowance. § Suddenly.
‖ Weak and foolish.

* Whereas. † Design.
‡ Give all that I am possessed of, to be certain of the truth.
§ Manage.

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world! that, when we are sick in fortune, (often the surfeit of our own behaviour,) we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity: fools, by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers* by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence: and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on: an admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail; and my nativity was under *ursa major*†; so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous.—Tut, I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. Edgar—

Enter Edgar.

and pat he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy. My cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o'Bedlam.—O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, mi‡.

Edg. How now, brother Edmund? What serious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself with that?

Edm. I promise you, the effects he writes of, succeed unhappily: as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in state, menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts§, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

Edm. Come, come; when saw you my father last?

Edg. Why, the night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him, by word or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself, wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty, forbear his presence, till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure; which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear. I pray you, have a continent forbearance, till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak. Pray you, go; there's my key;—if you do stir abroad, go armed.

Edg. Armed, brother?

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best; go armed; I am no honest man, if there be any good meaning towards you: I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it. Pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

Edm. I do serve you in this business.—

[*Exit Edgar.*

A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty
My practices ride easy!—I see the business.—
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:
All with me's meet, that I can fashion fit. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the Duke of Albany's Palace.

Enter Goneril and Steward.

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. By day and night! he wrongs me; every hour
He flashes into one gross crime or other,
That sets us all at odds; I'll not endure it:
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
On every trifle.—When he returns from hunting,
I will not speak with him: say, I am sick:—
If you come slack of former services,
You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.

Stew. He's coming, madam; I hear him.

[*Horns within.*

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your fellows; I'd have it come to question;
If he dislike it, let him to my sister,
Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
Not to be over-rul'd. Idle old man,
That still would manage those authorities,
That he hath given away!—Now, by my life,
Old fools are babes again; and must be us'd
With checks, as flatteries,—when they are seen abus'd.
Remember what I have said.

Stew. Very well, madam.

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks among you;
What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows so:
I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,
That I may speak:—I'll write straight to my sister,
To hold my very course:—Prepare for dinner.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Hall in the same.

Enter Kent, disguised.

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my speech diffuse*, my good intent
May carry through itself to that full issue
For which I raz'd my likeness.—Now, banish'd Kent,
If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,
(So may it come!) thy master, whom thou lov'st,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter Lear, Knights, and attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner: go, get it ready. [*Exit an attendant.*] How now, what art thou?

* Traitors. † Great bear, the constellation so named.
‡ These sounds are unnatural and offensive in musick.
§ For *cohorts* some editors read *courts*.

* Disorder, disguise.

Kent. A man, sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess? What would'st thou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem: to serve him truly, that will put me in trust; to love him that his honest; to converse* with him that is wise, and says little; to fear judgment; to fight, when I cannot choose; and to eat no fish.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

Lear. If thou be as poor for a subject, as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What would'st thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Who wouldest thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, sir; but you have that in your countenance, which I would fain call master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualify'd in; and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing; nor so old, to dote on her for any thing: I have years on my back forty-eight.

Lear. Follow me; thou shalt serve me; if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet.—Dinner, ho, dinner!—Where's my knave? my fool? Go you, and call my fool hither:

Enter Steward.

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

Stew. So please you,— [*Exit.*

Lear. What says the fellow there? Call the clotpoll back.—Where's my fool, ho?—I think the world's asleep.—How now? where's that mongrel?

Knight. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me, when I call'd him?

Knight. Sir, he answer'd me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not.

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertain'd with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindness appears, as well in the general dependants, as in the duke himself also, and your daughter.

Lear. Ha! say'st thou so?

Knight. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent, when I think your highness is wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remember'st me of mine own conception; I have perceived a most faint neglect of late: which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity, than as a very pretence† and purpose of unkindness: I will look further into't.—But where's my fool? I have not seen him this two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that; I have noted it well.—Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her.—Go you, call hither my fool.—

Re-enter Steward.

O, you sir, you sir, come you hither. Who am I, sir?

Stew. My lady's father.

Lear. My lady's father! my lord's knave: you whoreson dog! you slave! you cur!

Stew. I am none of this, my lord; I beseech you, pardon me.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal? [*Striking him.*

Stew. I'll not be struck, my lord.

Kent. Nor tripped neither; you base foot-ball player. [*Tripping up his heels.*

Lear. I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, sir, arise, away; I'll teach you differences; away, away. If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry; but away: go to: Have you wisdom? so. [*Pushes the steward out.*

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee; there's earnest of thy service. [*Giving Kent money.*

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too:—Here's my coxcomb. [*Giving Kent his cap.*

Lear. How now, my pretty knave? how dost thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why fool?

Fool. Why? For taking one's part that is out of favour. Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly. There, take my coxcomb. Why, this fellow has banish'd two of his daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb.—How now, nuncle? 'Would I had two coxcombs, and two daughters?

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I gave them all my living*, I'd keep my coxcombs myself. There's mine; beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, sirrah; the whip.

Fool. Truth's a dog that must to kennel? he must be whipped out, when Lady, the brach†, may stand by the fire, and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me!

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle;—

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest‡,
Ride more than thou goest,
Learn more than thou trowest§,
Set less than thou throwest;

* Keep company. † Design.

* Estate or property. † Bitch hound.
‡ Ownest, possessest. § Believest.

Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep in-a-door,
And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score.

Lear. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then 'tis like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer; you gave me nothing for't. Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. Pr'ythee tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to: he will not believe a fool.

[*To Kent.*

Lear. A bitter fool!

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet fool?

Lear. No, lad: teach me.

Fool. That lord, that counsel'd thee
To give away thy land,
Come place him here by me,—
Or do thou for him stand:
The sweet and bitter fool
Will presently appear;
The one in motley here.
The other found out there.

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, 'faith, lords and great men will not let me: if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't: and ladies too, they will not let me have all fool to myself; they'll be snatching.—Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back over the dirt. Thou had'st little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this let him be whipp'd that first finds it so.

Fools had ne'er less grace* in a year; [*Singing.*
For wise men are grown foppish;
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are so apish.

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou madest thy daughters thy mother: for when thou gavest them the rod, and put'st down thine own breeches.

Then they for sudden joy did weep, [*Singing.*
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a king should play bo-peep,
And go the fools among.

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a school-master that can teach thy fool to lie; I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. If you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipp'd.

Fool. I marvel, what kin thou and thy daughters are; they'll have me whipp'd for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipp'd for lying; and, sometimes, I am whipp'd for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind of thing, than a fool; and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o'both sides, and left nothing in the middle. Here comes one o'the parings.

Enter Goneril.

Lear. How now, daughter! what makes that frontlet* on? Methinks, you are too much of late i' the frown.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow, when thou had'st no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O† without a figure. I am better than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing.—Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; so your face [*To Gon.*] bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum.

He that keeps nor crust nor crum,
Weary of all, shall want some.—

That's a shealed peascod‡. [*Pointing to Lear.*

Gon. Not only, sir, this your all-licens'd fool,
But other of your insolent retinue
Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth
In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir,
I had thought, by making this well known unto you,
To have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful,
By what yourself too late have spoke and done,
That you protect this course, and put it on
By your allowance §; which if you should, the fault
Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep;
Which in the tender of a wholesome weal‖,
Might in their working do you that offence,
Which else were shame, that then necessity
Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For you trow, nuncle,
The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it had its head bit off by its young.

So, out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. Come, sir, I would, you would make use of that good wisdom whereof I know you are fraught; and put away these dispositions, which of late transform you from what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse? Whoop, Jug! I love thee.

Lear. Does any here know me?—Why this is not Lear; does Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes? Either his notion weakens, or his discernings are lethargied—Sleeping or waking?—Ha! sure 'tis not so.—Who is it that can tell me who I am?—Lear's shadow? I would learn that: for by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters.—

Fool. Which they will make an obedient father.

Lear. Your name, fair gentlewoman?

Gon. Come, sir;
This admiration is much o' the favour¶
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
To understand my purposes aright;
As you are old and reverend, you should be wise:
Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires;
Men so disorder'd, so debauch'd, and bold,

* Favour.

* Part of a woman's head dress to which Lear compares her frowning brow. † A cypher.
‡ A mere husk which contains nothing. § Approbation.
‖ Well governed state. ¶ Complexion.

That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shows like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust
Make it more like a tavern or a brothel,
Than a grac'd palace. The shame itself doth speak
For instant remedy. Be then desir'd
By her, that else will take the thing she begs,
A little to disquantity your train:
And the remainder, that shall still depend*,
To be such men as may besort your age,
And know themselves and you.

Lear. Darkness and devils!—
Saddle my horses; call my train together.—
Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee;
Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people; and your disorder'd rabble
Make servants of their betters.

Enter Albany.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents,—O, sir, are you come?
Is it your will? [*To Alb.*] Speak, sir.—Prepare my horses.
Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster!

Alb. Pray, sir, be patient.

Lear. Detested kite! thou liest: [*To Goneril.*
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know:
And in the most exact regard support
The worships of their name.—O most small fault,
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!
Which, like an engine†, wrench'd my frame of nature
From the fix'd place; drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate that let thy folly in,
[*Striking his head.*
And thy dear judgment out—Go, go, my people.

Alb. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
Of what hath mov'd you.

Lear. It may be so, my lord.—Hear, nature, hear;
Dear goddess, hear! Suspend thy purpose, if
Thou didst intend to make this creature fruitful!
Into her womb convey sterility!
Dry up in her the organs of increase;
And from her derogate‡ body never spring
A babe to honour her! If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen; that it may live,
And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her!
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks:
Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,
To laughter and contempt; that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!—Away, away! [*Exit.*

Alb. Now, gods, that we adore, whereof comes this?

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know the cause;
But let his disposition have that scope
That dotage gives it.

* Continue in service.
† The rack. ‡ Degraded.

Re-enter Lear.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers, at a clap!
Within a fortnight?

Alb. What's the matter, sir?

Lear. I'll tell thee:—Life and death! I am asham'd
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus:
[*To Goneril.*
That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them.—Blasts and fogs upon thee!
The untented* woundings of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee!—Old fond eyes,
Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck you out;
And cast you, with the waters that you lose,
To temper clay.—Ha! is it come to this?
Let it be so.—Yet have I left a daughter,
Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable;
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find,
That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think
I have cast off for ever; thou shalt, I warrant thee.
[*Exeunt Lear, Kent, and Attendants.*

Gon. Do you mark that, my lord?

Alb. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,
To the great love I bear you.—

Gon. Pray you, content.—What, Oswald, ho!
You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master.
[*To the Fool.*

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry, and take the fool with thee.
A fox, when one has caught her,
And such a daughter,
Should sure to the slaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter;
So the fool follows after. [*Exit.*

Gon. This man hath had good counsel.—A hundred knights!
'Tis politick, and safe, to let him keep
At point†, a hundred knights. Yes, that on every dream,
Each buz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
And hold our lives in mercy.—Oswald, I say!—

Alb. Well, you may fear too far.

Gon. Safer than trust:
Let me still take away the harms I fear,
Not fear still to be taken. I know his heart:
What he hath utter'd, I have writ my sister;
If she sustain him and his hundred knights,
When I have show'd the unfitness,—How now, Oswald?

Enter Steward.

What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse;
Inform her full of my particular fear;
And thereto add such reasons of your own,
As may compact it more. Get you gone:
And hasten your return. [*Exit Stew.*] No, no, my lord,
This milky gentleness, and course of yours,

* Undressed. † Armed.

Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,
You are much more attask'd* for want of wisdom,
Than prais'd for harmful mildness.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot tell;
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

Gon. Nay, then—

Alb. Well, well; the event. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Court before the same.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.

Lear. Go you before to Gloster with these letters; acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know, than comes from her demand out of the letter. If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there before you.

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter. [*Exit.*

Fool. If a man's brains were in his heels, were't not in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I pr'ythee, be merry; thy wit shall not go slip-shod.

Lear. Ha, ha; ha!

Fool. Shalt see, thy other daughter will use thee kindly†; for though she's as like this as a crab is like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. Why, what canst thou tell, my boy?

Fool. She will taste as like this, as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell, why one's nose stands i' the middle of his face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep his eyes on either side his nose; that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong:—

Fool. Can'st tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put his head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature.—So kind a father! —Be my horses ready?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven, is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight?

Fool. Yes, indeed. Thou wouldest make a good fool.

Lear. To take it again perforce?—Monster ingratitude!

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou should'st not have been old, before thou hadst been wise.

Lear. O let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven! Keep me in temper; I would not be mad!—

* Liable to reprehension.

† This word is used with a double meaning: kindly, after her kind, and affectionately.

Enter Gentleman.

How now! Are the horses ready?

Gent. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

* * * * * * *

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Court within the Castle of the Earl of Gloster.

Enter Edmund and Curan, meeting.

Edm. Save thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, sir. I have been with your father: and given him notice, that the duke of Cornwall, and Regan his duchess, will be here with him to-night.

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not. You have heard of the news abroad; I mean, the whispered ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments?

Edm. Not I; 'Pray you, what are they?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may then, in time. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*

Edm. The duke be here to-night? The better! Best!
This weaves itself perforce into my business!
My father hath set guard to take my brother;
And I have one thing, of a queazy* question,
Which I must act.—Briefness, and fortune, work!—
Brother, a word; descend.—Brother, I say;

Enter Edgar.

My father watches.—O sir, fly this place;
Intelligence is given where you are hid;
You have now the good advantage of the night;—
Have you not spoken 'gainst the duke of Cornwall?
He's coming hither; now, i' the haste,
And Regan with him. Have you nothing said
Upon his party 'gainst the duke of Albany?
Advise† yourself.

Edg. I am sure on't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming,—Pardon me:—
In cunning, I must draw my sword upon you:—
Draw. Seem to defend yourself: Now quit you well.
Yield:—come before my father;—Light, ho, here!—
Fly, brother;—Torches! torches!—So, farewell.—
[*Exit Edgar.*
Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion
[*Wounds his arm.*
Of my more fierce endeavour. I have seen drunkards
Do more than this in sport.—Father! Father!
Stop, stop! No help?

Enter Gloster, and Servants with Torches.

Glo. Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,
Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon
To stand his auspicious mistress:—

* Delicate.

† Consider, recollect yourself.

Glo. But where is he?
Edm. Look, sir, I bleed.
Glo. Where is the villain, Edmund?
Edm. Fled this way, sir. When by no means he could—
Glo. Pursue him, ho? Go after.—[*Exit Serv.*]
By no means,—what?
Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship;
But that I told him, the revenging gods
'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend;
Spoke, with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to the father;—Sir, in fine,
Seeing how loathly opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,
With his prepared sword, he charges home
My unprovided body, lanc'd mine arm:
But when he saw my best alarum'd spirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to the encounter,
Or whether gasted* by the noise I made,
Full suddenly he fled.
Glo. Let him fly far:
Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;
And found—Despatch.—The noble duke my master,
My worthy arch† and patron, comes to-night:
By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he, which finds him, shall deserve our thanks,
Bringing the murderous coward to the stake;
He, that conceals him, death.
Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And found him pight‡ to do it, with curst§ speech
I threaten'd to discover him. He replied,
Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think,
If I would stand against thee, would the reposal
Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee
Make thy words faith'd! No: what I should deny,
(As this I would; ay, though thou didst produce
My very character‖) I'd turn it all
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice:
And thou must make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential spurs
To make thee seek it.
Glo. Strong and fasten'd villain;
Would he deny his letter?—I never got him.
[*Trumpets within.*
Hark the duke's trumpets! I know not why he comes:—
All ports I'll bar; the villain shall not 'scape;
The duke must grant me that: besides, his picture
I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him; and of my land,
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
To make thee capable¶.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, and Attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend? since I came hither,
(Which I can call but now,) I have heard strange news.
Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short,
Which can pursue the offender. How dost, my lord?
Glo. O, madam, my old heart is crack'd, is crack'd!
Reg. What, did my father's godson seek your life?
He whom my father nam'd? your Edgar?
Glo. O lady, lady, shame would have it hid!
Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous knights
That tend upon my father?
Glo. I know not, madam;
It is too bad, too bad.—
Edm. Yes, madam, he was.
Reg. No marvel then, though he were ill affected;
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have the waste and spoil of his revenues.
I have this present evening from my sister
Been well inform'd of them; and with such cautions,
That, if they come to sojourn at my house,
I'll not be there.
Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.—
Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father
A child-like office.
Edm. 'Twas my duty, sir.
Glo. He did bewray* his practice †; and receiv'd
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.
Corn. Is he pursued?
Glo. Ay, my good lord, he is.
Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpose,
How in my strength you please.—For you, Edmund,
Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours;
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need;
You we first seize on.
Edm. I shall serve you, sir,
Truly, however else.
Glo. For him I thank your grace.
Corn. You know not why we came to visit you,—
Reg. Thus out of season; threading dark-ey'd night.
Occasions, noble Gloster, of some poize‡,
Wherein we must have use of your advice:—
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answer from our home; the several messengers
From hence attend despatch. Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your bosom; and bestow
Your needful counsel to our business,
Which craves the instant use.
Glo. I serve you, madam:
Your graces are right welcome. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before Gloster's Castle.

Enter Kent and Steward, severally.

Stew. Good dawning to thee, friend. Art of the house?
Kent. Ay.
Stew. Where may we set our horses?
Kent. I' the mire.
Stew. Pr'ythee, if thou love me, tell me.

* Frighted. † Chief. ‡ Pitched, fixed. § Severe, harsh. ‖ Hand-writing.
¶ *i. e.* Capable of succeeding to my land.

* Betray. † Wicked purpose. ‡ Weight.

Kent. I love thee not.

Stew. Why, then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

Stew. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Stew. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. A knave; a rascal, an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy worsted-stocking knave; a lily-liver'd, action-taking knave; a whorson, glass-gazing, superserviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that would'st be a bawd, in way of good-service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pandar, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch: one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deny'st the least syllable of thy addition*.

Stew. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou thus to rail on one, that is neither known of thee nor knows thee?

Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny thou know'st me? Is it two days ago since I tripp'd up thy heels, and beat thee, before the king? Draw, you rogue: for, though it be night, the moon shines; I'll make a sop o'the moonshine of you. Draw, you whorson cullionly barbermonger, draw.

[*Drawing his sword.*

Stew. Away; I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal: you come with letters against the king; and take vanity† the puppet's part against the royalty of her father: draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks:—draw, you rascal: come your ways.

Stew. Help, ho! murder! help!

Kent. Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand; you neat slave, strike. [*Beating him.*

Stew. Help! ho! murder! murder!

Enter Edmund, Cornwall, Regan, Gloster and Servants.

Edm. How now? What's the matter? Part.

Kent. With you, goodman boy, if you please; come, I'll flesh you; come on, young master.

Glo. Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives;
He dies, that strikes again: What is the matter?

Reg. The messengers from our sister and the king.

Corn. What is your difference? speak.

Stew. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestirr'd your valour. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee; a tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a man?

Kent. Ay, a tailor, sir; a stone-cutter, or a painter, could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours at the trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Stew. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spar'd,
At suit of his grey beard,—

Kent. Thou whorson zed! thou unnecessary letter!—My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted* villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes† with him.—Spare my grey beard, you wagtail?

Corn. Peace, sirrah!
You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, sir; but anger has a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a sword,
Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords atwain
Which are too intrinse‡ t' unloose: smooth every passion
That in the natures of their lords rebels;
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;
Renege§, affirm, and turn their halcyon‖ beaks
With every gale and vary of their masters,
As knowing nought, like dogs, but following.—
A plague upon your epileptick visage!
Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?
Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,
I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot¶.

Corn. What, art thou mad, old fellow?

Glo. How fell you out?
Say that.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Than I and such a knave.

Corn. Why dost thou call him knave? What's his offence?

Kent. His countenance likes me not**.

Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, or his, or hers.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain;
I have seen better faces in my time,
Than stands on any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant.

Corn. This is some fellow,
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness; and constrains the garb,
Quite from his nature. He cannot flatter, he!—
An honest mind and plain,—he must speak truth:
An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Than twenty silly†† ducking observants,
That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good sooth, in sincere verity,
Under the allowance of your grand aspect,
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering Phoebus' front,—

Corn. What mean'st by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you discommend so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer; he that beguiled you, in a plain accent, was a plain

* Title. † A character in the old Moralities.

* Unrefined. † Privy. ‡ Perplexed. § Disown.
‖ The bird called the king-fisher, which when dried and hung up by a thread, is supposed to turn his bill to the point from whence the wind blows.
¶ In Somersetshire, where are bred great quantities of geese.
** *i. e.* Pleases me not. †† Simple or rustick.

knave; which, for my part, I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to entreat me to it.

Corn. What was the offence you gave him?

Stew. Never any;
It pleas'd the king his master, very late,
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction:
When he, conjunct, and flattering his displeasure,
Tripp'd me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd,
And put upon him such a deal of man,
That worthy'd him, got praises of the king
For him attempting who was self-subdu'd;
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here.

Kent. None of these rogues, and cowards,
But Ajax is their fool*.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks, ho!
You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend braggart,
We'll teach you—

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn:
Call not your stocks for me. I serve the king;
On whose employment I was sent to you;
You shall do small respect, show too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks;
As I've life and honour, there shall he sit till noon.

Reg. Till noon! till night, my lord; and all night too.

Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,
You should not use me so.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will.

[*Stocks brought out.*

Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same colour
Our sister speaks of:—Come, bring away the stocks.

Glo. Let me beseech your grace not to do so:
His fault is much, and the good king his master
Will check him for't: your purpos'd low correction
Is such, as basest and contemned'st wretches,
For pilferings and most common trespasses,
Are punish'd with: the king must take it ill,
That he's so slightly valu'd in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrain'd.

Corn. I'll answer that.

Reg. My sister may receive it much more worse,
To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted.
For following her affairs.—Put in his legs.—

[*Kent is put in the stocks.*

Come, my good lord; away.

[*Exeunt Regan and Cornwall.*

Glo. I am sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the duke's pleasure,
Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubb'd, nor stopp'd: I'll entreat for thee.

Kent. Pray, do not, sir: I have watch'd, and travell'd hard:
Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels:
Give you good morrow!

Glo. The duke's to blame in this: 'twill be ill taken. [*Exit.*

Kent. Good king, that must approve the common saw†!
Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st
To the warm sun!
Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,
That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruse this letter!—Nothing almost sees miracles,
But misery:—I know 'tis from Cordelia;
Who hath most fortunately been inform'd
Of my obscured course: and shall find time
From this enormous state,—seeking to give
Losses their remedies.—All weary and o'erwatch'd,
Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
This shameful lodging.
Fortune, good night; smile once more; turn thy wheel! [*He sleeps.*

* *i. e.* Ajax is a fool to them.
† Saying or proverb.

SCENE III.

A Part of the Heath.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd;
And, by the happy hollow of a tree,
Escap'd the hunt. No port is free; no place,
That guard, and most unusual vigilance,
Does not attend my taking. While I may scape,
I will preserve myself: and am bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape,
That every penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beast; my face I'll grime with filth:
Blanket my loins: elf* all my hair in knots;
And with presented nakedness outface
The winds, and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks†, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, sheep cotes and mills,
Sometime with lunatick bans‡, sometime with prayers,
Enforce their charity.—Poor Turlygood! poor Tom!
That's something yet;—Edgar I nothing am. [*Exit.*

* Hair thus knotted, was supposed to be the work of elves and fairies in the night.
† Skewers. ‡ Curses.

SCENE IV.

Before Gloster's Castle.

Enter Lear, Fool and Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis strange, that they should so depart from home,
And not send back my messenger.

Gent. As I learn'd,
The night before there was no purpose in them
Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble master!

Lear. How!
Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?

Kent. No, my lord.

Fool. Ha, ha; look! he wears cruel§ garters!
Horses are tied by the heads; dogs, and bears, by the neck; monkies by the loins, and men by the

§ A quibble on *crewell, worsted.*

legs: when a man is over-lusty at legs, then he wears wooden nether-stocks*.

Lear. What's he, that hath so much thy place mistook
To set thee here?

Kent. It is both he and she,
Your son and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I say.

Kent. I say, yea.

Lear. No, no; they would not.

Kent. Yes, they have.

Lear. By Jupiter, I swear, no.

Kent. By Juno, I swear, ay.

Lear. They durst not do't;
They could not, would not do't; 'tis worse than murder,
To do upon respect such violent outrage:
Resolve me with all modest haste, which way
Thou might'st deserve, or they impose, this usage,
Coming from us.

Kent. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your highness' letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that show'd
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth
From Goneril his mistress, salutations;
Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission,
Which presently they read; on whose contents,
They summon'd up their meiny†, straight took horse;
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks:
And meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome, I perceiv'd, had poison'd mine,
(Being the very fellow that of late
Display'd so saucily against your highness,)
Having more man than wit about me, drew;
He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries:
Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
The shame which here it suffers.

Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly that way.

Fathers that wear rags,
Do make their children blind;
But fathers, that bear bags,
Shall see their children kind.
Fortune, that arrant whore,
Ne'er turns the key to the poor.—

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolours‡ for thy daughters, as thou can'st tell in a year.

Lear. O, how this mother§ swells up toward my heart!
Hysterica passio! down thou climbing sorrow,
Thy element's below!—Where is this daughter?

Kent. With the earl, sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not;
Stay here. [*Exit.*

Gent. Made you no more offence than what you speak of?

Kent. None.
How chance the king comes with so small a train?

Fool. An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for that question, thou hadst well deserved it.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there's no labouring in the winter. All that follow their noses are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty, but can smell him that's stinking. Let go thy hold, when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again: I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

That, sir, which serves and seeks for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack, when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm.
But I will tarry, the fool will stay,
And let the wise man fly:
The knave turns fool, that runs away;
The fool no knave, perdy*.

Kent. Where learn'd you this, fool?

Fool. Not i' the stocks, fool.

Re-enter Lear, with Gloster.

Lear. Deny to speak with me? They are sick? they are weary?
They have travell'd hard to-night? Mere fetches;
The images of revolt and flying off!
Fetch me a better answer.

Glo. My dear lord,
You know the fiery quality of the duke;
How unremoveable and fix'd he is
In his own course.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!—
Fiery? what quality? Why Gloster, Gloster,
I'd speak with the duke of Cornwall, and his wife.

Glo. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.

Lear. Inform'd them! Dost thou understand me, man?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. The king would speak with Cornwall; the dear father
Would with his daughter speak, commands her service:
Are they inform'd of this?——My breath and blood!—
Fiery? the fiery duke?—Tell the hot duke, that—
No, but not yet:—may be, he is not well:
Infirmity doth still neglect all office,
Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourselves,
When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind
To suffer with the body: I'll forbear;
And am fallen out with my more headier will,
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit,
For the sound man.—Death on my state! wherefore
[*Looking on Kent.*
Should he sit here? This act persuades me,
That this remotion† of the duke and her
Is practice‡ only. Give me my servant forth:

* The old word for stockings.
† People, train or retinue.
‡ A quibble between *dolours* and *dollars*.
§ The disease called the *mother*.

* A corruption of a French Oath—*par Dieu*.
† Removing from their own house. ‡ Artifice.

Go, tell the duke and his wife, I'd speak with them,
Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear me,
Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum,
Till it cry—*Sleep to death.*

Glo. I'd have all well betwixt you. [*Exit.*

Lear. O me, my heart, my rising heart!—but, down.

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the eels, when she put them i' the paste* alive; she rapp'd 'em o'the coxcombs with a stick, and cry'd *Down, wantons, down.* 'Twas her brother, that in pure kindness to his horse, butter'd his hay.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gloster, and Servants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn. Hail to your grace!

[*Kent is set at liberty!*

Reg. I am glad to see your highness.

Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason
I have to think so: if thou should'st not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepulchring an adultress.—O, are you free?
[*To Kent.*
Some other time for that.—Beloved Regan,
Thy sister's naught: O Regan, she hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture here,—
[*Points to his heart.*
I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not believe,
Of how deprav'd a quality——O Regan!

Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience; I have hope,
You less know how to value her desert,
Than she to scant† her duty.

Lear. Say, how is that?

Reg. I cannot think, my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation. If, sir, perchance,
She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,
'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,
As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her!

Reg. O, sir, you are old;
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine: you should be rul'd, and led
By some discretion, that discerns your state
Better than you yourself. Therefore, I pray you,
That to our sister you do make return;
Say, you have wrong'd her, sir.

Lear. Ask her forgiveness?
Do you but mark how this becomes the house‡:
Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;
Age is unnecessary; on my knees I beg, [*Kneeling.*
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.

Reg. Good sir, no more; these are unsightly tricks;
Return you to my sister.

Lear. Never, Regan:
She hath abated me of half my train;
Look'd black upon me: struck me with her tongue,
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart:—
All the stor'd vengeances of heaven fall
On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameness!

Corn. Fye, fye, fye!

* Crust of a pie.
† Be wanting in. ‡ The order of families.

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
To fall and blast her pride!

Reg. O the blest gods!
So will you wish on me, when the rash mood's on.

Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse;
Thy tender-hefted* nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness; her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort, and not burn. 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes†,
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in; thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;
Thy half o'the kingdom hast thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good sir, to the purpose.

[*Trumpets within.*

Lear. Who put my man i' the stocks?

Corn. What trumpet's that?

Enter Steward.

Reg. I know't, my sister's; this approves her letter,
That she would soon be here.—Is your lady come?

Lear. This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows:—
Out, varlet, from my sight!

Corn. What means your grace?

Lear. Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I have good hope
Thou didst not know of't.—Who comes here? O heavens,

Enter Goneril.

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow‡ obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause: send down, and take my part!—
Art not asham'd to look upon this beard?—
[*To Goneril.*
O, Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?

Gon. Why not by the hand, sir? How have I offended?
All's not offence, that indiscretion finds,
And dotage terms so.

Lear. O, sides, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold?—How came my man i' the stocks?

Corn. I set him there, sir; but his own disorders
Deserv'd much less advancement.

Lear. You! did you?

Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me;
I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose

* Hefted—heaved, moved.
† Contract my allowances. ‡ Approve.

To wage* against the enmity o'the air:
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—
Necessity's sharp pinch!—Return with her?
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg
To keep base life afoot.—Return with her?
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter†
To this detested groom.

[*Looking on the Steward.*

Gon. At your choice, sir.

Lear. I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad;
I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell;
We'll no more meet, no more see one another:—
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;
Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine: thou art a boil,
A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it;
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove:
Mend, when thou canst; be better at thy leisure:
I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,
I, and my hundred knights.

Reg. Not altogether so, sir;
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome. Give ear, sir, to my sister;
For those that mingle reason with your passion,
Must be content to think you old, and so—
But she knows what she does.

Lear. Is this well spoken now?

Reg. I dare avouch it, sir. What, fifty followers?
Is it not well? What should you need of more?
Yea, or so many? sith‡ that both charge and danger
Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in one house,
Should many people, under two commands,
Hold amity? 'Tis hard: almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance
From those that she calls servants, or from mine?

Reg. Why not, my lord? If then they chanc'd to slack you,
We could control them. If you will come to me,
(For now I spy a danger,) I entreat you
To bring but five and twenty; to no more
Will I give place or notice.

Lear. I gave you all—

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my guardians, my depositaries:
But kept a reservation to be follow'd
With such a number. What, must I come to you
With five and twenty, Regan? said you so?

Reg. And speak it again, my lord; no more with me.

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd,
When others are more wicked; not being the worst,
Stands in some rank of praise:—I'll go with thee;

[*To Goneril.*

Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,
And thou art twice her love.

Gon. Hear me, my lord;
What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house, where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?

Reg. What need one?

Lear. O, reason not the need: our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous;
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's: thou art a lady;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm.—But, for true need,—
You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need!
You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger!
O, let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks!—No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall—I will do such things,—
What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be
The terrors of the earth. You think, I'll weep:
No, I'll not weep:—
I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Or ere I'll weep:—O, fool, I shall go mad!

[*Exeunt Lear, Gloster, Kent, and Fool.*

Corn. Let us withdraw, 'twill be a storm.

[*Storm heard at a distance.*

Reg. This house
Is little; the old man and his people cannot
Be well bestow'd.

Gon. 'Tis his own blame; he hath put
Himself from rest, and must needs taste his folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,
But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purpos'd.
Where is my lord of Gloster?

Re-enter Gloster.

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth:—he is return'd.

Glo. The king is in high rage.

Corn. Whither is he going?

Glo. He calls to horse; but will I know not whither.

Corn. 'Tis best to give him way; he leads himself.

Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.

Glo. Alack, the night comes on, and the bleak winds
Do sorely ruffle: for many miles about
There's scarce a bush.

Reg. O, sir, to wilful men,
The injuries, that they themselves procure,
Must be their schoolmasters. Shut up your doors;
He is attended with a desperate train;

* War. † A horse that carries necessaries on a journey. ‡ Since.

And what they may incense* him to, being apt
To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.
Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a wild night;
My Regan counsels well; come out o'the storm.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Heath.

A Storm is heard, with Thunder and Lightning. Enter Kent, and a Gentleman, meeting.

Kent. Who's here, beside foul weather?
Gent. One minded like the weather, most unquietly.
Kent. I know you; Where's the king?
Gent. Contending with the fretful element;
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change, or cease: tears his white hair:
Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of:
Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub drawn bear† would couch,
The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonnetted he runs,
And bids what will take all.
Kent. But who is with him?
Gent. None but the fool; who labours to outjest
His heart-struck injuries.
Kent. Sir, I do know you;
And dare upon the warrant of my art‡,
Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,
Although as yet the face of it be cover'd
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall;
Who have (as who have not, that their great stars
Thron'd and set high?) servants, who seem no less;
Which are to France the spies and speculations
Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen,
Either in snuffs and packings§ of the dukes;
Or the hard rein which both of them have borne
Against the old king; or something deeper,
Whereof, perchance, these are but furnishings‖;—
But, true it is, from France there comes a power
Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already,
Wise in our negligence, have secret feet
In some of our best ports, and are at point
To show their open banner.—Now to you:
If on my credit you dare build so far
To make your speed to Dover, you shall find
Some that will thank you, making just report
Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
The king hath cause to plain.
I am a gentleman of blood and breeding;
And, from some knowledge and assurance, offer
This office to you.

* Instigate. † Whose dugs are drawn dry by its young.
‡ Which teaches us "to find the mind's construction in the face."
§ *Snuffs* are dislikes, and *packings* underhand contrivances.
‖ Samples.

Gent. I will talk further with you.
Kent. No, do not.
For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out wall, open this purse, and take
What it contains. If you shall see Cordelia,
(As fear not but you shall,) show her this ring;
And she will tell you who your fellow* is
That yet you do not know. Fye on this storm!
I will go seek the king.
Gent. Give me your hand. Have you no more to say?
Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet;
That, when we have found the king, (in which your pain
That way; I'll this:) he that first lights on him,
Holla the other. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Heath. Storm continues. Enter Lear and Fool.

Lear. Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing† fires
Vaunt couriers‡ to oak-cleaving thunder bolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o'the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once,
That make ingrateful man!
Fool. O nuncle, court holy-water§ in a dry house is better than this rain-water out o'door. Good nuncle, in, and ask thy daughter's blessing! Here's a night pities neither wise men nor fools.
Lear. Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire! spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters;
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness,
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
You owe me no subscription‖; why then let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man:—
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high engender'd battles, 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul!
Fool. He that has a house to put his head in, has a good head-piece.
The cod-piece that will house,
Before the head has any,
The head and he shall louse;—
So beggars marry many.
The man what makes his toe
What he is heart should make,
Shall of a corn cry woe,
And turn his sleep to wake,
—for there was never yet fair woman, but she made mouths in a glass.

* Companion.
† Quick as thought. ‡ *Avant couriers*, French.
§ A proverbial phrase for *fair words*. ‖ Obedience.

Enter Kent.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience,
I will say nothing.

Kent. Who's there?

Fool. Marry, here's grace, and a cod-piece; that's a wise man, and a fool.

Kent. Alas, sir, are you here? things that love night,
Love not such nights as these; wrathful skies
Gallow* the very wanderers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves. Since I was man,
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot carry
The affliction, nor the fear.

Lear. Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pother† o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice. Hide thee, thou bloody hand;
Thou perjur'd, and thou simular‡ man of virtue
That art incestuous. Caitiff, to pieces shake,
That under covert and convenient seeming§
Hast practis'd on man's life!—Close pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents, and cry
These dreadful summoners grace‖.—I am a man,
More sinn'd against, than sinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed!
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel:
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest;
Repose you there: while I to this hard house,
(More hard than is the stone whereof 'tis rais'd;
Which even but now, demanding¶ after you,
Denied me to come in,) return, and force
Their scanted courtesy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn,—
Come on, my boy. How dost, my boy? Art cold?
I am cold myself.—Where is the straw, my fellow?
The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious. Come your hovel,
Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee.

Fool. He that has a tiny wit,—
With a heigh, ho, the wind and the rain,—
Must make content with his fortunes fit;
For the rain it raineth every day**.

Lear. True, my good boy.—Come bring us to this hovel. [*Exeunt Lear and Kent.*

Fool. This is a brave night to cool a courtezan.
—I'll speak a prophecy ere I go:
When priests are more in word than matter;
When brewers mar their malt with water;
When nobles are their tailors' tutors;
No hereticks burn'd, but wenches' suitors:
When every case in law is right;
No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;
When slanders do not live in tongues;
Nor cutpurses come not to throngs;
When usurers tell their gold i' the field;
And bawds and whores do churches build;
Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion.
Then comes the time, who lives to see't,
That going shall be us'd with feet.
This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live before his time. [*Exit.*

* Scare or frighten. † Blustering noise. ‡ Counterfeit.
§ Appearance. ‖ Favour. ¶ Inquiry.
** Part of the Clown's song in *Twelfth Night.*

SCENE III.

A Room in Gloster's Castle.

Enter Gloster and Edmund.

Glo. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing. When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house; charged me, on pain of their perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, nor any way sustain him.

Edm. Most savage, and unnatural!

Glo. Go to; say you nothing. There is division between the dukes; and a worse matter than that: I have received a letter this night:—'tis dangerous to be spoken;—I have locked the letter in my closet: these injuries the king now bears will be revenged at home; there is part of a power already footed*: we must incline to the king. I will seek him, and privily relieve him: go you, and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived: if he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no less is threatened me, the king my old master must be relieved. There is some strange thing toward, Edmund; pray you, be careful. [*Exit.*

Edm. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke
Instantly know; and of that letter too:—
This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me
That which my father loses; no less than all:
The younger rises, when the old doth fall. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

A Part of the Heath, with a Hovel.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.

Kent. Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter;
The tyranny of the open night's too rough
For nature to endure. [*Storm still.*

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart?

Kent. I'd rather break mine own. Good my lord, enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much, that this contentious storm
Invades us to the skin; so 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thoud'st shun a bear;
But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea,
Thoud'st meet the bear i' the mouth. When the mind's free,

* A force already landed.

The body's delicate: the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beats there.—Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,
For lifting food to't?—But I will punish home;—
No, I will weep no more.—In such a night
To shut me out!—Pour on; I will endure:—
In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!—
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all,—
O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;
No more of that,—

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Pr'ythee, go in thyself; seek thine own ease;
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more.—But I'll go in;
In, boy; go first.—[*To the Fool.*] You houseless poverty,—
Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.—
[*Fool goes in.*
Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons, such as these? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physick, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.

Edg. [*Within.*] Fathom and half, fathom and half! Poor Tom!
[*The Fool runs out from the Hovel.*

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, a spirit. Help me, help me!

Kent. Give me thy hand.—Who's there?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit; he says his name's poor Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i'the straw?
Come forth.

Enter Edgar, disguised as a Madman.

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me!—
Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.—
Humph! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Lear. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters? And art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, over bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-inched bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor:—Bless thy five wits! Tom's a-cold.—O, do de, do de, do de.—Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking*! Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes. There could I have him now,—and there,—and there,—and there again, and there.
[*Storm continues.*

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to this pass?—
Could'st thou save nothing? Did'st thou give them all?

Fool. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all ashamed.

Lear. Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air
Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdu'd nature
To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.—
Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?
Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot
Those pelican* daughters.

Edg. Pillicock sat on pillicock's hill;—
Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o' the foul fiend. Obey thy parents; keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet-heart on proud array: Tom's a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curled my hair; wore gloves in my cap†, served the lust of my mistress's heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven: one, that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it. Wine loved I deeply; dice dearly; and in woman, out-paramoured the Turk. False of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to women. Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets‡, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend.—Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind. Says suum, mun, ha no nonny, dolphin my boy, my boy, sessa; let him trot by.
[*Storm still continues.*

Lear. Why, thou were better in thy grave, than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies.—Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume:—Ha! here's three of us are sophisticated!—Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.—Off, off, you lendings.—Come; unbutton here.
[*Tearing off his clothes.*

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented; this is a naughty night to swim in.—Now a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart: a small spark, all the rest of his body cold.—Look, here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet: he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he

* To *take* is to blast, or strike with malignant influence.

* The young Pelican is fabled to suck the mother's blood.

† It was the custom to wear gloves in the hat, as the favour of a mistress.

‡ Part of a woman's dress.

gives the web and the pin*, squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip: mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth,

Saint Withhold† footed thrice the wold‡;
He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;
Bid her alight,
And her troth plight,
And, aroint thee§, witch, aroint thee!

Kent. How fares your grace?

Enter Gloster, with a Torch.

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? What is't you seek?

Glo. What are you there? Your names?

Edg. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water‖; that in the fury of the heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallets; swallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipped from tything to tything¶, and stocked, punished, and imprisoned; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear,—

But mice and rats, and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.

Beware my follower:—Peace, Smolkin**; peace, thou fiend!

Glo. What, hath your grace no better company?

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman; Modo he's call'd, and Mahu††.

Glo. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile,
That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer
To obey in all your daughter's hard commands:
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you;
Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out,
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher:—
What is the cause of thunder?

Kent. Good my lord, take his offer;
Go into the house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban:
What is your study?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.

Kent. Importune him once more to go, my lord,
His wits begin to unsettle.

Glo. Can'st thou blame him?
His daughters seek his death:—Ah, that good Kent!—
He said it would be thus:—Poor banish'd man!—
Thou say'st, the king grows mad; I'll tell thee, friend,
I am almost mad myself; I had a son,
Now outlaw'd from my blood; he sought my life,
But lately, very late; I lov'd him, friend,—
No father his son dearer: true to tell thee,

[*Storm continues.*

The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this!
I do beseech your grace,—

Lear. O, cry you mercy,
Noble philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glo. In, fellow, there, to the hovel; keep thee warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my lord.

Lear. With him;
I will keep still with my philosopher.

Kent. Good my lord, sooth him; let him take the fellow.

Glo. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah, come on; go along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glo. No words, no words: Hush.

Edg. Child* Rowland to the dark tower came,
His word was still.—Fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Room in Gloster's Castle.
Enter Cornwall and Edmund.

Corn. I will have my revenge, ere I depart his house.

Edm. How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reproveable badness in himself.

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!

Corn. Go with me to the duchess.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

Corn. True, or false, it hath made thee earl of Gloster. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Edm. [*Aside.*] If I find him comforting the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully.—I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A Chamber in a Farm-House, adjoining the Castle.
Enter Gloster, Lear, Kent, Fool, and Edgar.

Glo. Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully: I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

* Diseases of the eye. † A Saint said to protect his devotees from the disease called the *night-mare*.
‡ Wild down, so called in various parts of England.
§ Avaunt. ‖ *i. e.* The water-newt
¶ A tything is a division of a county.
** Name of a spirit. †† The chief devil.

* *Child* is an old term for knight.

Kent. All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience :—The gods reward your kindness !

[*Exit Gloster.*

Edg. Frateretto calls me ; and tells me Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent*, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me, whether a madman be a gentleman, or a yeoman ?

Lear. A king, a king !

Fool. No ; he's a yeoman, that has a gentleman to his son : for he's a mad yeoman, that sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits
Come hissing in upon them :—

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad, that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

Lear. It shall be done, I will arraign them straight :—
Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer :——

[*To Edgar.*

Thou, sapient sir, sit here. [*To the Fool*]—Now, you she foxes !—

Edg. Look, where he stands and glares† !—
Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam ?
Come o'er the bourn‡, Bessy, to me :—

Fool. Her boat hath a leak.
And she must not speak
Why she dares not come over to thee.

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. *Hopdance* cries in Tom's belly for two white herrings. Croak not, black angel ; I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, sir ? Stand you not so amaz'd :
Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions ?

Lear. I'll see their trial first :—Bring in the evidence.—
Thou robed man of justice, take thy place ;

[*To Edgar.*

And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, [*To the Fool.*
Bench by his side :—You are of the commission,
Sit you too. [*To Kent.*

Edg. Let us deal justly.
Sleepest, or wakest thou, jolly shepherd ?
Thy sheep be in the corn ;
And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,
Thy sheep shall take no harm.
Pur ! the cat is grey.

Lear. Arraign her first ; 'tis Goneril. I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress : Is your name Goneril ?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

* Addressed to the Fool—Fools were anciently called Innocents.

† Edgar is speaking in the character of a madman, who thinks he sees the fiend.

‡ Brook or rivulet.

Lear. And here's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim
What store her heart is made of.—Stop her there !
Arms, arms, sword, fire !—Corruption in the place !
False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape ?

Edg. Bless thy five wits !

Kent. O pity !—Sir, where is the patience now,
That you so oft have boasted to retain ?

Edg. My tears begin to take his part so much,
They'll mar my counterfeiting. [*Aside.*

Lear. The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them ;—
Avaunt, you curs !
Be thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth that poisons if it bite ;
Mastiff, grey-hound, mongrel grim,
Hound, or spaniel, brach, or lym* ;
Or bobtail tike, or trundle-tail ;
Tom will make them weep and wail ;
For, with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.
Do de, de de. Sessa. Come, march to wakes and fairs, and market towns.—Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.

Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan, see what breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in nature, that makes these hard hearts !—You, sir, I entertain you for one of my hundred ; only, I do not like the fashion of your garments ; you will say, they are Persian attire ! but let them be changed.

[*To Edgar.*

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here, and rest awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise ; draw the curtains : So, so, so. We'll go to supper i' the morning : So, so, so.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Re-enter Gloster.

Glo. Come hither, friend. Where is the king my master ?

Kent. Here, sir ; but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

Glo. Good friend, I pr'ythee take him in thy arms ;
I have o'er-heard a plot of death upon him :
There is a litter ready ; lay him in't,
And drive towards Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet
Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master :
If thou should'st dally half an hour, his life,
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in assured loss. Take up, take up ;
And follow me, that will to some provision
Give thee quick conduct.

Kent. Oppress'd nature sleeps :—
This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken senses,
Which, if convenience will not allow,
Stand in hard cure.—Come, help to bear thy master,
Thou must not stay behind. [*To the Fool.*

Glo. Come, come, away.

[*Exeunt Kent, Gloster, and the Fool, bearing off the King.*

* A blood-hound.

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our woes,
We scarcely think our miseries our foes.
Who alone suffers, suffers most i' the mind;
Leaving free things, and happy shows, behind:
But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip,
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.
How light and portable my pain seems now,
When that, which makes me bend, makes the king bow;
He childed, as I father'd!—Tom, away:
Mark the high noises*; and thyself bewray†,
When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles thee,
In thy just proof, repeals, and reconciles thee,
What will hap more to-night, safe scape the king!
Lurk, lurk. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

A Room in Gloster's Castle.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Goneril, Edmund, and Servants.

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your husband; show him this letter;—the army of France is landed:—Seek out the villain Gloster.

[*Exeunt some of the servants.*

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure.—Edmund, keep you our sister company; the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father, are not fit for your beholding. Advise the duke, where you are going, to a most festinate preparation: we are bound to the like. Our post shall be swift, and intelligent betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister;—farewell, my lord of Gloster‡.

Enter Steward.

How now? Where's the king?

Stew. My lord of Gloster hath convey'd him hence:
Some five or six and thirty of his knights,
Hot questrists§ after him, met him at gate;
Who with some other of the lord's dependants,
Are gone with him towards Dover; where they boast
To have well-armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Gon. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

[*Exeunt Goneril and Edmund.*

Corn. Edmund, farewell.—Go, seek the traitor Gloster,
Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us:

[*Exeunt other servants.*

Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice; yet our power
Shall do a courtesy‖ to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not control. Who's there? The traitor?

Re-enter servants, with Gloster.

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind fast his corky* arms.

Glo. What mean your graces?——Good my friends, consider
You are my guests; do me no foul play, friends.

Corn. Bind him, I say. [*Servants bind him.*

Reg. Hard, hard:—O filthy traitor.

Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are, I am none.

Corn. To this chair bind him:—Villain, thou shalt find— [*Regan plucks his beard.*

Glo. By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and such a traitor!

Glo. Naughty lady,
These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,
Will quicken†, and accuse thee; I am your host;
With robbers' hands, my hospitable favours‡
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you late from France?

Reg. Be simple answer'd, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confederacy have you with the traitors
Late footed in the kingdom?

Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lunatick king?
Speak.

Glo. I have a letter guessingly set down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one oppos'd.

Corn. Cunning.

Reg. And false.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the king?

Glo. To Dover.

Reg. Wherefore
To Dover? Wast thou not charg'd at thy peril—

Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him first answer that.

Glo. I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the course.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes: nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.
The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up,
And quench'd the stelled§ fires: yet, poor old heart,
He holp the heavens to rain.
If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,
Thou should'st have said, Good porter, turn the key;
All cruels else subscrib'd‖.—But I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such children.

Corn. See it shalt thou never.—Fellows, hold the chair:
Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

[*Gloster is held down in his chair, while Cornwall plucks out one of his eyes, and sets his foot on it.*

Glo. He, that will think to live till he be old,
Give me some help.—O cruel! O ye gods!

* The great events that are approaching.
† Betray, discover.
‡ Meaning Edmund invested with his father's title.
§ Inquirers. ‖ Bend to our wrath.

* Deceitful. † Live. ‡ Features. § Starred.
‖ Yielded, submitted to the necessity of the occasion.

Reg. One side will mock another; the other too.
Corn. If you see vengeance,—
Serv. Hold your hand, my lord;
I have serv'd you ever since I was a child;
But better service have I never done you,
Than now to bid you hold.
Reg. How now, you dog?
Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?
Corn. My villain! [*Draws, and runs at him.*
Serv. Nay, then come on, and take the chance of anger.
[*Draws. They fight. Cornwall is wounded.*
Reg. Give me thy sword.—[*To another Serv.*] A peasant stand up thus!
[*Snatches a sword, comes behind, and stabs him.*
Serv. O, I am slain!—My lord, you have one eye left
To see some mischief on him:—O! [*Dies.*
Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it.—Out, vile jelly!
Where is thy lustre now?
[*Tears out Gloster's other eye, and throws it on the ground.*
Glo. All dark and comfortless.—Where's my son Edmund?
Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,
To quit* this horrid act.
Reg. Out, treacherous villain?
Thou call'st on him that hates thee: it was he
That made the overture† of thy treasons to us;
Who is too good to pity thee.
Glo. O my follies!
Then Edgar was abus'd.—
Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!
Reg. Go, thrust him out at gates, and let him smell
His way to Dover.—How is't, my lord? How look you?
Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt:—Follow me, lady.—
Turn out that eyeless villain;—throw this slave
Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed apace:
Untimely comes this hurt. Give me your arm.
[*Exit Cornwall, led by Regan;—Servants unbind Gloster, and lead him out.*

1 *Serv.* I'll never care what wickedness I do,
If this man comes to good.
2 *Serv.* If she live long,
And, in the end, meet the old course of death,
Women will all turn monsters.
1 *Serv.* Let's follow the old earl, and get the Bedlam‡
To lead him where he would; his roguish madness
Allows itself to any thing.
2 *Serv.* Go thou; I'll fetch some flax, and whites of eggs,
To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help him!
[*Exeunt severally.*

* Requite. † Laid open. ‡ Madman.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Heath.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Yet better thus, and known to be contemn'd,
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd*. To be worst,
The lowest, and most dejected thing of fortune,
Stands still in esperance†, lives not in fear:
The lamentable change is from the best;
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome then,
Thou unsubstantial air, that I embrace!
The wretch, that thou hast blown unto the worst,
Owes nothing to thy blasts.—But who comes here?—

Enter Gloster, led by an old man.

My father, poorly led?—World, world, O world!
But that thy strange mutations‡ make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.
Old Man. O my good lord, I have been your tenant, and your father's tenant, these fourscore years.
Glo. Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone;
Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
Thee they may hurt.
Old Man. Alack, sir, you cannot see your way.
Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes:
I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 'tis seen,
Our mean secures us; and our mere defects
Prove our commodities.—Ah, dear son Edgar,
The food of thy abused father's wrath!
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
I'd say, I had eyes again!
Old Man. How now? Who's there?
Edg. [*Aside.*] O gods! Who is't can say, *I am at the worst?*
I am worse than e'er I was.
Old Man. Tis poor mad Tom.
Edg. [*Aside.*] And worse I may be yet. The worst is not,
So long as we can say, *This is the worst.*
Old Man. Fellow, where goest?
Glo. Is it a beggar-man?
Old Man. Madman and beggar too.
Glo. He has some reason, else he could not beg.
I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw:
Which made me think a man a worm. My son
Came then into my mind; and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him: I have heard more since;
As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;
They kill us for their sport.
Edg. How should this be?—
Bad is the trade must play the fool to sorrow,
Ang'ring itself and others. [*Aside.*]—Bless thee, master!
Glo. Is that the naked fellow?
Old Man. Ay, my lord.
Glo. Then, pr'ythee, get thee gone. If, for my sake,
Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,

* *i. e.* It is better to be thus contemned and know it, than to be flattered by those who secretly condemn us.
† In hope. ‡ Changes.

I' the way to Dover, do it for ancient love;
And bring some covering for this naked soul,
Whom I'll entreat to lead me.
Old Man. Alack, sir, he's mad.
Glo. 'Tis the time's plague, when madmen lead the blind.
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;
Above the rest, be gone.
Old Man. I'll bring him the best 'parel that I have,
Come on't what will. [*Exit.*
Glo. Sirrah, naked fellow.
Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold—I cannot daub* it further. [*Aside.*
Glo. Come hither, fellow.
Edg. [*Aside.*] And yet I must.—Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.
Glo. Know'st thou the way to Dover?
Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way, and foot-path. Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good wits. Bless the good man from the foul fiend! Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once; of lust, as *Obidicut; Hobbididance*, prince of dumbness; *Mahu*, of stealing; *Modo*, of murder; and *Flibbertigibbet*, of mopping and mowing; who since possesses chamber-maids and waiting-women. So, bless thee, master!
Glo. Here, take this purse, thou whom the heaven's plagues
Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched,
Makes thee the happier:—Heavens, deal so still!
Let the superfluous, and lust-dieted man,
That slaves your ordinance†, that will not see
Because he doth not feel your power quickly;
So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough.—Dost thou know Dover?
Edg. Ay, master.
Glo. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head.
Looks fearfully in the confined deep:
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear,
With something rich about me: from that place
I shall no leading need.
Edg. Give me thy arm;
Poor Tom shall lead thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before the Duke of Albany's Palace.

Enter Goneril and Edmund; Steward meeting them.

Gon. Welcome my lord: I marvel, our mild husband
Not met us on the way:—Now, where's your master?
Stew. Madam, within; but never man so chang'd:
I told him of the army that was landed;
He smil'd at it: I told him, you were coming;
His answer was, *The worse*: of Gloster's treachery,
And of the loyal service of his son,
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot;
And told me, I had turn'd the wrong side out:—
What most he should dislike, seems pleasant to him;
What like, offensive.
Gon. Then shall you go no further. [*To Edmund.*
It is the cowish terror of his spirit,
That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs,
Which tie him to an answer. Our wishes, on the way,
May prove effects*. Back, Edmund, to my brother:
Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers:
I must change arms at home, and give the distaff
Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us: ere long you are like to hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech; [*Giving a Favour.*
Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air;—
Conceive, and fare thee well.
Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.
Gon. My most dear Gloster! [*Exit Edmund.*
O, the difference of man, and man! To thee
A woman's services are due; my fool
Usurps my bed.
Stew. Madam, here comes my lord. [*Exit Steward.*

Enter Albany.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle†.
Alb. O Goneril!
You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face.—I fear your disposition:
That nature, which contemns its origin,
Cannot be border'd certain in itself;
She that herself will sliver‡ and disbranch
From her material sap, perforce must wither,
And come to deadly use.
Gon. No more; the text is foolish.
Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile:
Filths savour but themselves. What have you done?
Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whose reverence the head-lugg'd bear would lick,
Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you madded.
Could my good brother suffer you to do it?
A man, a prince, by him so benefitted?
If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,
'Twill come,
Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep.
Gon. Milk-liver'd man!
That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;

* Disguise.
† *i. e.* To make it subject to us, instead of acting in obedience to it.

* *i. e.* Our wishes on the road may be completed.
† Worth calling for. ‡ Tear off.

Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honour from thy suffering ; that not know'st,
Fools do those villains pity, who are punish'd
Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy drum ?
France spreads his banners in our noiseless land ;
With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats ;
Whilst thou, a moral fool, sitt'st still, and cry'st,
Alack ! why does he so ?

Alb. See thyself, devil !
Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid, as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool !

Alb. Thou changed and self-cover'd thing, for shame,
Be-monster not thy feature. Were it my fitness
To let these hands obey my blood*,
They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
Thy flesh and bones.—Howe'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry, your manhood now !

Enter a Messenger.

Alb. What news ?

Mess. O, my good lord, the duke of Cornwall's dead ;
Slain by his servant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloster.

Alb. Gloster's eyes !

Mess. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,
Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword
To his great master ; who thereat enrag'd,
Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead :
But not without that harmful stroke, which since
Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This shows you are above,
You justicers, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge !—But, O poor Gloster !
Lost he his other eye !

Mess. Both, both, my lord.—
This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer ;
'Tis from your sister.

Gon. [*Aside.*] One way I like this well ;
But being widow, and my Gloster with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life. Another way,
The news is not so tart.—I'll read and answer.

[*Exit.*

Alb. Where was his son, when they did take his eyes ?

Mess. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. He is not here.

Mess. No, my good lord ; I met him back again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedness ?

Mess. Ay, my good lord ; 'twas he inform'd against him ;
And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment
Might have the freer course.

Alb. Gloster, I live
To thank thee for the love thou show'd'st the king,
And to revenge thine eyes.—Come hither, friend ;
Tell me what more thou knowest. [*Exeunt.*

* Inclination.

SCENE III.

The French Camp near Dover.

Enter Kent, and a Gentleman.

Kent. Why the king of France is so suddenly gone back know you the reason ?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the state,
Which since his coming forth is thought of ; which
Imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger,
That his personal return was most required,
And necessary.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him general ?

Gent. The Mareschal of France, Monsieur le Fer.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen to any demonstration of grief ?

Gent. Ay, sir ; she took them, read them in my presence ;
And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek : it seem'd, she was a queen
Over her passion : who, most rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent. O, then it mov'd her.

Gent. Not to a rage : patience and sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once ; her smiles and tears
Were like a better day. Those happy smiles,
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes ; which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.—In brief, sorrow
Would be a rarity most belov'd, if all
Could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verbal question* ?

Gent. 'Faith, once, or twice, she heav'd the name of father
Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart :
Cried, Sisters ! sisters !—Shame of ladies ! sisters !
Kent ! father ! sisters ! What ? i'the storm ? i' the night ?
Let pity not be believed† !—There she shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamour moisten'd : then away she started
To deal with grief alone.

Kent. It is the stars,
The stars above us, govern our conditions‡ ;
Else one self mate and mate could not beget
Such different issues. You spoke not with her since ?

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the king return'd ?

Gent. No, since.

Kent. Well, sir : The poor distress'd Lear is i'the town ;
Who sometime, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to see his daughter.

Gent. Why, good sir ?

Kent. A sovereign shame so elbows him ; his own unkindness,
That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights

* Discourse, conversation.
† *i. e.* Let not pity be supposed to exist.
‡ Dispositions.

To his dog-hearted daughters,—these things sting
His mind so venomously, that burning shame
Detains him from Cordelia.

Gent. Alack, poor gentleman!

Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers* you heard not?

Gent. 'Tis so; they are afoot.

Kent. Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master Lear,
And leave you to attend him: some dear cause†,
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile:
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
Along with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The same. A Tent.

Enter Cordelia, Physician, and soldiers.

Cor. Alack, 'tis he; why, he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea; singing aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiter‡, and furrow weeds,
With harlocks§, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn.—A century send forth;
Search every acre in the high grown field,
And bring him to our eye. [*Exit an Officer.*—]
What can man's wisdom do,
In the restoring his bereaved sense?
He, that helps him, take all my outward worth.

Phy. There is means, madam;
Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.

Cor. All bless'd secrets,
All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears! be aidant, and remediate,
In the good man's distress!—Seek, seek for him:
Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it‖.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Madam, news;
The British powers are marching hitherward.

Cor. 'Tis known before; our preparation stands
In expectation of them.—O dear father,
It is thy business that I go about;
Therefore great France
My mourning, and important¶ tears, hath pitied.
No blown** ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right;
Soon may I hear, and see him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Room in Gloster's Castle.

Enter Regan and Steward.

Reg. But are my brother's powers set forth?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Reg. Himself
In person there?

Stew. Madam, with much ado:
Your sister is the better soldier.

Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your lord at home?

Stew. No, madam.

Reg. What might import my sister's letter to him?

Stew. I know not, lady.

Reg. 'Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.
It was great ignorance, Gloster's eyes being out,
To let him live; where he arrives, he moves
All hearts against us. Edmund, I think, is gone,
In pity of his misery, to despatch
His nighted life*: moreover, to descry
The strength o'the enemy.

Stew. I must needs after him, madam, with my letter.

Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow; stay with us;
The ways are dangerous.

Stew. I may not, madam:
My lady charg'd my duty in this business.

Reg. Why should she write to Edmund? Might not you
Transport her purposes by word? Belike,
Something—I know not what.—I'll love thee much,
Let me unseal the letter.

Stew. Madam, I had rather—

Reg. I know, your lady does not love her husband;
I am sure of that: and, at her late being here,
She gave strange œiliads†, and most speaking looks
To noble Edmund; I know, you are of her bosom.

Stew. I, madam?

Reg. I speak in understanding; you are, I know it;
Therefore, I do advise you, take this note‡:
My lord is dead. Edmund and I have talk'd;
And more convenient is he for my hand,
Than for your lady's.—You may gather more§.
If you do find him, pray you, give him this;
And when your mistress hears thus much from you,
I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.
So, fare you well.
If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

Stew. 'Would I could meet him, madam! I would show
What party I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The Country near Dover.

Enter Gloster, and Edgar, dressed like a Peasant.

Glo. When shall we come to the top of that same hill?

Edg. You do climb up it now: look, how we labour.

Glo. Methinks, the ground is even.

* Forces. † Important business. ‡ Fumitory.
§ Charlocks. ‖ *i. e.* The reason which should guide it.
¶ Importunate. ** Inflated, swelling.

* *i. e.* His life made dark as night.
† A cast, or significant glance of the eye.
‡ Observe what I am saying. § Inter more.

Edg. Horrible steep:
Hark, do you hear the sea?
Glo. No, truly.
Edg. Why, then your other senses grow imperfect
By your eyes' anguish.
Glo. So may it be, indeed:
Methinks, thy voice is alter'd; and thou speak'st
In better phrase, and matter, than thou didst.
Edg. You are much deceiv'd; in nothing am I changed,
But in my garments.
Glo. Methinks, you are better spoken.
Edg. Come on, sir; here's the place:—stand still.—How fearful
And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway air,
Show scarce so gross as beetles. Half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!
Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head:
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yon tall anchoring bark,
Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge,
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high:—I'll look no more;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.
Glo. Set me where you stand.
Edg. Give me your hand:—You are now within a foot
Of the extreme verge: for all beneath the moon
Would I not leap upright.
Glo. Let go my hand.
Here, friend, 's another purse: in it a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking. Fairies, and gods,
Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off;
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.
Edg. Now fare you well, good sir. [*Seems to go.*
Glo. With all my heart.
Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his despair,
Is done to cure it.
Glo. O you mighty gods!
This world I do renounce; and, in your sights,
Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
My snuff, and loathed part of nature, should
Burn itself out.—If Edgar live, O, bless him!—
Now, fellow, fare thee well.
[*He leaps, and falls along.*
Edg. Gone, sir? farewell.—
And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treasury of life, when life itself
Yields to the theft. Had he been where he thought,
By this, had thought been past.—Alive, or dead?
Ho, you sir! friend!—Hear you, sir!—speak!
Thus might he pass indeed:—Yet he revives.
What are you, sir?
Glo. Away, and let me die.
Edg. Had'st thou been aught but gossamer, feathers, air,

So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou had'st shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost breathe;
Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st; art sound.
Ten masts at each make not the altitude,
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell;
Thy life's a miracle. Speak yet again.
Glo. But have I fallen, or no?
Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky bourn.*
Look up a-height;—the shrill-gorg'd lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.
Glo. Alack, I have no eyes.—
Is wretchedness deprived that benefit,
To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And frustrate his proud will.
Edg. Give me your arm:
Up:—so:—How do? Feel you your legs? You stand?
Glo. Too well, too well.
Edg. This is above all strangeness.
Upon the crown o'the cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you?
Glo. A poor unfortunate beggar.
Edg. As I stood here below, methought, his eyes
Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns welk'd,† and waved like the enridged sea:
It was some fiend. Therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the clearest gods, who make them honours
Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.
Glo. I do remember now: henceforth I'll bear
Affliction, till it do cry out itself
Enough, enough, and die. That thing you speak of,
I took it for a man; often 'would say,
The fiend, the fiend: he left me at that place.
Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts.—But who comes here?

Enter Lear, *fantastically dressed up with flowers.*

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.
Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining;
I am the king himself.
Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!
Lear. Nature's above art in that respect.—
There's your press-money. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper: draw me a clothier's yard.—Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace;—this piece of toasted cheese will do't.—There's my gauntlet; I'll prove it on a giant.—Bring up the brown bills.¶—O, well flown, bird!—i'the clout, i'the clout:** hewgh!—Give the word.
Edg. Sweet marjoram.
Lear. Pass.
Glo. I know that voice.
Lear. Ha! Goneril!—with a white beard!—They flatter'd me like a dog; and told me, I had

* i. e. The chalky boundary of England.
† Writh'd, shrivelled. ‡ Virtuous, unimpaired.
§ The guards. ‖ An answer of a thief's cant term.
¶ Bills, a sort of halberd. ** The white mark for archers to aim at.
†† The watchword.

which have in my hands got the black vows with them. To say ay and no to every thing I say! Ay and no too was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go to, they are not men o' their words: they told me I was every thing; 'tis a lie, I am not ague-proof.

Lear. The trick of that voice I do well remember: is't not the king?

Lear. Ay, every inch a king:
When I do stare, see, how the subject quakes.
* * * * *

Edg. O, let me not be mad!

Lear. Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.

Edg. O ruined piece of nature! This great world
Shall so wear out to nought.—Dost thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost thou squiny at me? No, do my eyes, Mock Cupid? I'll not love.—Read thou this challenge; mark but the penning of it.

Edg. Were all the letters suns, I could not see one.

Edg. I would not take this from report;—it is,
And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Edg. What, with the case of eyes?

Lear. Oh, ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse? Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light: Yet you see how this world goes.

Edg. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears: see how yond justice rails upon yond simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: Change places; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief?—Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

Edg. Ay, sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur? There thou might'st behold the great image of authority: a dog's obeyed in office.
Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand!
Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own back;
Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind
For which thou whip'st her. The usurer hangs the cozener.
Through tattered clothes small vices do appear;
Robes, and furr'd gowns, hide all. Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:
Arm it in rags, a pygmy's straw does pierce it.
None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll able 'em:
Take that of me my friend, who have the power
To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not.—Now, now, now, now:
Pull off my boots:—harder, harder; so.

* Foot, prudential, natural. † Look smaller.

Edg. O, matter and impertinency mix'd!
Reason in madness!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortune, take my eyes.
I know thee well enough; thy name is Edgar?
Thou must be patient; we came crying hither:
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,
We wawl and cry.—I will preach to thee: mark me.

Edg. Alack, alack the day!

Lear. When we are born, we cry that we are come
To this great stage of fools:—This a good block?
It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe
A troop of horse with felt: I'll put it in proof;
And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-law,
Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.

Gent. O, here he is, lay hand upon him.—Sir,
Your most dear daughter—

Lear. No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am even
The natural fool of fortune.—Use me well;
You shall have ransom. Let me have a surgeon,
I am cut to the brains.

Gent. You shall have any thing.

Lear. No seconds? All myself?
Why, this would make a man a man of salt,
To use his eyes for garden water-pots,
Ay, and laying autumn's dust.

Gent. Good sir,—

Lear. I will die bravely, like a bridegroom:
What?
I will be jovial: come, come; I am a king,
My masters, know you that?

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in't. Nay, an you get it, you shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa.

[*Exit, running; Attendants follow.*

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch;
Past speaking of in a king!—Thou hast one daughter,
Who redeems nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you: What's your will?

Edg. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward?

Gent. Most sure, and vulgar: every one hears that,
Which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But, by your favour,
How near's the other army?

Gent. Near, and on speedy foot; the main descry
Stands on the hourly thought.

Edg. I thank you, sir; that's all.

Gent. Though that the queen on special cause is here,
Her army is mov'd on.

Edg. I thank you, sir. [*Exit Gent.*
Edg. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from me;

* [illegible]
† [illegible]
‡ [illegible]

Let not my worser spirit* tempt me again
To die before you please!
Edg. Well pray you, father.
Glo. Now, good sir, what are you?
Edg. A most poor man, made tame by fortune's blows;
Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to some biding.
Glo. Hearty thanks;
The bounty and the benizon† of heaven
To boot, and boot!

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize! Most happy!
That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh
To raise my fortunes.—Thou old unhappy traitor,
Briefly‡ thyself remember.—The sword is out
That must destroy thee.
Glo. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to it. [*Edgar opposes.*
Stew. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence:
Lest that the infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.
Edg. Chill not let go, zir, without vurther 'casion.
Stew. Let go, slave, or thou diest.
Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait§, and let poor volk pass. And ch'ud ha' been zwagger'd out of my life, 'twould not ha' been zo long as 'tis by a vortnight. Nay, come not near the old man; keep out, che vor'yell, or ise try whether your costard¶ or my bat** be the harder: Ch'ill be plain with you.
Stew. Out, dunghill!
Edg. Ch'ill pick your teeth, zir. Come; no matter vor your foins††.
[*They fight; and Edgar knocks him down.*
Stew. Slave, thou hast slain me:—Villain, take my purse;
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;
And give the letters, which thou find'st about me,
To Edmund earl of Gloster; seek him out
Upon the British party:——O, untimely death!
[*Dies.*
Edg. I know thee well: a serviceable villain;
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress,
As badness would desire.
Glo. What, is he dead?
Edg. Sit you down, father; rest you.—
Let's see his pockets; these letters, that he speaks of,
May be my friends.—He's dead; I am only sorry
He had no other death's-man.—Let us see:
Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us not:
To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts;
Their papers, is more lawful‡‡.
[*Reads.*] Let our reciprocal vows be remembered. You have many opportunities to cut him off; if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered. There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror: then am I the prisoner, and his bed my gaol; from the loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labour.

Your wife, (so I would say,) and your affectionate servant,
GONERIL.

O undistinguish'd space of woman's will!—
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life;
And the exchange, my brother!—Here, in the sands,
Thee I'll rake up*, the post unsanctified
Of murderous lechers; and, in the mature time,
With this ungracious paper strike the sight
Of the death-practis'd duke: For him 'tis well,
That of thy death and business I can tell.
[*Exit Edgar, dragging out the body.*
Glo. The king is mad: how stiff is my vile sense,
That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract:
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs;
And woes, by wrong imaginations lose
The knowledge of themselves.

Re-enter Edgar.

Edg. Give me your hand;
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

A Tent in the French Camp. Lear on a bed, asleep: Physician, Gentleman, and others, attending.

Enter Cordelia and Kent.

Cor. O thou good Kent, how shall I live, and work,
To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,
And every measure fail me.
Kent. To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'erpaid,
All my reports go with the modest truth;
Nor more, nor clipp'd, but so.
Cor. Be better suited†:
These weeds are memories‡ of those worser hours;
I pr'ythee, put them off.
Kent. Pardon me, dear madam;
Yet to be known, shortens my made intent§:
My boon I make it, that you know me not,
Till time and I think meet.
Cor. Then be it so, my good lord.—How does the king? [*To the Physician.*
Phys. Madam, sleeps still.
Cor. O you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused nature!
The untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind up
Of this child-changed father!
Phys. So please your majesty,
That we may wake the king? he hath slept long.
Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I' the sway of your own will. Is he array'd?

* Evil genius. † Blessing. ‡ Quickly recollect the offences of thy life. § Go your way. ¶ Head. ** Club. †† Thrusts. ‡‡ To rip open their papers is more lawful.

* I'll cover thee (the dead steward) in the sands. † Dressed. ‡ Memorials. § Intent formed.

Gent. Ay, madam; in the heaviness of his sleep,
We put fresh garments on him.
Phys. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;
I doubt not of his temperance.
Cor. Very well.
Phys. Please you, draw near.—Louder the musick there.
Cor. O my dear father! Restoration, hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!
Kent. Kind and dear princess!
Cor. Had you not been their father, these white flakes
Had challeng'd pity on them. Was this a face
To be expos'd against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning? to watch (poor perdu* !)
With this thin helm†? Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire: And wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
'Tis wonder, that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.—He wakes; speak to him.
Phys. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.
Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares your majesty?
Lear. You do me wrong, to take me out o'the grave:—
Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.
Cor. Sir, do you know me?
Lear. You are a spirit, I know: When did you die?
Cor. Still, still, far wide!
Phys. He's scarce awake; let him alone awhile.
Lear. Where have I been?—Where am I?—Fair day-light?—
I am mightily abus'd.—I should even die with pity,
To see another thus.—I know not what to say.—
I will not swear, these are my hands;—let's see;
I feel this pin prick. 'Would I were assur'd
Of my condition.
Cor. O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me;—
No, sir, you must not kneel.
Lear. Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward; and, to deal plainly,
I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks, I should know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is; and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night: Do not laugh at me;
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.
Cor. And so I am, I am.
Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, 'faith. I pray, weep not:
If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know, you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have some cause, they have not.
Cor. No cause, no cause.
Lear. Am I in France?
Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.
Lear. Do not abuse me.
Phys. Be comforted, good madam: the great rage,
You see, is cur'd in him: and yet it is danger
To make him even* o'er the time he has lost.
Desire him to go in; trouble him no more,
Till further settling.
Cor. Will't please your highness walk?
Lear. You must bear with me:
Pray now, forget and forgive; I am old, and foolish.
[*Exeunt Lear, Cordelia, Physician, and attendants.*
Gent. Holds it true, sir,
That the duke of Cornwall was so slain?
Kent. Most certain, sir.
Gent. Who is conductor of his people?
Kent. As 'tis said,
The bastard son of Gloster.
Gent. They say, Edgar,
His banish'd son, is with the earl of Kent
In Germany.
Kent. Report is changeable.
'Tis time to look about; the powers† o'the kingdom
Approach apace.
Gent. The arbitrement‡ is like to be a bloody.
Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*
Kent. My point and period will be thoroughly wrought,
Or well, or ill, as this day's battle's fought. [*Exit.*

* The allusion is to the forlorn-hope in an army, called in French *enfans perdus*, or soldiers employed in some desperate undertaking—the *forlorn hope*. † Thin covering of hair.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Camp of the British Forces near Dover.

Enter, with drums, and colours, Edmund, Regan, Officers, Soldiers, and others.

Edm. Know of the duke, if his last purpose hold;
Or, whether since he is advis'd by aught
To change the course: He's full of alteration,
And self-reproving:—bring his constant pleasure§.
[*To an Officer, who goes out.*
Reg. Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.
Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.
Reg. Now, sweet lord,
You know the goodness I intend upon you:
Tell me,—but truly,—but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sister?
Edm. In honour'd love.
Reg. But have you never found my brother's way
To the forefended place||?

* To bring it to his apprehension. † Forces. ‡ Decision.
§ His settled resolution. || Forbidden.

Edm. That thought abuses* you.
Reg. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct
And bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers.
Edm. No, by mine honour, madam.
Reg. I never shall endure her: Dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.
Edm. Fear me not:—
She, and the duke her husband,——

Enter Albany, Goneril, and Soldiers.

Gon. I had rather lose the battle, than that sister
Should loosen him and me. [*Aside.*
Alb. Our very loving sister, well be met.—
Sir, this I hear,—The king is come to his daughter,
With others, whom the rigour of our state
Forc'd to cry out. Where I could not be honest,
I never yet was valiant: for this business,
It toucheth us as France invades our land,
Not bolds† the king, with others, whom, I fear,
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.
Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.
Reg. Why is this reason'd?
Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy:
For these domestick and particular broils
Art not to question here.
Alb. Let us then determine
With the ancient of war on our proceedings.
Edm. I shall attend you presently at your tent.
Reg. Sister, you'll go with us?
Gon. No.
Reg. 'Tis most convenient; pray you, go with us.
Gon. O, ho, I know the riddle: [*Aside.*] I will go.

As they are going out, enter Edgar, disguised.

Edg. If e'er your grace had speech with man so poor,
Hear me one word.
Alb. I'll overtake you.—Speak.
[*Exeunt Edmund, Regan, Goneril, Officers, Soldiers, and attendants.*
Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it: wretched though I seem,
I can produce a champion, that will prove
What is avouched there: If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases‡. Fortune love you!
Alb. Stay till I have read the letter.
Edg. I was forbid it.
When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again. [*Exit.*
Alb. Why, fare thee well; I will o'erlook thy paper.

Re-enter Edmund.

Edm. The enemy's in view, draw up your powers.
Here is the guess of their true strength and forces
By diligent discovery;—but your haste
Is now urg'd on you.
Alb. We will greet the time*. [*Exit.*
Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my love;
Each jealous of the other, as the sting
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both! one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd,
If both remain alive: To take the widow,
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril;
And hardly shall I carry out my side†,
Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll use
His countenance for the battle; which being done,
Let her, who would be rid of him, devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear, and to Cordelia,—
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never see his pardon: for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Field between the two Camps.

Alarum within. Enter, with Drum, and Colours, Lear, Cordelia, and their Forces; and exeunt.

Enter Edgar and Gloster.

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree
For your good host: pray that the right may thrive;
If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you comfort.
Glo. Grace go with you, sir! [*Exit Edgar.*
Alarums; afterwards a Retreat. Re-enter Edgar.
Edg. Away, old man, give me thy hand, away;
King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en:
Give me thy hand, come on.
Glo. No further, sir; a man may rot even here.
Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
Ripeness is all‡; Come on.
Glo. And that's true too. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The British Camp near Dover.

Enter, in Conquest, with Drum and Colours, Edmund; Lear and Cordelia, as Prisoners; Officers, Soldiers, &c.

Edm. Some officers take them away: good guard;
Until their greater pleasures first be known
That are to censure§ them.
Cor. We are not the first,
Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the worst.
For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down;
Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.
Shall we not see these daughters, and these sisters?
Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to prison:

* Imposes on you.
† *i. e.* Emboldens him.
‡ *i. e.* All designs against your life will have an end.

* Be ready to meet the occasion.
† *i. e.* Make my party good.
‡ *i. e.* To be ready prepared, is all.
§ Pass judgment on them.

We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,
And ask of thee forgiveness: So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,
Who loses, and who wins; who's in, who's out;—
And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies: And we'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,
That ebb and flow by the moon.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught thee?
He, that parts us, shall bring a brand from heaven,
And fire us hence, like foxes. Wipe thine eyes;
The goujeers* shall devour them, flesh and fell†,
Ere they shall make us weep: we'll see them starve first.
Come. [*Exeunt Lear and Cordelia, guarded.*

Edm. Come hither, captain; hark.
Take thou this note; [*Giving a paper,*] go, follow them to prison:
One step I have advanc'd thee; if thou dost
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To noble fortunes: know thou this,—that men
Are as the time is; to be tender-minded
Does not become a sword:—Thy great employment
Will not bear question‡; either say, thou'lt do't,
Or thrive by other means.

Off. I'll do't, my lord.

Edm. About it; and write happy, when thou has done.
Mark,—I say, instantly; and carry it so,
As I have set it down.

Off. I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats;
If it be man's work, I will do it. [*Exit Officer.*

Flourish. Enter Albany, Goneril, Regan, Officers, and attendants.

Alb. Sir, you have shown to-day your valiant strain,
And fortune led you well: You have the captives
Who were the opposites of this day's strife:
We do require them of you; so to use them,
As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable king
To some retention, and appointed guard;
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom on his side,
And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I sent the queen;
My reason all the same; and they are ready
To-morrow, or at further space, to appear
Where you shall hold your session. At this time,
We sweat, and bleed: the friend hath lost his friend;
And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd
By those that feel their sharpness:—

* The French disease. † Skin. ‡ Admit of debate.

The question of Cordelia, and her father,
Requires a fitter place*.

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him.
Methinks, our pleasure might have been demanded,
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers;
Bore the commission of my place and person;
The which immediacy† may well stand up,
And call itself your brother.

Gon. Not so hot:
In his own grace he doth exalt himself,
More than in your advancement.

Reg. In my rights,
By me invested, he compeers the best.

Gon. That were the most, if he should husband you.

Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets.

Gon. Holla, holla!
That eye, that told you so, look'd but a-squint‡.

Reg. Lady, I am not well; else I should answer
From a full flowing stomach.—General,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony;
Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine:
Witness the world, that I create thee here
My lord and master.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?

Alb. The let-alone lies not in your good will.

Edm. Nor, in thine, lord.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

Reg. Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine. [*To Edmund.*

Alb. Stay yet; hear reason. Edmund, I arrest thee
On capital treason; and, in thy arrest,
This gilded serpent: [*Pointing to Gon.*]—for your claim, fair sister,
I bar it in the interest of my wife;
'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,
And I, her husband, contradict your bans.
If you will marry, make your love to me,
My lady is bespoke.

Gon. An interlude!

Alb. Thou art arm'd, Gloster:—Let the trumpet sound;
If none appear to prove upon thy person,
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge; [*Throwing down a glove.*] I'll prove it on thy heart,
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sick, O, sick!

Gon. If not, I'll ne'er trust poison. [*Aside.*

Edm. There's my exchange: [*Throwing down a glove.*] what in the world he is
That names me traitor, villain-like he lies:
Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,
On him, on you, (who not?) I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho!

* To be discoursed of in greater privacy.
† Authority so near my own.
‡ Alluding to the proverb: "Love being jealous makes a good eye look *a-squint.*"

Edm. A herald, ho, a herald!
Alb. Trust to thy single virtue*; for thy soldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.
Reg. This sickness grows upon me.

Enter a Herald.

Alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent.
[*Exit Regan, led.*
Come hither, herald.—Let the trumpet sound,—
And read out this.
Off. Sound, trumpet. [*A Trumpet sounds.*

Herald reads.

If any man of quality, or degree, within the lists of the army, will maintain upon Edmund, supposed earl of Gloster, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear at the third sound of the trumpet: He is bold in his defence.
Edm. Sound. [1 *Trumpet.*
Her. Again. [2 *Trumpet.*
Her. Again. [3 *Trumpet.*
[*Trumpet answers within.*

Enter Edgar, armed, preceded by a trumpet.

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call o'the trumpet.
Her. What are you?
Your name, your quality? and why you answer
This present summons?
Edg. Know, my name is lost;
By treason's tooth bare-gnawn, and canker-bit;
Yet am I noble as the adversary
I come to cope withal.
Alb. Which is that adversary?
Edg. What's he, that speaks for Edmund earl of Gloster?
Edm. Himself;—What say'st thou to him?
Edg. Draw thy sword;
That, if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine.
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,
My oath, and my profession: I protest,—
Maugre† thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,
Despite thy victor sword, and fire-new fortune,
Thy valour, and thy heart,—thou art a traitor:
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince;
And, from the extremest upward of thy head,
To the descent and dust beneath thy feet,
A most toed-spotted traitor. Say thou, *No*,
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,
Thou liest.
Edm. In wisdom, I should ask thy name‡;
But, since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,
And that thy tongue some 'say§ of breeding breathes,
What safe and nicely I might well delay
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn:
Back do I toss these treasons to thy head;
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;
Which, (for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise,)
This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
Where they shall rest for ever.—Trumpets, speak.
[*Alarums. They fight. Edmund falls.*
Alb. O save him, save him!
Gon. This is mere practice*, Gloster:
By the law of arms, thou wast not bound to answer
An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish'd,
But cozen'd and beguil'd.
Alb. Shut your mouth, dame,
Or with this paper shall I stop it:—Hold, sir:—
Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil:—
No tearing, lady; I perceive, you know it.
[*Gives the letter to Edmund.*
Gon. Say, if I do; the laws are mine, not thine:
Who shall arraign me for't?
Alb. Most monstrous!
Know'st thou this paper?
Gon. Ask me not what I know.
[*Exit Goneril.*
Alb. Go after her: she's desperate; govern her.
[*To an Officer, who goes out.*
Edm. What you have charg'd me with, that have I done;
And more, much more: the time will bring it out;
'Tis past, and so am I: but what art thou,
That hast this fortune on me? If thou art noble,
I do forgive thee.
Edg. Let's exchange charity.
I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;
If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me,
My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us:
The dark and vicious place where thee he got,
Cost him his eyes.
Edm. Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true;
The wheel is come full circle; I am here.
Alb. Methought, thy very gait did prophesy
A royal nobleness:—I must embrace thee;
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee, or thy father!
Edg. Worthy prince,
I know it well.
Alb. Where have you hid yourself?
How have you known the miseries of your father?
Edg. By nursing them, my lord—List† a brief tale;—
And, when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst!
The bloody proclamation to escape,
That follow'd me so near, (O our lives' sweetness!
That with the pain of death we'd hourly die,
Rather than die at once!) taught me to shift
Into a mad-man's rags; to assume a semblance
That very dogs disdain'd; and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
Their precious stones new lost; became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair;
Never (O fault!) reveal'd myself unto him,
Until some half hour past, when I was arm'd,
Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
Told him my pilgrimage: But his flaw'd heart,

* *i. e.* Valour. † Notwithstanding.
‡ Because if his adversary was not of equal rank, Edmund might have declined the combat. § Sample.
* Stratagem. † Hear.

(Alack, too weak the conflict to support!)
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.
Edm. This speech of yours hath mov'd me,
And shall, perchance, do good: but speak you on;
You look as you had something more to say.
Alb. If there be more, more woful, hold it in;
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.
Edg. This would have seem'd a period
To such as love not sorrow, but another,
To amplify too much, would make much more,
And top extremity.
Whilst I was big in clamour, came there a man,
Who having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but then, finding
Who 'twas that so endur'd, with his strong arms
He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
As he'd burst heaven; threw him on my father;
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him,
That ever ear receiv'd; which in recounting
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
Began to crack: Twice then the trumpet sounded,
And there I left him trane'd.
Alb. But who was this? [guise
Edg. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in dis-
Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service
Improper for a slave.

Enter a Gentleman hastily, with a bloody knife.

Gent. Help! help! O help!
Edg. What kind of help?
Alb. Speak, man.
Edg. What means that bloody knife?
Gent. 'Tis hot, it smokes;
even from the heart of—
Edg. Who, man? speak.
Gent. Your lady, sir, your lady: and her sister
By her is poison'd; she confesses it.
Edm. I was contracted to them both; all three
Now marry in an instant.
Alb. Produce their bodies, be they alive or
dead!—
This judgment of the heavens, that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity. [*Exit Gentleman.*

Enter Kent.

Edg. Here comes Kent, sir.
Alb. O! it is he.
The time will not allow the compliment,
Which very manners urges.
Kent. I am come
To bid my king and master aye* good night;
Is he not here?
Alb. Great thing of us forgot!—
Speak, Edmund, where's the king? and where's
Cordelia?—
See'st thou this object, Kent?
[*The bodies of Goneril and Regan are brought in.*
Kent. Alack, why thus?
Edm. Yet Edmund was belov'd:
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herself.

* For ever.

Alb. Even so.—Cover their faces.
Edm. I pant for life:—Some good I mean to do,
Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send,—
Be brief in it,—to the castle, for my writ
Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia:—
Nay, send in time.
Alb. Run, run, O, run—
Edg. To who, my lord?—Who has the office? send
Thy token of reprieve.
Edm. Well thought on; take my sword,
Give it the captain.
Alb. Haste thee, for thy life. [*Exit Edgar.*
Edm. He hath commission from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she fordid* herself.
Alb. The gods defend her! Bear him hence
awhile. [*Edmund is borne off.*

Enter Lear, with Cordelia dead in his arms; Edgar, Officer, and others.

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl!—O, you are men
of stones;
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack:—O, she is gone
for ever!—
I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
She's dead as earth:—Lend me a looking glass;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.
Kent. Is this the promis'd end†?
Edg. Or image of that horror?
Alb. Fall, and cease‡!
Lear. This feather stirs; she lives! if it be so,
It is a chance that does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.
Kent. O my good master! [*Kneeling.*
Lear. Pr'ythee, away.
Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.
Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors
all!
I might have sav'd her; now she's gone for ever!—
Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha!
What is't thou say'st?—Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman:—
I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee.
Off. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.
Lear. Did I not, fellow?
I have seen the day, with my good biting faul-
chion
I would have made them skip: I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me.—Who are you?
Mine eyes are none o'the best;—I'll tell you straight.
Kent. If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold.
Lear. This is a dull sight: Are you not Kent?
Kent. The same;
Your servant Kent: Where is your servant Caius?
Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;

* Destroyed herself.
† The end of the world, or the horrible circumstances preceding it?
‡ *i. e.* Die; Albany speaks to Lear.

He'll strike, and quickly too:—He's dead and rotten.

Kent. No, my good lord; I am the very man!—

Lear. I'll see that straight.

Kent. That from your first of difference and decay,
Have follow'd your sad steps.

Lear. You are welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man else; all's cheerless, dark, and deadly.—
Your eldest daughters have fore-doom'd themselves,
And desperately are dead.

Lear. Ay, so I think.

Alb. He knows not what he says; and vain it is
That we present us to him.

Edg. Very bootless*.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Edmund is dead, my lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle here.—
You lords, and noble friends know our intent.
What comfort to this great decay† may come,
Shall be applied: for us, we will resign,
During the life of this old majesty,
To him our absolute power:—You, to your rights;
[*To Edgar and Kent.*
With boot‡, and such addition§ as your honours
Have more than merited:—All friends shall taste
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deservings.—O, see, see!

Lear. And my poor fool‖ is hang'd! No, no, no life:
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
And thou no breath at all? O, thou wilt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never!—
Pray you, undo this button: Thank you, sir.—
Do you see this?—Look on her,—look,—her lips,—
Look there, look there!— [*He dies.*

Edg. He faints!—My lord, my lord,—

Kent. Break, heart; I pr'ythee, break!

Edg. Look up, my lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass¶! he hates him,
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.

Edg. O, he is gone indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long:
He but usurp'd his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence.—Our present business
Is general woe. Friends of my soul, you twain
[*To Kent and Edgar.*
Rule in this realm, and the gor'd state sustain.

Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go;
My master calls, and I must not say, no.

Alb. The weight of this sad time we must obey;
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
The oldest hath borne most: we, that are young,
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.
[*Exeunt, with a dead March.*

* Useless. † *i. e.* Lear. ‡ Benefit. § Titles.
‖ *Poor fool*, in the time of Shakspeare was an expression of endearment. ¶ Die.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Theseus, duke of Athens.
Egeus, father to Hermia.
Lysander, *Demetrius*, } in love with Hermia.
Philostrate, master of the Revels to Theseus.
Quince, the carpenter.
Snug, the joiner.
Bottom, the weaver.
Flute, the bellows-mender.
Snout, the tinker.
Starveling, the tailor.
Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.
Hermia, daughter of Egeus, in love with Lysander.
Helena, in love with Demetrius.
Oberon, King of the Fairies.
Titania, Queen of the Fairies.
Puck or *Robin-goodfellow*, a Fairy.
Peas-blossom, *Cobweb*, *Moth*, *Mustard-seed*, } Fairies.
Pyramus, *Thisbe*, *Wall*, *Moonshine*, *Lion*, } Characters in the Interlude performed by the Clowns.
Other Fairies attending their King and Queen.
Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta.

Scene, Athens, and a wood not far from it.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Athens. A Room in the Palace of Theseus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Philostrate, and Attendants.

Theseus. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon; but, oh, methinks how slow
This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

Hip. Four days will quickly steep themselves in nights;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

The. Go, Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments:
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth;
Turn melancholy forth to funerals,
The pale companion is not for our pomp.—
[*Exit Philostrate.*
Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,
And won thy love, doing thee injuries:
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph*, and with revelling.

Enter Egeus, Hermia, Lysander, and Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke!

The. Thanks, good Egeus. What's the news with thee?

Ege. Full of vexation come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia—
Stand forth, Demetrius;—My noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her:—
Stand forth, Lysander:—and, my gracious duke,
This hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child:

* Shows.

Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:
Thou hast by moon-light at her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;
And stol'n the impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds*, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweet-meats; messengers
Of strong prevailment in unharden'd youth:
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart;
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness.—And, my gracious duke,
Be it so she will not here before your grace
Consent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens:
As she is mine, I may dispose of her;
Which shall be either to this gentleman,
Or to her death; according to our law,
Immediately provided in that case.

The. What say you, Hermia? be advis'd, fair maid:
To you your father should be as a god;
One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is Lysander.

The. In himself he is;
But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.

The. Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.

Her. I do entreat your grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold;
Nor how it may concern my modesty,
In such a presence here, to plead my thoughts:
But I beseech your grace that I may know
The worst that may befal me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the society of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun;
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage;
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my Virgin patent up
Unto his lordship, whose unwished yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

The. Take time to pause: and, by the next new moon,
(The sealing-day betwixt my love and me,
For everlasting bond of fellowship,)
Upon that day either prepare to die,
For disobedience to your father's will;
Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would:
Or on Diana's altar to protest,
For aye, austerity and single life.

Dem. Relent, sweet Hermia;—And, Lysander, yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right.

Lys. You have her father's love, Demetrius;
Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.

Ege. Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love;
And what is mine my love shall render him;
And she is mine; and all my right of her
I do estate unto Demetrius.

Lys. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well possess'd; my love is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as Demetrius';
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia:
Why should not I then prosecute my right?
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this spotted* and inconstant man.

The. I must confess, that I have heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;
But, being over-full of self-affairs,
My mind did lose it. But, Demetrius, come;
And come, Egeus; you shall go with me,
I have some private schooling for you both.—
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
To fit your fancies to your father's will;
Or else the law of Athens yields you up
(Which by no means we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of single life.—
Come, my Hippolyta. What cheer, my love?—
Demetrius, and Egeus, go along:
I must employ you in some business
Against our nuptial; and confer with you
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

Ege. With duty and desire we follow you.

[*Exeunt Thes. Hip. Ege. Dem. and train.*

Lys. How now, my love? Why is your cheek so pale?
How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

Her. Belike, for want of rain; which I could well
Beteem them† from the tempest of mine eyes.

Lys. Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth:
But, either it was different in blood.

Her. O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low!

Lys. Or else misgraffed, in respect of years;

Her. O spite! too old to be engag'd to young!

Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends:

Her. O hell! to choose love by another's eye!

Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it;
Making it momentany‡ as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the collied§ night,

* Baubles.

* Wicked. † Give, bestow. ‡ Momentary. § Black.

That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say,—Behold!
The jaws of darkness do devour it up;
So quick bright things come to confusion.
Her. If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,
It stands as an edict in destiny;
Then let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross;
As due to love, as thoughts, and dreams, and sighs,
Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's* followers.
Lys. A good persuasion; therefore, hear me, Hermia.
I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and she hath no child:
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues;
And she respects me as her only son.
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me then,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;
And in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do observance to a morn of May,
There will I stay for thee.
Her. My good Lysander!
I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow;
By his best arrow with the golden head;
By the simplicity of Venus' doves;
By that which knitteth souls, and prospers loves;
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,
When the false Trojan under sail was seen;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke;—
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.
Lys. Keep promise, love: Look, here comes Helena.

Enter Helena.

Her. God speed fair Helena! Whither away?
Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.
Demetrius loves your fair? O happy fair!
Your eyes are lode-stars†; and your tongue's sweet air
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.
Sickness is catching; O, were favour‡ so!
Your's would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest I'll give to be to you translated.
O, teach me how you look; and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.
Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.
Hel. O, that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill!
Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.
Hel. O, that my prayers could such affection move!
Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.
Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.
Her. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.

* Love's. † Pole-stars. ‡ Countenance.

Hel. None, but your beauty. 'Would that fault were mine! [face;
Her. Take comfort; he no more shall see my Lysander and myself will fly this place.—
Before the time I did Lysander see,
Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me:
O then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven unto hell!
Lys. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold;
To-morrow-night when Phœbe doth behold
Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,
(A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,)
Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal.
Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,
There my Lysander and myself shall meet:
And thence, from Athens, turn away our eyes
To seek new friends and stranger companies.
Farewell, sweet playfellow; pray thou for us,
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!
Keep word, Lysander: we must starve our sight
From lover's food, till morrow deep midnight.
[*Exit Herm.*
Lys. I will, my Hermia.—Helena, adieu:
As you on him, Demetrius dote on you!
[*Exit Lys.*
Hel. How happy some, o'er other some can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know.
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity.
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind;
Nor hath love's mind of any judgement taste;
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste:
And therefore is love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
So the boy love is perjur'd every where:
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne*,
He hail'd down oaths, that he was only mine;
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night,
Pursue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expence:
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have a sight thither, and back again. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The same. A Room in a Cottage.

Enter Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout, Quince, and Starveling.

Quin. Is all our company here?
Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.

* Eyes.

Quin. Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and duchess, on his wedding-day at night.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and so grow to a point.

Quin. Marry, our play is—The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry.—Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll: Masters, spread yourselves.

Quin. Answer, as I call you.—Nick Bottom, the weaver.

Bot. Ready: Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gallantly for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will condole in some measure. To the rest:—Yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

"The raging rocks,
With shivering shocks,
Shall break the locks
Of prison-gates:
And Phibbus' car
Shall shine from far,
And make and mar
The foolish fates."

This was lofty!—Now name the rest of the players.—This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You must take Thisby on you.

Flu. What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let me not play a woman; I have a beard coming.

Quin. That's all one; you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too: I'll speak in a monstrous little voice;—Thisne, Thisne—Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear; thy Thisby dear! and lady dear!

Quin. No, no; you must play Pyramus; and Flute, you Thisby.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother.—Tom Snout, the tinker.

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus's father; myself, Thisby's father;—Snug, the joiner, you, the lion's part:—and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too; I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, Let him roar again, Let him roar again.

Quin. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us every mother's son.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us; but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus; for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely, gentleman-like man; therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-coloured beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced.—But, masters, here are your parts; and I am to entreat you, request you and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moon-light; there will we rehearse; for if we meet in the city, we shall be dog'd with company, and our devices known. In the mean time I will draw a bill of properties*, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehearse more obscenely, and courageously. Take pains; be perfect: adieu.

Quin. At the duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough; Hold, or cut bow-strings†.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Wood near Athens.

Enter a Fairy at one door, and Puck at another.

Puck. How now, spirit! whither wander you?

Fai. Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough briar,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander every where.
Swifter than the moones sphere:
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs‡ upon the green:
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see;

* Articles required in performing a play.
† At all events. ‡ Circles.

You do me mischief. Fye, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex;
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon* the hand I love so well.
[*Exeunt Dem. and Hel.*

Obe. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave this grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.—

Re-enter Puck.

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

Puck. Ay, there it is.

Obe. I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips† and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with lush‡ woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine;
There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove;
A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;
But do it, when the next thing he espies
May be the lady. Thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care; that he may prove
More fond on her, than she upon her love:
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

Puck. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another part of the Wood.

Enter Titania, with her train.

Tita. Come, now a roundel§, and a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence;
Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;
Some, war with rear-mice‖ for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats; and some, keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

SONG.

Fai. You spotted snakes, with double tongue,
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen;
Newts**, and blind-worms††, do no wrong;
Come not near our fairy queen:

Chorus. Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:,
Never harm, nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

II.

2 *Fai.* Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence:
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.

Chorus. Philomel, with melody, &c.

1 *Fai.* Hence, away; now all is well:
One, aloof, stand sentinel.
[*Exeunt Fairies. Titania sleeps.*

Enter Oberon.

Obe. What thou seest, when thou dost wake,
[*Squeezes the flower on Titania's eye-lids.*
Do it for thy true love take;
Love, and languish for his sake;
Be it ounce*, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear;
Wake, when some vile thing is near. [*Exit.*

Enter Lysander and Hermia.

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood;
And to speak troth, I have forgot our way;
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Be it so, Lysander: find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will rest my head.

Lys. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

Her. Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my dear,
Lie further off yet, do not lie so near.

Lys. O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence;
Love takes the meaning, in love's conference.
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit;
So that but one heart we can make of it:
Two bosoms interchained with an oath;
So then, two bosoms, and a single troth.
Then, by your side no bed-room me deny;
For, lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

Her. Lysander riddles very prettily:—
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say, Lysander lied.
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
Lie further off; in human modesty
Such separation, as, may well be said,
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid:
So far be distant; and good night, sweet friend:
Thy love ne'er alter, till thy sweet life end!

Lys. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I;
And then end life, when I end loyalty!
Here is my bed. Sleep give thee all his rest!

Her. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be press'd! [*They sleep.*

Enter Puck.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.

* By. † The greater cowslip. ‡ Vigorous.
§ A kind of dance. ‖ Bats. ** Efts.
†† Slow-worms.

* The small tiger.

Night and silence! who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
This is he, my master said,
Despised the Athenian maid?
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty soul! she durst not lie
Near this lack-love, kill courtesy.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe* :
When thou wak'st, let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eye-lid.
So awake, when I am gone;
For I must now to Oberon. [*Exit.*

Enter Demetrius and Helena, running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.

Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.

Hel. O, wilt thou darkling† leave me? do not so.

Dem. Stay, on thy peril; I alone will go. [*Exit Demetrius.*

Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!
The more my prayer the lesser is my grace.
Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies;
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears:
If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;
For beasts that meet me, run away for fear:
Therefore, no marvel, though Demetrius
Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.
What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne?—
But who is here?—Lysander! on the ground!
Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound;—
Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

Lys. And run through fire I will, for thy sweet sake. [*Waking.*

Transparent Helena; Nature here shows art,
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.
Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word
Is that vile name to perish on my sword!

Hel. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so:
What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what though?
Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content.

Lys. Content with Hermia? No: I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not Hermia, but Helena I love:
Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reason sway'd;
And reason says you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their season:
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;
And touching now the point of human skill,
Reason becomes the marshal to my will,
And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook
Love's stories written in love's richest book.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?
When, at your hands, did I deserve this scorn?
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,
In such disdainful manner me to woo.
But fare you well: perforce I must confess,
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.
O, that a lady, of one man refus'd,
Should, of another, therefore be abus'd! [*Exit.*

Lys. She sees not Hermia!—Hermia, sleep thou there;
And never may'st thou come Lysander near!
For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;
Or, as the heresies, that men do leave,
Are hated most of those they did deceive;
So thou, my surfeit, and my heresy,
Of all be hated; but the most of me!
And all my powers, address your love and might,
To honour Helen, and to be her knight! [*Exit.*

Her. [*starting.*] Help me, Lysander, help me! do thy best,
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!
Ah me, for pity!—what a dream was here?
Lysander, look, how I do quake with fear:
Methought a serpent eat my heart away,
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey;—
Lysander! what, remov'd? Lysander! lord!
What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word?
Alack, where are you? speak, an if you hear;
Speak, of all loves* ; I swoon almost with fear.
No?—then I well perceive you are not nigh:
Either death, or you, I'll find immediately. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The same. The Queen of Fairies lying asleep.

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake our tyringhouse; and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the duke.

Bot. Peter Quince,—

Quin. What say'st thou, bully Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of Pyramus and Thisby, that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snout. By'rlakin†, a parlous‡ fear.

Star. I believe, we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit; I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue; and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords; and that Pyramus is not killed indeed: and, for the more better assurance, tell them, that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver. This will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six.—

* Possess. † In the dark.

* By all that is dear. † By our ladykin. ‡ Dangerous.

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in, God shield us! a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful* wild-fowl than your lion, living; and we ought to look to it.

Snout. Therefore, another prologue must tell, he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect,—Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or, I would request you, or, I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life. No, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are:—and there, indeed, let him name his name; and tell them plainly, he is Snug the joiner.

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moon-light into a chamber: For you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moon-light.

Snug. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanack; find out moon-shine, find out moon-shine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why, then you may leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Aye; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorn, and say, he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moon-shine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chinks of a wall.

Snug. You never can bring in a wall.—What say you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other must present wall; and let him have some plaster, or some lome, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; or let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin; when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake and so every one according to his cue.

Enter Puck behind.

Puck. What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy queen?
What, a play toward? I'll be an auditor?
An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speak, Pyramus:—Thisby, stand forth.

Pyr. Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet,—

Quin. Odours, odours.

Pyr. ——odours savours sweet:

So doth thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.—
But, hark, a voice! stay thou but here a while,
And by and bye I will to thee appear. [*Exit.*

Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here! [*Aside.—Exit.*

This. Must I speak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you: for you must understand, he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again. [hue,

This. Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,
Most brisky juvenal*, and eke most lovely Jew,
As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

Quin. Ninus' tomb, man. Why you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you speak all your part at once, cues† and all.—Pyramus enter; your cue is past; it is, never tire.

Re-enter Puck, and Bottom with an ass's head.

This. O,—As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.

Pyr. If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine.—

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted. Pray, masters! fly, masters! help! [*Exeunt Clowns.*

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier;
Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,
A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn. [*Exit.*

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them, to make me afeard.

Re-enter Snout.

Snout. O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see on thee?

Bot. What do you see? you see an ass's head of your own; do you?

Re-enter Quince.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated. [*Exit.*

Bot. I see their knavery? this is to make an ass of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can. I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid. [*Sings.*

The ousel-cock, so black of hue,
With orange-tawney bill,
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill;

Tita. What angel wakes me from my flowery bed? [*Waking.*

Bot. The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer, nay;—

* Terrible.

* Young man.

† The last words of the preceding speech, which serve as a hint to him who is to speak next.

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry, cuckoo, never so?

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again;
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me,
On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that. And yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days: the more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek* upon occasion.

Tita. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Tita. Out of this wood do not desire to go;
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no,
I am a spirit of no common rate;
The summer still doth tend upon my state,
And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep;
And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep:
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.—
Peas-blossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-seed!

Enter four Fairies.

1 *Fai.* Ready.
2 *Fai.* And I.
3 *Fai.* And I.
4 *Fai.* Where shall we go?

Tita. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries†,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
The honey bags steal from the humble-bees,
And, for night tapers, crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed, and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes:
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

1 *Fai.* Hail, mortal!
2 *Fai.* Hail!
3 *Fai.* Hail!
4 *Fai.* Hail!

Bot. I cry your worships mercy, heartily.—I beseech, your worship's name?

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good master Cobweb. If I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.—Your name, honest gentleman?

Peas. Peas-blossom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to mistress Squash‡, your mother, and to master Peascod, your father. Good master Peas-blossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too.—Your name, I beseech you, sir?

* Joke. † Gooseberries.
‡ A *squash* is an immature peascod.

Mus. Mustard-seed.

Bot. Good master Mustard-seed, I know your patience well; that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house. I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you more acquaintance, good master Mustard-seed.

Tita. Come, wait upon him! lead him to my bower.
The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye;
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity.
Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another part of the Wood.

Enter Oberon.

Obe. I wonder, if Titania be awak'd;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.

Enter Puck.

Here comes my messenger.—How now, mad spirit?
What night-rule* now about this haunted grove?

Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches† rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play,
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort‡,
Who Pyramus presented, in their sport
Forsook his scene, and entered in a brake:
When I did him at this advantage take,
An ass's nowl§ I fixed on his head;
Anon, his Thisbe must be answered,
And forth my mimick‖ comes. When they him spy,
As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky;
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly:
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;
He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.
Their sense, thus weak, lost with their fears, thus strong,
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong:
For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch;
Some, sleeves; some, hats; from yielders all things catch,
I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there:
When in that moment (so it came to pass),
Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.

Obe. This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latch'd¶ the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

Puck. I took him sleeping,—that is finish'd too,—

* Revelry. † Simple fellows.
‡ Stupid company. § Head. ‖ Actor.
¶ Or letched, licked over.

And the Athenian woman by his side:
That, when he wak'd, of force she must be ey'd.

Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

Obe. Stand close; this is the same Athenian.
Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man.
Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.
Her. Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse;
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse,
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.
The sun was not so true unto the day,
As he to me. Would he have stol'n away
From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon,
This whole earth may be bor'd; and that the moon
May through the centre creep, and so displease
Her brother's noon-tide with the Antipodes.
It cannot be, but thou hast murder'd him;
So should a murderer look; so dead, so grim.
Dem. So should the murder'd look; and so should I,
Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty:
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.
Her. What's this to my Lysander? Where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?
Dem. I had rather give his carcase to my hounds.
Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men!
O! once tell true, tell true, even for my sake;
Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake,
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch![*]
Could not a worm, an adder, do so much;
An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.
Dem. You spend your passion on a mispris'd[†] mood:
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.
Her. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.
Dem. And if I could, what should I get therefore?
Her. A privilege, never to see me more.—
And from thy hated presence part I so:
See me no more, whether he be dead or no. [*Exit.*
Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein:
Here, therefore, for a while I will remain.
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;
Which now, in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay.
[*Lies down.*
Obe. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite,
And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight:
Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
Some true-love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

[*] Stroke, exploit. [†] Mistaken.

Puck. Then fate o'er-rules; that, one man holding troth,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.
Obe. About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find:
All fancy-sick[*] she is, and pale of cheer[†]
With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear:
By some illusion see thou bring her here;
I'll charm his eyes, against she do appear.
Puck. I go, I go; look, how I go:
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [*Exit.*
Obe. Flower of this purple die,
Hit with Cupid's archery,
Sink in apple of his eye!
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.—
When thou wak'st, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter Puck.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand;
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee;
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be!
Obe. Stand aside: the noise they make,
Will cause Demetrius to awake.
Puck. Then will two at once woo one;
That must needs be sport alone;
And those things do best please me,
That befal preposterously.

Enter Lysander and Helena.

Lys. Why should you think, that I should woo in scorn?
Scorn and derision never come in tears:
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.
How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?
Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more.
When truth kills truth, O devilish holy fray!
These vows are Hermia's. Will you give her o'er?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:
Your vows, to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh; and both as light as tales.
Lys. I had no judgment, when to her I swore.
Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.
Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.
Dem. [*awaking.*] O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect divine!
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?
Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow,
That pure congeal'd white, high Taurus' snow,
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow,
When thou hold'st up thy hand: O let me kiss
This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!

[*] Love-sick. [†] Countenance.

Hel. O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me, for your merriment.
If you were civil, and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join, in souls*, to mock me too?
If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so;
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When, I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love Hermia;
And now both rivals, to mock Helena:
A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes,
With your derision! none, of noble sort†,
Would so offend a virgin; and extort
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

Lys. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;
For you love Hermia; this, you know, I know:
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
My heart with her but, as guest wise, sojourn'd;
And now to Helen is it home return'd,
There to remain.

Lys. Helen, it is not so.

Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear‡.—
Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense:—
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found:
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound,
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

Lys. Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?

Her. What love could press Lysander from my side?

Lys. Lysander's love, that would not let him bide.
Fair Helena, who more engilds the night
Than all yon fiery oes§ and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know,
The hate I bare thee made me leave thee so?

Her. You speak not as you think; it cannot be.

Hel. Lo, she is one of this confederacy!
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd, all three,
To fashion this false sport in spite of me.
Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd
To bait me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us,—O, and is all forgot?
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial* gods,
Have with our needs† created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
But yet a union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it;
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words:
I scorn you not; it seems that you scorn me.

Hel. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow me, and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other love, Demetrius,
(Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,)
To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection;
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate;
But miserable most, to love unlov'd?
This you should pity, rather than despise.

Her. I understand not what you mean by this.

Hel. Ay, do, perséver, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mows‡ upon me when I turn my back;
Wink at each other; hold the sweet jest up:
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.
But, fare ye well: 'tis partly mine own fault:
Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.

Lys. Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse;
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!

Hel. O excellent!

Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.

Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat;
Thy threats have no more strength, than her weak prayers.—
Helen, I love thee; by my life I do:
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false, that says I love thee not.

Dem. I say, I love thee more than he can do.

Lys. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.

Dem. Quick, come,—

Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this?

Lys. Away, you Ethiop!

* Heartily. † Degree. ‡ Pay dearly for it. § Circles.

* Ingenious. † Needles. ‡ Mouths—wry faces.

Dem. No, no, sir:—he will
Seem to break loose; take on, as you would follow;
But yet come not. You are a tame man, go?
Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr: vile thing, let loose;
Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent.
Her. Why are you grown so rude? what change is this,
Sweet love?
Lys. Thy love? out, tawny Tartar, out!
Out, loathed medicine! hated potion, hence!
Her. Do you not jest?
Hel. Yes, 'sooth: and so do you.
Lys. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.
Dem. I would, I had your bond; for, I perceive,
A weak bond holds you; I'll not trust your word.
Lys. What should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.
Her. What, can you do me greater harm, than hate?
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?
Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?
I am as fair now as I was erewhile.
Since night you lov'd me; yet since night you left me:
Why, then you left me,—O, the gods forbid!—
In earnest shall I say?
Lys. Ay, by my life;
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore, be out of hope, of question, doubt,
Be certain nothing truer; 'tis no jest,
That I do hate thee, and love Helena.
Her. O me! you juggler! you canker-blossom*!
You thief of love! what have you come by night,
And stol'n my love's heart from him?
Hel. Fine, i'faith!
Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet you!
Her. Puppet! why so? Ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statures, she hath urg'd her height;
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.—
And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish, and so low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;
How low am I? I am not yet so low,
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.
Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curst†;
I have no gift at all in shrewishness:
I am a right maid for my cowardice:
Let her not strike me. You, perhaps, may think,
Because she's something lower than myself,
That I can match her.
Her. Lower! hark, again.
Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me,
I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood:
He follow'd you; for love, I follow'd him.
But he hath chid me hence: and threaten'd me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further. Let me go:
You see how simple and how fond* I am.
Her. Why, get you gone. Who is't that hinders you?
Hel. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.
Her. What! with Lysander?
Hel. With Demetrius.
Lys. Be not afraid; she shall not harm thee, Helena.
Dem. No, sir; she shall not, though you take her part.
Hel. O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd:
She was a vixen, when she went to school;
And, though she be but little, she is fierce.
Her. Little again? nothing but low and little?—
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.
Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf;
You minimus, of hind'ring knot-grass† made!
You bead, you acorn.
Dem. You are too officious,
In her behalf that scorns your services:
Let her alone; speak not of Helena;
Take not her part: for if thou dost intend‡
Never so little show of love to her,
Thou shalt aby it.
Lys. Now she holds me not;
Now follow if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
Or thine or mine, is most in Helena.
Dem. Follow? nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jole.
[*Exeunt Lys. and Dem.*
Her. You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you:
Nay, go not back.
Hel. I will not trust you, I;
Nor longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray;
My legs are longer though, to run away. [*Exit.*
Her. I am amaz'd and know not what to say.
[*Exit, pursuing Helena.*
Obe. This is thy negligence: still thou mistak'st,
Or else commit'st thy knaveries wilfully.
Puck. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.
Did not you tell me, I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on?
And so far blameless proves my enterprize,
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes:
And so far am I glad it so did sort§,
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.
Obe. Thou seest, these lovers seek a place to fight:
Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night;

* A worm that preys on buds of flowers.
† Shrewish or mischievous.

* Foolish.
† Antiently knot-grass was believed to prevent the growth of children.
‡ Pretend. § Happen.

The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog, as black as Acheron :
And lead these testy rivals so astray,
As one come not within another's way.
Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong ;
And sometime rail thou like Demetrius :
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep ;
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye ;
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property*,
To take from thence all error with his might,
And make his eye-balls roll with wonted sight.
When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision ;
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend†
With league whose date till death shall never end.
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy ;
And then I will her charmed eye release
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My Fairy lord, this must be done with haste :
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger ;
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to church-yards : damned spirits all,
That in cross-ways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone ;
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
They wilfully themselves exile from light,
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

Obe. But we are spirits of another sort :
I with the Morning's Love‡ have oft made sport ;
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.
But, notwithstanding, haste ; make no delay :
We may effect this business yet ere day.

[*Exit Oberon.*

Puck. Up and down, up and down,
I will lead them up and down :
I am fear'd in field and town ;
Goblin, lead them up and down.
Here comes one.

Enter Lysander.

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius ? speak thou now.

Puck. Here villain ; drawn and ready. Where art thou ?

Lys. I will be with thee straight.

Puck. Follow me then
To plainer ground.

[*Exit Lys. as following the voice.*

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. Lysander ! speak again.
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled ?
Speak. In some bush ? Where dost thou hide thy head ?

Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come ? Come, recreant ; come, thou child ;
I'll whip thee with a rod. He is defil'd,
That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea ; art thou there ?

Puck. Follow my voice ; we'll try no manhood here.

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Lysander.

Lys. He goes before me, and still dares me on ;
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
The villain is much lighter heel'd than I :
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly ;
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. Come thou gentle day !

[*Lies down.*

For if but once thou show me thy gray light,
I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite. [*Sleeps.*

Re-enter Puck and Demetrius.

Puck. Ho, ho ! ho, ho ! Coward, why com'st thou not ?

Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st ; for well I wot,
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place ;
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou ?

Puck. Come hither ; I am here.

Dem. Nay, then thou mock'st me. Thou shalt buy this dear.
If ever I thy face by day-light see :
Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold bed.—
By day's approach look to be visited.

[*Lies down and sleeps.*

Enter Helena.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours ; shine, comforts, from the east ;
That I may back to Athens by day-light,
From these that my poor company detest :—
And, sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me awhile from mine own company. [*Sleeps.*

Puck. Yet but three ? Come one more ;
Two of both kinds make up four.
Here she comes, curst and sad :—
Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers ;
I can no further crawl, no further go ;
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me, till the break of day.
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray !

[*Lies down.*

Puck. On the ground
Sleep sound :
I'll apply
To your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy.

[*Squeezing the juice on Lysander's eye.*

* Medicinal efficacy. † Go.
‡ Cephalus, the paramour of Aurora.

When thou wak'st,
Thou tak'st
True delight
In the sight
Of thy former lady's eye:
And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown:
Jack shall have Jill;
Nought shall go ill;
The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well.

[*Exit Puck.—Dem. Hel. &c. sleep.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The same.

Enter Titania and Bottom, Fairies attending; Oberon behind unseen.

Tita. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy*,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where's Peas-blossom?

Peas. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, Peas-blossom.—Where's monsieur Cobweb?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monsieur Cobweb; good monsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a redhipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, monsieur: and, good monsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loath to have you overflown with a honey-bag, signior.—Where's monsieur Mustard-seed?

Must. Ready.

Bot. Give me your neif†, monsieur Mustard-seed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.

Must. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good monsieur, but to help cavalero Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, monsieur; for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face: and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou hear some musick, my sweet love?

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in musick: let us have the tongs and the bones.

Tita. Or, say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks, I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

Tita. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful, or two, of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Tita. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.
Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.

* Stroke. † Fist.

So doth the woodbine, the sweet honeysuckle,
Gently entwist,—the female ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.
O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!

[*They sleep.*

Oberon advances. Enter Puck.

Obe. Welcome, good Robin. See'st thou this sweet sight?
Her dotage now I do begin to pity.
For meeting her of late, behind the wood,
Seeking sweet savours for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her;
For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flowrets' eyes,
Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail.
When I had, at my pleasure, taunted her,
And she, in mild terms, begg'd my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child;
Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes.
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
From off the head of this Athenian swain;
That he awaking when the other do,
May all to Athens back again repair;
And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But first I will release the fairy queen.
Be, as thou wast wont to be;

[*Touching her eyes with an herb.*

See, as thou wast wont to see:
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower
Hath such force and blessed power.
Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet queen.

Tita. My Oberon! what visions have I seen!
Methought, I was enamour'd of an ass.

Obe. There lies your love.

Tita. How came these things to pass?
O, how mine eyes do loath his visage now!

Obe. Silence, a while.—Robin, take off this head.—
Titania, musick call; and strike more dead
Than common sleep, of all these five the sense.

Tita. Musick, ho! musick: such as charmeth sleep.

Puck. Now, when thou wak'st, with thine own fool's eyes peep.

Obe. Sound, musick. [*Still musick.*] Come, my queen, take hands with me,
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity;
And will, to-morrow midnight, solemnly,
Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,
And bless it to all fair posterity:
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

Puck. Fairy king, attend, and mark;
I do hear the morning lark.

Obe. Then, my queen, in silence sad,

Trip we after the night's shade;
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.
Tita. Come, my lord; and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping here was found,
With these mortals, on the ground. [*Exeunt.*

[*Horns sound within.*

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus, and train.

The. Go one of you, find out the forester;—
For now our observation is perform'd:
And since we have the vaward* of the day,
My love shall hear the musick of my hounds.—
Uncouple in the western valley; go:
Despatch, I say, and find the forester.—
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules, and Cadmus, once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd†, so sanded; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lap'd like Thessalian bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly:
Judge, when you hear.—But, soft; what nymphs are these?

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep!
And this, Lysander; this Demetrius is;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:
I wonder of their being here together.

The. No doubt, they rose up early, to observe
The rite of May; and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.—
But, speak, Egeus; is not this the day
That Hermia should give answer of her choice?

Ege. It is, my lord.

The. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.

Horns, and shout within. Demetrius, Lysander, Hermia, and Helena, wake and start up.

The. Good-morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past;
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

Lys. Pardon, my lord.

[*He and the rest kneel to Theseus.*

The. I pray you all, stand up.
I know you are two rival enemies;
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

Lys. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half 'sleep, half waking. But as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here:
But, as I think, (for truly would I speak,—
And now I do bethink me, so it is;)
I came with Hermia hither: our intent
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might be
Without the peril of the Athenian law.

Ege. Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough:
I beg the law, the law, upon his head.—
They would have stol'n away, they would, Demetrius,
Thereby to have defeated you and me:
You, of your wife; and me of my consent;
Of my consent that she should be your wife.

Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither, to this wood;
And I in fury hither followed them;
Fair Helena in fancy* following me.
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,
(But by some power it is,) my love to Hermia,
Melted as doth the snow, seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gawd†,
Which in my childhood I did dote upon:
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object, and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia:
But, like in sickness, did I loath this food:
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.

The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:
Of this discourse we more will hear anon.—
Egeus, I will overbear your will;
For in the temple, by and by with us,
These couples shall eternally be knit,
And, for the morning now is something worn,
Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.—
Away, with us, to Athens. Three and three,
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.—
Come, Hippolyta.

[*Exeunt The. Hip. Ege. and train.*

Dem. These things seem small, and undistinguishable,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Her. Methinks, I see these things with parted eye,
When every thing seems double.

Hel. So methinks;
And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.

Dem. It seems to me,
That yet we sleep, we dream.—Do not you think,
The duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Her. Yea; and my father.

Hel. And Hippolyta.

Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why then, we are awake: let's follow him;
And, by the way, let us recount our dreams.

[*Exeunt.*

* Forepart.
† The flews are the large chaps of a hound.

* Love. † Toy.

As they go out, Bottom awakes.

Bot. When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer:—my next is, most fair Pyramus.—Hey, ho!—Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God's my life! stolen hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream,—past the wit of man to say what dream it was. Man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had,—but man is but a patched fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen; man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the duke. Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Athens. A Room in Quince's House.

Enter Quince, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.

Quin. Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he is transported.

Flu. If he come not, then the play is marred. It goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens able to discharge Pyramus, but he.

Flu. No; he hath simply the best wit of any handycraft man in Athens.

Quin. Yea, and the best person too: and he is a very paramour, for a sweet voice.

Flu. You must say, paragon: a paramour is, God bless us, a thing of nought.

Enter Snug.

Snug. Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married; if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

Flu. O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a-day during his life; he could not have 'scaped sixpence a-day: an the duke had not given him sixpence a-day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hang'd; he would have deserved it; sixpence a-day, in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter Bottom.

Bot. Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

Quin. Bottom!—O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask me not what; for, if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing, right as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you, is, that the duke hath dined. Get your apparel together; good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for, the short and the long is, our play is preferred. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen; and let not him, that plays the lion, pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions, nor garlick, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt, but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words; away; go, away. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The same. An Apartment in the Palace of Theseus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Philostrate, Lords, and Attendants.

Hip. 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

The. More strange than true. I never may believe
These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
Lovers, and madmen, have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatick, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact*:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;
That is, the madman: the lover, all as frantick,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation, and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination;
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
Or, in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear?

Hip. But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigur'd so together,
More witnesseth than fancy's images,
And grows to something of great constancy†;
But, howsoever, strange and admirable.

Enter Lysander, Demetrius, Hermia and Helena.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.—
Joy, gentle friends! joy, and fresh days of love,
Accompany your hearts!

Lys. More than to us
Wait on your royal walks, your board, your bed!

The. Come now; what masks, what dances shall we have,
To wear away this long age of three hours,
Between our after-supper, and bed time?
Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?
Call Philostrate.

* Are made of mere imagination. † Stability.

Philost. Here, mighty Theseus.

The. Say, what abridgment* have you for this evening?
What mask? what musick? How shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some delight?

Philost. There is a brief†, how many sports are ripe;
Make choice of which your highness will see first.

[*Giving a paper.*

The. reads.] The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung.
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.
We'll none of that: that have I told my love,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.
The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.
That is an old device; and it was play'd
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.
The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary.
That is some satire, keen, and critical,
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.
A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,
And his love, Thisbe: very tragical mirth.
Merry and tragical! Tedious and brief!
That is, hot ice, and wonderous strange snow.
How shall we find the concord of this discord?

Philost. A play there is my lord, some ten words long;
Which is as brief as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long;
Which makes it tedious: for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
And tragical, my noble lord, it is;
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.
Which, when I saw rehears'd, I must confess,
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed.

The. What are they that do play it?

Philost. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens here,
Which never labour'd in their minds till now;
And now have toil'd their unbreath'd‡ memories
With this same play, against your nuptial.

The. And we will hear it.

Philost. No, my noble lord,
It is not for you: I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world:
Unless you can find sport in their intents,
Extremely stretch'd, and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you service.

The. I will hear that play;
For never any thing can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in;—and take your places, ladies.

[*Exit Philostrate.*

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,
And duty in his service perishing.

The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

Hip. He says, they can do nothing in this kind.

The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.
Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake:
And what poor duty cannot do,
Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence, yet, I pick'd a welcome;
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of sawcy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,
In least speak most, to my capacity.

Enter Philostrate.

Philost. So please your grace, the prologue is addrest*.

The. Let him approach. [*Flourish of trumpets.*

Enter Prologue.

Prol. If we offend it is with our good will.
That you should think, we come not to offend,
But with good-will. To shew our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider then, we come but in despite.
We do not come as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
We are not here. That you should here repent you,
The actors are at hand; and, by their show,
You shall know all, that you are like to know.

The. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

Lys. He hath rid his prologue, like a rough colt, he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord. It is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

Hip. Indeed he hath played on this prologue, like a child on a recorder†; a sound, but not in government.

The. His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?

Enter Pyramus and Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine, and Lion, as in dumb show.

Prol. "Gentles, perchance, you wonder at this show;
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
This man is Pyramus, if you would know;
This beauteous lady Thisby is certain.
This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present
Wall, that vile wall which did these lovers sunder:
And through wall's chink, poor souls, they are content*
To whisper; at the which let no man wonder.
This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,
Presenteth moon-shine: for, if you will know,
By moon-shine did these lovers think no scorn
To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo,
This grisly beast, which by name lion hight‡,
The trusty, Thisby, coming first by night,
Did scare away, or rather did affright:
And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall;

* Pastime. † Short account. ‡ Unexercised.

* Ready. † A musical instrument. ‡ Called.

Which lion vile with bloody mouth did stain:
Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth, and tall,
And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain:
Whereat with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;
And, Thisby tarrying in mulberry shade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
Let lion, moon-shine, wall, and lovers twain,
At large discourse, while here they do remain."

[*Exeunt Prol. Thisbe, Lion, and Moonshine.*

The. I wonder, if the lion be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord: one lion may, when many asses do.

Wall. "In this same interlude, it doth befall,
That I, one Snout by name, present a wall:
And such a wall, as I would have you think,
That had in it a cranny'd hole, or chink,
Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,
Did whisper often very secretly.
This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone, doth show
That I am that same wall; the truth is so:
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper."

The. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my lord.

The. Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. "O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so black!
O night, which ever art when day is not!
O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,
I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot!—
And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,
That stand'st between her father's ground and mine;
Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,
Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne. [*Wall holds up his fingers.*
Thanks, courteous wall. Jove shield thee well for this!
But what see I? No Thisby do I see.
O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss;
Curst be thy stones for thus deceiving me!"

The. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

Pyr. No, in truth, sir, he should not. Deceiving me, is Thisby's cue: she is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will fall pat as I told you:—Yonder she comes.

Enter Thisbe.

This. "O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,
For parting my fair Pyramus and me:
My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones;
Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee."

Pyr. "I see a voice: now will I to the chink,
To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.
Thisby!"

This. "My love! thou art my love, I think."

Pyr. "Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;
And like Limander am I trusty still."

This. "And I like Helen, till the fates me kill."

Pyr. "Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true."

This. "As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you."

Pyr. "O, kiss me through the hole of this vile wall."

This. "I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all."

Pyr. "Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?"

This. "Tide life, tide death, I come without delay."

Wall. "Thus have I, wall, my part discharged so;
And, being done, thus wall away doth go."

[*Exeunt Wall, Pyramus, and Thisbe.*

The. Now is the mural down between the two neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear without warning.

Hip. This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

The. The best in this kind are but shadows: and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

Hip. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

The. If we imagine no worse of them, than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a moon and a lion.

Enter Lion and Moonshine.

Lion. "You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,
May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,
When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar,
Then know, that I, one Snug the joiner, am
No lion fell, nor else no lion's dam:
For if I should as lion come in strife
Into this place, 'twere pity on my life."

The. A very gentle beast and of a good conscience.

Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valour.

The. True; and a goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so, my lord: for his valour cannot carry his discretion; and the fox carries the goose.

The. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the moon.

Moon. "This lantern doth the horned moon present."

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head.

The. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

Moon. "This lantern doth the horned moon present;

Myself the man i' the moon do seem to be."

The. This is the greatest error of all the rest: the man should be put into the lantern. How is it else the man i' the moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle for, you see, it is already in snuff*.

Hip. I am a weary of this moon. Would he would change!

The. It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane: but yet, in courtesy, in all reason we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, moon.

Moon. All that I have to say, is, to tell you, that the lantern is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all these should be in the lantern; for they are in the moon. But, silence; here comes Thisbe.

Enter Thisbe.

This. "This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love?"

Lion. "Oh—."

[*The Lion roars.—Thisbe runs off.*

Dem. Well roared, lion.

The. Well run, Thisbe.

Hip. Well shone, moon.—Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

The. Well moused, lion.

[*The Lion tears Thisbe's mantle, and exit.*

Dem. And so comes Pyramus.

Lys. And then the moon vanishes.

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. "Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;
I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright.
For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams,
I trust to taste of truest Thisby's sight.
But stay;—O spite!
But mark;—Poor knight,
What dreadful dole is here?
Eyes, do you see?
How can it be?
O dainty duck! O dear!
Thy mantle good,
What stain'd with blood?
Approach, ye furies fell!
O fates! come, come;
Cut thread and thrum†;
Quail, crush, conclude, and quell‡!

The. This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. O, wherefore, nature, didst thou lions frame?
Since lion vile hath here deflour'd my dear:
Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame,
That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheer§.
Come, tears, confound:
Out, sword, and wound
The pap of Pyramus:
Ay, that left pap,
Where heart doth hop:
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.
Now am I dead,
Now am I fled;
My soul is in the sky:
Tongue, lose thy light!
Moon, take thy flight!
Now die, die, die, die, die."

[*Dies.—Exit Moonshine.*

Dem. No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.

Lys. Less than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing.

The. With the help of a surgeon, he might yet recover, and prove an ass.

Hip. How chance moonshine is gone, before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?

The. She will find him by star-light.—Here she comes; and her passion ends the play.

Enter Thisbe.

Hip. Methinks, she should not use a long one, for such a Pyramus: I hope, she will be brief.

Dem. A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better.

Lys. She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

Dem. And thus she moans, videlicet.——

This. "Asleep, my love?
What, dead, my dove?
O Pyramus, arise,
Speak, speak. Quite dumb?
Dead, dead? A tomb
Must cover thy sweet eyes.
These lily brows,
This cherry nose,
These yellow cowslip cheeks,
Are gone, are gone:
Lovers, make moan!
His eyes were green as leeks.
O sisters three,
Come, come, to me,
With hands as pale as milk;
Lay them in gore,
Since you have shore
With shears his thread of silk.
Tongue, not a word;—
Come, trusty sword;
Come, blade, my breast imbrue:
And farewell, friends;—
Thus Thisby ends:
Adieu, adieu, adieu."

[*Dies.*

The. Moonshine and lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and wall too.

Bot. No, I assure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance*, between two of our company?

* In anger; a quibble.
† Coarse yarn.
‡ Destroy.
§ Countenance.

* A dance peculiar to the peasants of Bergomasco, a county in Italy.

The. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it, had play'd Pyramus, and hanged himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and so it is, truly; and very notably discharged. But come, your Bergomask: let your epilogue alone.

[*Here a dance of Clowns.*

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:—
Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time.
I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn,
As much as we this night have overwatch'd.
This palpable-gross play hath well beguil'd
The heavy gait* of night.—Sweet friends, to bed.—
A fortnight hold we this solemnity
In nightly revels, and new jollity. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone†.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the scritch-owl, scritching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide:
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecat's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolick; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house:
I am sent, with broom, before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter Oberon and Titania, with their train.

Obe. Through this house give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowsy fire:
Every elf, and fairy sprite,
Hop as light as bird from brier;
And this ditty after me,
Sing and dance it trippingly.

Tita. First, rehearse this song by rote:
To each word a warbling note,
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.

SONG, AND DANCE.

Obe. Now until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be;
And the issue, there create,
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be:
And the blots of nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand;
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious*, such as are
Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.—
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait†;
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace with sweet peace:
E'er shall it in safety rest,
And the owner of it blest.
Trip away;
Make no stay;
Meet me all by break of day.

[*Exeunt Oberon, Titania, and train.*

Puck. If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, (and all is mended,)
That you have but slumber'd here,
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend;
If you pardon, we will mend.
And, as I'm an honest Puck,
If we have unearned luck
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,
We will make amends, ere long:
Else the Puck a liar call.
So, good night unto you all;
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends. [*Exit.*

* Progress. † Overcome.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

SCENES FROM KING HENRY IV. PART I.

ACT I. SCENE II.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter Henry Prince of Wales, and Falstaff.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

P. Hen. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou would'st truly know. What forsooth hast thou to do with the time of the day? unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-colour'd taffata; I see no reason, why thou should'st be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me, now, Hal: for we, that take purses, go by the moon and seven stars; and not by Phœbus,—he, *that wandering knight so fair.* And, I pray thee, sweet wag, when thou art king,—as, God save thy grace, (majesty, I should say; for grace thou wilt have none,)——

P. Hen. What, none?

* Portentous. † Way.

Fal. No, by my troth; not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. Hen. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us, that are squires of the night's body, be called thieves of the day's beauty! let us be—Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions* of the moon: and let men say, we be men of good government: being governed as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we—steal.

P. Hen. Thou say'st well; and it holds well too: for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the sea; being governed as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: A purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing—lay by †; and spent with crying—bring in ‡: now, in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder; and, by and by, in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. Thou say'st true, my lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

P. Hen. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance§?

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag? what, in thy quips, and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

P. Hen. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning, many a time and oft.

P. Hen. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

P. Hen. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and where it would not, I have used my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so used it, that were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent,—But, I pr'ythee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobbed as it is, with the rusty curb of old father antick the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

P. Hen. No; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! Yes, indeed, I'll be a brave judge.

P. Hen. Thou judgest false already; I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

P. Hen. For obtaining of suits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits; whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib‖ cat, or a lugged bear.

P. Hen. Or an old lion; or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe*.

P. Hen. What sayest thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury similes; and art, indeed, the most comparative, rascalliest,—sweet young prince,—But, Hal, I pr'ythee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would indeed, that thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought. An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir; but I marked him not: and yet he talk'd very wisely; but I regarded him not: and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.

P. Hen. Thou did'st well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O thou hast damnable iteration; and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal,—God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain; I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

P. Hen. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle† me.

P. Hen. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying, to purse-taking.

Enter Poins, at a distance.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. Poins!—Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match‡. O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain, that ever cried, Stand, to a true§ man.

P. Hen. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal.—What says Monsieur Remorse? What says sir John Sack-and-Sugar? Jack, how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good-friday last for a cup of Madeira, and a cold capon's leg?

P. Hen. Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs, he will give the devil his due.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill. There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have visors‖ for you all, you have horses for yourselves; Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester; I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap; we may do it as secure as sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns. If you will not, tarry at home, and be hanged.

Fal. Hear me. Yedward; if I tarry at home, and not go, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

* Favourites. † Stand still. ‡ More wine.
§ The dress of Sheriff's officers. ‖ *Gib cat*, an old he cat.

* Croak of a frog. † Treat me with ignominy.
‡ Made an appointment. § Honest ‖ Masks.

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

P. Hen. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings*.

P. Hen. Well, then once in my days I'll be a mad-cap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

P. Hen. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

P. Hen. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I pr'ythee, leave the prince and me alone; I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, may'st thou have the spirit of persuasion, and he the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may (for recreation sake,) prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell; you shall find me in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. Farewell, thou latter spring! Farewell All-hallown summer†! [*Exit Falstaff.*

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow; I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill, shall rob those men that we have already way-laid; yourself, and I, will not be there: and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

P. Hen. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves; which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

P. Hen. Ay, but, 'tis like, that they will know us, by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see, I'll tie them in the wood; our visors we will change, after we leave them; and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce‡, to immask our noted outward garments.

P. Hen. But, I doubt, they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us, when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and, in the reproof§ of this, lies the jest.

* The value of a coin called *real* or *royal*.
† Fine weather at All-hallown-tide, *i. e.* All Saints, Nov. 1st, is called an All-hallown summer.
‡ Occasion. § Confutation.

P. Hen. Well, I'll go with thee; provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-morrow night in Eastcheap, there I'll sup. Farewell.

Poins. Farewell, my lord. [*Exit Poins.*

P. Hen. I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleness:
Yet herein will I imitate the sun;
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That, when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wondered at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But, when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes*;
And, like bright metal on a sullen† ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;
Redeeming time, when men think least I will.
[*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE II.

The Road by Gadshill.

Enter Prince Henry, and Poins; Bardolph and Peto, at some distance.

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter; I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

P. Hen. Stand close.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins!

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal; what a brawling dost thou keep?

Fal. Where's Poins, Hal?

P. Hen. He is walked up to the top of the hill; I'll go seek him. [*Pretends to seek Poins.*

Fal. I am accursed to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squire‡ further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly, any time this two-and-twenty years, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines§ to make me love him, I'll be hanged; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines.—Poins!—Hal!—a plague upon you both!—Bardolph!—Peto!—I'll starve, ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true‖ man, and leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet

* Expectations. † Dull.
‡ Square. § Love-powder. ‖ Honest.

that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground, is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough. A plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true to one another! [*They whistle.*] Whew!—A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hanged.

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt* me thus?

P. Hen. Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I pr'ythee, good prince Hal, help me to my horse; good king's son.

P. Hen. Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler!

Fal. Go, hang thyself in thy own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach† for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison. When a jest is so forward, and afoot too,—I hate it.

Enter Gadshill.

Gads. Stand,

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poins. O, 'tis our setter: I know his voice.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. What news?

Gads. Case ye, case ye; on with your visors; there's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fat. To be hanged.

P. Hen. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins, and I will walk lower: if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. How many be there of them?

Gads. Some eight, or ten.

Fal. Zounds! will they not rob us?

P. Hen. What, a coward, Sir John Paunch?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

P. Hen. Well, we leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge; when thou needest him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged.

P. Hen. Ned, where are our disguises?

Poins. Here, hard by; stand close.

[*Exeunt P. Henry and Poins.*

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole‡, say I; every man to his business.

* Make a youngster of me.
† Turn king's evidence. ‡ Portion.

Enter Travellers.

1 *Trav.* Come, neighbour; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill: we'll walk afoot a while, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand.

Trav. Jesu bless us!

Fal. Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats: Ah! whorson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them; fleece them.

1 *Trav.* O, we are undone, both we and ours, for ever.

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied* knaves. Are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs†; I would, your store were here! On, bacons, on! What, ye knaves; young men must live. You are grand-jurors, are ye? We'll jure ye, i'faith.

[*Exeunt Falstaff, &c. driving the Travellers out.*

Re-enter Prince Henry and Poins.

P. Hen. The thieves have bound the true men. Now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument‡ for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close, I hear them coming.

Re-enter Thieves.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring; there's no more valour in that Poins, than in a wild duck.

P. Hen. Your money. [*Rushing out upon them.*

Poins. Villains.

[*As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them. Falstaff, after a blow or two, and the rest, run away, leaving their booty behind them.*]

P. Hen. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:

The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear
So strongly, that they dare not meet each other;
Each takes his fellow for an officer.
Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards§ the lean earth as he walks along:
Wer't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roar'd! [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE IV.

Enter Falstaff, Gadshill, Bardolph, and Peto.

Poins. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks‖, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*

P. Hen. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun! if thou didst, then behold that compound.

* Fat, corpulent. † Clowns.
‡ A subject. § Drops his fat.
‖ Stockings.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too. There is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man. Yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it; a villainous coward.—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhanged in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say! I would, I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

P. Hen. How now, wool-sack? what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You prince of Wales!

P. Hen. Why, you whoreson round man what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that; and Poins there?

Poins. 'Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee hanged ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound, I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back. Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me.—Give me a cup of sack:—I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

P. Hen. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunk'st last.

Fal. All's one for that. A plague of all cowards, still say I. [*He drinks.*

P. Hen. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

P. Hen. Where is it, Jack; where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Hen. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scap'd by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four, through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw, ecce signum. I never dealt better since I was a man; all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

P. Hen. Speak, sirs; how was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen,——

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us,——

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

P. Hen. What, fought ye with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what ye call, all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then I am no two-legged creature.

Poins. Pray God, you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for: for I have peppered two of them: two, I am sure, I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward;—here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,——

P. Hen. What, four? thou saidst but two, even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Hen. Seven? why, there were but four, even now.

Fal. In buckram.

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

P. Hen. Pr'y thee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Hen. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of,——

P. Hen. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,——

Poins. Down fell their hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground. But I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and, with a thought, seven of the eleven I paid.

P. Hen. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But, as bad luck would have it, three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal* green, came at my back, and let drive at me;—for it was so dark, Hal, that thou could'st not see thy hand.

P. Hen. These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts; thou knotty-pated fool; thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallowkeech†,——

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

P. Hen. Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou could'st not see thy hand? come tell us your reason. What sayest thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

P. Hen. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin: this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horseback-breaker, this huge hill of flesh;——

* A town in Westmoreland famous for making cloth.
† A round lump of fat.

Fal. Away, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neats-tongue, you stock-fish,—O, for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck;——

P. Hen. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again: and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

P. Hen. We two saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth.—— Mark now, how plain a tale shall put you down.— Then did we two set on you four: and, with a word out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house:—and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard a bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done; and then say, it was in fight? What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come let's hear, Jack; What trick hast thou now?

Fal. To be sure, I knew ye, as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: Was it for me to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest, I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the bye, lads, I am glad you have the money.——Hostess, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow. —Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, All the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. Hen. Content;—and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.

Enter Hostess.

Host. My lord the prince,——

P. Hen. How now, my lady the hostess? what say'st thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door, would speak with you: he says, he comes from your father.

P. Hen. Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?—Shall I give him his answer?

P. Hen. Pr'ythee, do, Jack.

Fal. 'Faith, and I'll send him packing. [*Exit.*

P. Hen. Now, sirs; by'r lady, you fought fair; —so did you, Peto;—so did you, Bardolph: you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince, no,—fye!

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

P. Hen. Tell me now in earnest, How came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

Peto. Why, he hacked it with his dagger; and said, he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight; and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass, to make them bleed; and then to beslubber our garments with it, and to swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven year before, I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

P. Hen. O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner*, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore. Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ran'st away; what instinct hast thou for it?

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

P. Hen. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. Hen. Hot livers and cold purses†.

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. Hen. No, if rightly taken, halter.

Re-enter Falstaff.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast‡? How long is't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee? when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring: A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the court in the morning.

* * * * * *

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practise an answer.

P. Hen. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content:—This chair shall be my state§, this dagger my scepter, and this cushion my crown.

P. Hen. Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden scepter for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown, for a pitiful bald crown!

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved.—Give me a cup of sack, to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in king Cambyses'‖ vein.

P. Hen. Well, here is my leg¶.

Fal. And here is my speech:—Stand aside, nobility.

Host. This is excellent sport, i'faith.

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Host. O, the father, how he holds his countenance!

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen.

For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

* In the fact. † Drunkenness and poverty.
‡ Bombast is the stuffing of clothes. § Chair of state.
‖ A character in a Tragedy by T. Preston, 1570.
¶ Obeisance.

Host. O rare! he doth it as like one of these harlotry players, as I ever see.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain*.—Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly, a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point; —Why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher†, and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief, and take purses? a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also: —And yet there is a virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

P. Hen. What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

Fal. A good portly man, i'faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r-lady, inclining to threescore. And now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

P. Hen. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbet-sucker‡, or a poulter's hare.

P. Hen. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand:—judge, my masters.

P. Hen. Now, Harry? whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from Eastcheap. [grievous.

P. Hen. The complaints I hear of thee are

Fal. 'Sblood my lord, they are false:—nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i'faith.

P. Hen. Swear'st thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man: a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch§ of beastliness, that swoln parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard‖ of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree¶ ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villainy? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would, your grace would take me with you*; Whom means your grace?

P. Hen. That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

P. Hen. I know, thou dost.

Fal. But to say, I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, (the more the pity,) his white hairs do witness it: but that he is (saving your reverence,) a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know, is damned: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins: but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company; banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

P. Hen. I do, I will. [*A knocking heard.*

[*Exeunt Hostess, Francis, and Bardolph.*

Re-enter Bardolph, running.

Bard. O, my lord, my lord; the sheriff, with a most monstrous watch, is at the door.

Fal. Out, you rogue! play out the play; I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter Hostess, hastily.

Host. O Jesu, my lord, my lord!——

Fal. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddle-stick. What's the matter?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house; shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold, a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so. [instinct.

P. Hen. And thou a natural coward, without

Fal. I deny your major: if you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope, I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

P. Hen. Go, hide thee behind the arras†;—the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face, and good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had: but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[*Exeunt all but the Prince and Poins.*

P. Hen. Call in the sheriff.——

Enter Sheriff and Carrier.

Now, master sheriff; what's your will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

* Name of strong liquor. † A truant boy.
‡ A young rabbet.
§ The machine which separates flour from bran.
‖ A leather black jack to hold beer.
¶ In Essex, where a large ox was roasted whole

* Go no faster than I can follow or understand.
† Tapestry.

P. Hen. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord,
A gross fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

P. Hen. The man, I do assure you, is not here;
For I myself at this time have employ'd him,
And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee,
That I will, by to-morrow dinner time,
Send him to answer thee, or any man,
For any thing he shall be charg'd withal:
And so let me entreat you leave the house.

Sher. I will, my lord: There are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

P. Hen. It may be so: if he have robb'd these men,
He shall be answerable; and so, farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

P. Hen. I think it is good morrow; is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.
[*Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.*

P. Hen. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's*. Go call him forth.

Poins. Falstaff!—fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

P. Hen. Hark, how hard he fetches breath; Search his pockets, [*Poins searches.*] What hast thou found?

Poins. Nothing but papers, my lord.

P. Hen. Let's see what they be: read them.

Poins. Item, A capon, 2s. 2d.
Item, Sauce, 4d.
Item, Sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.
Item, Anchovies, and sack after supper, 2s. 6d.
Item, Bread, a halfpenny.

P. Hen. O monstrous! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!—What there is else, keep close; we'll read it at more advantage; there let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning; we must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and, I know, his death will be a march of twelve-score. The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so good morrow, Poins.

Poins. Good morrow, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*

RICHARD BARNEFIELDE.

Born —— Died —— †

TRUE FRIENDSHIP‡.

As it fell upon a day,
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring:
Every thing did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone:
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity:
Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry,
Teru, Teru, by and by.

That to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain;
For her griefs, so lively shown,
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah! (thought I) thou mourn'st in vain;
None take pity on thy pain:
Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee;
Ruthless beasts, they will not cheer thee;
King Pandion, he is dead;
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead:
All thy fellow birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing.
Even so, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me.

Whilst as fickle fortune smil'd,
Thou and I were both beguil'd.
Every one that flatters thee,
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy like the wind;
Faithful friends are hard to find.
Every man will be thy friend,
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call:
And with such like flattering,
"*Pity but he were a king!*"

If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice;
If to women he be bent,
They have him at commandement;
But if fortune once do frown,
Then farewel his great renown:
They that fawn'd on him before,
Use his company no more,
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need;
If thou sorrow, he will weep;
If thou wake, he cannot sleep:
Thus of every grief in heart
He with thee doth bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

* St. Paul's cathedral.

† The dates of Barnefielde's birth and death are very doubtful.

‡ This piece has been erroneously attributed to Shakspeare. It was printed in 1595 among Barnefielde's poems. It was subsequently inserted in Shakspeare's *Passionate Pilgrim*, which was published by a bookseller of the name of Jaggard, without the author's sanction. It is still, however, usually inserted among Shakspeare's poems.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Born 1552.—*Died* 1618.

THE SILENT LOVER.

Passions are liken'd best to floods and streams ;
The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb :
So, when affections yield discourse, it seems
The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
They that are rich in words must needs discover
They are but poor in that which makes a lover.

Wrong not, sweet mistress of my heart!
The merit of true passion,
With thinking that he feels no smart
Who sues for no compassion :

Since if my plaints were not to' approve
The conquest of thy beauty,
It comes not from defect of love,
But fear to exceed my duty.

For knowing that I sue to serve
A saint of such perfection,
As all desire, but none deserve,
A place in her affection ;

I rather choose to want relief,
Than venture the revealing :
Where glory recommends the grief,
Despair disdains the healing.

Silence in love betrays more woe
Than words, though ne'er so witty ;
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
May challenge double pity.

Then wrong not, dearest to my heart!
My love for secret passion ;
He smarteth most who hides his smart,
And sues for no compassion.

ON MY MISTRESS.

Shall I like an hermit dwell,
On a rock, or in a cell?
Calling home the smallest part
That is missing of my heart,
To bestow it where I may
Meet a rival every day?
If she undervalues me,
What care I how fair she be?

Were her tresses angel gold ;
If a stranger may be bold,
Unrebuked, unafraid,
To convert them to a braid,
And, with little more a-do,
Work them into bracelets too :
If the mine be grown so free,
What care I how rich it be?

Were her hands as rich a prize,
As her hairs, or precious eyes ;
If she lay them out to take
Kisses for good-manners' sake,
And let every lover skip
From her hand unto her lip :
If she seem not chaste to me,
What care I how chaste she be?

No ; she must be perfect snow,
In effect as well as show,
Warming but as snow-balls do,
Not like fire by burning too :
But when she, by change, hath got
To her heart a second lot ;
Then, if others share with me,
Farewell her, whate'er she be!

A VISION

Upon the conceit of the Faery Queen.

Methought I saw the grave where Laura lay,
Within that temple where the vestal flame
Was wont to burn ; and passing by that way
To see that buried dust of living fame,
Whose tomb fair Love and fairer Virtue kept ;
All suddenly I saw the Faery Queen :
At whose approach the soul of Petrarch wept,
And from thenceforth those graces were not seen,
(For they this Queen attended) ; in whose stead
Oblivion laid him down on Laura's hearse :
Hereat the hardest stones began to bleed,
And graves of buried ghosts the heavens did pierce :
Where Homer's spright did tremble all for grief,
And curst the access of that celestial thief.

SAMUEL DANIEL.

Born 1562.—*Died* 1619.

TO THE LADY MARGARET,
Countess of Cumberland.

He that of such a height hath built his mind,
And rear'd the dwelling of his thoughts so strong,
As neither fear nor hope can shake the frame
Of his resolved pow'rs ; nor all the wind
Of vanity or malice pierce to wrong
His settled peace, or to disturb the same ;
What a fair seat hath he, from whence he may
The boundless wastes and wilds of man survey!
And with how free an eye doth he look down
Upon these lower regions of turmoil!
Where all the storms of passion mainly beat
On flesh and blood : where honour, pow'r, renown,
Are only gay afflictions, golden toil ;
Where greatness stands upon as feeble feet,
As frailty doth ; and only great doth seem
To little minds, who do it so esteem.
He looks upon the mighti'st monarchs' wars
But only as on stately robberies ;
Where evermore the fortune that prevails
Must be the right : the ill-succeeding mars
The fairest and the best fac'd enterprize.
Great pirate Pompey lesser pirates quails :
Justice, he sees, (as if seduced) still
Conspires with pow'r whose cause must not be ill.
He sees the face of right t' appear as manifold
As are the passions of uncertain man ;
Who puts it in all colours, all attires,
To serve his ends, and make his courses hold.

He sees, that let deceit work what it can,
Plot and contrive base ways to high desires;
That the all-guiding Providence doth yet
All disappoint, and mocks this smoke of wit.
Nor is he mov'd with all the thunder-cracks
Of tyrants' threats, or with the surly brow
Of pow'r, that proudly sits on others crimes;
Charg'd with more crying sins than those he checks.
The storms of sad confusion, that may grow
Up in the present for the coming times,
Appal not him; that hath no side at all,
But of himself, and knows the worst can fall.
Although his heart (so near ally'd to earth)
Cannot but pity the perplexed state
Of troublous and distress'd mortality,
That thus make way unto the ugly birth
Of their own sorrows, and do still beget
Affliction upon imbecility:
Yet seeing thus the course of things must run,
He looks thereon not strange, but as fore-done.
And whilst distraught ambition compasses,
And is encompass'd; whilst as craft deceives,
And is deceiv'd: whilst man doth ransack man,
And builds on blood, and rises by distress;
And th' inheritance of desolation leaves
To great expecting hopes: he looks thereon,
As from the shore of peace, with unwet eye,
And bears no venture in impiety.
Thus, madam, fares that man, that hath prepar'd
A rest for his desires; and sees all things
Beneath him; and hath learn'd this book of man,
Full of the notes of frailty; and compar'd
The best of glory with her sufferings:
By whom, I see, you labour all you can
To plant your heart; and set your thoughts as near
His glorious mansion, as your pow'rs can bear.
Which, madam, are so fondly fashioned
By that clear judgment, that had carry'd you
Beyond the feeble limits of your kind,
As they can stand against the strongest head
Passion can make; inur'd to any hue
The world can cast; that cannot cast that mind
Out of her form of goodness, that doth see
Both what the best and worst of earth can be.
Which makes, that whatsoever here befals,
You in the region of yourself remain:
Where no vain breath of th' impudent molests,
That hath secur'd within the brazen walls
Of a clear conscience, that (without all stain)
Rises in peace, in innocency rests;
Whilst all that malice from without procures,
Shews her own ugly heart, but hurts not yours.
And whereas none rejoice more in revenge,
Than women use to do; yet you well know,
That wrong is better check'd by b'ing contemn'd,
Than b'ing pursu'd; leaving to him t' avenge,
To whom it appertains. Wherein you shew
How worthily your clearness hath condemn'd
Base Malediction, living in the dark,
That at the rays of goodness still doth bark.
Knowing the heart of man is set to be
The centre of this world, about the which
These revolutions of disturbances
Still roll; where all th' aspects of misery
Predominate: whose strong effects are such,
As he must bear, b'ing pow'rless to redress:
And that unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!
And how turmoil'd they are that level lie
With earth, and cannot lift themselves from thence;
That never are at peace with their desires,
But work beyond their years; and ev'n deny
Dotage her rest, and hardly will dispense
With death. That when ability expires,
Desire lives still—So much delight they have,
To carry toil and travel to the grave.
Whose ends you see; and what can be the best
They reach unto, when they have cast the sum
And reck'nings of their glory. And you know,
This floating life hath but this port of rest,
A heart prepar'd, that fears no ill to come.
And that man's greatness rests but in his shew,
The best of all whose days consumed are
Either in war, or peace-conceiving war.
This concord, madam, of a well-tun'd mind
Hath been so set by that all-working hand
Of heav'n, that though the world hath done his
To put it out by discords most unkind; [worst
Yet doth it still in perfect union stand
With God and man; nor ever will be forc'd
From that most sweet accord; but still agree,
Equal in fortunes, in equality.
And this note (madam) of your worthiness
Remains recorded in so many hearts,
As time nor malice cannot wrong your right,
In th' inheritance of fame you must possess:
You that have built you by your great deserts
(Out of small means) a far more exquisite
And glorious dwelling for your honour'd name,
Than all the gold that leaden minds can frame.

SONNETS.

[From Sonnets to Delia.]

Look, Delia, how w' esteem the half-blown rose,
The image of thy blush, and summer's honour!
Whilst yet her tender bud doth undisclose
That full of beauty, time bestows upon her.
No sooner spreads her glory in the air, [cline;
But strait her wide-blown pomp comes to de-
She then is scorn'd that late adorn'd the fair:
So fade the roses of those cheeks of thine!
No April can revive thy wither'd flow'rs,
Whose springing grace adorns the glory now:
Swift speedy time, feather'd with flying hours,
Dissolves the beauty of the fairest brow.
Then do not thou such treasure waste in vain;
But love now, whilst thou may'st be lov'd again.

But love whilst that thou may'st be lov'd again,
Now whilst that May hath fill'd thy lap with flow'rs;
Now whilst thy beauty bears without a stain;
Now use the summer smiles, e're winter low'rs.
And whilst thou spread'st unto the rising sun,
The fairest flow'r that ever saw the light,
Now joy the time before thy sweet be done;
And, Delia, think thy morning must have night;

And that thy brightness sets at length to West,
When thou wilt close up that which now thou shew'st,
And think the same becomes thy fading best,
Which then shall most inveil, and shadow most.
Men do not weigh the stalk for what it was,
When once they find her flow'r, her glory pass.

When men shall find thy flow'r, thy glory pass,
And thou with careful brow sitting alone,
Received had'st this message from thy glass,
That tells the truth, and says that all is gone,
Fresh shalt thou see in me the wounds thou mad'st;
Though spent thy flame, in me the heat remaining:
I that have lov'd thee thus before thou fad'st,
My faith shall wax when thou art in thy waining.
The world shall find this miracle in me,
That fire can burn when all the matter's spent:
Then what my faith hath been, thyself shall see;
And that thou wast unkind, thou may'st repent.
Thou may'st repent that thou hast scorn'd my tears,
When winter snows upon thy sable hairs.

TO SLEEP.

Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable night;
Brother to death, in silent darkness born;
Relieve my languish, and restore the light;
With dark forgetting of my care, return.
And let the day be time enough to mourn
The shipwreck of my ill-adventur'd youth:
Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,
Without the torment of the night's untruth.
Cease, dreams, the images of day-desires,
To model forth the passions of the morrow;
Never let rising sun approve you liars,
To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow.
Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain;
And never awake to feel the day's disdain.

DELIA'S CRUELTY.

Tears, vows, and prayers, win the hardest heart:
Tears, vows, and prayers, have I spent in vain?
Tears cannot soften flint, nor vows convert;
Prayers prevail not with a quaint disdain.
I lose my tears, where I have lost my love;
I vow my faith, where faith is not regarded;
I pray in vain, a merciless to move:
So rare a faith ought better be rewarded.
Yet though I cannot win her will with tears,
Though my soul's idol scorneth all my vows,
Though all my pray'rs be to so deaf ears,
No favour though the cruel fair allows;
Yet will I weep, vow, pray, to cruel she:
Flint, frost, disdain, wears, melts, and yields, we see.

ULYSSES AND THE SIREN.

Siren.

Come worthy Greek, Ulysses, come,
Possess these shores with me,
The winds and seas are troublesome,
And here we may be free.
Here may we sit and view their toil
That travel in the deep,
And joy the day in mirth the while,
And spend the night in sleep.

Ulysses.

Fair nymph, if fame or honour were
To be attain'd with ease,
Then would I come and rest with thee,
And leave such toils as these.
But here it dwells, and here must I
With danger seek it forth,
To spend the time luxuriously,
Becomes not men of worth.

Siren.

Ulysses, O be not deceiv'd
With that unreal name,
This honour is a thing conceiv'd,
And rests on others' fame.
Begotten only to molest
Our peace, and to beguile
(The best thing of our life) our rest,
And give us up to toil.

Ulysses.

Delicious nymph, suppose there were
Nor honour nor report,
Yet manliness would scorn to wear
The time in idle sport;
For toil doth give a better touch,
To make us feel our joy,
And ease finds tediousness as much
As labour yields annoy.

Siren.

Then pleasure likewise seems the shore,
Whereto tends all your toil,
Which you forego to make it more,
And perish oft the while.
Who may disport them diversely,
Find never tedious day,
And ease may have variety,
As well as action may.

Ulysses.

But natures of the noblest frame
These toils and dangers please,
And they take comfort in the same,
As much as you in ease;
And with the thought of actions past,
Are recreated still:
When pleasure leaves a touch at last,
To shew that it was ill.

Siren.

That doth opinion only cause,
That's out of custom bred,
Which makes us many other laws,
Than ever nature did.
No widows wail for our delights,
Our sports are without blood,
The world we see by warlike wights
Receives more hurt than good.

Ulysses.

But yet the state of things require
These motions of unrest:
And these great spirits of high desire
Seem born to turn them best.
To purge the mischiefs that encrease,
And all good order mar,
For oft we see a wicked peace,
To be well chang'd for war.

Siren.

Well, well, Ulysses, then I see,
I shall not have thee here:
And therefore I will come to thee,
And take my fortune there.
I must be won that cannot win,
Yet lost were I not won,
For beauty hath created been
T' undo, or be undone.

SONG.

Love is a sickness full of woes,
All remedies refusing;
A plant that with most cutting grows;
Most barren with best using:
Why so?—
More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoy'd, it sighing cries,
Hey, ho!——

Love is a torment of the mind,
A tempest everlasting;
And Jove hath made it of a kind
Not well, nor full, nor fasting:
Why so?—
More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoy'd, it sighing cries,
Hey, ho!——

AN ODE.

Now each creature joys the other,
Passing happy days and hours;
One bird reports unto another,
In the fall of silver show'rs;
Whilst the earth, our common mother,
Hath her bosom deck'd with flow'rs.

Whilst the greatest torch of heaven,
With bright rays warms Flora's lap;
Making nights and days both even,
Cheering plants with fresher sap:
My field of flowers quite bereaven,
Wants refresh of better hap.

Eccho, daughter of the air,
(Babbling guest of rocks and hills,)
Knows the name of my fierce fair,
And sounds the accents of my ills.
Each thing pities my despair,
Whilst that she her lover kills.

Whilst that she (O cruel maid!)
Doth me and my love despise;
My life's flourish is decay'd,
That depended on her eyes;
But her will must be obey'd;
And well he ends, for love who dies.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

Beaumont born 1586.—*Died* 1616.
Fletcher born 1576.—*Died* 1625.

THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Men.

Perigot, a shepherd in love with *Amoret*.
Thenot, a shepherd in love with *Clorin*.
Daphnis, a modest shepherd.
Alexis, a wanton shepherd.
God of a River.
Satyr.
Priest.
Old Shepherd.
A Sullen discontented Shepherd.

Women.

Amoret, the Faithful Shepherdess, in love with *Perigot*.
Clorin, a holy shepherdess.
Amarillis, a shepherdess in love with *Perigot*.
Cloe, a wanton shepherdess.

Scene, *Thessaly*.

ACT I.

Enter Clorin, having buried her love in an arbour.

Clorin. Hail, holy earth, whose cold arms do embrace
The truest man that ever fed his flocks
By the fat plains of fruitful Thessaly!
Thus I salute thy grave; thus do I pay
My early vows and tribute of mine eyes
To thy still-lov'd ashes; thus I free
Myself from all ensuing heats and fires
Of love; all sports, delights and jolly games
That shepherds hold full dear, thus put I off.
Now no more shall these smooth brows be begirt
With youthful coronals, and lead the dance;
No more the company of fresh fair maids
And wanton shepherds be to me delightful,
Nor the shrill pleasing sound of merry pipes
Under some shady dell, when the cool wind
Plays on the leaves: All be far away,
Since thou art far away, by whose dear side
How often have I sat crown'd with fresh flow'rs
For summer's queen, whilst ev'ry shepherd's boy
Puts on his lusty green, with gaudy hook,
And hanging scrip of finest cordevan*.
But thou art gone, and these are gone with thee,
And all are dead but thy dear memory;
That shall out-live thee, and shall ever spring
While there are pipes, or jolly shepherds sing.
And here will I, in honour of thy love,
Dwell by thy grave, forgetting all those joys
That former times made precious to mine eyes;
Only rememb'ring what my youth did gain
In the dark, hidden virtuous use of herbs:
That will I practise, and as freely give
All my endeavours, as I gain'd them free.
Of all green wounds I know the remedies
In men or cattle, be they stung with snakes,
Or charm'd with pow'rful words of wicked art,
Or be they love-sick, or thro' too much heat
Grown wild or lunatick, their eyes or ears
Thicken'd with misty film of dulling rheum;
These I can cure, such secret virtue lies
In herbs, applied by a virgin's hand.
My meat shall shall be what these wild woods afford,

* *Cordevan.*] *Cordwain*, (from *cordovan*, leather.)

Berries, and chesnuts, plantanes, on whose cheeks
The sun sits smiling, and the lofty fruit
Pull'd from the fair head of the straight-grown pine;
Of these I'll feed with free content and rest,
When night shall blind the world, by thy side blest.

Enter a Satyr.

Sat. Thoro' yon same bending plain
That flings his arms down to the main,
And thoro' these thick woods, have I run,
Whose bottom never kiss'd the sun
Since the lusty spring began,
All to please my master Pan,
Have I trotted without rest
To get him fruit; for at a feast
He entertains, this coming night, } *He stands*
His paramour, the Syrinx bright. } *amaz'd.*
But, behold a fairer sight!
By that heav'nly form of thine,
Brightest fair, thou art divine,
Sprung from great immortal race
Of the gods; for in thy face
Shines more awful majesty,
Than dull weak mortality
Dare with misty eyes behold,
And live! Therefore on this mould,
Lowly do I bend my knee,
In worship of thy deity.
Deign it, goddess, from my hand,
To receive whate'er this land
From her fertile womb doth send
Of her choice fruits; and but lend
Belief to that the Satyr tells:
Fairer by the famous wells,
To this present day ne'er grew,
Never better nor more true.
Here be grapes, whose lusty blood
Is the learned poets' good,
Sweeter yet did never crown
The head of Bacchus; nuts more brown
Than the squirrel whose teeth crack 'em,
Deign, oh, fairest fair, to take 'm.
For these black-ey'd Driope
Hath often-times commanded me
With my clasped knee to climb:
See how well the lusty time
Hath deck'd their rising cheeks in red,
Such as on your lips is spread.
Here be berries for a queen,
Some be red, some be green;
These are of that luscious meat,
The great god Pan himself doth eat:
All these, and what the woods can yield,
The hanging mountain, or the field,
I freely offer, and ere long
Will bring you more, more sweet and strong;
Till when humbly leave I take,
Lest the great Pan do awake,
That sleeping lies in a deep glade,
Under a broad beech's shade:
I must go, I must run
Swifter than the fiery sun. [*Exit.*

Clo. And all my fears go with thee.
What greatness or what private hidden pow'r
Is there in me to draw submission
From this rude man and beast? Sure I am mortal:
The daughter of a shepherd; he was mortal,
And she that bore me mortal: Prick my hand
And it will bleed; a fever shakes me, and
The self-same wind that makes the young lambs shrink,
Makes me a-cold: My fear says, I am mortal.
Yet I have heard (my mother told it me,
And now I do believe it) if I keep
My virgin flow'r uncropt, pure, chaste, and fair,
No goblin, wood-god, fairy, elfe, or fiend,
Satyr, or other pow'r that haunts the groves,
Shall hurt my body, or by vain illusion
Draw me to wander after idle fires;
Or voices calling me in dead of night,
To make me follow, and so tole me on
Thro' mire and standing pools, to find my ruin:
Else, why should this rough thing, who never knew
Manners, nor smooth humanity, whose heats
Are rougher than himself, and more mishapen,
Thus mildly kneel to me? Sure's there's a pow'r
In that great name of Virgin, that binds fast
All rude uncivil bloods, all appetites
That break their confines: Then strong Chastity,
Be thou my strongest guard, for here I'll dwell
In opposition against fate and hell!

Enter an Old Shepherd, with four couple of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Old Shep. Now we have done this holy festival
In honour of our great god, and his rites
Perform'd, prepare yourselves for chaste
And uncorrupted fires; that as the priest,
With pow'rful hand, shall sprinkle on your brows
His pure and holy water, ye may be
From all hot flames of lust and loose thoughts free.
Kneel, shepherds, kneel; here comes the priest of Pan.

Enter Priest.

Priest. Shepherds, thus I purge away
Whatsoever this great day,
Or the past hours, gave not good,
To corrupt your maiden blood.
From the high rebellious heat
Of the grapes, and strength of meat,
From the wanton quick desires,
They do kindle by their fires,
I do wash you with this water;
Be you pure and fair herea'ter!
From your livers and your veins,
Thus I take away the stains.
All your thoughts be smooth and fair;
Be ye fresh and free as air.
Never more let lustful heat
Thro' your purged conduits beat,
Or a plighted troth be broken
Or a wanton verse be spoken
In a shepherdess's ear!
Go your ways, ye all are clear.

[*They rise, and sing in praise of Pan.*

THE SONG.

Sing his praises that doth keep
Our flocks from harm,
Pan, the father of our sheep;
And arm in arm
Tread we softly in a round,
While the hollow neighb'ring ground
Fills the music with her sound.

Pan, oh, great god Pan, to thee
Thus do we sing:
Thou that keep'st us chaste and free,
As the young spring,
Ever be thy honour spoke,
From that place the morn is broke,
To that place day doth unyoke! [*Exeunt.*

Manent Perigot and Amoret.

Peri. Stay, gentle Amoret, thou fair-brow'd maid,
Thy shepherd prays thee stay, that holds thee dear,
Equal with his soul's good.

Amo. Speak; I give
Thee freedom, shepherd, and thy tongue be still
The same it ever was; as free from ill
As he whose conversation never knew
The court or city: Be thou ever true.

Peri. When I fall off from my affection,
Or mingle my clean thoughts with foul desires,
First, let our great god cease to keep my flocks,
That being left alone without a guard,
The wolf, or winter's rage, summer's great heat,
And want of water, rots, or what to us
Of ill is yet unknown, fall speedily,
And in their general ruin let me go!

Amo. I pray thee, gentle shepherd, wish not so;
I do believe thee: 'Tis as hard for me
To think thee false, and harder, than for thee
To hold me foul.

Peri. Oh, you are fairer far
Than the chaste blushing morn, or that fair star
That guides the wand'ring seaman thro' the deep;
Straighter than straightest pine upon the steep
Head of an aged mountain; and more white
Than the new milk we strip before day-light
From the full-freighted bags of our fair flocks;
Your hair more beauteous than those hanging locks
Of young Apollo.

Amo. Shepherd, be not lost;
You're sail'd too far already from the coast
Of our discourse.

Peri. Did you not tell me once
I should not love alone, I should not lose
Those many passions, vows, and holy oaths,
I've sent to Heav'n? Did you not give your hand,
Even that fair hand, in hostage? Do not then
Give back again those sweets to other men,
You yourself vow'd were mine.

Amo. Shepherd, so far as maiden's modesty
May give assurance, I am once more thine,
Once more I give my hand; be ever free
From that great foe to faith, foul jealousy!

Peri. I take it as my best good, and desire,
For stronger confirmation of our love,
To meet this happy night in that fair grove,
Where all true shepherds have rewarded been
For their long service: Say, sweet, shall it hold?

Amo. Dear friend, you must not blame me, if I make
A doubt of what the silent night may do,
Coupled with this day's heat, to move your blood:
Maids must be fearful. Sure you have not been
Wash'd white enough; for yet I see a stain
Stick in your liver: Go and purge again.

Peri. Oh, do not wrong my honest simple truth!
Myself and my affections are as pure
As those chaste flames that burn before the shrine
Of the great Dian: Only my intent
To draw you thither, was to plight our troths,
With interchange of mutual chaste embraces,
And ceremonious tying of our souls:
For to that holy wood is consecrate
A virtuous well, about whose flow'ry banks
The nimble-footed fairies dance their rounds,
By the pale moon-shine, dipping oftentimes
Their stolen children, so to make them free
From dying flesh and dull mortality:
By this fair fount hath many a shepherd sworn,
And giv'n away his freedom, many a troth
Been plight, which neither envy nor old time
Could ever break, with many a chaste kiss giv'n,
In hope of coming happiness. By this
Fresh fountain, many a blushing maid
Hath crown'd the head of her long-loved shepherd
With gaudy flowers, whilst he happy sung
Lays of his love and dear captivity;
There grow all herbs fit to cool looser flames
Our sensual parts provoke, chiding our bloods,
And quenching by their pow'r those hidden sparks
That else would break out, and provoke our sense
To open fires; so virtuous is that place.
Then, gentle shepherdess, believe, and grant!
In troth, it fits not with that face to scant
Your faithful shepherd of those chaste desires
He ever aim'd at, and——

Amo. Thou hast prevail'd: Farewell! This coming night
Shall crown thy chaste hopes with long-wish'd delight. [*Exit.*

Peri. Our great god Pan reward thee for that good
Thou'st given thy poor shepherd! Fairest bud
Of maiden virtues, when I leave to be
The true admirer of thy chastity,
Let me deserve the hot polluted name
Of the wild woodman, or affect some dame
Whose often prostitution hath begot
More foul diseases than e'er yet the hot
Sun bred thro' his burnings, while the dog
Pursues the raging lion, throwing the fog
And deadly vapour from his angry breath,
Filling the lower world with plague and death!

Enter Amarillis.

Amar. Shepherd, may I desire to be believ'd,
What I shall blushing tell?

Peri. Fair maid, you may.

Amar. Then softly thus: I love thee, Perigot;
And would be gladder to be lov'd again,

Than the cold earth is in his frozen arms
To clip the wanton spring. Nay, do not start,
Nor wonder that I woo thee! thou that art
The prime of our young grooms, even the top
Of all our lusty shepherds! What dull eye,
That never was acquainted with desire,
Hath seen thee wrestle, run, or cast the stone,
With nimble strength and fair delivery,
And hath not sparkled fire, and speedily
Sent secret heat to all the neighb'ring veins?
Who ever heard thee sing, that brought again
That freedom back was lent unto thy voice?
Then do not blame me, shepherd, if I be
One to be number'd in this company,
Since none that ever saw thee yet were free.

Peri. Fair shepherdess, much pity I can lend
To your complaints: but sure I shall not love.
All that is mine, myself and my best hopes,
Are giv'n already: Do not love him then
That cannot love again; on other men
Bestow those heats more free, that may return
You fire for fire, and in one flame equal burn.

Amar. Shall I rewarded be so slenderly
For my affection, most unkind of men?
If I were old, or had agreed with art
To give another nature to my cheeks,
Or were I common mistress to the love
Of ev'ry swain, or could I with such ease
Call back my love as many a wanton doth,
Thou might'st refuse me, shepherd; but to thee
I'm only fix'd and set; let it not be
A sport, thou gentle shepherd, to abuse
The love of silly maid!

Peri. Fair soul, you use
These words to little end: For, know, I may
Better call back that time was yesterday,
Or stay the coming night, than bring my love
Home to myself again, or recreant prove.
I will no longer hold you with delays;
This present night I have appointed been
To meet that chaste fair that enjoys my soul,
In yonder grove, there to make up our loves.
Be not deceiv'd no longer, chuse again;
These neighb'ring plains have many a comely swain,
Fresher and freer far than I e'er was:
Bestow that love on them, and let me pass.
Farewell; be happy in a better choice! [*Exit.*

Amar. Cruel, thou'st struck me deader with thy voice,
Than if the angry Heav'ns with their quick flames
Had shot me through! I must not leave to love,
I cannot; no! I must enjoy thee, boy,
Tho' the great dangers 'twixt my hopes and that
Be infinite. There is a shepherd dwells
Down by the moor, whose life hath ever shewn
More sullen discontent than Saturn's brow,
When he sits frowning on the births of men;
One that doth wear himself away in loneness,
And never joys, unless it be in breaking
The holy plighted troths of mutual souls;
One that lusts after ev'ry sev'ral beauty,
But never yet was known to love or like,
Were the face fairer or more full of truth
Than Phœbe in her fulness, or the youth
Of smooth Lyæus; whose nigh-starved flocks
Are always scabby, and infect all sheep
They feed withal; whose lambs are ever last,
And die before their weaning; and whose dog
Looks like his master, lean, and full of scurf,
Not caring for the pipe or whistle. This man may,
If he be well wrought, do a deed of wonder,
Forcing me passage to my long desires:
And here he comes as fitly to my purpose
As my quick thoughts could wish for.

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sull. Shep. Fresh beauty, let me not be thought uncivil,
Thus to be partner of your loneness: 'Twas
My love (that ever-working passion!) drew
Me to this place, to seek some remedy
For my sick soul. Be not unkind, and fair;
For such the mighty Cupid in his doom
Hath sworn to be aveng'd on; then give room
To my consuming fires, that so I may
Enjoy my long desires, and so allay
Those flames, that else would burn my life away.

Amar. Shepherd, were I but sure thy heart were sound
As thy words seem to be, means might be found
To cure thee of thy long pains; for to me
That heavy youth-consuming misery
The love-sick soul endures, never was pleasing.
I could be well content with the quick easing
Of thee and thy hot fires, might it procure
Thy faith and further service to be sure.

Sull. Shep. Name but that great work, danger, or what can
Be compass'd by the wit or art of man,
And, if I fail in my performance, may
I never more kneel to the rising day!

Amar. Then thus I try thee, Shepherd: This same night
That now comes stealing on, a gentle pair
Have promis'd equal love, and do appoint
To make yon wood the place where hands and hearts
Are to be tied for ever: Break their meeting,
And their strong faith, and I am ever thine.

Sull. Shep. Tell me their names, and if I do not move,
By my great pow'r, the centre of their love
From his fix'd being, let me never more
Warm me by those fair eyes I thus adore!

Amar. Come; as we go, I'll tell thee what they are,
And give thee fit directions for thy work.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Cloe.

Cloe. How have I wrong'd the times, or men, that thus,
After this holy feast, I pass unknown
And unsaluted? 'Twas not wont to be
Thus frozen, with the younger company
Of jolly shepherds; 'twas not then held good
For lusty grooms to mix their quicker blood
With that dull humour, most unfit to be
The friend of man, cold and dull Chastity.

Sure I am held not fair, or am too old,
Or else not free enough, or from my fold
Drive not a flock sufficient great to gain
The greedy eyes of wealth-alluring swain:
Yet, if I may believe what others say,
My face has foil enough; nor can they lay
Justly too strict a coyness to my charge;
My flock are many, and the downs as large
They feed upon; then let it ever be
Their coldness, not my virgin modesty,
Makes me complain.

Enter Thenot.

The. Was ever man but I
Thus truly taken with uncertainty?
Where shall that man be found that loves a mind
Made up in constancy, and dares not find
His love rewarded? Here, let all men know,
A wretch that lives to love his mistress so.

Cloe. Shepherd, I pray thee stay! Where hast thou been?
Or whither go'st thou? Here be woods as green
As any, air likewise as fresh and sweet
As where smooth Zephyrus plays on the fleet
Face of the curled streams, with flow'rs as many
As the young spring gives, and as choice as any;
Here be all new delights, cool streams and wells,
Arbours o'ergreen with woodbines; caves, and dells;
Chuse where thou wilt, whilst I sit by and sing,
Or gather rushes, to make many a ring
For thy long fingers; tell the tales of love,
How the pale Phœbe, hunting in a grove,
First saw the boy Endymion, from whose eyes
She took eternal fire that never dies;
How she convey'd him softly in a sleep,
His temples bound with poppy, to the steep
Head of old Latmus, where she stoops each night,
Gilding the mountain with her brother's light,
To kiss her sweetest.

The. Far from me are these
Hot flashes, bred from wanton heat and ease!
I have forgot what love and loving meant.
Rhimes, songs, and merry rounds, that oft are sent
To the soft ear of maid, are strange to me:
Only I live t' admire a chastity,
That neither pleasing age*, smooth tongue, or gold,
Could ever break upon, so sure the mould
Is that her mind was cast in; 'tis to her
I only am reserv'd; she is my form I stir
By, breathe and move, 'tis she and only she
Can make me happy, or give misery.

Cloe. Good shepherd, may a stranger crave to know
To whom this dear observance you do owe?

The. You may, and by her virtue learn to square
And level out your life; for to be fair,
And nothing virtuous, only fits the eye
Of gaudy youth, and swelling vanity.
Then know, she's call'd the Virgin of the Grove,
She that hath long since buried her chaste love,
And now lives by his grave, for whose dear soul
Sh' hath vow'd herself into the holy roll
Of strict virginity: 'tis her I so admire;
Not any looser blood, or new desire. [*Exit.*

Cloe. Farewell, poor swain! thou art not for my bend;
I must have quicker souls, whose words may tend
To some free action: give me him dare love
At first encounter†.
* * * * * * * * *

Enter Daphnis.

Here comes another: Better be my speed,
Thou god of blood! But, certain, if I read
Not false, this is that modest shepherd, he
That only dare salute, but ne'er could be
Brought to kiss any; * * * *
* * * one that makes loving faces,
And could be well content to covet graces,
Were they not got by boldness. In this thing
My hopes are frozen; * * * *
* * * * but since he is here,
Thus I attempt him.—Thou of men most dear,
Welcome to her, that only for thy sake
Hath been content to live! Here, boldly take
My hand in pledge, this hand, that never yet
Was giv'n away to any; and but sit
Down on this rushy bank, whilst I go pull
Fresh blossoms from the boughs, or quickly cull
The choicest delicates from yonder mead,
To make the chains or chaplets, or to spread
Under our fainting bodies, when delight
Shall lock up all our senses. How the sight
Of those smooth rising cheeks renews the story
Of young Adonis, when in pride and glory
He lay infolded 'twixt the beating arms
Of willing Venus! Methinks stronger charms
Dwell in those speaking eyes, and on that brow
More sweetness than the painters can allow
To their best pieces! Not Narcissus, he
That wept himself away, in memory
Of his own beauty, nor Silvanus' boy,
Nor the twice-ravish'd maid, for whom old Troy
Fell by the hand of Pyrrhus, may to these
Be otherwise compar'd, than some dead tree
To a young fruitful olive.

Daph. I can love,
But I am loth to say so, lest I prove
Too soon unhappy.

Cloe. Happy, thou wouldst say.
My dearest Daphnis, blush not; if the day
To thee and thy soft heats be enemy,
Then take the coming night; fair youth, 'tis free
To all the world. Shepherd, I'll meet thee then
When darkness hath shut up the eyes of men,
In yonder grove: speak, shall our meeting hold?
Indeed you are too bashful; be more bold,
And tell me *ay*.

Daph. I am content to say so,
And would be glad to meet, might I but pray so
Much from your fairness, that you would be true.

* *Pleasing age*; i. e. *Youth*; the word *age* being used to express one of the seasons, or *ages*, of life.

† The compiler has taken the liberty to omit a few lines in several passages of this pastoral drama, on account of their unfitness for the youthful readers for whose use this work is chiefly prepared.

Cloe. Shepherd, thou hast thy wish.
Daph. Fresh maid, adieu!
Yet, one word more; since you have drawn me on
To come this night, fear not to meet alone
That man that will not offer to be ill,
Tho' your bright self would ask it, for his fill
Of this world's goodness: Do not fear him then,
But keep your pointed time. Let other men
Set up their bloods to sale, mine shall be ever
Fair as the soul it carries, and unchaste never.
[*Exit.*

Cloe. Yet am I poorer than I was before.
Is it not strange, among so many a score
Of lusty bloods, I should pick out these things,
Whose veins, like a dull river far from springs,
Is still the same, slow, heavy, and unfit
For stream or motion, tho' the strong winds hit
With their continual pow'r upon his sides?
* * * * * * * *

Enter Alexis.

Alexis. Can such beauty be
Safe in his own guard, and not draw the eye
Of him that passeth on, to greedy gaze,
Or covetous desire, whilst in a maze
The better part contemplates, giving rein
And wished freedom to the lab'ring vein?
Fairest and whitest, may I crave to know
The cause of your retirement, why you go
Thus all alone? Methinks the downs are sweeter,
And the young company of swains far meeter,
Than these forsaken and untrodden places.
Give not yourself to loneness, and those graces
Hide from the eyes of men, that were intended
To live amongst us swains.
Cloe. Thou art befriended,
Shepherd: In all my life I have not seen
A man, in whom greater contents have been,
Than thou thyself art: I could tell thee more,
Were there but any hope left to restore
My freedom lost. Oh, lend me all thy red,
Thou shame-fac'd morning, when from Tithon's bed
Thou risest ever maiden!
Alexis. If for me,
Thou sweetest of all sweets, these flashes be,
Speak and be satisfied. Oh, guide her tongue,
My better angel; force my name among
Her modest thoughts, that the first word may be——
Cloe. Alexis, when the sun shall kiss the sea,
Taking his rest by the white Thetis' side,
Meet in the holy wood, where I'll abide
Thy coming, shepherd.
Alexis. If I stay behind,
An everlasting dullness, and the wind,
That as he passeth by shuts up the stream
Of Rhine or Volga, while the sun's hot beam
Beats back again, seize me, and let me turn
To coldness more than ice! Oh, how I burn
And rise in youth and fire! I dare not stay.
Cloe. My name shall be your word.
Alexis. Fly, fly, thou day! [*Exit.*
Cloe. My grief is great if both these boys should fail:
He that will use all winds must shift his sail.
[*Exit.*

ACT II.

Enter an old Shepherd, with a bell ringing; and the Priest of Pan following.

Priest. Shepherds all, and maidens fair,
Fold your flocks up, for the air
'Gins to thicken, and the sun
Already his great course hath run.
See the dew-drops how they kiss
Ev'ry little flower that is;
Hanging on their velvet heads,
Like a rope of christal beads.
See the heavy clouds low falling,
And bright Hesperus down calling
The dead Night from under ground;
At whose rising mists unsound,
Damps and vapours fly apace,
Hov'ring o'er the wanton face
Of these pastures, where they come,
Striking dead both bud and bloom:
Therefore, from such danger, lock
Ev'ry one his loved flock;
And let your dogs lie loose without,
Lest the wolf come as a scout
From the mountain, and, ere day,
Bear a lamb or kid away;
Or the crafty thievish fox
Break upon your simple flocks.
To secure yourselves from these,
Be not too secure in ease;
Let one eye his watches keep,
While the other eye doth sleep;
So you shall good shepherds prove,
And for ever hold the love
Of our great god. Sweetest slumbers,
And soft silence, fall in numbers
On your eye-lids! So, farewell!
Thus I end my ev'ning's knell. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Clorin, sorting of herbs.

Clo. Now let me know what my best art hath done,
Help'd by the great pow'r of the virtuous moon,
In her full light. Oh, you sons of earth,
You only brood, unto whose happy birth
Virtue was given; holding more of nature
Than man, her first-born and most perfect creature,
Let me adore you! you, that only can
Help or kill nature, drawing out that span
Of life and breath ev'n to the end of time;
You, that these hands did crop long before prime
Of day, give me your names, and, next, your hidden pow'r.
This is the clote, bearing a yellow flow'r;
And this, black horehound; both are very good
For sheep or shepherd, bitten by a wood
Dog's venom'd tooth: These ramson's branches are,
Which, stuck in entries, or about the bar
That holds the door fast, kill all enchantments, charms,
(Were they Medea's verses) that do harms
To men or cattle: These for frenzy be
A speedy and a sov'reign remedy,
The bitter wormwood, sage, and marigold;

Such sympathy with man's good they do hold:
This tormentil, whose virtue is to part
All deadly killing poison from the heart:
And, here, Narcissus' root, for swellings best:
Yellow Lysimacha, to give sweet rest
To the faint shepherd, killing, where it comes,
All busy gnats, and every fly that hums:
For leprosy, darnell and celandine,
With calamint, whose virtues do refine
The blood of man, making it free and fair
As the first hour it breath'd, or the best air.
Here, other two; but your rebellious use
Is not for me, whose goodness is abuse;
Therefore, foul standergrass, from me and mine
I banish thee, with lustful turpentine;
You that entice the veins and stir the heat
To civil mutiny, scaling the seat
Our reason moves in, and deluding it
With dreams and wanton fancies, till the fit
Of burning lust be quench'd; by appetite,
Robbing the soul of blessedness and light.
And thou, light vervain too, thou must go after,
Provoking easy souls to mirth and laughter:
No more shall I dip thee in water now,
And sprinkle every post, and every bough,
With thy well-pleasing juice, to make the grooms
Swell with high mirth, as with joy all the rooms.

Enter Thenot.

The. This is the cabin where the best of all
Her sex that ever breath'd, or ever shall
Give heat or happiness to th' shepherd's side,
Doth only to her worthy self abide.
Thou blessed star, I thank thee for thy light,
Thou by whose pow'r the darkness of sad night
Is banish'd from the earth, in whose dull place
Thy chaster beams play on the heavy face
Of all the world, making the blue sea smile,
To see how cunningly thou dost beguile
Thy brother of his brightness, giving day
Again from Chaos; whiter than that way
That leads to Jove's high court, and chaster far
Than chastity itself! Thou blessed star
That nightly shin'st! Thou, all the constancy
That in all women was, or e'er shall be,
From whose fair eye-balls flies that holy fire
That poets style the mother of desire,
Infusing into ev'ry gentle breast
A soul of greater price, and far more bless'd,
Than that quick pow'r which gives a difference
'Twixt man and creatures of a lower sense.

Clo. Shepherd, how cam'st thou hither to this place?
No way is trodden; all the verdant grass
The spring shot up, stands yet unbruised here
Of any foot; only the dappled deer,
Far from the feared sound of crooked horn,
Dwells in this fastness.

The. Chaster than the morn,
I have not wander'd, or by strong illusion
Into this virtuous place have made intrusion:
But hither am I come (believe me, fair)
To seek you out, of whose great good the air
Is full, and strongly labours, while the sound
Breaks against Heav'n, and drives into a stound
Th' amazed shepherd, that such virtue can
Be resident in lesser than a man.

Clo. If any art I have, or hidden skill
May cure thee of disease or fester'd ill,
Whose grief or greenness to another's eye
May seem unpossible of remedy,
I dare yet undertake it.

The. 'Tis no pain
I suffer through disease, no beating vein
Conveys infection dang'rous to the heart,
No part imposthum'd, to be cur'd by art,
This body holds; and yet a feller grief
Than ever skilful hand did give relief,
Dwells on my soul, and may be heal'd by you,
Fair beauteous virgin!

Clo. Then, shepherd, let me sue
To know thy grief: That man yet never knew
The way to health, that durst not shew his sore.

The. Then, fairest, know, I love you.

Clo. Swain, no more!
Thou hast abus'd the strictness of this place,
And offer'd sacrilegious foul disgrace
To the sweet rest of these interred bones;
For fear of whose ascending, fly at once,
Thou and thy idle passions, that the sight
Of death and speedy vengeance may not fright
Thy very soul with horror.

The. Let me not
(Thou all perfection!) merit such a blot
For my true zealous faith.

Clo. Dar'st thou abide
To see this holy earth at once divide,
And give his body up? for sure it will,
If thou pursu'st with wanton flames to fill
This hallow'd place; therefore repent and go,
Whilst I with pray'rs appease his ghost below,
That else would tell thee what it were to be
A rival in that virtuous love that he
Embraces yet.

The. 'Tis not the white or red
Inhabits in your cheek that thus can wed
My mind to adoration; nor your eye,
Tho' it be full and fair, your forehead high,
And smooth as Pelops' shoulder; not the smile
Lies watching in those dimples to beguile
The easy soul; your hands and fingers long,
With veins enamell'd richly; nor your tongue,
Tho' it spoke sweeter than Arion's harp;
Your hair woven into many a curious warp,
Able in endless error to enfold
The wand'ring soul; not the true perfect mould
Of all your body, which as pure doth shew
In maiden whiteness as the Alpsien* snow:
All these, were but your constancy away,
Would please me less than a black stormy day
The wretched seaman toiling thro' the deep.
But, while this honour'd strictness you dare keep,
Tho' all the plagues that e'er begotten were
In the great womb of air, were settled here,
In opposition, I would, like the tree,
Shake off those drops of weakness, and be free
Ev'n in the arm of danger.

Col. Wouldst thou have
Me raise again, fond man, from silent grave,

* *Alpsien*—*Alpine.*

Cloe. Shepherd, thou hast thy wish.
Daph. Fresh maid, adieu!
Yet, one word more; since you have drawn me on
To come this night, fear not to meet alone
That man that will not offer to be ill,
Tho' your bright self would ask it, for his fill
Of this world's goodness: Do not fear him then,
But keep your pointed time. Let other men
Set up their bloods to sale, mine shall be ever
Fair as the soul it carries, and unchaste never.
[*Exit.*

Cloe. Yet am I poorer than I was before.
Is it not strange, among so many a score
Of lusty bloods, I should pick out these things,
Whose veins, like a dull river far from springs,
Is still the same, slow, heavy, and unfit
For stream or motion, tho' the strong winds hit
With their continual pow'r upon his sides?
* * * * * * * *

Enter Alexis.

Alexis. Can such beauty be
Safe in his own guard, and not draw the eye
Of him that passeth on, to greedy gaze,
Or covetous desire, whilst in a maze
The better part contemplates, giving rein
And wished freedom to the lab'ring vein?
Fairest and whitest, may I crave to know
The cause of your retirement, why you go
Thus all alone? Methinks the downs are sweeter,
And the young company of swains far meeter,
Than these forsaken and untrodden places.
Give not yourself to loneness, and those graces
Hide from the eyes of men, that were intended
To live amongst us swains.
Cloe. Thou art befriended,
Shepherd: In all my life I have not seen
A man, in whom greater contents have been,
Than thou thyself art: I could tell thee more,
Were there but any hope left to restore
My freedom lost. Oh, lend me all thy red,
Thou shame-fac'd morning, when from Tithon's bed
Thou risest ever maiden!
Alexis. If for me,
Thou sweetest of all sweets, these flashes be,
Speak and be satisfied. Oh, guide her tongue,
My better angel; force my name among
Her modest thoughts, that the first word may be——
Cloe. Alexis, when the sun shall kiss the sea,
Taking his rest by the white Thetis' side,
Meet in the holy wood, where I'll abide
Thy coming, shepherd.
Alexis. If I stay behind,
An everlasting dullness, and the wind,
That as he passeth by shuts up the stream
Of Rhine or Volga, while the sun's hot beam
Beats back again, seize me, and let me turn
To coldness more than ice! Oh, how I burn
And rise in youth and fire! I dare not stay.
Cloe. My name shall be your word.
Alexis. Fly, fly, thou day! [*Exit.*
Cloe. My grief is great if both these boys should fail:
He that will use all winds must shift his sail.
[*Exit.*

ACT II.

Enter an old Shepherd, with a bell ringing; and the Priest of Pan following.

Priest. Shepherds all, and maidens fair,
Fold your flocks up, for the air
'Gins to thicken, and the sun
Already his great course hath run.
See the dew-drops how they kiss
Ev'ry little flower that is;
Hanging on their velvet heads,
Like a rope of christal beads.
See the heavy clouds low falling,
And bright Hesperus down calling
The dead Night from under ground;
At whose rising mists unsound,
Damps and vapours fly apace,
Hov'ring o'er the wanton face
Of these pastures, where they come,
Striking dead both bud and bloom:
Therefore, from such danger, lock
Ev'ry one his loved flock;
And let your dogs lie loose without,
Lest the wolf come as a scout
From the mountain, and, ere day,
Bear a lamb or kid away;
Or the crafty thievish fox
Break upon your simple flocks.
To secure yourselves from these,
Be not too secure in ease;
Let one eye his watches keep,
While the other eye doth sleep;
So you shall good shepherds prove,
And for ever hold the love
Of our great god. Sweetest slumbers,
And soft silence, fall in numbers
On your eye-lids! So, farewell!
Thus I end my ev'ning's knell. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Clorin, sorting of herbs.

Clo. Now let me know what my best art hath done,
Help'd by the great pow'r of the virtuous moon,
In her full light. Oh, you sons of earth,
You only brood, unto whose happy birth
Virtue was given; holding more of nature
Than man, her first-born and most perfect creature,
Let me adore you! you, that only can
Help or kill nature, drawing out that span
Of life and breath ev'n to the end of time;
You, that these hands did crop long before prime
Of day, give me your names, and, next, your hidden pow'r.
This is the clote, bearing a yellow flow'r;
And this, black horehound; both are very good
For sheep or shepherd, bitten by a wood
Dog's venom'd tooth: These ramson's branches are,
Which, stuck in entries, or about the bar
That holds the door fast, kill all enchantments, charms,
(Were they Medea's verses) that do harms
To men or cattle: These for frenzy be
A speedy and a sov'reign remedy,
The bitter wormwood, sage, and marigold;

Such sympathy with man's good they do hold:
This tormentil, whose virtue is to part
All deadly killing poison from the heart:
And, here, Narcissus' root, for swellings best:
Yellow Lysimacha, to give sweet rest
To the faint shepherd, killing, where it comes,
All busy gnats, and every fly that hums:
For leprosy, darnell and celandine,
With calamint, whose virtues do refine
The blood of man, making it free and fair
As the first hour it breath'd, or the best air.
Here, other two; but your rebellious use
Is not for me, whose goodness is abuse;
Therefore, foul standergrass, from me and mine
I banish thee, with lustful turpentine;
You that entice the veins and stir the heat
To civil mutiny, scaling the seat
Our reason moves in, and deluding it
With dreams and wanton fancies, till the fit
Of burning lust be quench'd; by appetite,
Robbing the soul of blessedness and light.
And thou, light vervain too, thou must go after,
Provoking easy souls to mirth and laughter:
No more shall I dip thee in water now,
And sprinkle every post, and every bough,
With thy well-pleasing juice, to make the grooms
Swell with high mirth, as with joy all the rooms.

Enter Thenot.

The. This is the cabin where the best of all
Her sex that ever breath'd, or ever shall
Give heat or happiness to th' shepherd's side,
Doth only to her worthy self abide.
Thou blessed star, I thank thee for thy light,
Thou by whose pow'r the darkness of sad night
Is banish'd from the earth, in whose dull place
Thy chaster beams play on the heavy face
Of all the world, making the blue sea smile,
To see how cunningly thou dost beguile
Thy brother of his brightness, giving day
Again from Chaos; whiter than that way
That leads to Jove's high court, and chaster far
Than chastity itself! Thou blessed star
That nightly shin'st! Thou, all the constancy
That in all women was, or e'er shall be,
From whose fair eye-balls flies that holy fire
That poets style the mother of desire,
Infusing into ev'ry gentle breast
A soul of greater price, and far more bless'd,
Than that quick pow'r which gives a difference
'Twixt man and creatures of a lower sense.

Clo. Shepherd, how cam'st thou hither to this place?
No way is trodden; all the verdant grass
The spring shot up, stands yet unbruised here
Of any foot; only the dappled deer,
Far from the feared sound of crooked horn,
Dwells in this fastness.

The. Chaster than the morn,
I have not wander'd, or by strong illusion
Into this virtuous place have made intrusion:
But hither am I come (believe me, fair)
To seek you out, of whose great good the air
Is full, and strongly labours, while the sound
Breaks against Heav'n, and drives into a stound
Th' amazed shepherd, that such virtue can
Be resident in lesser than a man.

Clo. If any art I have, or hidden skill
May cure thee of disease or fester'd ill,
Whose grief or greenness to another's eye
May seem unpossible of remedy,
I dare yet undertake it.

The. 'Tis no pain
I suffer through disease, no beating vein
Conveys infection dang'rous to the heart,
No part imposthum'd, to be cur'd by art,
This body holds; and yet a feller grief
Than ever skilful hand did give relief,
Dwells on my soul, and may be heal'd by you,
Fair beauteous virgin!

Clo. Then, shepherd, let me sue
To know thy grief: That man yet never knew
The way to health, that durst not shew his sore.

The. Then, fairest, know, I love you.

Clo. Swain, no more!
Thou hast abus'd the strictness of this place,
And offer'd sacrilegious foul disgrace
To the sweet rest of these interred bones;
For fear of whose ascending, fly at once,
Thou and thy idle passions, that the sight
Of death and speedy vengeance may not fright
Thy very soul with horror.

The. Let me not
(Thou all perfection!) merit such a blot
For my true zealous faith.

Clo. Dar'st thou abide
To see this holy earth at once divide,
And give his body up? for sure it will,
If thou pursu'st with wanton flames to fill
This hallow'd place; therefore repent and go,
Whilst I with pray'rs appease his ghost below,
That else would tell thee what it were to be
A rival in that virtuous love that he
Embraces yet.

The. 'Tis not the white or red
Inhabits in your cheek that thus can wed
My mind to adoration; nor your eye,
Tho' it be full and fair, your forehead high,
And smooth as Pelops' shoulder; not the smile
Lies watching in those dimples to beguile
The easy soul; your hands and fingers long,
With veins enamell'd richly; nor your tongue,
Tho' it spoke sweeter than Arion's harp;
Your hair woven into many a curious warp,
Able in endless error to enfold
The wand'ring soul; not the true perfect mould
Of all your body, which as pure doth shew
In maiden whiteness as the Alpsien* snow:
All these, were but your constancy away,
Would please me less than a black stormy day
The wretched seaman toiling thro' the deep.
But, while this honour'd strictness you dare keep,
Tho' all the plagues that e'er begotten were
In the great womb of air, were settled here,
In opposition, I would, like the tree,
Shake off those drops of weakness, and be free
Ev'n in the arm of danger.

Col. Wouldst thou have
Me raise again, fond man, from silent grave,

* *Alpsien*——*Alpine.*

Those sparks that long ago were buried here,
With my dead friend's cold ashes?
The. Dearest dear,
I dare not ask it, nor you must not grant:
Stand strongly to your vow, and do not faint.
Remember how he lov'd you, and be still
The same, opinion speaks you: Let not will,
And that great god of women, appetite,
Set up your blood again; do not invite
Desire and fancy from their long exile,
To seat them once more in a pleasing smile:
Be like a rock made firmly up 'gainst all
The pow'r of angry Heav'n, or the strong fall
Of Neptune's battery; if you yield, I die
To all affection; 'tis that loyalty
You tie unto this grave I so admire:
And yet, there's something else I would desire,
If you would hear me, but withal deny.
Oh, Pan, what an uncertain destiny
Hangs over all my hopes! I will retire;
For if I longer stay, this double fire
Will lick my life up.
Clo. Do, and let time wear out
What art and nature cannot bring about.
The. Farewell, thou soul of virtue, and be bless'd
For evermore, whilst here I wretched rest
Thus to myself! Yet grant me leave to dwell
In kenning of this arbour; yon same dell,
O'ertop'd with mourning cypress and sad yew,
Shall be my cabin, where I'll early rue,
Before the sun hath kiss'd this dew away,
The hard uncertain chance which Fate doth lay
Upon this head.
Clo. The gods give quick release
And happy cure unto thy hard disease!
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sull. Shep. I do not love this wench that I should meet;
For ne'er did my unconstant eye yet greet
That beauty, were it sweeter or more fair
Than the new blossoms, when the morning air
Blows gently on them, or the breaking light,
When many maiden blushes to our sight
Shoot from its early face: Were all these set
In some neat form before me, 'twould not get
The least love from me; some desire it might,
Or present burning. All to me in sight
Are equal; be they fair, or black, or brown,
Virgin, or careless wanton, I can crown
My appetite with any; swear as oft,
And weep, as any; melt my words as soft
Into a maiden's ears, and tell how long
My heart has been her servant, and how strong
My passions are; call her unkind and cruel;
Offer her all I have to gain the jewel
Maidens so highly prize; then loath, and fly:
This do I hold a blessed destiny!

Enter Amarillis.

Amar. Hail! shepherd! Pan bless both thy flock and thee,
For being mindful of thy word to me.
Sull. Shep. Welcome, fair shepherdess! Thy loving swain
Gives thee the self-same wishes back again;
Who till this present hour ne'er knew that eye
Could make me cross mine arms, or daily die
With fresh consumings: Boldly tell me then,
How shall we part their faithful loves, and when?
Shall I belie him to her? Shall I swear
His faith is false, and he loves ev'ry where?
I'll say he mock'd her th' other day to you,
Which will by your confirming shew as true;
For she is of so pure an honesty,
To think, because she will not, none will lie.
Or else to him I'll slander Amoret,
And say, she but seems chaste: I'll swear she met
Me 'mongst the shady sycamores last night.
* * * * * * * * *
Amar. Lov'd swain, I thank you! These tricks might prevail
With other rustic shepherds, but will fail
Ev'n once to stir, much more to overthrow,
His fixed love from judgment, who doth know
Your nature, my end, and his chosen's merit;
Therefore some stronger way must force his spirit
Which I have found: Give second, and my love
Is everlasting thine.
Sull. Shep. Try me and prove.
Amar. These happy pair of lovers meet straightway,
Soon as they fold their flocks up with the day,
In the thick grove bord'ring upon yon hill,
In whose hard side Nature hath carv'd a well,
And, but that matchless spring which poets know,
Was ne'er the like to this: By it doth grow,
About the sides, all herbs which witches use,
All simples good for med'cines or abuse,
All sweets that crown the happy nuptial day,
With all their colours; there the month of May
Is ever dwelling, all is young and green;
There's not a grass on which was ever seen
The falling autumn, or cold winter's hand;
So full of heat and virtue is the land
About this fountain, which doth slowly break,
Below yon mountain's foot, into a creek
That waters all the valley, giving fish
Of many sorts, to fill the shepherd's dish.
This holy well (my grandame that is dead,
Right wise in charms, hath often to me said)
Hath pow'r to change the form of any creature,
Being thrice dipp'd o'er the head, into what feature
Or shape 'twould please the letter-down to crave,
Who must pronounce this charm too, which she gave
Me on her death-bed; told me what, and how,
I should apply unto the patient's brow,
That would be chang'd casting them thrice asleep,
Before I trusted them into this deep:
All this she shew'd me, and did charge me prove
This secret of her art, if crost in love.
I'll this attempt! Now, shepherd, I have here
All her prescriptions, and I will not fear
To be myself dipp'd: Come, my temples bind
With these sad herbs, and when I sleep, you find,
As you to speak your charm, thrice down me let,
And bid the water raise me Amoret;
Which being done, leave me to my affair,

And ere the day shall quite itself outwear,
I will return unto my shepherd's arm;
Dip me again, and then repeat this charm,
And pluck me up myself, whom freely take,
And the hot'st fire of thine affection slake.
Sull. Shep. And if I fit thee not, then fit not me.
I long the truth of this well's pow'r to see!
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Daphnis.

Daph. Here will I stay, for this the covert is
Where I appointed Cloe. Do not miss,
Thou bright-ey'd virgin! Come, oh, come, my fair!
Be not abus'd with fear, nor let cold care
Of honor stay thee from thy shepherd's arm,
Who would as hard be won to offer harm
To thy chaste thoughts, as whiteness from the day,
Or yon great round to move another way.
My language shall be honest, full of truth,
My flames as smooth and spotless as my youth;
I will not entertain that wand'ring thought,
Whose easy current may at length be brought
To a loose vastness.
Alexis [*within*]. Cloe!
Daph. 'Tis her voice,
And I must answer.—Cloe!—Oh, the choice
Of dear embraces, chaste and holy strains
Our hands shall give!—I charge you, all my veins
Thro' which the blood and spirit take their way,
Lock up your disobedient heats, and stay
Those mutinous desires that else would grow
To strong rebellion! Do not wilder shew
Than blushing modesty may entertain.
Alexis [*within*]. Cloe!
Daph. There sounds that blessed name again,
And I will meet it. Let me not mistake;
(Enter Alexis.)
There is some shepherd! Sure I am awake!
What may this riddle mean? I will retire,
To give myself more knowledge.
Alexis. Oh, my fire,
How thou consum'st me? Cloe, answer me!
Alexis, strong Alexis, high and free,
Calls upon Cloe. See, mine arms are full
Of entertainment, ready for to pull
That golden fruit which too, too long hath hung,
Tempting the greedy eye. Thou stay'st too long;
I am impatient of these mad delays!
I must not leave unsought those many ways
That lead into this centre, till I find
Quench for my burning lust. I come, unkind!
[*Exit.*

Daph. Can my imagination work me so much ill,
That I may credit this for truth, and still
Believe mine eyes? or shall I firmly hold
Her yet untainted, and these sights but bold
Illusion? Sure, such fancies oft have been
Sent to abuse true love, and yet are seen,
Daring to blind the virtuous thought with error:
But be they far from me, with their fond terror!
I am resolv'd my Cloe yet is true.
Cloe [*within*]. Cloe!
Daph. Hark! Cloe! Sure this voice is new,
Whose shrillness, like the sounding of a bell,
Tells me it is a woman. Cloe! tell
Thy blessed name again.
Cloe [*within*]. Cloe! Here!
Daph. Oh, what a grief is this to be so near,
And not encounter!

Enter Cloe.

Cloe. Shepherd, we are met.
Draw close into the covert, lest the wet,
Which falls like lazy mists upon the ground,
Soak thro' your startups*.
Daph. Fairest, are you found?
How have we wander'd, that the better part
Of this good night is perish'd? Oh, my heart!
How have I long'd to meet you, how to kiss
Those lilly hands, how to receive the bliss
That charming tongue gives to the happy ear
Of him that drinks your language: But I fear
I am too much unmanner'd, far too rude,
And almost grown lascivious, to intrude
These hot behaviours; where regard of fame,
Honour and modesty, a virtuous name,
And such discourse as one fair sister may
Without offence unto the brother say,
Should rather have been tender'd. But, believe,
Here dwells a better temper; do not grieve
Then, ever kindest, that my first salute
Seasons so much of fancy; I am mute
Henceforth to all discourses, but shall be
Suiting to your sweet thoughts and modesty.
Indeed, I will not ask a kiss of you,
No, not to wring your fingers, nor to sue
To those bless'd pair of fixed stars for smiles;
All a young lover's cunning, all his wiles,
And pretty wanton dyings, shall to me
Be strangers; only to your chastity
I am devoted ever.
Cloe. Honest swain,
First let me thank you, then return again
As much of my love.——[*Aside.*] No, thou art too cold,
Unhappy boy; not temper'd to my mould;
Thy blood falls heavy downward; 'tis not fear
T' offend in boldness, wins; they never wear
Deserved favours, that deny to take
When they are offer'd freely. Do I wake,
To see a man of his youth, years and feature,
And such a one as we call goodly creature,
Thus backward? What a world of precious art
Were merely lost, to make him do his part?
But I will shake him off, that dares not hold:
Let men that hope to be belov'd be bold!——
Daphnis, I do desire, since we are met
So happily, our lives and fortunes set
Upon one stake, to give assurance now,
By interchange of hands and holy vow,
Never to break again. Walk you that way,
Whilst I in zealous meditation stray
A little this way: when we both have ended
These rites and duties, by the woods befriended,
And secrecy of night, retire and find
An aged oak, whose hollowness may bind
Us both within his body; thither go;
It stands within yon bottom.
Daph. Be it so. [*Exit.*

* *Startups.* *Buskins* worn by rustics, laced down before.

Cloe. And I will meet there never more with thee,
Thou idle shamefac'dness!
Alexis [*within*]. Cloe!
Cloe. 'Tis he
That dare, I hope, be bolder.
Alexis. Cloe!
Cloe. Now,
Great Pan, for Syrinx' sake, bid speed our plow!
[*Exit.*

ACT III.

Enter Sullen Shepherd, with Amarillis in a sleep.

Sull. Shep. From thy forehead thus I take
These herbs, and charge thee not awake
'Till in yonder holy well,
Thrice with pow'rful magick spell,
Fill'd with many a baleful word,
Thou'st been dipp'd. Thus, with my chord
Of blasted hemp, by moon-light twin'd,
I do thy sleepy body bind:
I turn thy head unto the east,
And thy feet unto the west,
Thy left arm to the south put forth,
And thy right unto the north:
I take thy body from the ground,
In this deep and deadly swound,
And into this holy spring
I let thee slide down by my string.
Take this maid, thou holy pit,
To thy bottom; nearer yet;
In thy water pure and sweet,
By thy leave I dip her feet;
Thus I let her lower yet,
That her ankles may be wet;
Yet down lower, let her knee
In thy waters washed be;
There I stop. Now fly away,
Ev'ry thing that loves the day:
Truth, that hath but one face,
Thus I charm thee from this place.
Snakes, that cast your coats for new,
Camelions, that alter hue,
Hares that yearly sexes change,
Proteus alt'ring oft and strange,
Hecate, with shapes three,
Let this maiden changed be,
With this holy water wet,
To the shape of Amoret.
Cynthia, work thou with my charm!
Thus I draw thee, free from harm,
Up out of this blessed lake.
Rise, both like her, and awake!
[*She awakes.*

Amar. Speak, shepherd, am I Amoret to sight?
Or hast thou miss'd in any magick rite,
For want of which any defect in me,
May make our practices discover'd be?
Sull. Shep. By yonder moon, but that I here do stand,
Whose breath hath thus transform'd thee, and whose hand
Let thee down dry, and pluck'd thee up thus wet,
I should myself take thee for Amoret.
Thou art, in clothes, in feature, voice and hue,
So like, that sense cannot distinguish you.
Amar. Then this deceit which cannot crossed be,
At once shall lose her him, and gain thee me.
Hither she needs must come, by promise made;
And sure, his nature never was so bad,
To bid a virgin meet him in the wood,
When night and fear are up, but understood
'Twas his part to come first. Being come, I'll say,
My constant love made me come first and stay:
Then will I lead him further to the grove;
But stay you here, and, if his own true love
Shall seek him here, set her in some wrong path,
Which say, her lover lately trodden hath;
I'll not be far from hence. If need there be,
Here is another, whose pow'r will free
The dazzled sense, read by the moon's beams clear,
And in my own true shape make me appear.
Enter Perigot.
Sull. Shep. Stand close! Here's Perigot; whose constant heart
Longs to behold her in whose shape thou art.
Per. This is the place.—Fair Amoret!—The hour
Is yet scarce come. Here every sylvan pow'r
Delights to be about yon sacred well,
Which they have bless'd with many a pow'rful spell;
For never traveller in dead of night,
Nor strayed beasts have fallen in, but when sight
Hath fail'd them, then their right way they have found
By help of them; so holy is the ground.
But I will further seek, lest Amoret
Should be first come, and so stray long unmet.
My Amoret, Amoret! [*Exit.*
Amar. Perigot!
Per. My love!
Amar. I come, my love! [*Exit.*
Sull. Shep. Now she hath got
Her own desires, and I shall gainer be
Of my long-look'd-for hopes, as well as she.
How bright the moon shines here, as if she strove
To shew her glory in this little grove
Enter Amoret.
To some new-loved shepherd! Yonder is
Another Amoret. Where differs this
From that? But that she Perigot hath met,
I should have ta'en this for the counterfeit.
Herbs, woods, and springs, the pow'r that in you lies,
If mortal men could know your properties!
Amo. Methinks it is not night; I have no fear,
Walking this wood, of lion, or the bear,
Whose names at other times have made me quake,
When any shepherdess in her tale spake
Of some of them, that underneath a wood
Have torn true lovers that together stood.
Methinks there are no goblins, and mens' talk,
That in these woods the nimble fairies walk,
Are fables; such a strong heart I have got,
Because I come to meet with Perigot.
My Perigot! Who's that? my Perigot!

Sull. Shep. Fair maid!
Amo. Ah me, thou art not Perigot!
Sull. Shep. But I can tell you news of Perigot:
An hour together under yonder tree
He sat with wreathed arms, and call'd on thee,
And said, 'Why, Amoret, stay'st thou so long?'
Then starting up, down yonder path he flung,
Lest thou hadst miss'd thy way. Were it day-light,
He could not yet have borne him out of sight.
Amo. Thanks, gentle shepherd; and beshrew my stay,
That made me fearful I had lost my way!
As fast as my weak legs (that cannot be
Weary with seeking him) will carry me,
I'll seek him out; and for thy courtesy,
Pray Pan thy love may ever follow thee! [*Exit.*
Sull. Shep. How bright she was, how lovely did she shew!
Was it not pity to deceive her so?
She pluck'd her garments up, and tripp'd away,
And with a virgin innocence did pray
For me that perjur'd her. Whilst she was here,
Methought the beams of light that did appear
Were shot from her; methought the moon gave none,
But what it had from her. She was alone
With me; if then her presence did so move,
Why did not I essay to win her love?
* * * * * * * * *

Enter Alexis and Cloe.

Alexis. Where shall we rest?—But for the love of me,
Cloe, I know, ere this would weary be.
Cloe. Alexis, let us rest here, if the place
Be private, and out of the common trace
Of ev'ry shepherd; for, I understood,
This night a number are about the wood.
Alexis. Then boldly here, where we shall ne'er be found;
No shepherd's way lies here, 'tis hallow'd ground;
No maid seeks here her strayed cow, or sheep;
Fairies and fawns, and satyrs do it keep:
Then carelessly rest here, and clip and kiss,
And let no fear make us our pleasures miss.
Sull. Shep. Forbear to touch my love; or, by yon flame,
The greatest pow'r that shepherds dare to name,
Here where thou sit'st, under this holy tree,
Her to dishonour, thou shalt buried be!
Alexis. If Pan himself should come out of the lawns,
With all his troops of satyrs and of fawns,
And bid me leave, I swear by her two eyes,
(A greater oath than thine) I would not rise!
Sull. Shep. Then from the cold earth never thou shalt move,
But lose at one stroke both thy life and love.
Cloe. Hold, gentle shepherd!
Sull. Shep. Fairest Shepherdess,
Come you with me; I do not love you less
Than that fond man, that would have kept you there
From me of more desert.

Alexis. Oh, yet forbear
To take her from me! Give me leave to die
By her!
The Satyr enters; the Sullen Shepherd runs one way, and Cloe another.
Sat. Now, whilst the moon doth rule the sky,
And the stars, whose feeble light
Give a pale shadow to the night,
Are up, great Pan commanded me
To walk this grove about, whilst he,
In a corner of the wood,
Where never mortal foot hath stood,
Keeps dancing, music, and a feast,
To entertain a lovely guest:
Where he gives her many a rose,
Sweeter than the breath that blows
The leaves; grapes, berries of the best;
I never saw so great a feast.
But, to my charge: here must I stay,
To see what mortals lose their way,
And by a false fire seeming bright,
Train them in and leave them right.
Then must I watch if any be
Forcing of a chastity;
If I find it, then in haste
Give my wreathed horn a blast,
And the fairies all will run,
Wildly dancing by the moon,
And will pinch him to the bone,
Till his lustful thoughts be gone.
Alexis. Oh death!
Sat. Back again about this ground;
Sure I hear a mortal sound.
I bind thee by this pow'rful spell,
By the waters of this well,
By the glimm'ring moon-beams bright,
Speak again, thou mortal wight!
Alexis. Oh!
Sat. Here the foolish mortal lies,
Sleeping on the ground. Arise!
The poor wight is almost dead;
On the ground his wounds have bled,
And his cloaths foul'd with his blood!
To my goddess in the wood
Will I lead him, whose hands pure
Will help this mortal wight to cure.
[*Exit, with Alexis.*

Enter Cloe again.

Cloe. Since I beheld yon shaggy man, my breast
Doth pant; each bush, methinks, should hide a beast
Yet my desire keeps still above my fear:
I would fain meet some shepherd, knew I where.
* * * * * * * * *
Here upon this ground
I left my love, all bloody with his wound;
Yet, till that fearful shape made me be gone,
Tho' he were hurt, I furnish'd was of one;
But now both lost. Alexis, speak or move,
If thou hast any life; thou'rt yet my love!
He's dead, or else is with his little might
Crept from the bank for fear of that ill sprite.
Then where art thou that struck'st my love?
Oh, stay!

Bring me thyself in change, and then I'll say
Thou hast some justice: I will make thee trim
With flow'rs and garlands that were meant for him;
I'll clip thee round with both mine arms, as fast
As I did mean he should have been embrac'd.
But, thou art fled! What hope is left for me?
I'll run to Daphnis in the hollow tree,
Who I did mean to mock, tho' hope be small,
To make him bold; rather than none at all,
I'll try his heart; and my behaviour too,
Perhaps, may teach him what he ought to do.
[*Exit.*

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sull. Shep. This was the place. 'Twas but my feeble sight,
Mix'd with the horror of my deed, and night,
That shap'd these fears, and made me run away
And lose my beauteous hardly-gotten prey.
Speak, gentle shepherdess! I am alone,
And tender love for love. But she is gone
From me, that, having struck her lover dead,
For silly fear left her alone, and fled.
And see, the wounded body is remov'd
By her of whom it was so well belov'd.

(Enter Perigot, and Amarillis in the shape of Amoret.)

But all these fancies must be quite forgot;
I must lie close. Here comes young Perigot,
With subtle Amarillis in the shape
Of Amoret. Pray love, he may not 'scape!

Amar. Beloved Perigot, shew me some place,
Where I may rest my limbs, weak with the chace
Of thee, an hour before thou cam'st at least.

Peri. Beshrew my tardy steps! Here shalt thou rest
Upon this holy bank: no deadly snake
Upon this turf herself in folds doth make;
Here is no poison for the toad to feed;
Here boldly spread thy hands, no venom'd weed
Dares blister them; no slimy snail dare creep
Over thy face when thou art fast asleep;
Here never durst the babbling cuckow sit;
No slough of falling star did ever hit
Upon this bank; let this thy cabin be,
This other, set with violets, for me.

Amar. Thou dost not love me, Perigot.

Peri. Fair maid,
You only love to hear it often said;
You do not doubt.

Amar. Believe me, but I do.

Peri. What, shall we now begin again to woo?
'Tis the best way to make your lover last,
To play with him, when you have caught him fast.

Amar. By Pan I swear, I loved Perigot,
And, by yon moon, I think thou lov'st me not.

Peri. By Pan I swear (and, if I falsely swear,
Let him not guard my flocks; let foxes tear
My earliest lambs, and wolves, whilst I do sleep,
Fall on the rest; a rot among my sheep!)
I love thee better than the careful ewe
The new-yean'd lamb that is of her own hue;
I dote upon thee more than the young lamb
Doth on the bag that feeds him from his dam.
Were there a sort of wolves got in my fold,
And one ran after thee, both young and old
Should be devour'd, and it should be my strife
To save thee, whom I love above my life.

Amar. How shall I trust thee, when I see thee chuse
Another bed, and dost my side refuse?

Peri. 'Twas only that the chaste thoughts might be shewn
'Twixt thee and me, although we were alone.

Amar. Come, Perigot will shew his pow'r, that he
Can make his Am'ret, tho' she weary be,
Rise nimbly from her couch, and come to his.
Here, take thy Amoret; embrace, and kiss!

Peri. What means my love!

Amar. To do as lovers should,
That are to be enjoy'd, not to be woo'd.
There's ne'er a shepherdess in all the plain
Can kiss thee with more art; there's none can fain
More wanton tricks.

Peri. Forbear, dear soul, to try
Whether my heart be pure; I'll rather die
Than nourish one thought to dishonour thee.

Amar. Still think'st thou such a thing as chastity
Is amongst women?

* * * * * * * *

Why dost thou rise?

Peri. My true heart thou hast slain!

Amar. Faith, Perigot, I'll pluck thee down again.

Peri. Let go, thou serpent, that into my breast
Hast with thy cunning div'd! Art not in jest?

Amar. Sweet love, lie down!

Peri. Since this I live to see,
Some bitter north wind blast my flocks and me!

Amar. You swore you lov'd, yet will not do my will.

Peri. Oh, be as thou wert once, I'll love thee still.

Amar. I am as still I was, and all my kind;
Tho' other shows we have, poor men to blind.

Peri. Then here I end all love; and, lest my vain
Belief should ever draw me in again,
Before thy face, that hast my youth misled,
I end my life! My blood be on thy head!

Amar. Oh, hold thy hands, thy Amoret doth cry.

Peri. Thou counsell'st well; first, Amoret shall die,
That is the cause of my eternal smart!
[*He runs after her.*

Amar. Oh, hold! [*Exit.*

Peri. This steel shall pierce thy lustful heart! [*Exit.*

[*The Sullen Shepherd steps out, and uncharms her.*

Sull. Shep. Up and down, every where,
I strew these herbs, to purge the air:
Let your odour drive hence

All mists that dazzle sense.
Herbs and springs, whose hidden might
Alter shapes, and mock the sight,
Thus I charge ye to undo
All before I brought ye to!
Let her fly, let her scape;
Give again her own shape!

Enter Amarillis, in her own shape, Perigot following.

Amar. Forbear, thou gentle swain! thou dost mistake;
She whom thou follow'dst fled into the brake,
And as I cross'd thy way I met thy wrath;
The only fear of which near slain me hath.

Peri. Pardon, fair shepherdess! my rage, and night,
Were both upon me, and beguil'd my sight;
But, far be it from me to spill the blood
Of harmless maids that wander in the wood.
[*Exit Amar.*

Enter Amoret.

Amo. Many a weary step, in yonder path,
Poor hopeless Amoret twice trodden hath,
To seek her Perigot, yet cannot hear
His voice. My Perigot! She loves thee dear
That calls.

Peri. See yonder where she is! how fair
She shews, and yet her breath infects the air.

Amo. My Perigot!

Peri. Here.

Amo. Happy!

Peri. Hapless! first
It lights on thee: the next blow is the worst.
[*Strikes her.*

Amo. Stay, Perigot! my love! thou art unjust.

Peri. Death is the best reward that's due to lust.
[*Exit Peri.*

Sull. Shep. Now shall their love be cross'd; for, being struck,
I'll throw her in the fount, lest being took
By some night traveller, whose honest care
May help to cure her. Shepherdess, prepare
Yourself to die!

Amo. No mercy I do crave:
Thou canst not give a worse blow than I have.
Tell him that gave me this, who lov'd him too,
He struck my soul, and not my body, thro'.
Tell him, when I am dead, my soul shall be
At peace, if he but think he injur'd me.

Sull. Shep. In this fount be thy grave. Thou wert not meant
Sure for a woman, thou'rt so innocent.
[*Flings her into the well.*
She cannot 'scape, for underneath the ground,
In a long hollow the clear spring is bound,
'Till on yon side, where the morn's sun doth look,
The struggling water breaks out in a brook.
[*Exit.*

The God of the River riseth with Amoret in his arms.

God. What pow'rful charms my streams do bring
Back again unto their spring,
With such force, that I their God,
Three times striking with my rod,
Could not keep them in their ranks?
My fishes shoot into the banks;
There's not one that stays and feeds,
All have hid them in the weeds.
Here's a mortal almost dead,
Fall'n into my river-head,
Hallow'd so with many a spell,
That 'till now none ever fell.
'Tis a female young and clear,
Cast in by some ravisher.
See upon her breast a wound,
On which there is no plaister bound.
Yet she's warm, her pulses beat,
'Tis a sign of life and heat.
If thou be'st a virgin pure,
I can give a present cure:
Take a drop into thy wound.
From my wat'ry locks, more round,
Than orient pearl, and far more pure
Than unchaste flesh may endure.
See, she pants, and from her flesh
The warm blood gusheth out afresh.
She is an unpolluted maid;
I must have this bleeding staid.
From my banks I pluck this flow'r
With holy hand, whose virtuous pow'r
Is at once to heal and draw.
The blood returns. I never saw
A fairer mortal. Now doth break
Her deadly slumber: Virgin, speak.

Amo. Who hath restor'd my sense, giv'n me new breath,
And brought me back out of the arms of death?

God. I have heal'd thy wounds.

Amo. Ah me!

God. Fear not him that succour'd thee:
I am this fountain's God! Below
My waters to a river grow,
And 'twixt two banks with osiers set,
That only prosper in the wet,
Thro' the meadows do they glide,
Wheeling still on ev'ry side,
Sometimes winding round about,
To find the even'st channel out.
And if thou wilt go with me,
Leaving mortal company,
In the cool stream shalt thou lie,
Free from harm as well as I:
I will give thee for thy food
No fish that useth in the mud;
But trout and pike, that love to swim
Where the gravel from the brim
Thro' the pure streams may be seen:
Orient pearl fit for a queen,
Will I give, thy love to win,
And a shell to keep them in:
Not a fish in all my brook
That shall disobey thy look,
But, when thou wilt, come sliding by,
And from thy white hand take a fly.
And to make thee understand
How I can my waves command,
They shall bubble whilst I sing,
Sweeter than the silver string.

THE SONG.

Do not fear to put thy feet
Naked in the river sweet;
Think not leech, or newt, or toad,
Will bite thy foot, when thou hast trod;
Nor let the water rising high,
As thou wad'st in, make thee cry
And sob; but ever live with me,
And not a wave shall trouble thee!

Amo. Immortal pow'r, that rul'st this holy flood,
I know myself unworthy to be woo'd
By thee, a God! For ere this, but for thee,
I should have shewn my weak mortality.
Besides, by holy oath betwixt us twain,
I am betroth'd unto a shepherd swain,
Whose comely face, I know the gods above
May make me leave to see, but not to love.

God. May he prove to thee as true!
Fairest virgin, now adieu!
I must make my waters fly,
Lest they leave their channels dry,
And beasts that come unto the spring
Miss their morning's watering,
Which I would not; for of late
All the neighbour people sate
On my banks, and from the fold
Two white lambs of three weeks old
Offer'd to my deity:
For which this year they shall be free
From raging floods, that as they pass
Leave their gravel in the grass;
Nor shall their meads be overflown,
When their grass is newly mown.

Amo. For thy kindness to me shewn,
Never from thy banks be blown
Any tree, with windy force,
Cross thy streams, to stop thy course;
May no beast that comes to drink,
With his horns cast down thy brink;
May none that for thy fish do look,
Cut thy banks to damm thy brook;
Bare-foot may no neighbour wade
In thy cool streams, wife or maid,
When the spawn on stones do lie,
To wash their hemp, and spoil the fry!

God. Thanks, virgin! I must down again.
Thy wound will put thee to no pain:
Wonder not so soon 'tis gone;
A holy hand was laid upon. [*Exit.*

Amo. And I, unhappy born to be,
Must follow him that flies from me! [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

Enter Perigot.

Peri. She is untrue, unconstant, and unkind;
She's gone, she's gone! Blow high, thou North-west wind,
And raise the sea to mountains; let the trees
That dare oppose thy raging fury, leese
Their firm foundation; creep into the earth,
And shake the world, as at the monstrous birth
Of some new prodigy; whilst I constant stand,
Holding this trusty boar-spear in my hand,
And falling thus upon it!

Enter Amarillis running.

Amar. Stay thy dead-doing hand! thou art too hot
Against thyself. Believe me, comely swain,
If that thou diest, not all the show'rs of rain
The heavy clouds send down can wash away
That foul unmanly guilt the world will lay
Upon thee. Yet thy love untainted stands:
Believe me, she is constant; not the sands
Can be so hardly number'd as she won.
I do not trifle, shepherd; by the moon,
And all those lesser light our eyes do view,
All that I told thee, Perigot, is true!
Then, be a free man; put away despair
And will to die; smooth gently up that fair
Dejected forehead; be as when thine eyes
Took the first heat.

Peri. Alas, he double dies
That would believe, but cannot! 'Tis not well
You keep me thus from dying, here to dwell
With many worse companions. But, oh, death!
I am not yet enamour'd of this breath
So much, but I dare leave it; 'tis not pain
In forcing of a wound, nor after-gain
Of many days, can hold me from my will:
'Tis not myself, but Amoret, bids kill.

Amar. Stay but a little, little; but one hour;
And if I do not shew thee, thro' the pow'r
Of herbs and words I have, as dark as night,
Myself turn'd to thy Amoret, in sight,
Her very figure, and the robe she wears,
With tawny buskins, and the hook she bears
Of thine own carving, where your names are set,
Wrought underneath with many a curious fret,
The primrose chaplet, taudry-lace*, and ring
Thou gav'st her for her singing, with each thing
Else that she wears about her, let me feel
The first fell stroke of that revenging steel!

Peri. I am contented, if there be a hope,
To give it entertainment, for the scope
Of one poor hour. Go; you shall find me next
Under yon shady beech, ev'n thus perplex'd,
And thus believing.

Amar. Bind, before I go,
Thy soul by Pan unto me, not to do
Harm or outrageous wrong upon thy life,
'Till my return.

Peri. By Pan, and by the strife
He had with Phœbus for the mastery,
When golden Midas judg'd their minstrelsy,
I will not! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Satyr with Alexis hurt.

Sat. Softly gliding as I go,
With this burthen full of woe,
Thro' still silence of the night,
Guided by the glow-worm's light,
Hither am I come at last.
Many a thicket have I past;
Not a twig that durst deny me,

* *Taudry lace.*] Mr. Sympson observes, that the word *taudry* did not give any low or ridiculous idea; the expression is taken from Spencer, who in his Shepherd's Calendar, the month April, calls the virgins decked in their best array to attend Queen Elizabeth.—*Colman.*

Not a bush that durst descry me,
To the little bird that sleeps
On the tender spray; nor creeps
That hardy worm with pointed tail,
But if I be under sail,
Flying faster than the wind,
Leaving all the clouds behind,
But doth hide her tender head
In some hollow tree, or bed
Of seeded nettles; not a hare
Can be started from his fare
By my footing; nor a wish
Is more sudden, nor a fish
Can be found with greater ease
Cut the vast unbounded seas,
Leaving neither print nor sound,
Than I, when nimbly on the ground
I measure many a league an hour.
But, behold the happy pow'r,
[*Seeing Clorin.*
That must ease me of my charge,
And by holy land enlarge,
The soul of this sad man, that yet
Lies fast bound in deadly fit.
Heav'n and great Pan succour it!
(*Enter Clorin.*)
Hail thou beauty of the bower,
Whiter than the paramour
Of my master! Let me crave
Thy virtuous help to keep from grave
This poor mortal, that here lies,
Waiting when the destinies
Will undo his thread of life.
View the wound by cruel knife
Trench'd into him.

Clor. What art thou that call'st me from my holy rites,
And, with the fear'd name of death, affrights
My tender ears? Speak me thy name and will.

Sat. I am the Satyr that did fill
Your lap with early fruit; and will,
When I hap to gather more,
Bring you better and more store.
Yet I come not empty now:
See a blossom from the bough;
But beshrew his heart that pull'd it,
And his perfect sight that cull'd it
From the other springing blooms!
For a sweeter youth the grooms
Cannot shew me, nor the downs,
Nor the many neighb'ring towns.
Low in yonder glade I found him;
Softly in mine arms I bound him;
Hither have I brought him sleeping
In a trance, his wounds fresh weeping,
In remembrance such youth may
Spring and perish in a day.

Clor. Satyr, they wrong thee, that do term thee rude;
Tho' thou be'st outward rough and tawnyhued,
Thy manners are as gentle and as fair
As his, who brags himself born only heir
To all humanity. Let me see the wound:
This herb will stay the current, being bound
Fast to the orifice, and this restrain
Ulcers and swellings, and such inward pain
As the cold air hath forc'd into the sore;
This to draw out such putrifying gore
As inward falls.

Sat. Heaven grant it may be good!

Clor. Fairly wipe away the blood;
Hold him gently, till I fling
Water of a virtuous spring
On his temples; turn him twice
To the moon-beams; pinch him thrice;
That the lab'ring soul may draw
From his great eclipse.

Sat. I saw
His eye-lids moving.

Clor. Give him breath.
All the danger of cold death
Now is vanish'd; with this plaister,
And this unction, do I master
All the fester'd ill that may
Give him grief another day.

Sat. See, he gathers up his sprite,
And begins to hunt for light.
Now he gapes and breathes again:
How the blood runs to the vein
That erst was empty!

Alexis. Oh, my heart!
My dearest, dearest Cloe! Oh, the smart
Runs thro' my side! I feel some pointed thing
Pass thro' my bowels, sharper than the sting
Of scorpion.——
Pan, preserve me! what are you!
Do not hurt me! I am true
To my Cloe, tho' she fly,
And leave me to this destiny:
There she stands, and will not lend
Her smooth white hand to help her friend.
But I am much mistaken, for that face
Bears more austerity and modest grace,
More reproving and more awe,
Than these eyes yet ever saw
In my Cloe. Oh, my pain
Eagerly renews again!
Give me your help for his sake you love best.

Clor. Shepherd, thou canst not possibly take rest,
'Till thou hast laid aside all heats, desires,
Provoking thoughts that stir up lusty fires,
Commerce with wanton eyes, strong blood, and will
To execute; these must be purg'd, until
The veins grow whiter; then repent, and pray
Great Pan to keep you from the like decay,
And I shall undertake your cure with ease;
'Till when, this virtuous plaister will displease
Your tender sides. Give me your hand, and rise!
Help him a little, Satyr; for his thighs
Yet are feeble.

Alexis. Sure I've lost much blood.

Sat. 'Tis no matter; 'twas not good.
Mortal, you must leave your wooing:
Tho' there be a joy in doing,
Yet it brings much grief behind it;
They best feel it, that do find it.

Clor. Come bring him in; I will attend his sore.

When you are well, take heed you lust no more.
Sat. Shepherd, see what comes of kissing;
By my head, 'twere better missing.—
Brightest, if there be remaining
Any service, without feigning
I will do it; were I set
To catch the nimble wind, or get
Shadows gliding on the green,
Or to steal from the great queen
Of the fairies all her beauty;
I would do it, so much duty
Do I owe those precious eyes.
Clor. I thank thee, honest Satyr. If the cries
Of any other, that be hurt, or ill,
Draw thee unto them, prithee do thy will
To bring them hither.
Sat. I will; and when the weather
Serves to angle in the brook,
I will bring a silver hook,
With a line of finest silk,
And a rod as white as milk,
To deceive the little fish:
So I take my leave, and wish
On this bow'r may ever dwell
Spring and summer!
Clor. Friend, farewell! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Amoret, seeking her love.

Amo. This place is ominous; for here I lost
My love, and almost life, and since have cross'd
All these woods over ne'er; a nook or dell,
Where any little bird or beast doth dwell,
But I have sought him; ne'er a bending brow
Of any hill, or glade the wind sings thro',
Nor a green bank, nor shade where shepherds use
To sit and riddle, sweetly pipe, or chuse
Their Valentines, that I have miss'd, to find use
My love in. Perigot! Oh, too unkind,
Why hast thou fled me? Whither art thou gone?
How have I wrong'd thee? Was my love alone
To thee worth this scorn'd recompence? 'Tis well;
I am content to feel it: But I tell
Thee, shepherd, and these lusty woods shall hear,
Forsaken Amoret is yet as clear
Of any stranger fire, as Heaven is
From foul corruption, or the deep abyss
From light and happiness! and thou may'st know
All this for truth, and how that fatal blow
Thou gav'st me, never from desert of mine
Fell on my life, but from suspect of thine,
Or fury more than madness; therefore, here
Since I have lost my life, my love, my dear,
Upon this cursed place, and on this green
That first divorc'd us, shortly shall be seen
A sight of so great pity, that each eye
Shall daily spend his spring in memory
Of my untimely fall!

Enter Amarillis.

Amar. I am not blind,
Nor is it thro' the working of my mind,
That this shews Amoret. Forsake me, all
That dwell upon the soul, but what men call
Wonder, or more than wonder, miracle!
For sure, so strange as this, the oracle
Never gave answer of; it passeth dreams,
Of madmens' fancy, when the many streams,
Of new imaginations rise and fall!
'Tis but an hour since these ears heard her call
For pity to young Perigot; while he,
Directed by his fury, bloodily [cold;
Lanch'd up her breast, which bloodless fell and
And, if belief may credit what was told,
After all this, the Melancholy Swain
Took her into his arms, being almost slain,
And to the bottom of the holy well
Flung her, for ever with the waves to dwell.
'Tis she, the very same; 'tis Amoret,
And living yet; the great pow'rs will not let
Their virtuous love be cross'd. Maid, wipe away
Those heavy drops of sorrow, and allay
The storm that yet goes high, which, not deprest,
Breaks heart and life, and all, before it rest.
Thy Perigot——
Amo. Where, which is Perigot?
Amar. Sits there below, lamenting much, God wot,
Thee and thy fortune. Go, and comfort him;
And thou shalt find him underneath a brim
Of sailing pines, that edge yon mountain in.
Amo. I go, I run! Heaven grant me I may win
His soul again! [*Exit.*

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sull. Shep. Stay, Amarillis, stay!
You are too fleet; 'tis two hours yet to-day.
I have perform'd my promise.
* * * * * * * * *
Amar. Hold, shepherd, hold! Learn not to be a wronger
Of your word. Was not your promise laid,
To break their loves first?
Sull. Shep. I have done it, maid.
Amar. No; they are yet unbroken, met again,
And are as hard to part yet, as the stain
Is from the finest lawn.
Sull. Shep. I say, they are
Now at this present parted, and so far,
That they shall never meet.
Amar. Swain, 'tis not so;
For do but to yon hanging mountain go,
And there believe your eyes.
Sull. Shep. You do but hold
Off with delays and trifles. Farewell, cold
And frozen Bashfulness, unfit for men!
Thus I salute thee, virgin!
Amar. And thus, then,
I bid you follow. Catch me, if you can!
[*Exit.*
Sull. Shep. And, if I stay behind, I am no man! [*Exit, running after her.*

Enter Perigot.

Peri. Night, do not steal away! I woo thee yet
To hold a hard hand o'er the rusty bit
That guides thy lazy team. Go back again,
Bootes, thou that driv'st thy frozen wain
Round as a ring, and bring a second night
To hide my sorrows from the coming light!
Let not the eyes of men stare on my face,
And read my falling! give me some black place

Where never sun-beam shot his wholesome light,
That I may sit and pour out my sad sprite
Like running water, never to be known
After the forced fall and sound is gone!

Enter Amoret, looking for Perigot.

Amo. This is the bottom. Speak, if thou be here,
My Perigot! Thy Amoret, thy dear,
Calls on thy loved name.

Peri. What art who dare
Tread these forbidden paths, where death and care
Dwell on the face of darkness?

Amo. 'Tis thy friend,
Thy Amoret; come hither, to give end
To these consumings. Look up, gentle boy,
I have forgot those pains and dear annoy
I suffer'd for thy sake, and am content
To be thy love again. Why hast thou rent
Those curled locks, where I have often hung
Ribbons, and damask-roses, and have flung
Waters distill'd to make thee fresh and gay,
Sweeter than nosegays on a bridal day?
Why dost thou cross thine arms, and hang thy face
Down to thy bosom, letting fall apace,
From those two little heav'ns, upon the ground,
Show'rs of more price, more orient, and more round,
Than those that hang upon the moon's pale brow?
Cease these complainings, shepherd! I am now
The same I ever was, as kind and free,
And can forgive before you ask of me:
Indeed, I can and will.

Peri. So spoke my fair!
Oh, you great working pow'rs of earth and air,
Water and forming fire, why have you lent
Your hidden virtues to so ill intent?
Ev'n such a face, so fair, so bright of hue,
Had Amoret; such words, so smooth and new,
Came flying from her tongue; such was her eye,
And such the pointed sparkle that did fly
Forth like a bleeding shaft; all is the same,
The robe and buskins, painted hook, and frame
Of all her body. Oh me, Amoret!

Amo. Shepherd, what means this riddle? who hath set
So strong a diff'rence 'twixt myself and me
That I am grown another? Look, and see
The ring thou gav'st me, and about my wrist
That curious bracelet thou thyself didst twist
From those fair tresses. Know'st thou Amoret?
Hath not some newer love forc'd thee forget
Thy ancient faith?

Peri. Still nearer to my love!
These be the very words she oft did prove
Upon my temper; so she still would take
Wonder into her face, and silent make
Signs with her head and hand, as who would say,
Shepherd, remember this another day.

Amo. Am I not Amoret? Where was I lost?
Can there be Heav'n, and time, and men, and most
Of these unconstant? Faith, where art thou fled?
Are all the vows and protestations dead,
The hands held up, the wishes, and the heart?
Is there not one remaining, not a part
Of all these to be found? Why then, I see,
Men never knew that virtue, constancy.

Peri. Men ever were most blessed, till cross fate
Brought love and women forth, unfortunate
To all that ever tasted of their smiles;
Whose actions are all double, full of wiles;
Like to the subtile hare, that 'fore the hounds
Makes many turnings, leaps, and many rounds,
This way and that way, to deceive the scent
Of her pursuers.

Amo. 'Tis but to prevent
Their speedy coming on, that seek her fall;
The hands of cruel men, more bestial,
And of a nature more refusing good
Than beasts themselves, or fishes of the flood.

Peri. Thou art all these, and more than nature meant,
When she created all; frowns, joys, content;
Extreme fire for an hour, and presently
Colder than sleepy poison, or the sea;
Upon whose face sits a continual frost,
Your actions ever driven to the most,
Then down again as low, that none can find
The rise or falling of a woman's mind.

Amo. Can there be any age, or days, or time,
Or tongues of men, guilty so great a crime
As wronging simple maid? Oh, Perigot,
Thou that wast yesterday without a blot;
Thou that wast ev'ry good, and ev'ry thing
That men call blessed; thou that wast the spring
From whence our looser grooms drew all their best;
Thou that wast always just, and always blest
In faith and promise; thou that hadst the name
Of virtuous giv'n thee, and mad'st good the same
Ev'n from thy cradle; thou that wast that all
That men delighted in! Oh, what a fall,
Is this, to have been so, and now to be
The only best in wrong and infamy,
And I to live to know this! And by me
That lov'd thee dearer than mine eyes, or that
Which we esteem'd our honour, virgin state;
Dearer than swallows love the early morn,
Or dogs of chace the sound of merry horn;
Dearer than thou thy new love, if thou hast
Another, and far dearer than the last;
Dearer than thou canst love thyself, tho' all
The self-love were within thee, that did fall
With that coy swain that now is made a flow'r,
For whose dear sake Echo weeps many a show'r,
And am I thus rewarded for my flame?
Lov'd worthily to get a wanton's name?
Come, thou forsaken willow, wind my head,
And noise it to the world my love is dead!
I am forsaken, I am cast away,
And left for ev'ry lazy groom to say,
I was unconstant, light, and sooner lost
Than the quick clouds we see, or the chill frost
When the hot sun beats on it! Tell me yet,
Canst thou not love again thy Amoret?

Peri. Thou art not worthy of that blessed name!
I must not know thee; fling thy wanton flame
Upon some lighter blood, that may be hot
With words and feigned passions: Perigot
Was ever yet unstain'd, and shall not now
Stoop to the meltings of a borrow'd brow.
Amo. Then hear me, Heav'n, to whom I call for right,
And you fair twinkling stars that crown the night;
And hear me, woods, and silence of this place,
And ye sad hours that move a sullen pace;
Hear me, ye shadows, that delight to dwell
In horrid darkness, and ye pow'rs of hell,
Whilst I breathe out my last! I am that maid,
That yet untainted Amoret, that play'd
The careless prodigal, and gave away
My soul to this young man, that now dares say
I am a stranger, not the same, more wild;
And thus with much belief I was beguil'd.
I am that maid, that have delay'd, denied,
And almost scorn'd the loves of all that tried
To win me, but this swain; and yet confess
I have been woo'd by many, with no less
Soul of affection, and have often had
Rings, belts, and cracknels*, sent me from the lad
That feeds his flocks down westward; lambs and doves
By young Alexis; Daphnis sent me gloves;
All which I gave to thee: Nor these, nor they
That sent them, did I smile on, or e'er lay
Up to my after-memory. But why
Do I resolve to grieve, and not to die?
Happy had been the stroke thou gav'st, if home;
By this time had I found a quiet room
Where ev'ry slave is free, and ev'ry breast
That living breeds new care, now lies at rest;
And thither will poor Amoret!
Peri. Thou must.
Was ever any man so loth to trust
His eyes as I? or was there ever yet
Any so like as this to Amoret?
For whose dear sake I promise, if there be
A living soul within thee, thus to free
Thy body from it!

[*He hurts her again.*

Amo. So this work hath end!
Farewell, and live! be constant to thy friend
That loves thee next!

Enter Satyr; Perigot runs off.

Sat. See, the day begins to break,
And the light shoots like a streak
Of subtile fire; the wind blows cold,
While the morning doth unfold;
Now the birds begin to rouse,
And the squirrel from the boughs
Leaps, to get him nuts and fruit;
The early lark, that erst was mute,
Carols to the rising day,
Many a note and many a lay:
Therefore here I end my watch,
Lest the wandering swain should catch
Harm, or lose himself.
Amo. Ah me!
Sat. Speak again, whate'er thou be.
I am ready; speak I say:
By the dawning of the day,
By the pow'r of night and Pan,
I enforce thee speak again!
Amo. Oh, I am most unhappy!
Sat. Yet more blood!
Sure these wanton swains are wood.
Can there be a hand or heart,
Dare commit so vile a part
As this murder? By the moon,
That hid herself when this was done,
Never was a sweeter face!
I will bear her to the place
Where my goddess keeps; and crave
Her to give her life or grave. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Clorin.

Clo. Here whilst one patient takes his rest secure
I steal abroad to do another cure.
Pardon, thou buried body of my love,
That from thy side I dare so soon remove;
I will not prove inconstant, nor will leave
Thee for an hour alone. When I deceive
My first-made vow, the wildest of the wood
Tear me, and o'er thy grave let out my blood!
I go, by wit, to cure a lover's pain,
Which no herb can; being done, I'll come again.

[*Exit.*

Enter Thenot.

The. Poor shepherd, in this shade for ever lie,
And seeing thy fair Clorin's cabin, die!
Oh, hapless love, which being answer'd, ends;
And, as a little infant cries and bends
His tender brows, when rolling of his eye
He hath espied something that glisters nigh
Which he would have, yet give it him, away
He throws it straight, and cries afresh to play
With something else: such my affection, set
On that which I should loath, if I could get.

Enter Clorin.

Clo. See where he lies! Did ever man but he
Love any woman for her constancy
To her dead lover, which she needs must end
Before she can allow him for her friend,
And he himself must needs the cause destroy
For which he loves, before he can enjoy?
Poor Shepherd, Heav'n grant I at once may free
Thee from thy pain, and keep my loyalty!
Shepherd, look up.
The. Thy brightness doth amaze!
So Phœbus may at noon bid mortals gaze;
Thy glorious constancy appears so bright,
I dare not meet the beams with my weak sight.
Clo. Why dost thou pine away thyself for me?
The. Why dost thou keep such spotless constancy?
Clo. Thou holy shepherd, see what, for thy sake,
Clorin, thy Clorin, now dare undertake.

[*He starts up.*

* Cracknels.] Dr. Johnson says, *cracknel* is a hard brittle cake.

The. Stay there, thou constant Clorin! if there be
Yet any part of woman left in thee,
To make thee light, think yet before thou speak!
Clo. See, what a holy vow for thee I break:
I, that already have my fame far spread,
For being constant to my lover dead.
The. Think yet, dear Clorin, of your love; how true,
If you had died, he would have been to you.
Clo. Yet all I'll lose for thee——
The. Think but how bless'd
A constant woman is above the rest!
Clo. And offer up myself, here on this ground,
To be dispos'd by thee.
The. Why dost thou wound
His heart with malice against women more,
That hated all the sex, but thee, before?
How much more pleasant had it been to me
To die, than to behold this change in thee!
Yet, yet return; let not the woman sway!
Clo. Insult not on her now, nor use delay,
Who for thy sake hath ventur'd all her fame.
The. Thou hast not ventur'd, but bought certain shame!
Your sex's curse, foul falshood, must and shall,
I see, once in your lives, light on you all.
I hate thee now!—Yet turn!
Clo. Be just to me:
Shall I at once both lose my fame and thee?
The. Thou hadst no fame; that which thou didst like good
Was but thy appetite that sway'd thy blood
For that time to the best: For as a blast
That thro' a house comes, usually doth cast
Things out of order, yet by chance may come,
And blow some one thing to his proper room;
So did thy appetite, and not thy zeal,
Sway thee by chance to do some one thing well.
Yet turn!
Clo. Thou dost but try me, if I would
Forsake thy dear embraces, for my old
Love's, tho' he were alive: But do not fear.
The. I do contemn thee now, and dare come near,
And gaze upon thee; for methinks that grace,
Austerity, which sate upon that face,
Is gone, and thou like others! False maid, see,
This is the gain of foul inconstancy! [*Exit.*
Clo. 'Tis done, great Pan; I give thee thanks for it!
What art could not have heal'd, is cur'd by wit.

Enter Thenot again.

The. Will you be constant yet? will you remove
Into the cabin to your buried love?
Clo. No, let me die; but by thy side remain.
The. There's none shall know that thou didst ever stain
Thy worthy strictness, but shalt honour'd be,
And I will lie again under this tree,
And pine and die for thee with more delight,
Than I have sorrow now to know thee light.
Clo. Let me have thee, and I'll be where thou wilt.

The. Thou art of womens' race, and full of guilt.
Farewell all hope of that sex! Whilst I thought
There was one good, I fear'd to find one naught:
But since their minds I all alike espy,
Henceforth I'll chuse as others, by mine eye!
[*Exit.*
Clo. Blest be ye pow'rs that gave such quick redress,
And for my labours sent so good success.
I rather chuse, tho' I a woman be,
He should speak ill of all, than die for me.
[*Exit.*

ACT V.

Enter Priest and Old Shepherd.

Priest. SHEPHERDS, rise, and shake off sleep!
See, the blushing morn doth peep
Thro' the windows, while the sun
To the mountain tops is run,
Gilding all the vales below
With his rising flames, which grow
Greater by his climbing still.
Up, ye lazy grooms, and fill
Bag and bottle for the field!
Clasp your cloaks fast, lest they yield
To the bitter North-east wind.
Call the maidens up, and find
Who lay longest, that she may
Go without a friend all day;
Then reward your dogs, and pray
Pan to keep you from decay:
So unfold, and then away!
What, not a shepherd stirring? Sure the grooms
Have found their beds too easy, or the rooms
Fill'd with such new delight, and heat, that they
Have both forgot their hungry sheep, and day.
Knock, that they may remember what a shame
Sloth and neglect lay on a shepherd's name.
Old Shep. It is to little purpose; not a swain
This night hath known his lodging here, or lain
Within these cotes: The woods, or some near town,
That is a neighbour to the bord'ring Down,
Hath drawn them thither, 'bout some lusty sport,
Or spiced wassel-bowl, to which resort
All the young men and maids of many a cote,
Whilst the trim minstrel strikes his merry note.
Priest. God pardon sin!—Shew me the way that leads
To any of their haunts.
Old Shep. This to the meads,
And that down to the woods.
Priest. Then this for me.
Come, shepherd, let me crave your company.
[*Exeunt.*

Clorin in her cabin, Alexis with her.

Clo. Now your thoughts are almost pure,
And your wound begins to cure,
Strive to banish all that's vain,
Lest it should break out again.
Alexis. Eternal thanks to thee, thou holy maid!
I find my former wand'ring thoughts well staid
Through thy wise precepts; and my outward pain,

By thy choice herbs, is almost gone again:
Thy sex's vice and virtue are reveal'd
At once; for what one hurt another heal'd.
Clo. May thy grief more appease!
Relapses are the worst disease.
Take heed how you in thought offend;
So mind and body both will mend.
Enter Satyr, with Amoret.
Amo. Be'st thou the wildest creature of the wood,
That bear'st me thus away, drown'd in my blood,
And dying, know I cannot injur'd be;
I am a maid; let that name fight for me!
Sat. Fairest virgin, do not fear
Me, that doth thy body bear,
Not to hurt, but heal'd to be;
Men are ruder far than we.——
See, fair goddess, in the wood
They have let out yet more blood:
Some savage man hath struck her breast,
So soft and white, that no wild beast
Durst ha' touch'd, asleep, or wake;
So sweet, that adder, newt, or snake,
Would have lain from arm to arm,
On her bosom to be warm
All a night, and being hot,
Gone away, and stung her not.
Quickly clap herbs to her breast.
A man sure is a kind of beast!
Clo. With spotless hand, on spotless breast
I put these herbs, to give thee rest:
Which till it heal thee, there will bide,
If both be pure; if not, off slide.——
See, it falls off from the wound!
Shepherdess, thou art not sound;
Full of lust.
Sat. Who would have thought it?
So fair a face!
Clo. Why, that hath brought it.
Amo. For aught I know, or think, these words my last,
Yet, Pan so help me as my thoughts are chaste!
Clo. And so may Pan bless this my cure,
As all my thoughts are just and pure.
Some uncleanness nigh doth lurk,
That will not let my med'cines work.
Satyr, search if thou canst find it.
Sat. Here away methinks I wind it:
Stronger yet. Oh, here they be;
Here, here, in a hollow tree,
Two fond mortals have I found.
Clo. Bring them out; they are unsound.
Enter Cloe and Daphnis.
Sat. By the fingers thus I wring ye,
To my goddess thus I bring ye:
Strife is vain, come gently in.
I scented them; they're full of sin.
Clo. Hold, Satyr; take this glass,
Sprinkle over all the place,
Purge the air from lustful breath,
To save this shepherdess from death.
And stand you still whilst I do dress
Her wound, for fear the pain encrease.
Sat. From this glass I throw a drop
Of christal water on the top
Of ev'ry grass, on flow'rs a pair:
Send a fume, and keep the air
Pure and wholesome, sweet and bless'd,
'Till this virgin's wound be dress'd.
Clo. Satyr, help to bring her in.
Sat. By Pan, I think she hath no sin,
She is so light. Lie on these leaves.
Sleep, that mortal sense deceives,
Crown thine eyes, and ease thy pain;
May'st thou soon be well again!
Clo. Satyr, bring the shepherd near;
Try him, if his mind be clear.
Sat. Shepherd, come.
Daph. My thoughts are pure.
Sat. The better trial to endure.
Clo. In this flame his finger thrust;
Which will burn him if he lust;
But if not, away will turn,
As loth unspotted flesh to burn.—
See, it gives back; let him go.
Farewell, mortal! keep thee so.
Sat. Stay, fair nymph; fly not so fast;
We must try if you be chaste.
Here's a hand that quakes for fear;
Sure she will not prove so clear.
Clo. Hold her finger to the flame;
That will yield her praise or shame.
Sat. To her doom she dares not stand,
But plucks away her tender hand;
And the taper darting sends
His hot beams at her fingers' ends.
Oh, thou art foul within, and hast
A mind, if nothing else, unchaste.
Alexis. Is not that Cloe? 'tis my love, 'tis she
Cloe, fair Cloe!
Cloe. My Alexis!
Alexis. He.
Cloe. Let me embrace thee.
Clo. Take her hence,
Lest her sight disturb his sense.
Alexis. Take not her; take my life first!
Clo. See, his wound again is burst!
Keep her near, here in the wood,
'Till I've stopt these streams of blood.
Soon again he ease shall find,
If I can but still his mind.
This curtain thus I do display;
To keep the piercing air away.
[*Curtain drawn.*
Enter Old Shepherd and Priest.
Priest. Sure, they are lost for ever! 'Tis in vain
To find them out, with trouble and much pain,
That have a ripe desire, and forward will
To fly the company of all but ill.
What shall be counsell'd now? shall we retire,
Or constant follow still that first desire
We had to find them?
Old Shep. Stay a little while;
For, if the morning's mist do not beguile
My sight with shadows, sure I see a swain:
One of this jolly troop's come back again.
Enter Thenot.
Priest. Dost thou not blush, young shepherd, to be known,

Thus without care, leaving thy flocks alone,
And following what desire and present blood
Shapes out before thy burning sense for good;
Having forgot what tongue hereafter may
Tell to the world thy falling off, and say
Thou art regardless both of good and shame,
Spurning at virtue, and a virtuous name?
And like a glorious* desp'rate man that buys
A poison of much price, by which he dies,
Dost thou lay out for lust, whose only gain
Is foul disease, with present ache and pain,
And then a grave? These be the fruits that grow
In such hot veins, that only beat to know
Where they may take most ease, and grow ambitious
Thro' their own wanton fire, and pride delicious.

The. Right holy Sir, I have not known this night
What the smooth face of mirth was, or the sight
Of any looseness; music, joy, and ease,
Have been to me as bitter drugs to please
A stomach lost with weakness, not a game
That I am skill'd at throughly: Nor a dame,
Went her tongue smoother than the feet of time,
Her beauty ever living, like the rhime
Our blessed Tityrus did sing of yore;
No, were she more enticing than the store
Of fruitful summer, when the loaden tree
Bids the faint traveller be bold and free;
'Twere but to me like thunder 'gainst the bay,
Whose lightning may enclose, but never stay
Upon his charmed branches; such am I
Against the catching flames of woman's eye.

Priest. Then wherefore hast thou wander'd?

The. 'Twas a vow
That drew me out last night, which I have now
Strictly perform'd, and homewards go to give
Fresh pasture to my sheep, that they may live.

Priest. 'Tis good to hear you, shepherd, if the heart
In this well-sounding musick bear his part.
Where have you left the rest?

The. I have not seen,
Since yesternight we met upon this green
To fold our flocks up, any of that train;
Yet have I walk'd those woods round, and have lain
All this same night under an aged tree;
Yet neither wand'ring shepherd did I see,
Or shepherdess, or drew into mine ear
The sound of living thing, unless it were
The nightingale among the thick-leav'd spring,
That sits alone in sorrow, and doth sing
Whole nights away in mourning; or the owl,
Or our great enemy†, that still doth howl
Against the moon's cold beams.

Priest. Go, and beware
Of after-falling!

The. Father, 'tis my care. [*Exit.*

Enter Daphnis.

Old Shep. Here comes another straggler; sure I see
A shame in this young shepherd. Daphnis?

Daph. He.

Priest. Where hast thou left the rest, that should have been,
Long before this, grazing upon the green
Their yet-imprison'd flocks?

Daph. Thou holy man,
Give me a little breathing, 'till I can
Be able to unfold what I have seen:
Such horror, that the like hath never been
Known to the ear of shepherd. Oh, my heart
Labours a double motion to impart
So heavy tidings! You all know the bow'r
Where the chaste Clorin lives, by whose great pow'r
Sick men and cattle have been often cur'd;
There lovely Amoret, that was assur'd
To lusty Perigot, bleeds out her life,
Forc'd by some iron hand and fatal knife;
And by her, young Alexis.

Enter Amarillis, running from her Sullen Shepherd.

Amar. If there be
Ever a neighbour-brook, or hollow tree,
Receive my body, close me up from lust
That follows at my heels! be ever just,
Thou God of shepherds, Pan, for her dear sake
That loves the rivers' brinks, and still doth shake
In cold remembrance of thy quick pursuit!
Let me be made a reed, and ever mute,
Nod to the waters' fall, whilst ev'ry blast
Sings thro' my slender leaves that I was chaste!

Priest. This is a night of wonder! Amarill',
Be comforted; the holy Gods are still
Revengers of these wrongs.

Amar. Thou blessed man,
Honour'd upon these plains, and lov'd of Pan,
* * * * * * * *
By all the garlands that have crown'd that head,
By thy chaste office, and the marriage bed
That still is bless'd by thee; by all the rites
Due to our God, and by those virgin lights
That burn before his altar; let me not
Fall from my former state, to gain the blot
That never shall be purg'd! I am not now
That wanton Amarillis!
* * * * * * * *
I hear him come! save me!

Priest. Retire a while
Behind this bush, 'till we have known that vile
Abuser of young maidens.

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sull Shep. Stay thy pace,
Most-loved Amarillis; let the chase
Grow calm and milder; fly me not so fast.
I fear the pointed brambles have unlac'd
Thy golden buskins; turn again and see
Thy shepherd follow, that is strong and free,
* * * * * * * *
Can give thee many kisses, soft and warm
As those the sun prints on the smiling cheek
Of plums or mellow peaches; I am sleek
And smooth as Neptune, when stern Æolus
Locks up his surly winds, and nimbly thus
Can shew my active youth! Why dost thou fly?

* *Glorious*, in this place, bears the same sense as the French adjective *glorieux*, which signifies *proud, vain.*—*Seward.*
† The wolf.

Remember, Amarillis, it was I
That kill'd Alexis for thy sake, and set
An everlasting hate 'twixt Amoret
And her beloved Perigot; 'twas I
That drown'd her in the well, where she must lie
'Till time shall leave to be. Then, turn again,
Turn with thy open arms, and clip the swain
That hath perform'd all this; turn, turn I say!
I must not be deluded.

Priest. Monster, stay!
Thou that art like a canker to the state
Thou liv'st and breath'st in, eating with debate
Thro' every honest bosom, forcing still
The veins of any that may serve thy will;
Thou that hast offer'd with a sinful hand
To seize upon this virgin, that doth stand
Yet trembling here!
* * * * * * * * *
Now to the bow'r, and bring this beast along,
Where he may suffer penance for his wrong.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Perigot, with his hand bloody.

Peri. Here will I wash it in this morning's dew,
Which she on every little grass doth strew
In silver drops against the sun's appear:
'Tis holy water, and will make me clear.—
My hand will not be cleans'd. My wronged love,
If thy chaste spirit in the air yet move,
Look mildly down on him that yet doth stand
All full of guilt, thy blood upon his hand;
And tho' I struck thee undeservedly,
Let my revenge on her that injur'd thee
Make less a fault which I intended not,
And let these dew-drops wash away my spot!—
It will not cleanse. Oh, to what sacred flood
Shall I resort, to wash away this blood?
Amidst these trees the holy Clorin dwells,
In a low cabin of cut boughs, and heals
All wounds: To her I will myself address,
And my rash faults repentantly confess;
Perhaps she'll find a means, by art or pray'r,
To make my hand, with chaste blood stained, fair:
That done, not far hence, underneath some tree
I'll have a little cabin built, since she,
Whom I ador'd, is dead; there will I give
Myself to strictness, and like Clorin live!
[*Exit.*

The curtain is drawn back; Clorin appears sitting in the cabin, Amoret sitting on the one side of her, Alexis and Cloe on the other; Satyr standing by.

Clo. Shepherd, once more your blood is staid.
Take example by this maid,
Who is heal'd ere you be pure;
So hard it is lewd lust to cure.
* * * * * * * * *
Is your love yet true and chaste,
And for ever so to last?

Alexis. I have forgot all vain desires,
All looser thoughts, ill-temper'd fires.
True love I find a pleasant fume,
Whose mod'rate heat can ne'er consume.

Cloe. And I a new fire feel in me,
Whose chaste flame is not quench'd to be.

Clo. Join your hands with modest touch,
And for ever keep you such!

Enter Perigot.

Peri. Yon is her cabin; thus far off I'll stand
And call her forth; for my unhallow'd hand
I dare not bring so near yon sacred place.
Clorin, come forth, and do a timely grace
To a poor swain!

Clo. What art thou that dost call?
Clorin is ready to do good to all?
Come near!

Peri. I dare not.

Clo. Satyr, see
Who it is that calls on me.

Sat. There at hand some swain doth stand,
Stretching out a bloody hand.

Peri. Come, Clorin, bring thy holy waters clear,
To wash my hand.

Clo. What wonders have been here
To-night! Stretch forth thy hand, young swain,
Wash and rub it, whilst I rain
Holy water.

Peri. Still you pour,
But my hand will never scour.

Clo. Satyr, bring him to the bower.
We will try the sov'reign pow'r
Of other waters.

Sat. Mortal, sure
'Tis the blood of maiden pure
That stains thee so!

[*The Satyr leadeth him to the bower, where he spieth Amoret, and kneeling down, she knoweth him.*]

Peri. Whate'er thou be,
Be'st thou her sprite, or some divinity,
That in her shape thinks good to walk this grove,
Pardon poor Perigot!

Amo. I am thy love,
Thy Amoret, for evermore thy love!
Strike once more on my naked breast, I'll prove
As constant still. Oh, cou'dst thou love me yet,
How soon could I my former griefs forget!

Peri. So overgreat with joy that you live, now
I am, that no desire of knowing how
Doth seize me. Hast thou still pow'r to forgive?

Amo. Whilst thou hast pow'r to love, or I to live.
More welcome now, than hadst thou never gone
Astray from me!

Peri. And when thou lov'st alone,
And not I thee, death, or some ling'ring pain
That's worse, light on me!

Clo. Now your stain
Perhaps will cleanse thee; once again.
See, the blood that erst did stay,
With the water drops away.
All the pow'rs again are pleas'd,
And with this new knot are appeas'd.
Join your hands, and rise together,
Pan be bless'd that brought you hither!

Enter Priest and Old Shepherd.

Clo. Go back again, whate'er thou art; unless
Smooth maiden thoughts possess thee, do not press
This hallow'd ground. Go, Satyr, take this hand,
And give him present trial.

Sat. Mortal, stand,
'Till by fire I have made known
Whether thou be such a one
That mayst freely tread this place.
Hold thy hand up. Never was
More untainted flesh than this.
Fairest, he is full of bliss.

Clo. Then boldly speak, why dost thou seek this place?

Priest. First, honour'd virgin, to behold thy face,
Where all good dwells that is; next, for to try
The truth of late report was giv'n to me:
Those shepherds that have met with foul mischance,
Thro' much neglect, and more ill governance,
Whether the wounds they have may yet endure
The open air, or stay a longer cure;
And lastly, what the doom may be shall light
Upon those guilty wretches, thro' whose spite
All this confusion fell: for to this place,
Thou holy maiden, have I brought a brace
Of these offenders, who have freely told,
Both why, and by what means, they gave this bold
Attempt upon their lives.

Clo. Fume all the ground,
And sprinkle holy water; for unsound
And foul infection 'gins to fill the air!
It gathers yet more strongly; take a pair
Of censors fill'd with frankincense and myrrh,
Together with cold camphire: Quickly stir
Thee, gentle Satyr; for the place begins
To sweat and labour with th' abhorred sins
Of those offenders. Let them not come nigh,
For full of itching flame and leprosy
Their very souls are, that the ground goes back,
And shrinks to feel the sullen weight of black
And so unheard of venom. Hie thee fast,
Thou holy man; and banish from the chaste
These man-like monsters; let them never more
Be known upon these downs, but long before
The next sun's rising, put them from the sight
And memory of ev'ry honest wight.
Be quick in expedition, lest the sores
Of these weak patients break into new gores.

[*Exit Priest.*

Peri. My dear, dear Amoret, how happy are
Those blessed pairs, in whom a little jar
Hath bred an everlasting love, too strong
For time, or steel, or envy to do wrong!
How do you feel your hurts? Alas, poor heart,
How much I was abus'd! Give me the smart,
For it is justly mine.

Amo. I do believe.
It is enough, dear friend; leave off to grieve.
And let us once more, in despite of ill,
Give hands and hearts again.

Peri. With better will
Than e'er I went to find in hottest day
Cool christal of the fountain, to allay
My eager thirst. May this band never break,
Hear us, oh, heav'n!

Amo. Be constant.

Peri. Else Pan wreak,
With double vengeance, my disloyalty;
Let me not dare to know the company
Of men, or any more behold those eyes!

Amo. Thus, shepherd, with a kiss, all envy dies.

Enter Priest.

Priest. Bright maid, I have perform'd your will; the swain
In whom such heat and black rebellions reign
Hath undergone your sentence, and disgrace:
Only the maid I have reserv'd, whose face
Shews much amendment; many a tear doth fall
In sorrow of her fault: Great fair, recall
Your heavy doom, in hope of better days,
Which I dare promise; once again upraise
Her heavy spirit, that near drowned lies
In self-consuming care that never dies.

Clo. I am content to pardon; call her in.
The air grows cool again, and doth begin
To purge itself: How bright the day doth shew
After this stormy cloud! Go, Satyr, go,
And with this taper boldly try her hand:
If she be pure and good, and firmly stand
To be so still, we have perform'd a work
Worthy the gods themselves.

[*Satyr brings Amarillis in.*

Sat. Come forward, maiden; do not lurk,
Nor hide your face with grief and shame;
Now or never get a name
That may raise thee, and re-cure
All thy life that was impure.
Hold your hand unto the flame;
If thou be'st a perfect dame,
Or hast truly vow'd to mend,
This pale fire will be thy friend.
See, the taper hurts her not!
Go thy ways; let never spot
Henceforth seize upon thy blood:
Thank the gods, and still be good!

Clo. Young shepherdess, now you are brought again
To virgin state, be so, and so remain
To thy last day, unless the faithful love
Of some good shepherd force thee to remove;
Then labour to be true to him, and live
As such a one that ever strives to give
A blessed memory to after-time;
Be famous for your good, not for your crime.
Now, holy man, I offer up again
These patients, full of health and free from pain:
Keep them from after-ills; be ever near
Unto their actions; teach them how to clear
The tedious way they pass thro', from suspect;
Keep them from wronging others, or neglect
Of duty in themselves; correct the blood
With thrifty bits, and labour; let the flood,
Or the next neighb'ring spring, give remedy
To greedy thirst and travail, not the tree

[illegible]

Then Lodge with wonted shadows let us
Unto the woodside, or that fellow
Be over-hours of sleepiness: Make a sport
Unto some of holy life? Then let us spare
Those lucky that would misdemean, and forget
Let us pick him, whose many parts and wonder
Be our gift to applause, and admire to the known
And all good shepherds from the less shame
That look their lookers to the foolish brooms.
Touch the young maidens who name, that the
glasses?
That sign has belonged them thereby worth,
Publish all unanimously, but simple wrong.
Long as the tongues, and as by shepherds heard,
Let them with the participation, but we are
Thou holy Pilate, I will to thee and there.
All the best gold and goodness that may please!
All And all these blessings there's the wise
gifts
We have upon this low's own son.
Priest. A gentle sacrifice, which with
our chief king
Thing over other persons, and the rest
Two holy vestal Fates upon. I trust Fate suffered
Those sacrificers and passing pass,
Keep our trees from dangers and
That are either to the field with
Give us reason to keep us bright,
All your wishes, all your strength
Cannot keep your love from falling
To love and true love to nothing
As your feelings, till we part:
Bring upon this passing hour
Of peace and rest to us to speak
Till we call to you content
All pleasure waits to pass,
That is after true rest might
Either to your flocks or pen,
Give us all advantages and
Free fishing, and frequent love,
That to keep be true loves!
Now rest and all that, as ye were after,
Sing to this end of those that would be
That honest things sought us, virtue, for
Then was the pith and kind of sadness
[Sing all sing
here above.
All to walks and rests, and look to,
All to others and ye pass to
That adjoin to the house,
To the pleasure upright of freshness.
Many fairs have
I'll be merry
With the sweet
Till this comes!
With the hunter and the sweet
That delights and dances keep under.

Be to grass, and be to rest
Be to long grass, and sweet
Unto the freshness! Shake them
Among plump and lusty lives,
Let us sleep
While we sing!

From holy,
From holy,
From heaven's, ever young!
Then great Pan is ever sung.

[Exeunt

Ant. There thickens, Advent, brightness.
There must your old work, and wishes,
There must Cleanses and wash blessed.
Eyes of glory, and golden crowned
Like Apollo! tell me, sweetest,
What new service now is needful
For the Priest? Shall I range
In the middle air, and sing?
Or rolling rock, or nimbly take
Hold by the trees, and gently smile
And be the gale guest of sighs
For a house to give that light?
Shall I dive into the sea,
And bring the coral, making way
That the rising waves that fall
In watery flowers' fragrant shall
I pinch your azalea leaves, or flow
Whose sweet wings the summer dove
Of many colours? get thee fresh,
Or shall I run thee? a thy daughter. Lyde!
All shout I'll venture for, and strive,
To do her service all these tender offices.
Lyd. We other serving Satyrs, but the watch
Must from wishing, but harmless gaught
with
Wanton'st or old accidence.
Ant. Holy virgin, I will leave
Second about the woods so quick
As the blushing light and pitch
Cleave the larch, and drive the robe
Fairer than the wind-spilt mole,
As I take my leave, and give
All the goodness of the day,
Such as Phoebus look doth send
On the earth, may still befriend
Thee and this antique!
Lyd. And to thee,
All thy wonder's love be free!

[Exeunt severally.

Scene.

[The Satyr's exploitation was the story of the plays produced in the different scenes of Paris, Lord and Fletcher, at Blackfriars. It was mostly the production of the latter. The magnificent of Pharamond, or Love for a Kingdom, which had been played, according to the usual arrangement in the famous contemporary arrangement, it should have gratified the curiosity generally; it generally supposed to have been written entirely by Fletcher without name. Perks, however, the collector friend of Beaumont, privately ascribed it entirely to him, and that, was in the library of Pembroke, who is not known to have had any claim to it beyond [illegible]

[illegible]

ACT V.

Enter Jane, Clarence, and Philadelon.

Cla. There's one lords are before.

Jane. Count us, gentlemen, I wonder at it. They counted about three. Now the king is armed here. Besides, it was hardly published, that no officer should have any gentlemen that dares to attend and here.

Cla. Can you guess the cause?

Jane. Sir, it is to plain, about the Spanish prince, that's come to marry our kingdom's heir, and to our sovereign.

Phil. Many, that will seem to have much, say, she looks not on him like a wood to love.

Jane. Oh, sir, the gentlemen (after nothing know one thing but their own opinions) speak that they would have; but sir prince, before his own eyes, doubt it no more, confident a stranger than the state, that I think she's resolv'd to be ruled.

Cla. Sir, it is thought, with her to shall enjoy both these kingdoms of Scots and Castile.

Jane. Sir, it is, common conversation, as speech. But I will be a busybody: leave for him to enjoy both these kingdoms with safety, the right heir to one of these king, and king as subjects, especially, the people bringing the nothing of his mind, and supposing his injuries.

Cla. What Philadelon?

Jane. For a brave prince, as all know, was he not here king of Castile, particularly by good title, his mother's, Edward their eldest son, that I would give my hand to be ready a time.

Cla. But, our lieutenant of some parts will not let us know this. Philadelon being here as one of these kingdoms, the king should make him ready always with such fine powers.

Jane. Sir, it seems your nature is more studious than to enquire after state affairs. But the king, of late, made a decree of both the kingdoms of Scots and his son, with reference for an imperious Philadelon. He which the old was in motion, but by the choice of Scots he was determined to prevention. All that was Philadelon side through the private plots, and without a

Enter Jane, Clarence, and Philadelon.

Cla. There's one lords are before.

Jane. Count us, gentlemen, I wonder at it. They counted about three. Now the king is armed here. Besides, it was hardly published, that no officer should have any gentlemen that dares to attend and here.

Cla. Can you guess the cause?

Jane. Sir, it is to plain, about the Spanish prince, that's come to marry our kingdom's heir, and to our sovereign.

Phil. Many, that will seem to have much, say, she looks not on him like a wood to love.

Jane. Oh, sir, the gentlemen (after nothing know one thing but their own opinions) speak that they would have; but sir prince, before his own eyes, doubt it no more, confident a stranger than the state, that I think she's resolv'd to be ruled.

Cla. Sir, it is thought, with her to shall enjoy both these kingdoms of Scots and Castile.

Jane. Sir, it is, common conversation, as speech. But I will be a busybody: leave for him to enjoy both these kingdoms with safety, the right heir to one of these king, and king as subjects, especially, the people bringing the nothing of his mind, and supposing his injuries.

Cla. What Philadelon?

Jane. For a brave prince, as all know, was he not here king of Castile, particularly by good title, his mother's, Edward their eldest son, that I would give my hand to be ready a time.

Cla. But, our lieutenant of some parts will not let us know this. Philadelon being here as one of these kingdoms, the king should make him ready always with such fine powers.

Jane. Sir, it seems your nature is more studious than to enquire after state affairs. But the king, of late, made a decree of both the kingdoms of Scots and his son, with reference for an imperious Philadelon. He which the old was in motion, but by the choice of Scots he was determined to prevention. All that was Philadelon side through the private plots, and without a

Enter [illegible] Philadelon, and Jane.

Cla. Here's one lords are before.

Jane. Count us, gentlemen, I wonder at it. They counted about three. Now the king is armed here. Besides, it was hardly published, that no officer should have any gentlemen that dares to attend and here.

Cla. Can you guess the cause?

Jane. Sir, it is to plain, about the Spanish prince, that's come to marry our kingdom's heir, and to our sovereign.

Phil. Many, that will seem to have much, say, she looks not on him like a wood to love.

Jane. Oh, sir, the gentlemen (after nothing know one thing but their own opinions) speak that they would have; but sir prince, before his own eyes, doubt it no more, confident a stranger than the state, that I think she's resolv'd to be ruled.

Cla. Sir, it is thought, with her to shall enjoy both these kingdoms of Scots and Castile.

Jane. Sir, it is, common conversation, as speech. But I will be a busybody: leave for him to enjoy both these kingdoms with safety, the right heir to one of these king, and king as subjects, especially, the people bringing the nothing of his mind, and supposing his injuries.

Cla. What Philadelon?

Jane. For a brave prince, as all know, was he not here king of Castile, particularly by good title, his mother's, Edward their eldest son, that I would give my hand to be ready a time.

Cla. But, our lieutenant of some parts will not let us know this. Philadelon being here as one of these kingdoms, the king should make him ready always with such fine powers.

Jane. Sir, it seems your nature is more studious than to enquire after state affairs. But the king, of late, made a decree of both the kingdoms of Scots and his son, with reference for an imperious Philadelon. He which the old was in motion, but by the choice of Scots he was determined to prevention. All that was Philadelon side through the private plots, and without a

Enter [illegible] Philadelon, and Jane.

Cla. Here's one lords are before.

Jane. Count us, gentlemen, I wonder at it. They counted about three. Now the king is armed here. Besides, it was hardly published, that no officer should have any gentlemen that dares to attend and here.

Cla. Can you guess the cause?

Jane. Sir, it is to plain, about the Spanish prince, that's come to marry our kingdom's heir, and to our sovereign.

Phil. Many, that will seem to have much, say, she looks not on him like a wood to love.

Jane. Oh, sir, the gentlemen (after nothing know one thing but their own opinions) speak that they would have; but sir prince, before his own eyes, doubt it no more, confident a stranger than the state, that I think she's resolv'd to be ruled.

Cla. Sir, it is thought, with her to shall enjoy both these kingdoms of Scots and Castile.

Jane. Sir, it is, common conversation, as speech. But I will be a busybody: leave for him to enjoy both these kingdoms with safety, the right heir to one of these king, and king as subjects, especially, the people bringing the nothing of his mind, and supposing his injuries.

Cla. What Philadelon?

Jane. For a brave prince, as all know, was he not here king of Castile, particularly by good title, his mother's, Edward their eldest son, that I would give my hand to be ready a time.

Cla. But, our lieutenant of some parts will not let us know this. Philadelon being here as one of these kingdoms, the king should make him ready always with such fine powers.

Jane. Sir, it seems your nature is more studious than to enquire after state affairs. But the king, of late, made a decree of both the kingdoms of Scots and his son, with reference for an imperious Philadelon. He which the old was in motion, but by the choice of Scots he was determined to prevention. All that was Philadelon side through the private plots, and without a

Enter [illegible] Philadelon, and Jane.

Cla. Here's one lords are before.

Jane. Count us, gentlemen, I wonder at it. They counted about three. Now the king is armed here. Besides, it was hardly published, that no officer should have any gentlemen that dares to attend and here.

Cla. Can you guess the cause?

Jane. Sir, it is to plain, about the Spanish prince, that's come to marry our kingdom's heir, and to our sovereign.

Phil. Many, that will seem to have much, say, she looks not on him like a wood to love.

Jane. Oh, sir, the gentlemen (after nothing know one thing but their own opinions) speak that they would have; but sir prince, before his own eyes, doubt it no more, confident a stranger than the state, that I think she's resolv'd to be ruled.

Cla. Sir, it is thought, with her to shall enjoy both these kingdoms of Scots and Castile.

Jane. Sir, it is, common conversation, as speech. But I will be a busybody: leave for him to enjoy both these kingdoms with safety, the right heir to one of these king, and king as subjects, especially, the people bringing the nothing of his mind, and supposing his injuries.

Cla. What Philadelon?

Jane. For a brave prince, as all know, was he not here king of Castile, particularly by good title, his mother's, Edward their eldest son, that I would give my hand to be ready a time.

Cla. But, our lieutenant of some parts will not let us know this. Philadelon being here as one of these kingdoms, the king should make him ready always with such fine powers.

Jane. Sir, it seems your nature is more studious than to enquire after state affairs. But the king, of late, made a decree of both the kingdoms of Scots and his son, with reference for an imperious Philadelon. He which the old was in motion, but by the choice of Scots he was determined to prevention. All that was Philadelon side through the private plots, and without a

Enter [illegible] Philadelon, and Jane.

Cla. Here's one lords are before.

Jane. Count us, gentlemen, I wonder at it. They counted about three. Now the king is armed here. Besides, it was hardly published, that no officer should have any gentlemen that dares to attend and here.

Cla. Can you guess the cause?

Jane. Sir, it is to plain, about the Spanish prince, that's come to marry our kingdom's heir, and to our sovereign.

Phil. Many, that will seem to have much, say, she looks not on him like a wood to love.

Jane. Oh, sir, the gentlemen (after nothing know one thing but their own opinions) speak that they would have; but sir prince, before his own eyes, doubt it no more, confident a stranger than the state, that I think she's resolv'd to be ruled.

Cla. Sir, it is thought, with her to shall enjoy both these kingdoms of Scots and Castile.

Jane. Sir, it is, common conversation, as speech. But I will be a busybody: leave for him to enjoy both these kingdoms with safety, the right heir to one of these king, and king as subjects, especially, the people bringing the nothing of his mind, and supposing his injuries.

Cla. What Philadelon?

Jane. For a brave prince, as all know, was he not here king of Castile, particularly by good title, his mother's, Edward their eldest son, that I would give my hand to be ready a time.

Cla. But, our lieutenant of some parts will not let us know this. Philadelon being here as one of these kingdoms, the king should make him ready always with such fine powers.

Jane. Sir, it seems your nature is more studious than to enquire after state affairs. But the king, of late, made a decree of both the kingdoms of Scots and his son, with reference for an imperious Philadelon. He which the old was in motion, but by the choice of Scots he was determined to prevention. All that was Philadelon side through the private plots, and without a

That hangs with wanton clusters; let not wine,
Unless in sacrifice, or rites divine,
Be ever known of shepherds; have a care,
Thou man of holy life! Now do not spare
Their faults thro' much remissness, nor forget
To cherish him, whose many pains and sweat
Hath giv'n increase, and added to the downs.
Sort all your shepherds from the lazy clowns
That feed their heifers in the budded brooms:
Teach the young maidens strictness, that the grooms
May ever fear to tempt their blowing youth;
Banish all compliments, but single truth,
From ev'ry tongue, and ev'ry shepherd's heart;
Let them still use persuading, but no art:
Thus, holy Priest, I wish to thee and these,
All the best goods and comforts that may please!

All. And all those blessings Heav'n did ever give,
We pray upon this bow'r may ever live.

Priest. Kneel, ev'ry shepherd, while with pow'rful hand
I bless your after-labours, and the land [you
You feed your flocks upon. Great Pan defend
From misfortune, and amend you,
Keep you from those dangers still
That are follow'd by your will;
Give ye means to know at length
All your riches; all your strength
Cannot keep your foot from falling
To lewd lust, that still is calling
At your cottage, 'till his pow'r
Bring again that golden hour
Of peace and rest to ev'ry soul.
May his care of you control
All diseases, sores, or pain,
That in after-time may reign,
Either in your flocks or you;
Give ye all affections new,
New desires, and tempers new,
That ye may be ever true!
Now rise and go; and, as ye pass away,
Sing to the God of Sheep that happy lay
That honest Dorus taught ye; Dorus, he
That was the soul and God of melody.

[*They all sing.*

THE SONG.

All ye woods, and trees, and bow'rs,
All ye virtues and ye pow'rs
That inhabit in the lakes,
In the pleasant springs or brakes,
Move your feet
To our sound,
Whilst we greet
All this ground,
With his honour and his name
That defends our flocks from blame.

He is great, and he is just,
He is ever good, and must
Thus be honour'd. Daffadilies,
Roses, pinks, and loved lillies,
Let us fling,
Whilst we sing,
Ever holy,
Ever holy,
Ever honour'd, ever young!
Thus great Pan is ever sung.

[*Exeunt.*

Sat. Thou divinest, fairest, brightest,
Thou most pow'rful maid, and whitest,
Thou most virtuous and most blessed,
Eyes of stars, and golden tressed
Like Apollo! tell me, sweetest,
What new service now is meetest
For the Satyr? Shall I stray
In the middle air, and stay
The sailing rack, or nimbly take
Hold by the moon, and gently make
Suit to the pale queen of night
For a beam to give thee light?
Shall I dive into the sea,
And bring the coral, making way
Thro' the rising waves that fall
In snowy fleeces? Dearest, shall
I catch thee wanton fawns, or flies
Whose woven wings the summer dyes
Of many colours? get thee fruit,
Or steal from Heav'n old Orpheus' lute!
All these I'll venture for, and more,
To do her service all these woods adore.

Clo. No other service, Satyr, but thy watch
About these thickets, lest harmless people catch
Mischief or sad mischance.

Sat. Holy virgin, I will dance
Round about the woods as quick
As the breaking light and prick
Down the lawns, and down the vales
Faster than the wind-mill sails.
So I take my leave, and pray
All the comforts of the day,
Such as Phœbus' heat doth send
On the earth, may still befriend
Thee and this arbour!

Clo. And to thee,
All thy master's love be free!

[*Exeunt omnes.*

[The *Faithful Shepherdess* was not, like many of the plays published in the collected works of Beaumont and Fletcher, a joint labour. It was wholly the production of the latter. The tragi-comedy of *Philaster, or Love Lies a-Bleeding*, which follows (though, according to our usual arrangement, in this instance inadvertently interrupted, it should have preceded the dramatic pastoral), is generally supposed to have been written conjunctively by these associate bards. Earle, however, the intimate friend of Beaumont, publicly ascribed it entirely to him, and that, too, in the life-time of Fletcher, who is not known to have laid any claim to it himself.—*Compiler.*]

PHILASTER, OR LOVE LIES A-BLEEDING.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Men.

King.
Philaster, heir to the crown.
Pharamond, prince of Spain.
Dion, a lord.
Cleremont, *Thrasiline*, } noble gentlemen, his associates.
An old captain.
Five citizens.
A country fellow.
Two woodmen.
The king's guard and train.

Women.

Arethusa, the king's daughter.
Galatea, a wise modest lady, attending the princess.
Megra, a lascivious lady.
An old wanton lady, or crone.
Another lady attending the princess.
Euphrasia, { daughter of Dion, but disguised like a page, and called Bellario.

Scene, *Sicily*.

ACT I.

Enter Dion, Cleremont, and Thrasiline.

Cle. Here's nor lords nor ladies.

Dion. Credit me, gentlemen, I wonder at it. They received strict charge from the king to attend here. Besides, it was boldly published, that no officer should forbid any gentleman that desire to attend and hear.

Cle. Can you guess the cause?

Dion. Sir, it is plain, about the Spanish prince, that's come to marry our kingdom's heir, and be our sovereign.

Thra. Many, that will seem to know much, say, she looks not on him like a maid in love.

Dion. Oh, Sir, the multitude (that seldom know any thing but their own opinions) speak that they would have; but the prince, before his own approach, receiv'd so many confident messages from the state, that I think she's resolv'd to be rul'd.

Cle. Sir, it is thought, with her he shall enjoy both these kingdoms of Sicily and Calabria.

Dion. Sir, it is, without controversy, so meant. But 'twill be a troublesome labour for him to enjoy both these kingdoms with safety, the right heir to one of them living, and living so virtuously; especially, the people admiring the bravery of his mind, and lamenting his injuries.

Cle. Who? Philaster?

Dion. Yes; whose father, we all know, was by our late king of Calabria unrighteously depos'd from his fruitful Sicily. Myself drew some blood in those wars, which I would give my hand to be wash'd from.

Cle. Sir, my ignorance in state policy will not let me know why, Philaster being heir to one of these kingdoms, the king should suffer him to walk abroad with such free liberty.

Dion. Sir, it seems your nature is more constant than to enquire after state news. But the king, of late, made a hazard of both the kingdoms, of Sicily and his own, with offering but to imprison Philaster. At which the city was in arms, not to be charm'd down by any state-order or proclamation, till they saw Philaster ride through the streets pleas'd, and without a guard; at which they threw their hats and their arms from them; some to make bonfires, some to drink, all for his deliverance. Which, wise men say, is the cause the king labours to bring in the power of a foreign nation, to awe his own with.

Enter Galatea, Megra, and a lady.

Thra. See, the ladies. What's the first?

Dion. A wise and modest gentlewoman that attends the princess.

Cle. The second?

Dion. She is one that may stand still discreetly enough, and ill-favour'dly dance her measure; simper when she is courted by her friend, and slight her husband.

Cle. The last?

Dion. Her name is common through the kingdom, and the trophies of her dishonour advanced beyond Hercules' pillars.

* * * * * * * * *

Cle. She's a profitable member.

La. Peace, if you love me! You shall see these gentlemen stand their ground, and not court us.

Gal. What if they should?

Meg. What if they should?

La. Nay, let her alone. What if they should? Why, if they should, I say they were never abroad. What foreigner would do so? It writes them directly untravelled.

Gal. Why, what if they be?

Meg. What if they be?

La. Good madam, let her go on. What if they be? Why, if they be, I will justify, they cannot maintain discourse with a judicious lady, nor make a leg, nor say 'excuse me.'

Gal. Ha, ha, ha!

La. Do you laugh, madam?

Dion. Your desires upon you, ladies.

La. Then you must sit beside us.

Dion. I shall sit near you then, lady.

La. Near me, perhaps: But there's a lady indures no stranger; and to me you appear a very strange fellow.

Meg. Methinks, he's not so strange; he would quickly be acquainted.

Thra. Peace, the king.

Enter King, Pharamond, Arethusa, and train.

King. To give a stronger testimony of love
Than sickly promises (which commonly
In princes find both birth and burial
In one breath) we have drawn you, worthy Sir,
To make your fair endearments to our daughter,
And worthy services known to our subjects,
Now lov'd and wonder'd at. Next, our intent
To plant you deeply, our immediate heir,
Both to our blood and kingdoms. For this lady,
(The best part of your life, as you confirm me,
And I believe) though her few years and sex
Yet teach her nothing but her fears and blushes,
Desires without desire, discourse and knowledge
Only of what herself is to herself, [sleeps,
Make her feel moderate health; and when she
In making no ill day, knows no ill dreams.

Think not, dear Sir, these undivided parts,
That must mould up a virgin, are put on
To shew her so, as borrow'd ornaments,
To speak her perfect love to you, or add
An artificial shadow to her nature:
No, Sir; I boldly dare proclaim her, yet
No woman. But woo her still, and think her modesty
A sweeter mistress than the offer'd language
Of any dame, were she a queen, whose eye
Speaks common loves and comforts to her servants.
Last, noble son (for so I now must call you)
What I have done thus public, is not only
To add a comfort in particular
To you or me, but all; and to confirm
The nobles, and the gentry of these kingdoms,
By oath to your succession, which shall be
Within this month at most.
Thra. This will be hardly done.
Cle. It must be ill done, if it be done.
Dion. When 'tis at best, 'twill be but half done, whilst
So brave a gentleman's wrong'd and flung off.
Thra. I fear.
Cle. Who does not?
Dion. I fear not for myself, and yet I fear too.
Well, we shall see, we shall see. No more.
Pha. Kissing your white hand, mistress, I take leave
To thank your royal father; and thus far,
To be my own free trumpet. Understand,
Great king, and these your subjects, mine that must be,
(For so deserving you have spoke me, Sir,
And so deserving I dare speak myself)
To what a person, of what eminence,
Ripe expectation, of what faculties,
Manners and virtues, you would wed your kingdoms:
You in me have your wishes. Oh, this country!
By more than all my hopes I hold it happy;
Happy, in their dear memories that have been
Kings great and good; happy in yours, that is;
And from you (as a chronicle to keep
Your noble name from eating age) do I
Opine myself, most happy. Gentlemen,
Believe me in a word, a prince's word,
There shall be nothing to make up a kingdom
Mighty, and flourishing, defenced, fear'd,
Equal to be commanded and obey'd,
But through the travels of my life I'll find it,
And tye it to this country. And I vow
My reign shall be so easy to the subject,
That ev'ry man shall be his prince himself,
And his own law (yet I his prince and law.)
And, dearest lady, to your dearest self
(Dear, in the choice of him whose name and lustre
Must make you more and mightier) let me say,
You are the blessed'st living; for, sweet princess,
You shall enjoy a man of men, to be
Your servant; you shall make him yours, for whom
Great queens must die.

Thra. Miraculous!
Cle. This speech calls him Spaniard, being nothing but a large inventory of his own recommendations.

Enter Philaster.

Dion. I wonder what's his price? For certainly
He'll sell himself, he has so prais'd his shape.
But here comes one more worthy those large speeches,
Than the large speaker of them.
Let me be swallow'd quick, if I can find,
In all th' anatomy of yon man's virtues,
One sinew sound enough to promise for him,
He shall be constable.
By this sun, he'll ne'er make king
Unless it be for trifles, in my poor judgment.
Phi. Right noble Sir, as low as my obedience,
And with a heart as loyal as my knee,
I beg your favour.
King. Rise; you have it, Sir.
Dion. Mark but the king, how pale he looks with fear!
Oh! this same whorson conscience, how it jades us!
King. Speak your intents, Sir.
Phi. Shall I speak 'em freely?
Be still my royal sovereign.
King. As a subject,
We give you freedom.
Dion. Now it heats.
Phi. Then thus I turn
My language to you, Prince; you, foreign man!
Ne'er stare, nor put on wonder, for you must
Indure me, and you shall. This earth you tread upon
(A dowry, as you hope, with this fair princess)
By my dead father (oh, I had a father,
Whose memory I bow to!) was not left
To your inheritance, and I up and living;
Having myself about me, and my sword,
The souls of all my name, and memories,
These arms, and some few friends besides the gods;
To part so calmly with it, and sit still,
And say, 'I might have been.' I'll tell thee, Pharamond,
When thou art king, look I be dead and rotten,
And my name ashes: For, hear me, Pharamond!
This very ground thou goest on, this fat earth,
My father's friends made fertile with their faiths,
Before that day of shame, shall gape and swallow
Thee and thy nation, like a hungry grave,
Into her hidden bowels. Prince, it shall;
By Nemesis, it shall!
Pha. He's mad; beyond cure, mad.
Dion. Here is a fellow has some fire in's veins:
The outlandish prince looks like a tooth-drawer.
Phi. Sir, prince of poppingjays, I'll make it well appear
To you, I am not mad.

King. You displease us:
You are too bold.
Phi. No, Sir, I am too tame,
Too much a turtle, a thing born without passion,
A faint shadow, that every drunken cloud sails over,
And makes nothing.
King. I do not fancy this.
Call our physicians: Sure he is somewhat tainted.
Thra. I do not think 'twill prove so.
Dion. H'as giv'n him a general purge already, for all the right he has; and now he means to let him blood. Be constant, gentlemen: By these hilts, I'll run his hazard, although I run my name out of the kingdom.
Cle. Peace, we are all one soul.
Pha. What you have seen in me to stir offence,
I cannot find; unless it be this lady,
Offer'd into mine arms, with the succession;
Which I must keep, though it hath pleas'd your fury
To mutiny within you; without disputing
Your genealogies, or taking knowledge
Whose branch you are. The king will leave it me;
And I dare make it mine. You have your answer.
Phi. If thou wert sole inheritor to him
That made the world his, and couldst see no sun
Shine upon any thing but thine; were Pharamond
As truly valiant as I feel cold,
And ring'd among the choicest of his friends
(Such as would blush to talk such serious follies
Or back such belied commendations)
And from this presence, spite of all these bugs, lies,
You should hear further from me.
King. Sir, you wrong the prince:
I gave you not this freedom to brave our best friends.
You deserve our frown. Go to; be better temper'd.
Phi. It must be, Sir, when I am nobler us'd.
Gal. Ladies,
This would have been a pattern of succession,
Had he ne'er met this mischief. By my life,
He is the worthiest the true name of man
This day within my knowledge.
Meg. I cannot tell what you may call your knowledge;
But th' other is the man set in my eye.
Oh, 'tis a prince of wax!
Gal. A dog it is.
King. Philaster, tell me
The injuries you aim at, in your riddles.
Phi. If you had my eyes, Sir, and sufferance,
My griefs upon you, and my broken fortunes,
My wants great, and now nought but hopes and fears,
My wrongs would make ill riddles to be laugh'd at.
Dare you be still my king, and right me not?
King. Give me your wrongs in private.
[*They whisper.*
Phi. Take them,
And ease me of a load would bow strong Atlas.

Cle. He dares not stand the shock.
Dion. I cannot blame him: there's danger in't. Every man in this age has not a soul of crystal, for all men to read their actions through: Mens' hearts and faces are so far asunder, that they hold no intelligence. Do but view yon stranger well, and you shall see a fever through all his bravery, and feel him shake like a true recreant? If he give not back his crown again, upon the report of an elder gun, I have no augury.
King. Go to!
Be more yourself as you respect our favour;
You'll stir us else. Sir, I must have you know,
That you're, and shall be, at our pleasure, what fashion we
Will put upon you. Smooth your brow, or by the gods——
Phi. I am dead, Sir; you're my fate. It was not I
Said, I was wrong'd: I carry all about me
My weak stars lead me to, all my weak fortunes.
Who dares in all this presence speak (that is
But man of flesh, and may be mortal) tell me,
I do not most entirely love this prince,
And honour his full virtues!
King. Sure he's possess'd.
Phi. Yes, with my father's spirit: It's here, O king!
A dangerous spirit. Now he tells me, king,
I was a king's heir, bids me be a king;
And whispers to me, these are all my subjects,
'Tis strange he will not let me sleep, but dives
Into my fancy, and there gives me shapes
That kneel, and do me service, cry me 'king:'
But I'll suppress him; he's a factious spirit,
And will undo me. Noble Sir, your hand:
I am your servant.
King. Away, I do not like this:
I'll make you tamer, or I'll dispossess you
Both of life and spirit: For this time
I pardon your wild speech, without so much
As your imprisonment.
[*Exit King, Pha. and Are.*
Dion. I thank you, Sir; you dare not for the people.
Gal. Ladies, what think you now of this brave fellow?
Meg. A pretty talking fellow; hot at hand. But eye yon stranger: Is he not a fine complete gentleman? Oh, these strangers, I do effect them strangely: They do the rarest home things and please the fullest! As I live, I could love all the nation over and over for his sake.
Gal. Pride comfort your poor head-piece, lady!
'Tis a weak one, and had need of a night-cap.
Dion. See how his fancy labours! Has he not Spoke home, and bravely? What a dang'rous train
Did he give fire to! how he shook the king,
Made his soul melt within him, and his blood
Run into whey! It stood upon his brow,
Like a cold winter dew.

Phi. Gentlemen,
You have no suit to me? I am no minion:
You stand ostlerlike, like now that would be
courtiers,
If you could well be flatter'd at a point.
Seek to make your children. You're all honest:
Go, get you home again, and make your country
A virtuous parish; to which your great men
may
In their diseased age, retire, and live perfect.
Cle. How do you, worthy Sir?
Phi. Well, very well;
And so well, that, if the king please, I find
I may live many years.
Tiro. The king must please,
Whilst we know what you are, and what you are not,
Your wrongs and injuries. Sharch not, worthy
Sir,
But ask your father to you: in whose name,
We'll waken all the gods, and conjure up
The rod of vengeance, the shrewd penyworth,
Who, like to cursing tinkers, shall swell high,
And so beget the dens of thine male-dragons,
That, through the strongest armor, they shall
bag
For misery at your accurst's gains.
Phi. Friends, no more;
Ever some may be overtaken. 'Tis an age
We dare not trust our wills to. Do you love
me?
Phan. Do we love Hope's and honour?
Phi. My dear Chin,
You had a virtuous gentlewoman called you
father;
Is she yet alive?
Phan. Most honour'd Sir, she is:
And, for the passion but of an idle dream,
Has undertook a tedious pilgrimage.

Enter a Lady.

Phi. Is it to me, or any of these gentlemen
you come?
Lady. To you, brave lord: The princess would
entreat your present company.
Phi. The princess sent for me? You are mis-
taken.
Lady. If you be call'd Philaster, 'tis to you.
Phi. Kiss her fair hand, and say I will at-
tend her.
Phan. Do you know what you do?
Phi. Yes; go to see a woman.
Cle. But do you weigh the danger you are in?
Phi. Danger in a sweet love!
By Jupiter, I must not fear a woman.
Phan. But are you sure it was the princess
sent?
It may be some fond trick to catch your life.
Phi. I do not think it, gentlemen; she's gentle;
Her eye may shoot an heart, or throw true rest
And white security in her face may stand my soul
Unarm'd: There's all the danger in't. But be what may,
Her single name hath armed me. [*Exit Phi.*
Tiro. Go on:
And be as truly happy as thou'rt fortunate.
Come, gentlemen, let's make our friends ac-
quainted,
Lest the king prove false. [*Exeunt Gentlemen.*

Enter Arethusa and a Lady.

Are. Comes he not?
Lady. Madam?
Are. Will Philaster come?
Lady. Dear madam, you were wont
To credit me at first.
Are. But didst thou tell me so?
I am forgetful, and my woman's strength
Is crazed with dangers like to grow
About my marriage, that these under things
Dare not abide in such a tempest see.
How look'd he, when he told thee he would
come?
Lady. Why, well.
Are. And not a little fearful?
Lady. Fear, madam? sure, he knows not what
it is.
Are. Ye are all of his fashion; the whole
court
Is bold in praise of him; whilst I
May live unspoken of, and die unthought
As fools in civil throw gold into the sea,
Drown'd in the doing. But, I know he fears.
Lady. Fear? Madam, methought, his looks
bid more
Of love than fear.
Are. Of love? to whom? to you?
Bid you deliver those plain words I sent,
With such a winning gesture, and quick look,
That you have caught him?
Lady. Madam, I mean as you.
Are. Of love to me? alas! thy ignorance
Lets thine eye see the cruelty of my stars.
Nature, that loves not to be questioned
Why she did thus, or that, but has her ends,
And knows she does well, never gave the world
Two things so opposite, so contrary,
As he and I am: If a bowl of blood,
Drawn from this arm of mine, would poison thee,
A thought of his would cure thee. Oh! love to
me?
Lady. Madam, I think I hear him.
Are. Bring him in.
Ye gods, that would not have your doums with-
stood,
Whose holy wisdoms at this time it is,
To make the pastime of a feeble maid
The way unto your justice, I obey.

Enter Philaster.

Lady. Here is my lord Philaster.
Are. Oh! 'tis well.
Withdraw yourself.
Phi. Madam, your messenger
Made me believe you wish'd to speak with me.
Are. 'Tis true, Philaster; but the words are
such
I have to say, and do so ill become
The mouth of woman, that I wish them said,
And yet am loth to speak them. Have you
known,
That I have ought detracted from your worth?
Have I in person wrong'd you? Or have set

My inner intercourse to throw disgrace
Upon your virtues?
Phi. Never, madam, you. [To Philaster.
Arc. Why, then, should you, in such a public
Injure a princess, and a wounded lady
Upon my fortunes, fame'd to be so great;
Calling a great part of my misery in question?
Phi. Madam, this truth which I shall speak, will be
Foolish: But, for your fair and virtuous self,
I could afford myself to have no right
To any thing you wish'd.
Arc. Philaster, know,
I must enjoy those kingdoms.
Phi. Madam! Both?
Arc. Both, or I die: by fate, I die, Philaster,
If I not calmly may enjoy them both.
Phi. I would do much to save that noble life:
Yet would be loth to buy posterity
Find in our stories, that Philaster gave
His right unto a sceptre, and a crown,
To save a lady's longing.
Arc. Nay then, hear!
I must and will have them, and more——
Phi. What more?
Arc. Or lose that little life the gods prepar'd,
To tremble this poor piece of earth withal.
Phi. Madam, what more?
Arc. Turn, then, away thy face.
Phi. No.
Arc. Do.
Phi. I can't endure it. Turn away my face?
I never yet saw enemy that look'd
So dreadfully, but that I thought myself
As great a basilisk as he; or spoke
So horribly, but that I thought my tongue
Bore thunder underneath, as much as his:
Nor bent that I could turn from: shall I then
Begin to fear worst wounds? a lady's voice,
Where I do love? Nay, you would have my life?
Why, I will give it you; for it is of me
A thing so hated'd, and scorn you that ask
Of so poor use, that I shall make no price:
If you entreat, I will persuade my heart
Arc. Yet, for my sake, a little bend thy looks.
Phi. I do.
Arc. Then hope, I must have them, and thee.
Phi. And me?
Arc. Thy love; without which, all the land
Discover'd yet, will prove but for my use,
But to be buried in.
Phi. Is't possible?
Arc. Within it, it were pity little to hazard
On thee. Now, though thy breath do strike me dead,
(Which, know, it may) I have utter'd my heart.
Phi. Madam, you are too full of noble thoughts,
To lay a train for this contempt'd life.
Which you may have for asking: to suspect
Where love, where I durst so ill love you,
By all my hopes, I die, shame my life.
But love this person should prevent from you
So cruelly, would create a sin
That would be pardon
[illegible]
Arc. Another shall, save my body slave.
Could not have fill'd me with more strength and spirit.
Then this thy breath. But spread not hasty trust,
In making how I came this: 'tis the gods,
The gods, that make me so; not, sure, not love.
Will he the soldier, and the better blood,
In that the sweet portion of the gods
Is mingled with it. Let us love, and live;
Lest some unwelcome guest should fall between us.
And we should part without it.
Phi. 'Twill be ill,
I should abide here long.
Arc. 'Tis true; and worse
You should come often. How shall we devise
To hold intelligence that our true love,
On any new occasion, may agree
What path is best to tread?
Phi. I have a boy,
Sent by the gods, I hope, to this intent,
Not yet seen in the court. Hunting the buck,
I found him sitting by a fountain-side,
Of which he borrow'd some to quench his thirst,
And paid the nymph again as much in tears.
A garland lay him by, made by himself,
Of many several flowers, bred in the bay,
Stuck in that myrtle order, that the carelessness
Delighted me: but ever when he turn'd
His tender eyes upon 'em, he would weep,
As if he meant to make 'em grow again.
Seeing such pretty helpless innocence
Dwell in his face, I ask'd him all his story.
He told me, that his parents gentle dy'd,
Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,
Which gave him roots; and of the crystal springs,
Which did not skip their course; and the sun,
Which still, he thank'd him, yielded him his light.
Then took he up his garland, and did show
What every flower, as country people hold,
Did signify; and how all, order'd thus,
Express'd his grief: and, to my thoughts, did read
The prettiest lecture of his country art
That could be wish'd; so that, methought, I could
There study'd it. I gladly entertain'd him,
Who was so glad to follow: and have got
The trustiest, loving'st, and the goodliest boy,
That ever master kept. Him will I send
To wait on you, and bear our hidden love.
Enter Lady.
Arc. 'Tis well: no more.
Lady. Madam, the prince is come to do his service.
Arc. What will you do, Philaster, with your self?
Phi. Why, that which all the gods have appointed out for me.
Arc. Hear, Bike yourself. Enjoy to the prince.
Phi. Rids me from Pharamond!
When thunder speaks, which is the voice of Jove,
Though I do reverence, yet I hide me not;

And shall a stranger prince have leave to brag
Unto a foreign nation, that he made
Philaster hide himself?
Are. He cannot know it. [world
Phi. Though it should sleep for ever to the
It is a simple sin to hide myself,
Which will for ever on my conscience lie.
Are. Then, good Philaster, give him scope and way
In what he says; for he is apt to speak
What you are loth to hear: For my sake, do.
Phi. I will.

Enter Pharamond.

Pha. My princely mistress, as true lovers ought,
I come to kiss these fair hands; and to shew,
In outward ceremonies, the dear love
Writ in my heart.
Phi. If I shall have an answer no directlier,
I am gone.
Pha. To what would he have answer?
Are. To his claim unto the kingdom.
Pha. Sirrah, I forbare you before the king.
Phi. Good Sir, do so still: I would not talk with you.
Pha. But now the time is fitter: Do but offer
To make mention of your right to any kingdom,
Though it be scarce habitable——
Phi. Good Sir, let me go.
Pha. And by my sword——
Phi. Peace, Pharamond! If thou——
Are. Leave us, Philaster.
Phi. I have done.
Pha. You are gone: By Heav'n, I'll fetch you back.
Phi. You shall not need.
Pha. What now?
Phi. Know, Pharamond,
I loath to brawl with such a blast as thou,
Who art nought but a valiant voice: But if
Thou shalt provoke me further, men shall say
'Thou wert,' and not lament it.
Pha. Do you slight
My greatness so, and in the chamber of the princess?
Phi. It is a place, to which, I must confess,
I owe a reverence: But were't the church,
Ay, at the altar, there's no place so safe,
Where thou dar'st injure me, but I dare kill thee
And for your greatness, know, Sir, I can grasp
You, and your greatness thus, thus into nothing.
Give not a word, not a word back! Farewell.
[*Exit Philaster.*
Pha. 'Tis an odd fellow, madam: We must stop
His mouth with some office, when we are married.
Are. You were best make him your controller.
Phi. I think he would discharge it well. But, madam,
I hope our hearts are knit; and yet so slow
The ceremonies of state are, that 'twill be long
Before our hands be so. If then you please,
Being agreed in heart, let us not wait
For dreaming form, but take a little stol'n
Delights, and so prevent our joys to come.
Are. If you dare speak such thoughts,
I must withdraw in honour. [*Exit.*
Pha. The constitution of my body will never hold out till the wedding. I must seek elsewhere. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

Enter Philaster and Bellario.

Phi. And thou shalt find her honourable, boy;
Full of regard unto thy tender youth,
For thine own modesty; and, for my sake,
Apter to give than thou wilt be to ask,
Ay, or deserve.
Bel. Sir, you did take me up when I was nothing;
And only yet am something, by being yours.
You trusted me unknown; and that which you were apt
To construe a simple innocence in me,
Perhaps, might have been craft; the cunning of a boy
Hard'ned in lies and theft: Yet ventur'd you
To part my miseries and me; for which,
I never can expect to serve a lady
That bears more honour in her breast than you.
Phi. But, boy, it will prefer thee. Thou art young,
And bear'st a childish overflowing love
To them that clap thy cheeks, and speak thee fair yet.
But when thy judgment comes to rule those passions,
Thou wilt remember best those careful friends,
That plac'd thee in the noblest way of life.
She is a princess I prefer thee to.
Bel. In that small time that I have seen the world,
I never knew a man hasty to part
With a servant he thought trusty: I remember,
My father would prefer the boys he kept
To greater men than he; but did it not
Till they were grown too saucy for himself.
Phi. Why, gentle boy, I find no fault at all
In thy behaviour.
Bel. Sir, if I have made
A fault of ignorance, instruct my youth:
I shall be willing, if not apt, to learn;
Age and experience will adorn my mind
With larger knowledge: And if I have done
A wilful fault, think me not past all hope,
For once. What master holds so strict a hand
Over his boy, that he will part with him
Without one warning? Let me be corrected,
To break my stubbornness, if it be so,
Rather than turn me off, and I shall mend.
Phi. Thy love doth plead so prettily to stay,
That, trust me, I could weep to part with thee.
Alas! I do not turn thee off; thou know'st
It is my business that doth call thee hence;
And, when thou art with her, thou dwell'st with me
Think so, and 'tis so. And when time is full,
That thou hast well discharg'd this heavy trust,
Laid on so weak a one, I will again
With joy receive thee; as I live, I will.

Nay, weep not, gentle boy! 'Tis more than time
Thou didst attend the princess.
Bel. I am gone.
But since I am to part with you, my lord,
And none knows whether I shall live to do
More service for you, take this little prayer:
Heav'n bless your loves, your fights, all your designs!
May sick men, if they have your wish, be well;
And Heav'n hate those you curse, though I be one! [*Exit.*
Phi. The love of boys unto their lords is strange:
I have read wonders of it: Yet this boy,
For my sake (if a man may judge by looks
And speech) would out-do story. I may see
A day to pay him for his loyalty. [*Exit Phi.*

Enter Pharamond.

Pha. Why should these ladies stay so long? They must come this way: I know the queen employs 'em not; for the reverend mother sent me word, they would all be for the garden. If they should all prove honest now, I were in a fair taking. I was never so long without sport in my life; and, in my conscience, 'tis not my fault. Oh, for our country ladies! Here's one bolted; I'll hound at her.

Enter Galatea.

Gal. Your grace!
Pha. Shall I not be a trouble?
Gal. Not to me, Sir.
Pha. Nay, nay, you are too quick. By this sweet hand———
Gal. You'll be forsworn, Sir; 'tis but an old glove. If you will talk at distance, I am for you: But, good prince, be not bawdy, nor do not brag; these two I bar: And then, I think, I shall have sense enough to answer all the weighty apothegms your royal blood shall manage.
Pha. Dear lady, can you love?
Gal. Dear, prince! how dear? I ne'er cost you a coach yet, nor put you to the dear repentance of a banquet. Here's no scarlet, Sir, to blush the sin out it was given for. This wire mine own hair covers; and this face has been so far from being dear to any, that it ne'er cost penny painting. And, for the rest of my poor wardrobe, such as you see, it leaves no hand behind it, to make the jealous mercer's wife curse our good doings.
Pha. You mistake me, lady.
Gal. Lord, I do so: 'Would you, or I, could help it!
Pha. Do ladies of this country use to give no more respect to men of my full being?
Gal. Full being! I understand you not, unless your grace means growing to fatness; and then your only remedy (upon my knowledge, prince) is, in a morning, a cup of neat white-wine, brew'd with carduus; then fast till supper; about eight you may eat; use exercise, and keep a sparrow-hawk; you can shoot in a tiller*:
But, of all, your grace must fly phlebotomy, fresh pork, conger, and clarified whey: The are all dullers of the vital spirits.
Pha. Lady, you talk of nothing all this while.
Gal. 'Tis very true, Sir; I talk of you.
Pha. This is a crafty wench; I like her wit well; 'twill be rare to stir up a leaden appetite. She's a Danäe, and must be courted in a shower of gold. Madam, look here: All these, and more than——
Gal. What have you there, my lord? Gold: Now, as I live, 'tis fair gold! You would have silver for it, to play with the pages: You could not have taken me in a worse time; but, if you have present use, my lord, I'll send my man with silver, and keep your gold for you.
Pha. Lady, lady!
Gal. She's coming, Sir, behind, will take white money. Yet, for all this I'll match you.

Exit Gal. behind the hangings.

Pha. If there be but two such more in this kingdom, and near the court, we may even hang up our harps. Ten such camphire constitutions as this, would call the golden age again in question, and teach the old way for every ill-fac'd husband to get his own children; and what a mischief that will breed, let all consider!

Enter Megra.

Here's another: If she be of the same last, the devil shall pluck her on. Many fair mornings, lady.
Meg. As many mornings bring as many days,
Fair, sweet, and hopeful to your grace.
Pha. She gives good words yet; sure, this wench is free.
If your more serious business do not call you,
Let me hold quarter with you; we'll talk an hour.
Out quickly.
Meg. What would your grace talk of?
Pha. Of some such pretty subject as yourself.
I'll go no further than your eye, or lip;
There's theme enough for one man for an age.
Meg. Sir, they stand right, and my lips are yet even,
Smooth, young enough, ripe enough, red enough,
Or my glass wrongs me.
Pha. Oh, they are two twinn'd cherries dy'd in blushes,
Which those fair suns above, with their bright beams,
Reflect upon and ripen. Sweetest beauty,
Bow down those branches, that the longing taste
Of the faint looker-on may meet those blessings,
And taste and live.
Meg. Oh, delicate sweet prince!
She that hath snow enough about her heart.
To take the wanton spring of ten such lines off,
May be a nun without probation. Sir,
You have, in such neat poetry, gather'd a kiss,
That if I had but five lines of that number,
Such pretty begging blanks, I should commend
Your forehead, or your cheeks, and kiss you too.
Pha. Do it in prose; you cannot miss it, madam.

* *You can shoot in a tiller;*] *i. e.* a stand; a small tree left in a wood for growth, till it is fellable: Or it may mean rather, in a steel bow; *quasi dicas*, a *steeler*: *i. e. Arcus chalybeatus*, as Skinner says in his *Etymologicum*. *Mr. Theobald.*

Meg. I shall, I shall.
Pha. By my life, you shall not.
I'll prompt you first: Can you do it now?
Meg. Methinks 'tis easy, now I ha' don't before;
But yet I shall stick at it.
Pha. Stick till to-morrow;
I'll ne'er part you, sweetest. But we lose time.
Can you love me?
* * * * *
Meg. Why, prince, you have a lady of your own.
* * * * *
Meg. Has your grace seen the court-star, Galatea?
Pha. Out upon her! She's as cold of her favour as an apoplex: She sail'd by but now.
Meg. And how do you hold her wit, Sir?
Pha. I hold her wit? The strength of all the guard cannot hold it, if they were tied to it; she would blow 'em out of the kingdom. They talk of Jupiter; he's but a squib-cracker to her: Look well about you, and you may find a tongue-bolt. But speak, sweet lady, shall I be freely welcome?
* * * * *
Pha. Make your own conditions, my purse shall seal 'em, and what you dare imagine you can want, I'll furnish you withal: Give two hours to your thoughts every morning about it. Come, I know you are bashful; speak in my ear, will you be mine? Keep this, and with it me: Soon I will visit you.
Meg. My lord, my chamber's most unsafe; but when 'tis night, I'll find some means to slip into your lodging; till when——
Pha. Till when, this, and my heart go with thee. [*Exeunt several ways.*

Enter Galatea from behind the hangings.

Gal. Oh, thou pernicious petticoat-prince! are these your virtues? Well, if I do not lay a train to blow your sport up, I am no woman: And, lady Dowsabel*, I'll fit you for't. [*Exit.*

Enter Arethusa and a Lady.

Are. Where's the boy?
Lady. Within, madam.
Are. Gave you him gold to buy him cloaths?
Lady. I did.
Are. And has he don't?
Lady. Yes, madam.
Are. 'Tis a pretty sad-talking boy, is it not? Ask'd you his name?
Lady. No, madam.

Enter Galatea.

Are. Oh, you are welcome. What good news?
Gal. As good as any one can tell your grace. That says, she has done that you would have wish'd.
Are. Hast thou discover'd?
Gal. I have strain'd a point of modesty for you
Are. I prithee, how?
Gal. In list'ning after bawdry. I see, let a lady live never so modestly, she shall be sure to find a lawful time to hearken after bawdry. Your prince, brave Pharamond, was so hot on't!
Are. With whom?
Gal. Why, with the lady I suspected: I can tell the time and place.
Are. Oh, when, and where?
Gal. To-night, his lodging.
Are. Run thyself into the presence; mingle there again
With other ladies; leave the rest to me.
If Destiny (to whom we dare not say,
'Why, thou did'st this!') have not decreed it so
In lasting leaves (whose smallest characters
Were never altered) yet, this match shall break.
Where's the boy?
Lady. Here, madam.

Enter Bellario.

Are. Sir, you are sad to change your service; is't not so?
Bel. Madam, I have not chang'd; I wait on you,
To do him service.
Are. Thou disclaim'st in me.
Tell me thy name.
Bel. Bellario.
Are. Thou can'st sing, and play?
Bel. If grief will give me leave, madam, I can.
Are. Alas! what kind of grief can thy years know?
Hadst thou a curst master when thou went'st to school?
Thou art not capable of other grief.
Thy brows and cheecks are smooth as waters be,
When no breath troubles them: Believe me, boy,
Care seeks out wrinkled brows and hollow eyes,
And builds himself caves, to abide in them.
Come, Sir, tell me truly, does your lord love me?
Bel. Love, madam? I know not what it is.
Are. Can'st thou know grief, and never yet knew'st love?
Thou art deceiv'd, boy. Does he speak of me,
As if he wish'd me well?
Bel. If it be love,
To forget all respect of his own friends,
In thinking of your face; if it be love,
To sit cross-arm'd, and sigh away the day,
Mingled with starts, crying your name as loud
And hastily as men i' th' streets do fire;
If it be love, to weep himself away,
When he but hears of any lady dead
Or kill'd, because it might have been your chance;
If, when he goes to rest (which will not be)
'Twixt ev'ry prayer he says, to name you once,
As others drop a bead; be to be in love,
Then, madam, I dare swear he loves you.
Are. Oh, you're a cunning boy, and taught to lie,
For your lord's credit; but thou know'st a lie,
That bears this sound, is welcomer to me
Than any truth, that says he loves me not.
Lead the way, boy. Do you attend me too.
'Tis thy lord's business hastes me thus. Away.
[*Exeunt.*

* Mr. Theobald supposes the word Dowsabel to be a corruption of *douce et belle*, here used ironically.

Enter Dion, Cleremont, Thrasiline, Megra, and Galatea.

Dion. Come, ladies, shall we talk a round? As men
Do walk a mile, women should talk an hour,
After supper: 'Tis their exercise.
Gal. 'Tis late.
Meg. 'Tis all
My eyes will do to lead me to my bed.
Gal. I fear, they are so heavy, you'll scarce find
The way to your lodging with 'em to-night.

Enter Pharamond.

Thra. The prince!
Pha. Not a-bed, ladies? You're good sitters-up.
What think you of a pleasant dream, to last
Till morning?
Meg. I should chuse, my lord, a pleasing wake before it.

Enter Arethusa and Bellario.

Are. 'Tis well, my lord; you're courting of ladies.
Is't not late, gentlemen?
Cle. Yes, madam.
Are. Wait you there. [*Exit.*
Meg. She's jealous, as I live. Look you my lord,
The princess has a Hilas, an Adonis.
Pha. His form is angel-like,
Meg. Why, this is he must, when you are wed,
Sit by your pillow, like young Apollo, with
His hand and voice, binding your thoughts in sleep:
The princess does provide him for you, and for herself.
Pha. I find no music in these boys.
Meg. Nor I.
* * * * * * * * * * * *
Dion. Serves he the princess?
Thra. Yes.
Dion. 'Tis a sweet boy; how brave she keeps him.
Pha. Ladies all, good rest; I mean to kill a buck
To-morrow morning, ere you've done your dreams. [*Exit.*
Meg. All happiness attend your grace! Gentlemen, good rest.
Come, shall we go to-bed?
Gal. Yes; all good night. [*Exeunt Gal. and Meg.*
Dion. May your dreams be true to you.
What shall we do, gallants? 'tis late. The king
Is up still; see, he comes; a guard along
With him.

Enter King, Arethusa, and guard.

King. Look your intelligence be true.
Are. Upon my life, it is: And I do hope,
Your highness will not tie me to a man,
That, in the heat of wooing, throws me off,
And takes another.
Dion. What should this mean?
King. If it be true,
The lady had much better have embrac'd
Cureless disease: Get you to your rest. [*Exeunt Are. and Bel.*
You shall be righted. Gentlemen, draw near;
We shall employ you. Is young Pharamond
Come to his lodging?
Dion. I saw him enter there.
King. Haste, some of you, and cunningly discover
If Megra be in her lodging.
Cle. Sir,
She parted hence but now, with other ladies.
King. If she be there, we shall not need to make
A vain discovery of our suspicion.
Ye gods, I see, that who unrighteously
Holds wealth, or state, from others, shall be curst
In that which meaner men are blest withall.
Ages to come shall know no male of him
Left to inherit; and his name shall be
Blotted from earth. If he have any child,
It shall be crossly match'd; the gods themselves
Shall sow wild strife betwixt her lord and her.
Yet, if it be your wills, forgive the sin
I have committed; let it not fall
Upon this under-standing child of mine;
She has not broke your laws. But how can I
Look to be heard of gods, that must be just,
Praying upon the ground I hold by wrong?

Enter Dion.

Dion. Sir, I have asked, and her women swear she is within; but they, I think, are bawds: I told 'em, I must speak with her; they laugh'd, and said, their lady lay speechless. I said, my business was important; they said, their lady was about it: I grew hot, and cried, my business was a matter that concerned life and death; they answer'd, so was sleeping, at which their lady was. I urg'd again, she had scarce time to be so since last I saw her; they smil'd again, and seem'd to instruct me, that sleeping was nothing but lying down and winking. Answers more direct I could not get: In short, Sir, I think she is not there. [guard,
King. 'Tis then no time to dally. You o'th'
Wait at the back door of the prince's lodging,
And see that none pass thence, upon your lives.
Knock, gentlemen! Knock loud! Louder yet!
What, has their pleasure taken off their hearing;
I'll break your meditations. Knock again!
Not yet? I do not think he sleeps, having this
Larum by him. Once more. Pharamond! prince!

Pharamond above.

Pha. What saucy groom knocks at this dead of night?
Where be our waiters? By my vexed soul,
He meets his death, that meets me, for this boldness.
King. Prince, you wrong your thoughts; we are your friends.
Come down.

Pha. The king?
King. The same, Sir; come down.
We have cause of present counsel with you.
Pha. If your grace please to use me, I'll attend you
To your chamber. [*Pha. below.*
King. No, 'tis too late, prince; I'll make bold with yours.
Pha. I have some private reasons to myself,
Make me unmannerly, and say, 'you cannot.'
Nay, press not forward, gentlemen; he must
Come through my life, that comes here.
[*Enters.*
King. Sir, be resolv'd,
I must and will come.
Pha. I'll not be dishonour'd.
He that enters, enters upon his death.
Sir, 'tis a sign you make no stranger of me,
To bring these renegadoes to my chamber,
At these unseason'd hours.
King. Why do you [shall be!
Chafe yourself so? You are not wrong'd, nor
Only I'll search your lodging, for some cause
To ourself known: Enter, I say.
Pha. I say, no. [*Meg. above.*
Meg. Let 'em enter, prince; let 'em enter;
I am up, and ready: I know their business:
'Tis the poor breaking of a lady's honour,
They hunt so hotly after; let 'em enjoy it,
You have your business, gentlemen; I lay here.
Oh, my lord the king, this is not noble in you
To make public the weakness of a woman.
King. Come down.
Meg. I dare, my lord. Your whootings and your clamours,
Your private whispers, and your broader fleerings,
Can no more vex my soul, than this base carriage.
But I have vengeance yet in store for some,
Shall, in the most contempt you can have of me,
Be joy and nourishment.
King. Will you come down?
Meg. Yes, to laugh at your worst; But I shall wring you,
If my skill fail me not.
King. Sir, I must dearly chide you for this looseness
You have wrong'd a worthy lady; but, no more.
Conduct him to my lodging, and to-bed.
Enter Megra.
Now, lady of honour, where's your honour now? now?
No man can fit your palate, but the prince.
Thou most ill-shrowded rottenness; thou piece
Made by a painter and a 'pothecary;
Thou troubled sea of lust; thou wilderness,
Inhabited by wild thoughts; thou swol'n cloud
Of infection; thou ripe mine of all diseases;
Thou all sin, all hell, and last, all devils, tell me,
Had you none to pull on with your courtesies,
But he that must be mine, and wrong my daughter?
By all the gods, all these, and all the pages,
And all the court, shall hoot thee through the court;
Fling rotten oranges, make ribald rhymes,
And sear thy name with candles upon walls.
Do you laugh, lady Venus?
Meg. 'Faith, Sir, you must pardon me;
I cannot choose but laugh to see you merry.
If you do this, oh, king! nay, if you dare do it,
By all those gods you swore by, and as many
More of mine own, I will have fellows, and
Such fellows in it, as shall make noble mirth.
The princess, your daughter, shall stand by me
On walls, and sung in ballads, any thing.
Urge me no more; I know her and her haunts,
Her lays, leaps, and outlays, and will discover all;
Nay, will dishonour her. I know the boy
She keeps; a handsome boy, about eighteen;
Know what she does with him, where, and when.
Come, sir, you put me to a woman's madness,
The glory of a fury; and if I do not
Do it to the height——
King. What boy is this she raves at?
Meg. Alas! good-minded prince, you know not these things;
I am loth to reveal 'em. Keep this fault,
As you would keep your health, from the hot air
Of the corrupted people, or, by Heav'n,
I will not fall alone. What I have known,
Shall be as public as a print! all tongues
Shall speak it, as they do the language they
Are born in, as free and commonly; I'll set it,
Like a prodigious star, for all to gaze at;
And so high and glowing, that other kingdoms,
Far and foreign,
Shall read it there, nay, travel with it, 'till they find
No tongue to make it more, nor no more people;
And then behold the fall of your fair princess.
King. Has she a boy?
Cle. So please your grace. I have seen a boy wait
On her; a fair boy.
King. Go, get you to your quarter:
For this time I'll study to forget you.
Meg. Do you study to forget me, and I'll study
To forget you. [*Ex. King, Meg. and guard.*
Cle. Why, here's a male spirit for Hercules.
If ever there be nine worthies of women, this wench shall ride astride, and be their captain.
Dion. Sure she has a garrison of devils in her tongue, she uttereth such balls of wild-fire. She has so nettled the king, that all the doctors in the country will scarce cure him. That boy was a strange found-out antidote to cure her infection: That boy, that princess' boy; that brave, chaste, virtuous lady's boy; and a fair boy, a well-spoken boy! All these considered, can make nothing else. But there I leave you, gentlemen.
Thra. Nay, we'll go wander with you.
[*Exeunt*

ACT III.

Enter Clermont, Dion, and Thrasiline.

Cle. Nay, doubtless, 'tis true.
Dion. Ay; and 'tis the gods
That rais'd this punishment, to scourge the king
With his own issue. Is it not a shame
For us, that should write noble in the land,
For us, that should be freemen, to behold
A man, that is the bravery of his age,
Philaster, press'd down from his royal right,
By this regardless king? and only look
And see the sceptre ready to be cast
Into the hands of that lascivious lady,
That lives in lust with a smooth boy, now to be
Married to yon strange prince, who, but that people
Please to let him be a prince, is born a slave
In that which should be his most noble part,
His mind?
Thra. That man, that would not stir with you,
To aid Philaster, let the gods forget
That such a creature walks upon the earth.
Cle. Philaster is too backward in't himself.
The gentry do await it, and the people,
Against their nature, are all bent for him,
And like a field of standing corn, that's mov'd
With a stiff gale, their heads bow all one way.
Dion. The only cause, that draws Philaster back
From this attempt, is the fair princess' love,
Which he admires, and we can now confute.
Thra. Perhaps, he'll not believe it.
Dion. Why, gentlemen,
'Tis without question so.
Cle. Ay, 'tis past speech,
She lives dishonestly: But how shall we,
If he be curious, work upon his faith?
Thra. We all are satisfied within ourselves.
Dion. Since it is true, and tends to his own good,
I'll make this new report to be my knowledge:
I'll say I know it; nay, I'll swear I saw it.
Cle. It will be best.
Thra. 'Twill move him.

Enter Philaster.

Dion. Here he comes.
Good-morrow to your honour! We have spent
Some time in seeking you.
Phi. My worthy friends,
You that can keep your memories to know
Your friend in miseries, and cannot frown
On men disgrac'd for virtue, a good day
Attend you all! What service may I do
Worthy your acceptation?
Dion. My good lord,
We come to urge that virtue, which we know
Lives in your breast, forth! Rise, and make a head,
The nobles and the people are all dull'd
With this usurping king; and not a man,
That ever heard the word, or knew such a thing
As virtue, but will second your attempts.

Phi. How honourable is this love in you
To me, that have deserv'd none? Know, my friends,
(You, that were born to shame your poor Philaster
With too much courtesy) I could afford
To melt myself in thanks: But my designs
Are not yet ripe; suffice it, that ere long
I shall employ your loves; but yet the time
Is short of what I would.
Dion. The time is fuller, Sir, than you expect:
That which hereafter will not, perhaps, be reach'd
By violence, may now be caught. As for the king,
You know the people have long hated him;
But now the princess, whom they lov'd——
Phi. Why, what of her?
Dion. Is loath'd as much as he.
Phi. By what strange means?
Dion. She's known a whore.
Phi. Thou ly'st.
Dion. My lord——
Phi. Thou ly'st,
[*Offers to draw, and is held.*
And thou shalt feel it. I had thought, thy mind
Had been of honour. Thus to rob a lady
Of her good name, is an infectious sin,
Not to be pardon'd: Be it false as hell,
'Twill never be redeem'd, if it be sown
Amongst the people, fruitful to increase
All evil they shall hear. Let me alone,
That I may cut off falsehood, whilst it springs!
Set hills on hills betwixt me and the man
That utters this, and I will scale them all,
And from the utmost top fall on his neck,
Like thunder from a cloud.
Dion. This is most strange:
Sure he does love her.
Phi. I do love fair truth:
She is my mistress, and who injures her,
Draws vengeance from me. Sirs, let go my arms.
Thra. Nay, good my lord, be patient.
Cle. Sir, remember this is your honour'd friend,
That comes to do his service, and will shew
You why he utter'd this.
Phi. I ask you pardon, Sir;
My zeal to truth made me unmannerly:
Should I have heard dishonour spoke of you,
Behind your back untruly, I had been
As much distemper'd and enrag'd as now.
Dion. But this, my lord, is truth.
Phi. Oh, say not so! good Sir, forbear to say so!
'Tis then truth, that all womankind is false!
Urge it no more; it is impossible.
Why, should you think the princess light?
Dion. Why, she was taken at it.
Phi. 'Tis false! Oh, Heav'n! 'tis false! it cannot be!
Can it? Speak, gentlemen; for love of truth, speak!
Is't possible? Can women all be damn'd?

Dion. Why, no, my lord.
Phi. Why, then, it cannot be.
Dion. And she was taken with her boy.
Phi. What boy?
Dion. A page, a boy that serves her.
Phi. Oh, good gods!
A little boy?
Dion. Ay; know you him, my lord?
Phi. Hell and sin know him!—Sir, you are deceiv'd;
I'll reason it a little coldly with you:
If she were lustful, would she take a boy,
That knows not yet desire? She would have one
Should meet her thoughts, and know the sin he acts,
Which is the great delight of wickedness.
You are abus'd, and so is she, and I.
Dion. How you, my lord?
Phi. Why, all the world's abus'd
In an unjust report.
Dion. Oh, noble Sir, your virtues
Cannot look into the subtle thoughts of woman.
In short, my lord, I took them; I myself.
Phi. Now, all the devils, thou didst! Fly from my rage!
'Would thou hadst ta'en devils engend'ring plagues,
When thou didst take them! Hide thee from my eyes!
'Would thou hadst taken thunder on thy breast,
When thou didst take them; or been strucken dumb
For ever; that this foul deed might have slept
In silence!
Thra. Have you known him so ill-temper'd?
Cle. Never before.
Phi. The winds, that are let loose
From the four sev'ral corners of the earth,
And spread themselves all over sea and land,
Kiss not a chaste one. What friend bears a sword
To run me through?
Dion. Why, my lord, are you so mov'd at this?
Phi. When any falls from virtue, I'm distract;
I have an int'rest in't.
Dion. But, good my lord, recall yourself,
And think what's best to be done.
Phi. I thank you; I will do it.
Please you to leave me: I'll consider of it.
To-morrow I will find your lodging forth,
And give you answer.
Dion. All the gods direct you
The readiest way!
Thra. He was extreme impatient.
Cle. It was his virtue, and his noble mind.
[*Exeunt Dion, Cle. and Thra.*
Phi. I had forgot to ask him where he took them.
I'll follow him. Oh, that I had a sea
Within my breast, to quench the fire I feel!
More circumstances will but fan this fire.
It more afflicts me now, to know by whom
This deed is done, than simply that 'tis done:
And he, that tells me this, is honourable,
As far from lies as she is far from truth.
Oh, that, like beasts, we could not grieve ourselves,
With that we see not! Bulls and rams will fight
To keep their females, standing in their sight;
But take 'em from them, and you take at once
Their spleens away; and they will fall again
Unto their pastures, growing fresh and fat;
And taste the water of the springs as sweet
As 'twas before, finding no start in sleep.
But miserable man——See, see, you gods,

Enter Bellario.

He walks still; and the face, you let him wear
When he was innocent, is still the same,
Not blasted! Is this justice? Do you mean
To intrap mortality, that you allow
Treason so smooth a brow? I cannot now
Think he is guilty.
Bel. Health to you, my lord!
The princess doth commend her love, her life,
And this, unto you.
Phi. Oh, Bellario!
Now I perceive she loves me; she does shew it
In loving thee, my boy: Sh'as made thee brave.
Bel. My lord, she has attir'd me past my wish,
Past my desert; more fit for her attendant,
Though far unfit for me, who do attend.
Phi. Thou art grown courtly, boy.—Oh, let all women,
That love black deeds, learn to dissemble here,
Here, by this paper! She does write to me,
As if her heart were mines of adamant
To all the world besides; but, unto me,
A maiden-snow that melted with my looks.
Tell me, my boy, how doth the princess use thee?
For I shall guess her love to me by that.
Bel. Scarce like her servant, but as if I were
Something ally'd to her; or had preserv'd
Her life three times by my fidelity.
As mothers fond do use their only sons;
As I'd use one, that's left unto my trust,
For whom my life should pay, if he met harm,
So she does use me.
Phi. Why, this is wondrous well:
But what kind language does she feed thee with?
Bel. Why, she does tell me, she will trust my youth
With all her loving secrets; and does call me
Her pretty servant; bids me weep no more
For leaving you; she'll see my services
Regarded; and such words of that soft strain,
That I am nearer weeping when she ends
Than ere she spake.
Phi. This is much better still.
Bel. Are you not ill, my lord?
Phi. Ill? No, Bellario.
Bel. Methinks, your words
Fall not from off your tongue so evenly,
Nor is there in your looks that quietness,
That I was wont to see.
Phi. Thou art deceiv'd, boy:
And she strokes thy head?

Bel. Yes.
Phi. And she does clap thy cheeks?
Bel. She does, my lord.
Phi. And she does kiss thee, boy? ha!
Bel. How, my lord?
Phi. She kisses thee?
Bel. Not so, my lord.
Phi. Come, come, I know she does.
Bel. No, by my life.
Phi. Why then she does not love me. Come, she does.
I bad her do it; I charg'd her, by all charms
Of love between us, by the hope of peace
We should enjoy, to yield thee all delights.
* * * * * * * * *
* * * * * Tell me, gentle boy,
Is she not paralleless? Is not her breath
Sweet as Arabian winds, when fruits are ripe?
Are not her breasts two liquid ivory balls?
Is she not all a lasting mine of joy?
Bel. Ay, now I see why my disturbed thoughts
Were so perplex'd: when first I went to her,
My heart held augury. You are abus'd;
Some villain has abus'd you! I do see
Whereto you tend: Fall rocks upon his head,
That put this to you: 'Tis some subtle train,
To bring that noble frame of yours to nought.
Phi. Thou think'st I will be angry with thee. Come,
Thou shalt know all my drift: I hate her more
Than I love happiness, and plac'd thee there,
To pry with narrow eyes into her deeds.
Hast thou discover'd? Is she fall'n to lust,
As I would wish her? Speak some comfort to me.
Bel. My lord, you did mistake the boy you sent:
Had she the lust of sparrows, or of goats;
Had she a sin that way, hid from the world,
Beyond the name of lust, I would not aid
Her base desires; but what I came to know
As servant to her, I would not reveal,
To make my life last ages.
Phi. Oh, my heart!
This is a salve worse than the main disease.
Tell me thy thoughts; for I will know the least
That dwells within thee, or will rip thy heart
To know it: I will see thy thoughts as plain
As I do now thy face.
Bel. Why, so you do.
She is (for ought I know) by all the gods,
As chaste as ice: but were she foul as hell,
And I did know it thus, the breath of kings,
The points of swords, tortures, nor bulls of brass,
Should draw it from me.
Phi. Then it is no time
To dally with thee; I will take thy life,
For I do hate thee: I could curse thee now.
Bel. If you do hate, you could not curse me worse:
The gods have not a punishment in store
Greater for me, than is your hate.
Phi. Fie, fie, so young and so dissembling!
Tell me when and where thou didst enjoy her,
Or let plagues fall on me, if I destroy thee not.
Bel. Heav'n knows I never did; and when I lie
To save my life, may I live long and loath'd.
Hew me asunder, and, whilst I can think,
I'll love those pieces you have cut away,
Better than those that grow; and kiss those limbs
Because you made 'em so.
Phi. Fear'st thou not death?
Can boys contemn that?
Bel. Oh, what boy is he
Can be content to live to be a man,
That sees the best of men thus passionate,
Thus without reason?
Phi. Oh, but thou dost not know
What 'tis to die.
Bel. Yes, I do know, my lord:
'Tis less than to be born; a lasting sleep,
A quiet resting from all jealousy;
A thing we all pursue. I know besides,
It is but giving over of a game that must be lost.
Phi. But there are pains, false boy,
For perjur'd souls: Think but on these, and then
Thy heart will melt, and thou wilt utter all.
Bel. May they fall all upon me whilst I live,
If I be perjur'd, or have ever thought
Of that you charge me with. If I be false,
Send me to suffer in those punishments
You speak of; kill me.
Phi. Oh, what should I do?
Why, who can but believe him? He does swear
So earnestly, that if it were not true,
The gods would not endure him. Rise, Bellario!
Thy protestations are so deep, and thou
Dost look so truly, when thou utter'st them,
That though I know 'em false, as were my hopes,
I cannot urge thee further. But thou wert
To blame to injure me, for I must love
Thy honest looks, and take no revenge upon
Thy tender youth: a love from me to thee
Is firm, whate'er thou dost. It troubles me
That I have call'd the blood out of thy cheeks,
That did so well become thee. But, good boy,
Let me not see thee more: Something is done,
That will distract me, that will make me mad,
If I behold thee. If thou tender'st me,
Let me not see thee.
Bel. I will fly as far
As there is morning, ere I give distaste
To that most honour'd mind. But through these tears,
Shed at my hopeless parting, I can see
A world of treason practis'd upon you,
And her, and me. Farewell, for evermore!
If you shall hear that sorrow struck me dead,
And after find me loyal, let there be
A tear shed from you in my memory,
And I shall rest at peace.
[*Exit.*
Phi. Blessing be with thee,
Whatever thou deserv'st! Oh, where shall I
Go bathe this body? Nature, too unkind,
That made no med'cine for a troubled mind!
[*Exit.*

Enter Arethusa.

Are. I marvel my boy comes not back again:
But that I know my love will question him
Over and over, how I slept, wak'd, talk'd;
How I rememb'red him when his dear name
Was last spoke, and how, when I sigh'd, wept, sung,
And ten thousand such; I should be angry at his stay.

Enter King.

King. What, at your meditations? Who attends you?
Are. None but my single self. I need no guard;
I do no wrong, nor fear none.
King. Tell me, have you not a boy?
Are. Yes, Sir.
King. What kind of boy?
Are. A page, a waiting-boy.
King. A handsome boy?
Are. I think he be not ugly:
Well qualified, and dutiful, I know him;
I took him not for beauty.
King. He speaks, and sings, and plays?
Are. Yes, Sir.
King. About eighteen?
Are. I never ask'd his age.
King. Is he full of service?
Are. By your pardon, why do you ask?
King. Put him away.
Are. Sir!
King. Put him away, h' as done you that good service,
Shames me to speak of.
Are. Good Sir, let me understand you.
King. If you fear me,
Shew it in duty: Put away that boy.
Are. Let me have reason for it, Sir, and then
Your will is my command.
King. Do not you blush to ask it? Cast him off,
Or I shall do the same to you. You're one
Shame with me, and so near unto myself,
That, by my life, I dare not tell myself,
What you, myself, have done.
Are. What have I done, my lord?
King. 'Tis a new language, that all love to learn:
The common people speak it well already;
They need no grammar. Understand me well;
There be foul whispers stirring. Cast him off,
And suddenly: Do it! Farewell. [*Exit King.*
Are. Where may a maiden live securely free,
Keeping her honour safe? Not with the living;
They feed upon opinions, errors, dreams,
And make 'em truths; they draw a nourishment
Out of defamings, grow upon disgraces;
And, when they see a virtue fortify'd
Strongly above the batt'ry of their tongues,
Oh, how they cast to sink it; and, defeated,
(Soul-sick with poison) strike the monuments
Where noble names lie sleeping; till they sweat,
And the cold marble melt.

Enter Philaster.

Phi. Peace to your fairest thoughts, dearest mistress.
Are. Oh, my dearest servant, I have a war within me.
Phi. He must be more than man, that makes these crystals
Run into rivers. Sweetest fair, the cause?
And, as I am your slave, tied to your goodness,
Your creature, made again from what I was,
And newly spirited, I'll right your honour.
Are. Oh, my best love, that boy!
Phi. What boy?
Are. The pretty boy you gave me——
Phi. What of him?
Are. Must be no more mine.
Phi. Why?
Are. They are jealous of him.
Phi. Jealous! who?
Are. The king.
Phi. Oh, my fortune!
Then 'tis no idle jealousy. Let him go.
Are. Oh, cruel! are you hard-hearted too?
Who shall now tell you, how much I lov'd you?
Who shall swear it to you, and weep the tears I send?
Who shall now bring you letters, rings, bracelets?
Lose his health in service? Wake tedious nights
In stories of your praise? Who shall sing
Your crying elegies? And strike a sad soul
Into senseless pictures, and make them mourn?
Who shall take up his lute, and touch it, till
He crown a silent sleep upon my eye-lid,
Making me dream, and cry, 'Oh, my dear, dear Philaster!'
Phi. Oh, my heart!
Would he had broken thee, that made thee know
This lady was not loyal. Mistress, forget
The boy: I'll get thee a far better.
Are. Oh, never, never such a boy again, as my Bellario?
Phi. 'Tis but your fond affection.
Are. With thee, my boy, farewell for ever
All secrecy in servants! Farewell faith!
And all desire to do well for itself!
Let all that shall succeed thee, for thy wrongs,
Sell and betray chaste love!
Phi. And all this passion for a boy?
Are. He was your boy, and you put him to me,
And the loss of such must have a mourning for.
Phi. Oh, thou forgetful woman!
Are. How, my lord?
Phi. False Arethusa!
Hast thou a med'cine to restore my wits,
When I have lost 'em? If not, leave to talk,
And do thus.
Are. Do what, Sir? Would you sleep?
Phi. For ever, Arethusa. Oh, ye gods,
Give me a worthy patience! Have I stood
Naked, alone, the shock of many fortunes?
Have I seen mischiefs numberless, and mighty,
Grow like a sea upon me? Have I taken
Danger as stern as death into my bosom,

And laugh'd upon it, made it but a mirth,
And flung it by? Do I live now like him,
Under this tyrant king, that languishing
Hears his sad bell, and sees his mourners? Do I
Bear all this bravely, and must sink at length
Under a woman's falsehood? Oh, that boy,
That cursed boy! None but a villain boy
To ease your lust?

Are. Nay, then I am betray'd:
I feel the plot cast for my overthrow.
Oh, I am wretched!

Phi. Now you may take that little right I have
To this poor kingdom: Give it to your joy;
For I have no joy in it. Some far place,
Where never womankind durst set her foot,
For bursting with her poisons, must I seek,
And live to curse you:
There dig a cave, and preach to birds and beasts,
What woman is, and help to save them from you:
How Heav'n is in your eyes, but, in your hearts,
More hell than hell has: How your tongues, like scorpions,
Both heal and poison: How your thoughts are woven
With thousand changes in one subtle web,
And worn so by you: How that foolish man
That reads the story of a woman's face,
And dies believing it, is lost for ever:
How all the good you have is but a shadow,
I'th' morning with you, and at night behind you,
Past and forgotten! How your vows are frosts,
Fast for a night, and with the next sun gone:
How you are, being taken all together,
A mere confusion, and so dead a chaos,
That love cannot distinguish. These sad texts,
Till my last hour, I am bound to utter of you.
So farewell all my woe, all my delight!

[*Exit Phi.*

Are. Be merciful, ye gods, and strike me dead!
What way have I deserv'd this? Make my breast
Transparent as pure crystal, that the world,
Jealous of me, may see the foulest thought
My heart holds. Where shall a woman turn her eyes,
To find out constancy? Save me, how black

(Enter Bellario.)

And guiltily, methinks, that boy looks now!
Oh, thou dissembler, that, before thou spak'st,
Wert in thy cradle false, sent to make lyes,
And betray innocents! Thy lord and thou
May glory in the ashes of a maid
Fool'd by her passion; but the conquest is
Nothing so great as wicked. Fly away!
Let my command force thee to that, which shame
Would do without it. If thou understood'st
The loathed office thou hast undergone,
Why, thou wouldst hide thee under heaps of hills,
Lest men should dig and find thee.

Bel. Oh, what god,
Angry with men, hath sent this strange disease
Into the noblest minds? Madam, this grief
You add unto me is no more than drops
To seas, for which they are not seen to swell:
My lord hath struck his anger through my heart,
And let out all the hope of future joys.
You need not bid me fly; I came to part,
To take my latest leave. Farewell for ever!
I durst not run away, in honesty,
From such a lady, like a boy that stole,
Or made some grievous fault. The pow'r of gods
Assist you in your suff'rings! Hasty time
Reveal the truth to your abused lord
And mine, that he may know your worth; whilst I
Go seek out some forgotten place to die!

[*Exit Bel.*

Are. Peace guide thee! Thou hast overthrown me once;
Yet, if I had another Troy to lose,
Thou, or another villain, with thy looks,
Might talk me out of it, and send me naked,
My hair dishevel'd, through the fiery streets.

Enter a lady.

Lady. Madam, the king would hunt, and calls for you
With earnestness.

Are. I am in tune to hunt!
Diana, if thou canst rage with a maid
As with a man, let me discover thee
Bathing, and turn me to a fearful hind,
That I may die pursu'd by cruel hounds,
And have my story written in my wounds.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter King, Pharamond, Arethusa, Galatea, Megra, Dion, Cleremont, Thrasiline, and attendants.

King. What, are the hounds before, and all the woodmen;
Our horses ready, and our bows bent?

Dion. All, Sir.

King. You're cloudy, Sir; Come, we have forgotten
Your venial trespass; let not that sit heavy
Upon your spirit; none dare utter it.

* * * * * * * *

[*To Arethusa.*]

Is your boy turn'd away?

Are. You did command, Sir, and I obey'd you.

King. 'Tis well done. Hark ye further.

Cle. Is't possible this fellow should repent? methinks, that were not noble in him; and yet he looks like a mortified member, as if he had a sick man's salve in's mouth. If a worse man had done this fault now, some physical justice or other would presently (without the help of an almanack) have opened the obstructions of his liver, and let him blood with a dog-whip.

Dion. See, see, how modestly yon lady looks, as if she came from churching with her neighbour. Why, what a devil can a man see in her face, but that she's honest?

Thra. Troth, no great matter to speak of; a foolish twinkling with the eye, that spoils her coat; but he must be a cunning herald that finds it.

King. To horse, to horse! we lose the morning, gentlemen. [*Exeunt.*

Enter two Woodmen.

1 *Wood.* What, have you lodg'd the deer?

2 *Wood.* Yes, they are ready for the bow.

1 *Wood.* Who shoots?

2 *Wood.* The princess.

1 *Wood.* No, she'll hunt.

2 *Wood.* She'll take a stand, I say.

1 *Wood.* Who else?

2 *Wood.* Why, the young stranger prince.

1 *Wood.* He shall shoot in a stone bow for me. I never lov'd his beyond-sea-ship, since he forsook the say, for paying ten shillings*: He was there at the fall of a deer, and would needs (out of his mightiness) give ten groats for the dowcets; marry, the steward would have the velvet-head into the bargain, to tuft his hat withal. I think he should love venery; he is an old Sir Tristram; for, if you be remember'd, he forsook the stage once, to strike a rascal mitching in a meadow, and her he kill'd in the eye†. Who shoots else?

2 *Wood.* The lady Galatea.

1 *Wood.* That's a good wench, She's liberal, and, by my bow, they say, she's honest; and whether that be a fault, I have nothing to do. There's all.

2 *Wood.* No, one more; Megra.

1 *Wood.* That's a firker, i' faith, boy; there's a wench will ride her haunches as hard after a kennel of hounds, as a hunting saddle. Hark! let's go. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Philaster.

Phi. Oh, that I had been nourish'd in these woods,
With milk of goats, and acorns, and not known
The right of crowns, nor the dissembling trains
Of womens' looks; but digg'd myself a cave,
Where I, my fire, my cattle, and my bed,
Might have been shut together in one shed;
And then had taken me some mountain girl,
Beaten with winds, chaste as the harden'd rocks
Whereon she dwells; that might have strew'd my bed
With leaves, and reeds, and with the skins of beasts,
Our neighbours; and have borne at her big breasts
My large coarse issue. This had been a life
Free from vexation.

Enter Bellario.

Bel. Oh, wicked men!
An innocent may walk safe among beasts;
Nothing assaults me here. See, my griev'd lord
Sits as his soul were searching out a way
To leave his body. Pardon me, that must
Break thy last commandment; for I must speak.
You, that are griev'd, can pity: Hear, my lord!

Phi. Is there a creature yet so miserable,
That I can pity?

Bel. Oh, my noble lord!
View my strange fortune; and bestow on me,
According to your bounty (if my service
Can merit nothing) so much as may serve
To keep that little piece I hold of life
From cold and hunger.

Phi. Is it thou? Begone!
Go, sell those misbeseeming clothes thou wear'st,
And feed thyself with them.

Bel. Alas! my lord, I can get nothing for them;
The silly country people think 'tis treason
To touch such gay things.

Phi. Now, by my life, this is
Unkindly done, to vex me with thy sight.
Thou'rt fall'n again to thy dissembling trade:
How should'st thou think to cozen me again?
Remains there yet a plague untry'd for me?
Ev'n so thou wept'st, and look'd'st, and spok'st, when first
I took thee up: Curse on the time! If thy
Commanding tears can work on any other,
Use thy art; I'll not betray it. Which way
Wilt thou take, that I may shun thee?
For thine eyes are poison to mine; and I
Am loth to grow in rage. This way, or that way?

Bel. Any will serve. But I will chuse to have
That path in chase that leads unto my grave.
[*Exeunt Phi. and Bel. severally.*

Enter Dion and the Woodmen.

Dion. This is the strangest sudden chance!
You, Woodmen!

1 *Wood.* My lord Dion!

Dion. Saw you a lady come this way, on a sable horse studded with stars of white?

2 *Wood.* Was she not young and tall?

Dion. Yes. Rode she to the wood or to the plain?

2 *Wood.* Faith, my lord, we saw none.
[*Exeunt Wood.*

Enter Cleremont.

Dion. Pox of your questions then! What, is she found?

Cle. Nor will be, I think.

Dion. Let him seek his daughter himself. She cannot stray about a little necessary natural business, but the whole court must be in arms: When she has done, we shall have peace.

* *I never lov'd his beyond-sea-ship, since he forsook the say, for paying ten shillings*:] When a deer is hunted down, and to be cut up, it is a ceremony for the keeper to offer his knife to a man of the first distinction in the field, that he may rip up the belly, and take an assay of the plight and fatness of the game. But this, as the Woodman says, Pharamond declined, to save the customary fee of ten shillings.—*Mr. Theobald.*

† *He forsook the stage once to strike a rascal* milking *in a meadow, and* her *he kill'd in the eye*:] A *rascal* is a lean deer, or doe; but what sense is there in a deer *milking* in a meadow? I hope I have retriev'd the true reading, *mitching*, i. e. creeping, solitary, and withdrawn from the herd. To kill her *in the eye*, is a sarcasm on Pharamond as a bad shooter; for all good ones level at the heart.—*Mr. Theobald.*

Cle. There's already a thousand fatherless tales amongst us: Some say, her horse run away with her; some, a wolf pursued her; others, it was a plot to kill her, and that armed men were seen in the wood: But, questionless, she rode away willingly.

Enter King and Thrasiline.

King. Where is she?
Cle. Sir, I cannot tell.
King. How is that? Answer me so again!
Cle. Sir, shall I lie?
King. Yes, lie again, rather than tell me that.
I say again, where is she? Mutter not!
Sir, speak you; where is she?
Dion. Sir, I do not know.
King. Speak that again so boldly, and, by Heav'n,
It is thy last. You, fellows, answer me;
Where is she? Mark me, all, I am your king;
I wish to see my daughter; shew her me;
I do command you all, as you are subjects,
To shew her me! What, am I not your king?
If 'ay,' then am I not to be obey'd?
Dion. Yes, if you command things possible and honest.
King. Things possible and honest! Hear me, thou,
Thou traitor! that dar'st confine thy king to things
Possible and honest; shew her me,
Or, let me perish, if I cover not
All Sicily with blood!
Dion. Indeed I cannot, unless you tell me where she is.
King. You have betray'd me; y'have let me lose
The jewel of my life: Go, bring her me,
And set her here, before me: 'Tis the king
Will have it so; whose breath can still the winds,
Uncloud the sun, charm down the swelling sea,
And stop the flood of Heav'n. Speak, can it not?
Dion. No.
King. No! cannot the breath of kings do this?
Dion. No; nor smell sweet itself, if once the lungs
Be but corrupted.
King. Is it so? Take heed!
Dion. Sir, take you heed, how you dare the pow'rs
That must be just.
King. Alas! what are we kings?
Why do you, gods, place us above the rest,
To be serv'd, flatter'd, and ador'd, till we
Believe we hold within our hands your thunder;
And, when we come to try the pow'r we have,
There's not a leaf shakes at our threat'nings.
I have sinn'd, 'tis true, and here stand to be punish'd;
Yet would not thus be punish'd. Let me chuse
My way, and lay it on.
Dion. He articles with the gods: 'Would somebody would draw bonds, for the performance of covenants betwixt them!

Enter Pharamond, Galatea, and Megra.

King. What, is she found?
Pha. No; we have ta'en her horse:
He gallop'd empty by. There's some treason.
You, Galatea, rode with her into the wood:
Why left you her?
Gal. She did command me.
King. Command! You should not.
Gal. 'Twould ill become my fortunes and my birth,
To disobey the daughter of my king.
King. You're all cunning to obey us, for our hurt;
But I will have her.
Pha. If I have her not,
By this hand, there shall be no more Sicily.
Dion. What, will he carry it to Spain in's pocket?
Pha. I will not leave one man alive, but the king,
A cook, and a tailor.
Dion. Yet you may do well
To spare your lady-bedfellow; and her
You may keep for a spawner.
King. I see the injuries I have done must be reveng'd.
Dion. Sir, this is not the way to find her out.
King. Run all; disperse yourselves! The man that finds her,
Or, (if she be kill'd) the traitor, I'll make him great.
Dion. I know some would give five thousand pounds to find her.
Pha. Come, let us seek.
King. Each man a several way; here I myself.
Dion. Come gentlemen, we here.
Cle. Lady, you must go search too.
Meg. I had rather be search'd myself.
[*Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter Arethusa.

Are. Where am I now? Feet, find me out a away,
Without the counsel of my troubled head:
I'll follow you, boldly, about these woods,
O'er mountains, through brambles, pits, and floods.
Heaven, I hope, will ease me. I am sick.

Enter Bellario.

Bel. Yonder's my lady: Heav'n knows I want nothing.
Because I do not wish to live; yet I
Will try her charity. Oh, hear, you that have plenty!
From that flowing store, drop some on dry ground.
See,
The lively red is gone to guard her heart!
I fear she faints. Madam, look up! She breathes not.

Open once more those rosy twins, and send
Unto my lord your latest farewell. Oh, she stirs:
How is it, madam? Speak comfort.
Are. 'Tis not gently done,
To put me in a miserable life,
And hold me there: I prithee, let me go;
I shall do best without thee; I am well.

Enter Philaster.

Phi. I am to blame to be so much in rage:
I'll tell her coolly, when and where I heard
This killing truth. I will be temperate
In speaking, and as just in hearing.
Oh, monstrous! Tempt me not, ye gods! good gods,
Tempt not a frail man! What's he, that has a heart!
But he must ease it here?
Bel. My lord, help the princess.
Are. I am well: Forbear.
Phi. Let me love light'ning, let me be embrac'd
And kiss'd by scorpions, or adore the eyes
Of basilisks, rather than trust the tongues
Of hell-bred women! Some good gods look down,
And shrink these veins up; stick me here a stone,
Lasting to ages, in the memory
Of this base act! Hear me, you wicked ones!
You have put hills of fire into this breast,
Not to be quench'd with tears; for which may guilt
Sit on your bosoms! at your meals, and beds,
Despair await you! What, before my face?
Poison of asps between your lips! Diseases
Be your best issues! Nature make a curse,
And throw it on you!
Are. Dear Philaster, leave
To be enrag'd, and hear me.
Phi. I have done;
Forgive my passion. Not the calmed sea,
When Æolus locks up his windy brood,
Is less disturb'd than I: I'll make you know it.
Dear Arethusa, do but take this sword,
And search how temperate a heart I have;
Then you, and this your boy, may live and reign
In lust without controul. Wilt thou, Bellario?
I prithee, kill me: Thou art poor, and may'st
Nourish ambitious thoughts, when I am dead:
This way were freer. Am I raging now?
If I were mad, I should desire to live.
Sirs, feel my pulse: Whether have you known
A man in a more equal tune to die?
Bel. Alas, my lord, your pulse keeps madman's time,
So does your tongue.
Phi. You will not kill me, then?
Are. Kill you?
Bel. Not for a world.
Phi. I blame not thee,
Bellario: Thou hast done but that, which gods
Would have transform'd themselves to do. Be gone;
Leave me without reply; this is the last
Of all our meeting. Kill me with this sword;
Be wise, or worse will follow: We are two
Earth cannot bear at once. Resolve to do, or suffer.
Are. If my fortune be so good to let me fall
Upon thy hand, I shall have peace in death.
Yet tell me this, will there be no slanders,
No jealousy, in the other world; no ill there?
Phi. No.
Are. Shew me, then, the way.
Phi. Then guide
My feeble hand, you that have pow'r to do it,
For I must perform a piece of justice. If your youth
Have any way offended Heav'n, let pray'rs
Short and effectual reconcile you to it.
Are. I am prepar'd.

Enter a country fellow.

Coun. I'll see the king, if he be in the forest; I have hunted him these two hours; if I should come home and not see him, my sisters would laugh at me. I can see nothing but people better hors'd than myself, that outride me; I can hear nothing but shouting. These kings had need of good brains; this whooping is able to put a mean man out of his wits. There's a courtier with his sword drawn; by this hand, upon a woman, I think.
Phi. Are you at peace?
Are. With Heav'n and earth.
Phi. May they divide thy soul and body!
Coun. Hold, dastard, strike a woman! Thou'rt a craven, I warrant thee: Thou would'st be loth to play half a dozen of venies at wasters* with a good fellow for a broken head.
Phi. Leave us, good friend.
Are. What ill-bred man art thou, to intrude thyself
Upon our private sports, our recreations?
Coun. God uds, I understand you not; but, I know, the rogue has hurt you.
Phi. Pursue thy own affairs: It will be ill
To multiply blood upon my head;
Which thou wilt force me to.
Coun. I know not your rhetoric; but I can lay it on, if you touch the woman.

[*They fight.*

Phi. Slave, take what thou deserv'st.
Are. Heav'ns guard my lord!
Coun. Oh, do you breathe?
Phi. I hear the tread of people. I am hurt:
The gods take part against me: Could this boor
Have held me thus else? I must shift for life,
Though I do lothe it. I would find a course
To lose it rather by my will, than force.

[*Exit Phi.*

* *Thou would'st be loth to play half a dozen of venies at wasters.*] *i. e.* cudgels. Minshew, in his Dictionary of Eleven Languages, has given us a most ridiculous reason for the etymology of this word: That cudgels were called *wasters*, because, in frequently clashing against each other, they splintered and *wasted*. I'll venture to advance a more probable conjecture. We find in our old law-books, that the statute of Westminster (5° Edwardi tertii, chap. 14) was made against night-walkers, and suspected persons called roberdesmen, *wastours*, and drawlatches. These *wastours*, or plunderers, derived their name from the Latin term, *vastatores*; and thence the mischievous weapons, or bludgeons, with which they went armed, were called *wasters*; i. e. destroyers.—*Mr. Theobald.*

Coun. I cannot follow the rogue. I prithee, wench, come and kiss me now.

Enter Pharamond, Dion, Cleremont, Thrasiline, and Woodmen.

Pha. What art thou?

Coun. Almost kill'd I am for a foolish woman; a knave has hurt her.

Pha. The princess, gentlemen! Where's the wound, madam?
Is it dangerous?

Are. He has not hurt me.

Coun. I'faith, she lies; h'as hurt her in the breast; look else.

Pha. Oh, sacred spring of innocent blood!

Dion. 'Tis above wonder! Who should dare this?

Are. I felt it not.

Pha. Speak, villain, who has hurt the princess?

Coun. Is it the princess?

Dion. Ay.

Coun. Then I have seen something yet.

Pha. But who has hurt her?

Coun. I told you, a rogue; I ne'er saw him before, I.

Pha. Madam, who did it?

Are. Some dishonest wretch;
Alas! I know him not, and do forgive him.

Coun. He's hurt too; he cannot go far; I made my father's old fox fly about his ears.

Pha. How, will you have me kill him?

Are. Not at all;
'Tis some distracted fellow.

Pha. By this hand,
I'll leave ne'er a piece of him bigger than a nut,
And bring him all in my hat.

Are. Nay, good Sir,
If you do take him, bring him quick to me,
And I will study for a punishment,
Great as his fault.

Pha. I will.

Are. But swear.

Pha. By all my love, I will. Woodmen, conduct the princess to the king, and bear that wounded fellow to dressing. Come, gentlemen, we'll follow the chase close.

[*Exeunt Are. Pha. Dion, Cle. Thra. and* 1 *Woodman.*

Coun. I pray you, friend, let me see the king.

2 *Wood.* That you shall, and receive thanks.

Coun. If I get clear with this, I'll go to see no more gay sights. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Bellario.

Bel. A heaviness near death sits on my brow,
And I must sleep. Bear me, thou gentle bank,
For ever, if thou wilt. You sweet ones all,
Let me unworthy press you: I could wish,
I rather were a corse strew'd o'er with you,
Than quick above you. Dullness shuts mine eyes,
And I am giddy. Oh, that I could take
So sound a sleep, that I might never wake!

Enter Philaster.

Phi. I have done ill; my conscience calls me false,
To strike at her that would not strike at me.
When I did fight, methought I heard her pray
The gods to guard me. She may be abus'd,
And I a loathed villain: If she be,
She will conceal who hurt her. He has wounds,
And cannot follow; neither knows he me.
Who's this? Bellario sleeping? If thou be'st
Guilty, there is no justice that thy sleep
Should be so sound; and mine, whom thou hast wrong'd, [*Cry within.*
So broken. Hark! I am pursued. Ye gods,
I'll take this offer'd means of my escape:
They have no mark to know me, but my wounds,
If she be true; if false, let mischief light
On all the world at once! Sword, print my wounds
Upon this sleeping boy! I have none, I think,
Are mortal, nor would I lay greater on thee. [*Wounds him.*

Bel. Oh! Death, I hope is come: Blest be that hand!
It meant me well. Again, for pity's sake!

Phi. I have caught myself: [*Phi. falls.*
The loss of blood hath stay'd my flight. Here, here,
Is he that struck thee: Take thy full revenge;
Use me, as I did mean thee, worse than death:
I'll teach thee to revenge. This luckless hand
Wounded the princess; tell my followers,
Thou didst receive these hurts in staying me,
And I will second thee: Get a reward.

Bel. Fly, fly, my lord, and save yourself.

Phi. How's this?
'Wouldst thou I should be safe?

Bel. Else were it vain
For me to live. These little wounds I have
Have not bled much; reach me that noble hand;
I'll help to cover you.

Phi. Art thou true to me?

Bel. Or let me perish loath'd! Come, my good lord,
Creep in among those bushes: Who does know
But that the gods may save your much-lov'd breath?

Phi. Then I shall die for grief, if not for this,
That I have wounded thee. What wilt thou do?

Bel. Shift for myself well. Peace! I hear 'em come.

Within. Follow, follow, follow! that way they went.

Bel. With my own wounds I'll bloody my own sword.
I need not counterfeit to fall; Heav'n knows
That I can stand no longer.

Enter Pharamond, Dion, Cleremont, and Thrasiline.

Pha. To this place we have track'd him by his blood.

Cle. Yonder, my lord, creeps one away.

Dion. Stay, Sir! what are you?

Bel. A wretched creature, wounded in these woods
By beasts: Relieve me, if your names be men,
Or I shall perish.

Dion. This is he, my lord,
Upon my soul, that hurt her: 'Tis the boy,
That wicked boy, that serv'd her.

Bel. Then I am betray'd.
Dion. Betray'd! no, apprehended.
Bel. I confess,
Urge it no more, that, big with evil thoughts,
I set upon her, and did take my aim,
Her death. For charity, let fall at once
The punishment you mean, and do not load
This weary flesh with tortures.
Pha. I will know
Who hir'd thee to this deed.
Bel. Mine own revenge.
Pha. Revenge! for what?
Bel. It pleas'd her to receive
Me as her page, and, when my fortunes ebb'd,
That men strid o'er them careless, she did shower
Her welcome graces on me, and did swell
My fortunes, 'till they overflow'd their banks,
Threat'ning the men that crost 'em; when, as swift
As storms arise at sea, she turn'd her eyes
To burning suns upon me, and did dry
The streams she had bestow'd; leaving me worse,
And more contemn'd, than other little brooks,
Because I had been great. In short, I knew
I could not live, and therefore did desire
To die reveng'd.
Pha. If tortures can be found,
Long as thy natural life, resolve to feel
The utmost rigour.
[*Philaster creeps out of a bush.*
Cle. Help to lead him hence.
Phi. Turn back, you ravishers of innocence!
Know ye the price of that you bear away
So rudely?
Pha. Who's that?
Dion. 'Tis the lord Philaster.
Phi. 'Tis not the treasure of all kings in one,
The wealth of Tagus, nor the rocks of pearl
That pave the court of Neptune, can weigh down
That virtue! It was I that hurt the princess.
Place me, some god, upon a Piramis,
Higher than hill of earth, and lend a voice
Loud as your thunder to me, that from thence
I may discourse to all the under-world
The worth that dwells in him!
Pha. How's this?
Bel. My lord, some man
Weary of life, that would be glad to die.
Phi. Leave these untimely courtesies, Bellario.
Bel. Alas, he's mad! Come, will you lead me on?
Phi. By all the oaths that men ought most to keep,
And gods to punish most when men do break,
He touch'd her not. Take heed, Bellario,
How thou dost drown the virtues thou hast shown,
With perjury. By all that's good, 'twas I!
You know, she stood betwixt me and my right.
Pha. Thy own tongue be thy judge.
Cle. It was Philaster.
Dion. Is't not a brave boy?
Well, Sirs, I fear me, we were all deceiv'd.
Phi. Have I no friend here?
Dion. Yes.
Phi. Then shew it:
Some good body lend a hand to draw us nearer.
Would you have tears shed for you when you die?
Then lay me gently on his neck, that there
I may weep floods, and breathe out my spirit.
'Tis not the wealth of Plutus, nor the gold
Lock'd in the heart of earth, can buy away
This arm-full from me: this had been a ransom
To have redeem'd the great Augustus Cæsar,
Had he been taken. You hard-hearted men,
More stony than these mountains, can you see
Such clear pure blood drop, and not cut your flesh
To stop his life? To bind whose bitter wounds,
Queens ought to tear their hair, and with their tears
Bathe 'em. Forgive me, thou that art the wealth
Of poor Philaster.

Enter King, Arethusa, and a guard.

King. Is the villain ta'en?
Pha. Sir, here be two confess the deed; but, say it was Philaster?
Phi. Question it no more; it was.
King. The fellow that did fight with him, will tell us that.
Are. Ah me! I know he will.
King. Did not you know him?
Are. Sir, if it was he, he was disguised.
Phi. I was so. Oh, my stars! that I should live still.
King. Thou ambitious fool!
Thou, that hast laid a train for thy own life!
Now I do mean to do, I'll leave to talk.
Bear him to prison.
Are. Sir, they did plot together to take hence
This harmless life; should it pass unreveng'd,
I should to earth go weeping: grant me, then,
(By all the love a father bears his child)
Their custodies, and that I may appoint
Their tortures, and their death.
Dion. Death? Soft! our law
Will not reach that, for this fault.
King. 'Tis granted; take 'em to you, with a guard.
Come, princely Pharamond, this business past,
We may with more security go on
To your intended match.
Cle. I pray, that this action lose not Philaster the hearts of the people.
Dion. Fear it not; their over-wise heads will think it but a trick. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter Dion, Cleremont, and Thrasiline.

Thra. Has the king sent for him to death?
Dion. Yes; but the king must know, 'tis not in his power to war with Heav'n.
Cle. We linger time; the king sent for Philaster and the headsman an hour ago.
Thra. Are all his wounds well?

Dion. All; they were but scratches; but the loss of blood made him faint.
Cle. We dally, gentlemen.
Thra. Away!
Dion. We'll scuffle hard, before he perish.
[*Exeunt.*
Enter Philaster, Arethusa, and Bellario.
Are. Nay, dear Philaster, grieve not; we are well.
Bel. Nay, good my lord, forbear; we are wonderous well.
Phi. Oh, Arethusa! oh, Bellario! leave to be kind;
I shall be shot from Heav'n, as now from earth,
If you continue so. I am a man,
False to a pair of the most trusty ones
That ever earth bore: can it bear us all?
Forgive, and leave me! But the king hath sent
To call me to my death: Oh, shew it me,
And then forget me! And for thee, my boy,
I shall deliver words will mollify
The hearts of beasts, to spare thy innocenee.
Bel. Alas, my lord, my life is not a thing
Worthy your noble thoughts: 'tis not a life;
'Tis but a piece of childhood thrown away.
Should I outlive you, I should then outlive
Virtue and honour; and, when that day comes,
If ever I should close these eyes but once,
May I live spotted for my perjury,
And waste my limbs to nothing!
Are. And I (the woful'st maid that ever was,
Forc'd with my hands to bring my lord to death)
Do, by the honour of a virgin, swear,
To tell no hours beyond it.
Phi. Make me not hated so.
Are. Come from this prison, all joyful to our deaths.
Phi. People will tear me, when they find ye true
To such a wretch as I; I shall die loath'd.
Enjoy your kingdoms peaceably, whilst I
For ever sleep, forgotten with my faults!
Ev'ry just servant, ev'ry maid in love,
Will have a piece of me, if ye be true.
Are. My dear lord, say not so.
Bel. A piece of you?
He was not born of woman that can cut
It and look on.
Phi. Take me in tears betwixt you,
For else my heart will break with shame and sorrow.
Are. Why, 'tis well.
Bel. Lament no more.
Phi. What would you have done
If you had wrong'd me basely, and had found
My life no price, compar'd to yours? For love, Sirs,
Deal with me truly.
Bel. 'Twas mistaken, Sir.
Phi. Why, if it were?
Bel. Then, Sir, we would have ask'd you pardon.
Phi. And have hope to enjoy it?
Are. Enjoy it? ay.
Phi. Would you, indeed? Be plain.

Bel. We would, my lord.
Phi. Forgive me, then.
Are. So, so.
Bel. 'Tis as it should be now.
Phi. Lead to my death. [*Exeunt.*
Enter King, Dion, Cleremont, and Thrasiline.
King. Gentlemen, who saw the prince?
Cle. So please you, Sir, he's gone to see the city,
And the new platform, with some gentlemen
Attending on him.
King. Is the princess ready
To bring her prisoner out?
Thra. She waits your grace.
King. Tell her we stay.
Dion. King, you may be deceiv'd yet:
The head, you aim at, cost more setting on
Than to be lost so lightly. If it must off,
Like a wild overthrow, that swoops before him
A golden stack, and with it shakes down bridges,
Cracks the strong hearts of pines, whose cable roots
Held out a thousand storms, a thousand thunders
And, so made mightier, takes whole villages
Upon his back, and in that heat of pride,
Charges strong towns, tow'rs, castles, palaces,
And lays them desolate; so shall thy head,
Thy noble head, bury the lives of thousands,
That must bleed with thee like a sacrifice,
In thy red ruins.
Enter Philaster, Arethusa, and Bellario, in a robe and garland.
King. How now! what masque is this?
Bel. Right royal Sir, I should
Sing you an epithalamium of these lovers,
But, having lost my best airs with my fortunes,
And wanting a celestial harp to strike
This blessed union on, thus in glad story
I give you all. These two fair cedar-branches,
The noblest of the mountain, where they grew
Straitest and tallest, under whose still shades
The worthier beasts have made their layers, and slept
Free from the Sirian star, and the fell thunder-stroke,
Free from the clouds, when they were big with humour,
And deliver'd, in thousand spouts, their issues to the earth:
Oh, there was none but silent quiet there!
'Till never pleased Fortune shot up shrubs,
Base under-brambles, to divorce these branches;
And for a while they did so; and did reign
Over the mountain, and choak up his beauty
With brakes, rude thorns and thistles, till the sun
Scorch'd them ev'n to the roots, and dry'd them there:
And now a gentle gale hath blown again,
That made these branches meet, and twine together,
Never to be divided. The god, that sings
His holy numbers over marriage-beds,
Hath knit their noble hearts, and here they stand
Your children, mighty king; and I have done.

King. How, how!
Are. Sir, if you love it in plain truth,
(For there's no masquing in't) this gentleman,
The prisoner that you gave me, is become
My keeper, and through all the bitter throes
Your jealousies and his ill fate have wrought him,
Thus nobly hath he struggled, and at length
Arriv'd here my dear husband.
King. Your dear husband! Call in
The captain of the citadel; there you shall keep
Your wedding. I'll provide a masque shall make
Your Hymen turn his saffron into a sullen coat,
And sing sad requiems to your departing souls:
Blood shall put out your torches; and, instead
Of gaudy flow'rs about your wanton necks,
An axe shall hang like a prodigious meteor,
Ready to crop your loves' sweets. Hear, ye gods!
From this time do I shake all title off
Of father to this woman, this base woman;
And what there is of vengeance, in a lion
Cast among dogs, or robb'd of his dear young,
The same, enforc'd more terrible, more mighty,
Expect from me!
Are. Sir, by that little life I have left to swear by,
There's nothing that can stir me from myself.
What I have done, I've done without repentance;
For death can be no bugbear unto me,
So long as Pharamond is not my headsman.
Dion. Sweet peace upon thy soul, thou worthy maid,
Whene'er thou diest! For this time I'll excuse thee,
Or be thy prologue.
Phi. Sir, let me speak next;
And let my dying words be better with you
Than my dull living actions. If you aim
At the dear life of this sweet innocent,
You are a tyrant and a savage monster;
Your memory shall be as foul behind you,
As you are, living; all your better deeds
Shall be in water writ, but this in marble;
No chronicle shall speak you, though your own,
But for the shame of men. No monument
(Though high and big as Pelion) shall be able
To cover this base murder: Make it rich
With brass, with purest gold, and shining jasper,
Like the Pyramids; lay on epitaphs,
Such as make great men gods; my little marble
(That only clothes my ashes, not my faults)
Shall far outshine it. And, for after issues,
Think not so madly of the heav'nly wisdoms,
That they will give you more for your mad rage
To cut off, 'less it be some snake, or something
Like yourself, that in his birth shall strangle you.
Remember my father king! There was a fault,
But I forgive it. Let that sin persuade you
To love this lady: If you have a soul,
Think, save her, and be saved. For myself,
I have so long expected this glad hour,
So languish'd under you, and daily wither'd,
That, Heaven knows, it is my joy to die:
I find a recreation in't.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where's the king?
King. Here.
Mes. Get you to your strength
And rescue the prince Pharamond from danger:
He's taken prisoner by the citizens,
Fearing the lord Philaster.
Dion. Oh, brave followers!
Mutiny, my fine dear countrymen, mutiny!
Now, my brave valiant foremen, shew your weapons
In honour of your mistresses.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. Arm, arm, arm!
King. A thousand devils take 'em!
Dion. A thousand blessings on 'em!
Mes. Arm, oh, king! The city is in mutiny,
Led by an old grey ruffian, who comes on
In rescue of the lord Philaster.
[*Exit with Are. Phi. Bel.*
King. Away to th' citadel: I'll see them safe,
And then cope with these burghers. Let the guard
And all the gentlemen give strong attendance.
[*Exit.*

Manent Dion, Cleremont, Thrasiline.

Cle. The city up! this was above our wishes.
Dion. Ay, and the marriage too. By my life,
This noble lady has deceiv'd us all.
A plague upon myself, a thousand plagues,
For having such unworthy thoughts of her dear honour!
Oh, I could beat myself! or, do you beat me,
And I'll beat you; for we had all one thought.
Cle. No, no, 'twill but lose time.
Dion. You say true. Are your swords sharp? Well, my dear countrymen, What-ye-lack, if you continue, and fall not back upon the first broken shin, I'll have you chronicled and chronicled, and cut and chronicled, and sung in all-to-be-praised sonnets, and grav'd in new brave ballads, that all tongues shall troule you *in sæcula sæculorum*, my kind cancarriers.
Thra. What if a toy take'em i' th' heels now, and they run all away?
Dion. If they all prove cowards, my curses fly amongst them, and be speeding! May they have murrains rain to keep the gentlemen at home, unbound in easy frieze! May the moths branch their velvets, and their silks only be worn before sore eyes! May their false lights undo 'em, and discover presses, holes, stains, and oldness in their stuffs, and make them shoprid! May they know no language but that gibberish they prattle to their parcels; unless it be the Gothic Latin they write in their bonds; and may they write that false, and lose their debts!

Enter the King.

King. Now the vengeance of all the gods confound them, how they swarm together!

What a hum they raise! Devils choke your wild throats! If a man had need to use their valours, he must pay a brokage for it, and then bring 'em on, and they will fight like sheep. 'Tis Philaster, none but Philaster, must allay this heat: They will not hear me speak, but fling dirt at me, and call me tyrant. Oh, run, dear friend, and bring the lord Philaster: Speak him fair; call him prince; do him all the courtesy you can; commend me to him! Oh, my wits, my wits!

[*Exit Cle.*

Dion. Oh, my brave countrymen! as I live, I will not buy a pin out of your walls for this: Nay, you shall cozen me, and I'll thank you; and send you brawn and bacon, and soil you every long vacation a brace of foremen, that at Michaelmas shall come up fat and kicking.

King. What they will do with this poor prince, the gods know, and I fear.

Dion. Why, Sir, they'll flea him, and make church-buckets on's skin, to quench rebellion; then clap a rivet in's sconce, and hang him up for a sign.

Enter Cleremont and Philaster.

King. Oh, worthy Sir, forgive me! Do not make
Your miseries and my faults meet together,
To bring a greater danger. Be yourself,
Still sound amongst diseases. I have wrong'd you.
And though I find it last, and beaten to it,
Let first your goodness know it. Calm the people,
And be what you were born to: Take your love,
And with her my repentance, and my wishes,
And all my pray'rs. By th' gods, my heart speaks this;
And if the least fall from me not performed,
May I be struck with thunder!

Phi. Mighty Sir,
I will not do your greatness so much wrong,
As not to make your word truth. Free the princess,
And the poor boy, and let me stand the shock
Of this mad sea-breach; which I'll either turn,
Or perish with it.

King. Let your own word free them.

Phi. Then thus I take my leave, kissing your hand,
And hanging on your royal word. Be kingly,
And be not mov'd, Sir: I shall bring you peace
Or never bring myself back.

King. All the gods go with thee! [*Exeunt.*

Enter an old captain and citizens, with Pharamond.

Cap. Come my brave myrmidons, let's fall on! let our caps swarm, my boys, and your nimble tongues forget your mother's gibberish, of what do you lack, and set your mouths up, children, till your palates fall frighted, half a fathom pass the cure of bay-salt and gross pepper. And then cry Philaster, brave Philaster! Let Philaster be deeper in request, my ding-dongs, my pairs of dear indentures, kings of clubs, than your cold water camlets, or your paintings spotted with copper. Let not your hasty silks, or your branch'd cloth of bodkin, or your tissues, dearly beloved of spice cake and custard, your Robinhoods, Scarlets and Johns, tie your affections in darkness to your shops. No, dainty duckers, up with your three-pil'd spirits, your wrought valours; and let your uncut choler make the king feel the measure of your mightiness. Philaster! cry, my rose nobles, cry.

All. Philaster! Philaster!

Cap. How do you like this, my lord prince? These are mad boys, I tell you; these are things that will not strike their top-sails to a foist; and let man of war, an argocy*, hull and cry cockles.

Pha. Why, you rude slave, do you know what you do?

Cap. My pretty prince of puppets, we do know; and give your greatness warning, that you talk no more such bug-words, or that sold'red crown shall be scratch'd with a musquet. Dear prince Pippen, down with your noble blood; or, as I live, I'll have you coddled. Let him loose, my spirits! Make us a round ring with your bills, my Hectors, and let us see what this trim man dares do. Now, Sir, have at you! Here I lie, and with this swashing blow (do you sweat, prince?) I could hulk your grace, and hang you up cross-legg'd, like a hare at a poulter's, and do this with this wiper.

Pha. You will not see me murder'd, wicked villains?

1 *Cit.* Yes, indeed, will we, Sir: We have not seen one foe a great while.

Cap. He would have weapons, would he? Give him a broadside, my brave boys, with your pikes; branch me his skin in flowers like a satin, and between every flower a mortal cut. Your royalty shall ravel! Jag him, gentlemen: I'll have him cut to the kell, then down the seams. Oh! for a whip to make him galloon-laces! I'll have a coach-whip.

Pha. Oh, spare me, gentlemen!

Cap. Hold, hold; the man begins to fear, and know himself; he shall for this time only be seel'd up, with a feather through his nose†, that he may only see heaven, and think whither he is going. Nay, my beyond-sea Sir, we will proclaim you: You would be king! Thou tender heir apparent to a church-ale, thou slight prince of single sarcenet; thou royal ring-tail‡, fit to fly at nothing but poor mens' poultry, and have

* A *foist* is an old word for a smaller vessel. So, in Ben Jonson's Silent Woman, 'When the *galley foist* is afloat to Westminster.'—*Sympson.*

† *He shall for this time only be* seal'd *up, with a feather through the nose.*] There is a difference, which the printers did not know, betwixt *seal'd* and *seel'd*; the latter is a term in falconry. When a hawk is first taken, a thread is run through its eyelids, so that she may see very little, to make her the better endure the hood.—*Mr. Theobald.*

‡ *Thou royal* ring-tail.] A *ring-tail* is a sort of a kite, with a whitish tail.—*Mr. Theobald.*

every boy beat thee from that too with his bread and butter!

Pha. Gods keep me from these hell-hounds!

1 *Cit.* I'll have a leg, that's certain.

2 *Cit.* I'll have an arm.

3 *Cit.* I'll have his nose, and at mine own charge build a college, and clap it upon the gate.

4 *Cit.* I'll have his little gut to string a kit with; for, certainly, a royal gut will sound like silver.

Pha. Would they were in thy belly, and I past my pain once!

5 *Cit.* Good captain, let me have his liver to feed ferrets.

Cap. Who will have parcels else? speak.

Pha. Good gods, consider me! I shall be tortur'd.

1 *Cit.* Captain, I'll give you the trimming of your two-hand sword, and let me have his skin to make false scabbards.

2 *Cit.* He has no horns, Sir, has he?

Cap. No, Sir, he's a pollard*. What would'st thou do with horns?

2 *Cit.* Oh, if he had, I would have made rare hafts and whistles of 'em; but his shinbones, if they be sound, shall serve me.

Enter Philaster.

All. Long live Philaster, the brave Prince Philaster!

Phi. I thank you, gentlemen. But why are these
Rude weapons brought abroad, to teach your hands
Uncivil trades?

Cap. My royal Rosiclear,
We are thy myrmidons, thy guard, thy roarers!
And when thy noble body is in durance,
Thus do we clap our musty murrions on,
And trace the streets in terror. Is it peace,
Thou Mars of men? Is the king sociable,
And bids thee live? Art thou above thy foemen,
And free as Phœbus? Speak. If not, this stand
Of royal blood shall be abroach, a-tilt,
And run even to the lees of honour.

Phi. Hold, and be satisfied: I am myself;
Free as my thoughts are: By the gods, I am.

Cap. Art thou the dainty darling of the king?
Art thou the Hylas to our Hercules?
Do the lords bow, and the regarded scarlets
Kiss their gum'd golls†, and cry, 'we are your servants?'
Is the court navigable, and the presence stuck
With flags of friendship? If not, we are thy castle,
And this man sleeps.

Phi. I am what I do desire to be, your friend; I am what I was born to be, your prince.

Pha. Sir, there is some humanity in you;
You have a noble soul; forget my name,
And know my misery: Set me safe aboard
From these wild cannibals, and, as I live,
I'll quit this land for ever. There is nothing,
Perpetual 'prisonment, cold, hunger, sickness
Of all sorts, of all dangers, and all together,
The worst company of the worst men, madness, age,
To be as many creatures as a woman,
And do as all they do; nay, to despair;
But I would rather make it a new nature,
And live with all those, than endure one hour
Amongst these wild dogs.

Phi. I do pity you. Friends, discharge your fears;
Deliver me the prince: I'll warrant you,
I shall be old enough to find my safety.

3 *Cit.* Good Sir, take heed he does not hurt you:
He's a fierce man, I can tell you, Sir.

Cap. Prince, by your leave, I'll have a surcingle, and mail you like a hawk.

[*He stirs.*

Phi. Away, away; there is no danger in him:
Alas, he had rather sleep to shake his fit off.
Look ye, friends, how gently he leads. Upon my word,
He's tame enough, he needs no further watching.
Good my friends, go to your houses,
And by me have your pardons, and my love;
And know, there shall be nothing in my pow'r
You may deserve, but you shall have your wishes.
To give you more thanks, were to flatter you.
Continue still your love; and, for an earnest
Drink this.

All. Long may'st thou live, brave prince! brave prince!
Brave prince!

[*Exit Phi. and Pha.*

Cap. Thou art the king of courtesy! Fall off again, my sweet youths. Come and every man trace to his house again, and hang his pewter up; then to the tavern, and bring your wives in muffs. We will have music; and the red grape shall make us dance, and rise, boys.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter King, Arethusa, Galatea, Megra, Cleremont, Dion, Thrasiline, Bellario, and attendants.

King. Is it appeas'd?

Dion. Sir, all is quiet as the dead of night,
As peaceable as sleep. My lord Philaster
Brings on the prince himself.

King. Kind gentleman!
I will not break the least word I have giv'n
In promise to him: I have heap'd a world
Of grief upon his head, which yet I hope
To wash away.

* *No, Sir, he's a* pollard.] A *pollard*, among gardeners, is an old tree, which has been often lopped: but, among hunters, a stag, or male deer, which has cast its head, or horns.—*Mr. Theobald.*

† *Kiss their* gum'd gols.] *Golls*, in old English authors, means *hands*, or *paws*. *Gum'd* we apprehend to be form'd from the substantive *gum*; and the whole passage to signify, 'Do the nobility kiss their hands in token of civility,' and say, "We are your servants!" Mr. Theobald reads, *kiss* the gum *gols.—Mr. Colman.*

Enter Philaster and Pharamond.

Cle. My lord is come.

King. My son!
Blest be the time, that I have leave to call
Such virtue mine! Now thou art in mine arms,
Methinks I have a salve unto my breast,
For all the stings that dwell there. Streams of grief
That I have wrong'd thee, and as much of joy
That I repent it, issue from mine eyes:
Let them appease thee. Take thy right; take her;
She is thy right too; and forget to urge
My vexed soul with that I did before.

Phi. Sir, it is blotted from my memory,
Past and forgotten. For you, Prince of Spain,
Whom I have thus redeem'd, you have full leave
To make an honourable voyage home.
And if you would go furnish'd to your realm
With fair provision, I do see a lady,
Methinks, would gladly bear you company.

Meg. I know your meaning. I am not the first
That Nature taught to seek a fellow forth:
Can shame remain perpetually in me,
And not in others? or, have princes salves
To cure ill names, that meaner people want?

Phi. What mean you?

Meg. You must get another ship,
To bear the princess and the boy together.

Dion. How now!

Meg. Ship us all four, my lord; we can endure
Weather and wind alike.

King. Clear thou thyself, or know not me for father.

Are. This earth, how false it is! What means is left
For me to clear myself? It lies in your belief.
My lords, believe me; and let all things else
Struggle together to dishonour me.

Bel. Oh, stop your ears, great king, that I may speak.
As freedom would; then I will call this lady
As base as be her actions! Hear me, Sir:
Believe your heated blood when it rebels
Against your reason, sooner than this lady.

Meg. By this good light, he bears it handsomely.

Phi. This lady? I will sooner trust the wind
With feathers, or the troubled sea with pearl,
Than her with any thing. Believe her not!
Why, think you, if I did believe her words,
I would outlive 'em? Honour cannot take
Revenge on you; then, what were to be known
But death?

King. Forget her, Sir, since all is knit
Between us. But I must request of you
One favour, and will sadly be denied.

Phi. Command, whate'er it be.

King. Swear to be true
To what you promise.

Phi. By the pow'rs above,
Let it not be the death of her or him,
And it is granted.

King. Bear away that boy
To torture: I will have her clear'd or buried.

Phi. Oh, let me call my words back, worthy Sir!
Ask something else! Bury my life and right
In one poor grave; but do not take away
My life and fame at once.

King. Away with him! It stands irrevocable.

Phi. Turn all your eyes on me: Here stands a man,
The falsest and the basest of this world.
Set swords against this breast, some honest man,
For I have liv'd till I am pitied!
My former deeds were hateful, but this last
Is pitiful; for I, unwillingly,
Have given the dear preserver of my life
Unto his torture! Is it in the pow'r
Of flesh and blood to carry this, and live?
[*Offers to kill himself.*

Are. Dear Sir, be patient yet! Oh, stay that hand.

King. Sirs, strip that boy.

Dion. Come, Sir; your tender flesh will try your constancy.

Bel. Oh, kill me, gentlemen!

Dion. No! Help, Sirs.

Bel. Will you torture me?

King. Haste there! why stay you?

Bel. Then I shall not break my vow,
You know, just gods, though I discover all.

King. How's that? will he confess?

Dion. Sir, so he says.

King. Speak then.

Bel. Great king, if you command
This lord to talk with me alone, my tongue,
Urg'd by my heart, shall utter all the thoughts
My youth hath known; and stranger things than these
You hear not often.

King. Walk aside with him.

Dion. Why speak'st thou not?

Bel. Know you this face, my lord?

Dion. No.

Bel. Have you not seen it, nor the like?

Dion. Yes, I have seen the like, but readily
I know not where.

Bel. I have been often told
In court of one Euphrasia, a lady,
And daughter to you; betwixt whom and me
They, that would flatter my bad face, would swear
There was such strange resemblance, that we two
Could not be known asunder, dress'd alike.

Dion. By Heav'n, and so there is.

Bel. For her fair sake,
Who now doth spend the spring-time of her life
In holy pilgrimage, move to the king,
That I may 'scape this torture.

Dion. But thou speak'st
As like Euphrasia, as thou dost look.
How came it to thy knowledge that she lives
In pilgrimage?

Bel. I know it not, my lord;
But I have heard it; and do scarce believe it.

Dion. Oh, my shame! Is't possible? Draw near,
That I may gaze upon thee. Art thou she,

Or else her murderer? Where wert thou born?
Bel. In Siracusa.
Dion. What's thy name?
Bel. Euphrasia.
Dion. Oh, 'tis just, 'tis she!
Now I do know thee. Oh, that thou hadst died,
And I had never seen thee nor my shame!
How shall I own thee? shall this tongue of mine
E'er call thee daughter more?
Bel. 'Would I had died indeed; I wish it too:
And so I must have done by vow, ere published
What I have told, but that there was no means
To hide it longer. Yet I joy in this,
The princess is all clear.
King. What have you done?
Dion. All is discover'd.
Phi. Why then hold you me?
[*He offers to stab himself.*
All is discover'd! Pray you, let me go.
King. Stay him.
Are. What is discover'd?
Dion. Why, my shame!
It is a woman: Let her speak the rest.
Phi. How? that again!
Dion. It is a woman.
Phi. Bless'd be you pow'rs that favour innocence!
King. Lay hold upon that lady.
Phi. It is a woman, Sir! Hark, gentlemen!
It is a woman! Arethusa, take
My soul into thy breast, that would be gone
With joy. It is a woman! Thou art fair,
And virtuous still to ages, in despite of malice.
King. Speak you, where lies his shame?
Bel. I am his daughter.
Phi. The gods are just.
Dion. I dare accuse none; but, before you two,
The virtue of our age, I bend my knee
For mercy.
Phi. Take it freely; for, I know,
Though what thou didst were indiscreetly done,
'Twas meant well.
Are. And for me,
I have a power to pardon sins, as oft
As any man has power to wrong me.
Cle. Noble and worthy!
Phi. But, Bellario,
(For I must call thee still so) tell me why
Thou didst conceal thy sex? It was a fault;
A fault, Bellario, though thy other deeds
Of truth outweigh'd it: All these jealousies
Had flown to nothing, if thou hadst discover'd
What now we know.
Bel. My father oft would speak
Your worth and virtue; and, as I did grow
More and more apprehensive, I did thirst
To see the man so prais'd; but yet all this
Was but a maiden longing, to be lost
As soon as found; till sitting in my window,
Printing my thoughts in lawn, I saw a god,
I thought, (but it was you) enter our gates.
My blood flew out, and back again as fast,
As I had puff'd it forth and suck'd it in
Like breath: Then was I call'd away in haste
To entertain you. Never was a man,
Heav'd from a sheep-cote to a sceptre, rais'd
So high in thoughts as I: You left a kiss
Upon these lips then, which I mean to keep
From you for ever. I did hear you talk,
Far above singing! After you were gone,
I grew acquainted with my heart, and search'd
What stirr'd it so: Alas! I found it love;
Yet far from lust; for could I but have liv'd
In presence of you, I had had my end.
For this I did delude my noble father
With a feign'd pilgrimage, and dress'd myself
In habit of a boy, and, for I knew
My birth no match for you, I was past hope
Of having you; and understanding well,
That when I made discov'ry of my sex,
I could not stay with you, I made a vow,
By all the most religious things a maid
Could call together, never to be known,
Whilst there was hope to hide me from mens' eyes,
For other than I seem'd, that I might ever
Abide with you: Then sat I by the fount,
Where first you took me up.
King. Search out a match
Within our kingdom, where and when thou wilt,
And I will pay thy dowry; and thyself
Wilt well deserve him.
Bel. Never, Sir, will I
Marry; it is a thing within my vow:
But if I may have leave to serve the princess,
To see the virtues of her lord and her,
I shall have hope to live.
Are. I, Philaster,
Cannot be jealous, though you had a lady
Dress'd like a page to serve you; nor will I
Suspect her living here. Come, live with me;
Live free as I do. She that loves my lord,
Curst be the wife that hates her!
Phi. I grieve such virtues should be laid in earth
Without an heir. Hear me, my royal father:
Wrong not the freedom of our souls so much,
To think to take revenge of that base woman;
Her malice cannot hurt us. Set her free
As she was born, saving from shame and sin.
King. Set her at liberty; but leave the court;
This is no place for such! You, Pharamond,
Shall have free passage, and a conduct home
Worthy so great a prince. When you come there,
Remember, 'twas your faults that lost you her,
And not my purpos'd will.
Pha. I do confess,
Renowned Sir.
King. Last, join your hands in one. Enjoy, Philaster,
This kingdom, which is yours, and after me
Whatever I call mine. My blessing on you!
All happy hours be at your marriage-joys,
That you may grow yourselves over all lands,
And live to see your plenteous branches spring
Wherever there is sun! Let princes learn
By this, to rule the passions of their blood,
For what Heav'n wills can never be withstood.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

[The following little pieces are taken from Francis Beaumont's Poems, of which the first edition was published in 1640.]

TO THE MUTABLE FAIRE.

HERE, Cœlia, for thy sake I part
With all that grew so neere my heart;
The passion that I had for thee,
The faith, the love, the constancy;
And that I may successefull prove,
Transforme myself to what you love.
Foole that I was, so much to prize
Those simple vertues you despise?
Foole, that with such dull arrows strove,
Or hop'd to reach a flying dove;
For you that are in motion still
Decline our force, and mock our skill;
Who, like Don Quixote, do advance
Against a windmill our vain lance.
Now will I wander through the aire,
Mount, make a stoope at every faire,
And with a fancy unconfin'd
(As lawlesse as the sea, or wind)
Pursue you wheresoe're you flie,
And with your various thoughts comply.
The formall stars do travell so
As we their names and courses know;
And he that on their changes looks
Would thinke them govern'd by our books;
But never were the clouds reduc'd
To any art the motion us'd,
By those free vapours are so light,
So frequent, that the conquer'd sight
Despaires to find the rules that guide
Those gilded shadows as they slide;
And therefore of the spatious aire
Jove's royall consort had the care,
And by that power did once escape
Declining bold Ixion's rape;
She with her own resemblance grac'd
A shining cloud, which he imbrac'd.
Such was that image, so it smil'd
With seeming kindness, which beguil'd
Your Thirsis lately, when he thought
He had his fleeting Cœlia caught;
'Twas shap'd like her, but for the faire
He fill'd his armes with yeelding aire,
A fate for which he grieves the lesse
Because the gods had like successe:
For in their story one (we see)
Pursues a nymph, and takes a tree;
A second with a lover's haste
Soone overtakes what he had chaste;
But she that did a virgin seeme,
Possess'd, appears a wand'ring streame.
For his supposed love a third
Laies greedy hold upon a bird;
And stands amaz'd to see his deare
A wild inhabitant of the aire.
To such old tales such nymphs as you
Give credit, and still make them new;
The amorous now like wonders find
In the swift changes of your mind.
But, Cœlia, if you apprehend
The Muse of your incensed friend:
Nor would that he record your blame,
And make it live, repeat the same:
Againe deceive him, and againe,
And then he sweares he'l not complaine;
For still to be deluded so
Is all the pleasures lovers know,
Who, like good falkners, take delight
Not in the quarrey, but the flight.

MELANCHOLY.

HENCE, all you vaine delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly;
There's nought in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see't,
But only melancholly,
O sweetest melancholly!

Welcome folded armes and fixed eyes,
A sight that piercing mortifies;
A looke that's fastned to the ground,
A tongue chain'd up without a sound!

Fountain heads, and pathlesse groves,
Places which pale passion loves;
Moon-light walkes, when all the fowles
Are warmely hous'd save bats and owles;
A midnight bell, a parting groane,
These are the sounds we feed upon!
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley;
Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholly.

ON THE LIFE OF MAN.

LIKE to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are,
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew,
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood:
Even such is man, whose borrowed light
Is straight call'd in and paid to night:
The wind blowes out, the bubble dies,
The spring intomb'd in autumn lies:
The dew's dry'd up, the star is shot,
The flight is past, and man forgot.

SONG TO CUPID.

O turn thy bow,
Thy power we feel and know,
Fair Cupid turn away thy bow:
They be those golden arrows,
Bring ladies all their sorrows;
And 'till there be more truth in men
Never shoot at maids agen!

SIR JOHN DAVIES.

Born 1570.—*Died* 1626.

NOSCE TEIPSUM*.

[*Extracts from the* Nosce Teipsum, *a poem on the Immortality of the Soul.*]

What can we know? or what can we discern?
When error choaks the windows of the mind:
The divers forms of things, how can we learn?
That have been ever from our birth-day blind?

When reason's lamp, which (like the sun in sky)
Throughout man's little world her beams did spread,
Is now become a sparkle, which doth lie
Under the ashes, half extinct, and dead:

How can we hope, that through the eye and ear,
This dying sparkle, in this cloudy place,
Can recollect these beams of knowledge clear,
Which were infus'd in the first minds by grace?

So might the heir, whose father hath in play
Waisted a thousand pounds of ancient rent,
By painful earning of one groat a day,
Hope to restore the patrimony spent.

The wits that div'd most deep, and soar'd most high,
Seeking man's pow'rs, have found his weakness such:
"Skill comes so slow, and life so fast doth fly,
We learn so little and forget so much."

For this the wisest of all moral men
Said, He knew nought, but that he nought did know,
And the great mocking-master mock'd not then,
When he said, Truth was buried deep below.

For how may we to other things attain,
When none of us his own soul understands?
For which the Devil mocks our curious brain,
When, *know thyself*, his oracle commands.

For why should we the busy Soul believe,
When boldly she concludes of that and this,
When of herself she can no judgment give,
Nor how, nor whence, nor where, not what she is.

All things without, which round about we see,
We seek to know, and how therewith to do:
But that whereby we reason, live and be,
Within ourselves, we strangers are thereto.

We seek to know the moving of each sphere,
And the strange cause of th' ebbs and floods of Nile;
But of that clock within our breasts we bear,
The subtle motions we forget the while.

We that acquaint ourselves with ev'ry zone,
And pass both tropics, and behold each pole,
When we come home, are to ourselves unknown,
And unacquainted still with our own Soul.

We study speech, but others we persuade;
We leech-craft learn, but others cure with it;
We interpret laws, which other men have made,
But read not those which in our hearts are writ.

Is it because the mind is like the eye,
Through which it gathers knowledge by degrees,
Whose rays reflect not, but spread outwardly;
Not seeing itself, when other things it sees?

No, doubtless; for the mind can backward cast
Upon herself, her understanding's light,
But she is so corrupt, and so defac'd,
As her own image doth herself affright.

As is the Fable of the Lady fair,
Which for her lust was turn'd into a cow,
When thirsty to a stream she did repair,
And saw herself transform'd she wist not how:

At first she startles; then she stands amaz'd;
At last with terror she from thence doth fly,
And loathes the wat'ry glass wherein she gaz'd,
And shuns it still, though she for thirst doth die:

E'en so man's Soul which did God's image bear,
And was at first fair, good, and spotless pure,
Since with her sins her beauties blotted were,
Doth of all sights her own sight least endure:

For e'en at first reflection she espies
Such strange chimeras, and such monsters there,
Such toys, such antics, and such vanities,
As she retires, and shrinks for shame and fear.

And as the man loves least at home to be,
That hath a sluttish house haunted with sprites;
So she impatient her own faults to see,
Turns from herself, and in strange things delights.

For this few know themselves: for merchants broke
View their estate with discontent and pain,
And seas are troubled, when they do revoke
Their flowing waves into themselves again.

And while the face of outward things we find,
Pleasing and fair, agreeable and sweet,
These things transport, and carry out the mind,
That with herself the mind can never meet.

Yet if affliction once her wars begin,
And threat the feebler sense with sword and fire,
The mind contracts herself, and shrinketh in,
And to herself she gladly doth retire:

* This is supposed to be the earliest philosophical poem in the language.

As spiders touch'd, seek their web's inmost part;
As bees in storms back to their hives return;
As blood in danger gathers to the heart;
As men seek towns, when foes the country burn.

If aught can teach us aught, affliction's looks,
(Making us pry into ourselves so near)
Teach us to know ourselves beyond all books,
Or all the learned schools that ever were.

This mistress lately pluck'd me by the ear,
And many a golden lesson hath me taught;
Hath made my senses quick, and reason clear;
Reform'd my will, and rectify'd my thought.

So do the winds and thunders cleanse the air:
So working seas settle and purge the wine:
So lopp'd and pruned trees do flourish fair:
So doth the fire the drossy gold refine.

Neither Minerva, nor the learned Muse,
Nor rules of art, nor precepts of the wise,
Could in my brain those beams of skill infuse,
As but the glance of this dame's angry eyes.

She within lists my ranging mind hath brought,
That now beyond myself I will not go;
Myself am centre of my circling thought,
Only myself I study, learn, and know.

I know my Body's of so frail a kind,
As force without, fevers within can kill:
I know the heavenly nature of my mind,
But 'tis corrupted both in wit and will:

I know my Soul hath power to know all things,
Yet is she blind and ignorant in all:
I know I'm one of nature's little kings,
Yet to the least and vilest things am thrall:

I know my life's a pain, and but a span;
I know my sense is mock'd in ev'ry thing;
And to conclude, I know myself a man,
Which is a proud, and yet a wretched thing.

* * * * * * * *

The lights of heav'n (which are the world's fair eyes)
Look down into the world, the world to see;
And as they turn or wander in the skies,
Survey all things that on this centre be.

And yet the lights which in my tow'r do shine,
Mine eyes, which view all objects nigh and far,
Look not into this little world of mine,
Nor see my face, wherein they fixed are.

Since Nature fails us in no needful thing,
Why want I means my inward self to see?
Which sight the knowledge of myself might bring,
Which to true wisdom is the first degree.

That Pow'r, which gave me eyes the world to view,
To view myself, infus'd an inward light,
Whereby my Soul, as by a mirror true,
Of her own form may take a perfect sight.

But as the sharpest eye discerneth nought,
Except the sun-beams in the air do shine;
So the best Soul, with her reflecting thought,
Sees not herself without some light divine.

O light, which mak'st the light, which makes the day!
Which set'st the eye without, and mind within,
Lighten my spirit with one clear heavenly ray,
Which now to view itself doth first begin.

For her true form how can my spark discern,
Which, dim by nature, art did never clear?
When the great wits, of whom all skill we learn,
Are ignorant both of what she is, and where.

One thinks the Soul is air; another fire;
Another blood, diffus'd about the heart;
Another saith, the elements conspire,
And to her essence each doth give a part.

Musicians think our souls are harmonies;
Physicians hold that they complexions be;
Epicures make them swarms of atomies,
Which do by chance into our bodies flee.

Some think one gen'ral Soul fills every brain,
As the bright sun sheds light in every star;
And others think the name of Soul is vain,
And that we only well-mixt bodies are.

In judgment of her substance thus they vary;
And thus they vary in judgment of her seat;
For some her chair up to the brain do carry,
Some thrust it down into the stomach's heat.

Some place it in the root of life, the heart;
Some in the river, fountain of the veins;
Some say, she's all in all, and all in ev'ry part;
Some say, she's not contain'd, but all contains.

Thus these great clerks their little wisdom shew,
While with their doctrines they at hazard play;
Tossing their light opinions to and fro,
To mock the lewd, as learn'd in this as they.

For no craz'd brain could ever yet propound,
Touching the Soul, so vain and fond a thought;
But some among these masters have been found;
Which in their schools the self-same thing have taught.

* * * * * * * *

She is a substance, and a real thing,
Which hath itself an actual working might,
Which neither from the senses power doth spring,
Nor from the Body's humours temper'd right.

She is a vine, which doth no propping need,
To make her spread herself, or spring upright;
She is a star, whose beams do not proceed
From any sun, but from a native light.

For when she sorts things present with things past,
And thereby things to come doth oft foresee;
When she doth doubt at first, and choose at last,
These acts her own, without her body be.

When of the dew, which th' eye and ear do take,
From flow'rs abroad, and bring into the brain,
She doth within both wax and honey make:
This work is hers, this is her proper pain.

When she from sundry acts, one skill doth draw;
Gathering from divers fights one art of war;
From many cases, like one rule of law;
These her collections, not the senses are.

When in th' effects she doth the causes know;
And seeing the stream, thinks where the spring doth rise;
And seeing the branch, conceives the root below:
These things she views without the Body's eyes.

When she, without a Pegasus, doth fly [West;
Swifter than lightning's fire from East to
About the centre, and above the sky,
She travels then, although the body rest.

When all her works she formeth first within,
Proportions them, and sees their perfect end;
Ere she in act doth any part begin,
What instruments doth then the Body lend?

When without hands she doth thus castles build,
Sees without eyes, and without feet doth run;
When she digests the world, yet is not fill'd:
By her own pow'rs these miracles are done.

When she defines, argues, divides, compounds,
Considers virtue, vice, and general things;
And marrying divers principles and grounds,
Out of their match a true conclusion brings.

These actions in her closet, all alone,
(Retir'd within herself) she doth fulfil;
Use of her Body's organs she hath none,
When she doth use the pow'rs of wit and will.

Yet in the Body's prison so she lies,
As through the Body's windows she must look,
Her divers powers of sense to exercise, [book.
By gathering notes out of the world's great

Nor can herself discourse or judge of aught,
But what the sense collects, and home doth bring;
And yet the pow'rs of her discoursing thought,
From these collections is a diverse thing.

* * * * * * * *

Are they not senseless then, that think the Soul
Nought but a fine perfection of the Sense,
Or of the forms which fancy doth enroll;
A quick resulting, and a consequence?

What is it then that doth the Sense accuse,
Both of false judgment, and fond appetites?
What makes us do what sense doth most refuse,
Which oft in torment of the Sense delights?

Sense thinks the planets spheres not much asunder:
What tells us then their distance is so far?
Sense thinks the lightning born before the thunder:
What tells us then they both together are?

When men seem crows far off upon a tow'r,
Sense saith, they're crows: What makes us think them men?
When we in agues think all sweet things sour,
What makes us know our tongue's false judgment then?

What pow'r was that, whereby Medea saw,
And well approv'd, and prais'd the better course;
When her rebellious Sense did so withdraw
Her feeble pow'rs, that she pursu'd the worse?

Did Sense persuade Ulysses not to hear [please,
The mermaid's songs which so his men did
That they were all persuaded, through the ear,
To quit the ship and leap into the seas?

Could any pow'r of Sense the Roman move,
To burn his own right-hand with courage stout?
Could Sense make Marius sit unbound, and prove
The cruel lancing of the knotty gout?

Doubtless, in man there is a nature found,
Beside the Senses, and above them far;
"Though most men being in sensual pleasures drown'd,
It seems their Souls but in their Senses are."

If we had nought but Sense, then only they
Should have found minds, which have their senses found:
But Wisdom grows, when Senses do decay;
And folly most in quickest Sense is found.

If we had nought but Sense, each living wight,
Which we call brute, would be more sharp than we;
As having Sense's apprehensive might,
In a more clear and excellent degree.

* * * * * * * *

Were she a Body, how could she remain
Within this Body, which is less than she?
Or how could she the world's great shape contain,
And in our narrow breasts contained be?

All Bodies are confin'd within some place,
But she all place within herself confines:
All Bodies have their measure and their space;
But who can draw the Soul's dimensive lines?

No Body can at once two forms admit,
Except the one the other do deface;
But in the Soul ten thousand forms do sit,
And none intrudes into her neighbour's place.

All Bodies are with other Bodies fill'd,
But she receives both heav'n and earth together:
Nor are their forms by rash encounter spill'd,
For there they stand, and neither toucheth either.

Nor can her wide embracements filled be;
For they that most and greatest things embrace,
Enlarge thereby their mind's capacity,
As streams enlarg'd, enlarge the channel's space.

All things receiv'd, do such proportion take,
As those things have, wherein they are receiv'd:
So little glasses little faces make,
And narrow webs on narrow frames are weav'd.

Then what vast Body must we make the mind,
Wherein are men, beasts, trees, towns, seas, and lands;
And yet each thing a proper place doth find,
And each thing in the true proportion stands?

Doubtless, this could not be, but that she turns
Bodies to Spirits, by sublimation strange;
As fire converts to fire the things it burns;
As we our meats into our nature change.

From their gross matter she abstracts the forms,
And draws a kind of quintessence from things;
Which to her proper nature she transforms,
To bear them light on her celestial wings.

* * * * * * * *

Her only end is never-ending bliss;
Which is, the eternal face of God to see;
Who, last of ends, and first of causes, is;
And to do this, she must eternal be.

How senseless then, and dead a Soul hath he,
Which thinks his Soul doth with his body die;
Or thinks not so, but so would have it be,
That he might sin with more security?

For though these light and vicious persons say,
Our soul is but a smoke, or airy blast,
Which, during life, doth in our nostrils play,
And when we die, doth turn to wind at last:

Although they say, come let us eat and drink;
Our life is but a spark, which quickly dies;
Though thus they say, they know not what to think;
But in their minds ten thousand doubts arise.

Therefore no hereticks desire to spread
Their light opinions, like these epicures;
For so their stagg'ring thoughts are comforted,
And other men's assent their doubt assures.

Yet though these men against their conscience strive,
There are some sparkles in their flinty breasts,
Which cannot be extinct, but still revive;
That though they would, they cannot quite be beasts.

But whoso makes a mirror of his mind,
And doth with patience view himself therein,
His Soul's eternity shall clearly find,
Though th' other beauties be defac'd with sin.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

Born 1563.—*Died* 1631.

THE NYMPHIDIA.

Old Chaucer doth of Topas tell,
Mad Rablais of Pantagruel,
A later third of Dowsabel,
With such poor trifles playing:
Others the like have labour'd at,
Some of this thing, and some of that,
And many of they know not what,
But that they must be saying.

Another sort there be, that will
Be talking of the Fairies still,
Nor never can they have their fill,
As they were wedded to them:
No tales of them their thirst can slake,
So much delight therein they take,
And some strange things they fain would make,
Knew they the way to do them.

Then since no muse hath been so bold,
Or of the later, or the old,
Those elvish secrets to unfold,
Which lie from others reading;
My active muse to light shall bring
The court of that proud Fairy King,
And tell there of the revelling:
Jove prosper my proceeding.

And thou Nymphidia, gentle Fay,
Which meeting me upon the way,
These secrets didst to me bewray,
Which now I am in telling:
My prêtty light fantastic maid,
I here invoke to thee my aid,
That I may speak what thou hast said,
In numbers smoothly swelling.

She is a vine, which doth no propping need,
To make her spread herself, or spring upright;
She is a star, whose beams do not proceed
From any sun, but from a native light.

For when she sorts things present with things past,
And thereby things to come doth oft foresee;
When she doth doubt at first, and choose at last,
These acts her own, without her body be.

When of the dew, which th' eye and ear do take,
From flow'rs abroad, and bring into the brain,
She doth within both wax and honey make:
This work is hers, this is her proper pain.

When she from sundry acts, one skill doth draw;
Gathering from divers fights one art of war;
From many cases, like one rule of law;
These her collections, not the senses are.

When in th' effects she doth the causes know;
And seeing the stream, thinks where the spring doth rise;
And seeing the branch, conceives the root below:
These things she views without the Body's eyes.

When she, without a Pegasus, doth fly [West;
Swifter than lightning's fire from East to
About the centre, and above the sky,
She travels then, although the body rest.

When all her works she formeth first within,
Proportions them, and sees their perfect end;
Ere she in act doth any part begin,
What instruments doth then the Body lend?

When without hands she doth thus castles build,
Sees without eyes, and without feet doth run;
When she digests the world, yet is not fill'd:
By her own pow'rs these miracles are done.

When she defines, argues, divides, compounds,
Considers virtue, vice, and general things;
And marrying divers principles and grounds,
Out of their match a true conclusion brings.

These actions in her closet, all alone,
(Retir'd within herself) she doth fulfil;
Use of her Body's organs she hath none,
When she doth use the pow'rs of wit and will.

Yet in the Body's prison so she lies,
As through the Body's windows she must look,
Her divers powers of sense to exercise, [book.
By gathering notes out of the world's great

Nor can herself discourse or judge of aught,
But what the sense collects, and home doth bring;
And yet the pow'rs of her discoursing thought,
From these collections is a diverse thing.

* * * * * * * *

Are they not senseless then, that think the Soul
Nought but a fine perfection of the Sense,
Or of the forms which fancy doth enroll;
A quick resulting, and a consequence?

What is it then that doth the Sense accuse,
Both of false judgment, and fond appetites?
What makes us do what sense doth most refuse,
Which oft in torment of the Sense delights?

Sense thinks the planets spheres not much asunder:
What tells us then their distance is so far?
Sense thinks the lightning born before the thunder:
What tells us then they both together are?

When men seem crows far off upon a tow'r,
Sense saith, they're crows: What makes us think them men?
When we in agues think all sweet things sour,
What makes us know our tongue's false judgment then?

What pow'r was that, whereby Medea saw,
And well approv'd, and prais'd the better course;
When her rebellious Sense did so withdraw
Her feeble pow'rs, that she pursu'd the worse?

Did Sense persuade Ulysses not to hear [please,
The mermaid's songs which so his men did
That they were all persuaded, through the ear,
To quit the ship and leap into the seas?

Could any pow'r of Sense the Roman move,
To burn his own right-hand with courage stout?
Could Sense make Marius sit unbound, and prove
The cruel lancing of the knotty gout?

Doubtless, in man there is a nature found,
Beside the Senses, and above them far;
"Though most men being in sensual pleasures drown'd,
It seems their Souls but in their Senses are."

If we had nought but Sense, then only they
Should have found minds, which have their senses found:
But Wisdom grows, when Senses do decay;
And folly most in quickest Sense is found.

If we had nought but Sense, each living wight,
Which we call brute, would be more sharp than we;
As having Sense's apprehensive might,
In a more clear and excellent degree.

* * * * * * * *

Were she a Body, how could she remain
Within this Body, which is less than she?
Or how could she the world's great shape contain,
And in our narrow breasts contained be?

All Bodies are confin'd within some place,
But she all place within herself confines:
All Bodies have their measure and their space;
But who can draw the Soul's dimensive lines?

No Body can at once two forms admit,
Except the one the other do deface;
But in the Soul ten thousand forms do sit,
And none intrudes into her neighbour's place.

All Bodies are with other Bodies fill'd,
But she receives both heav'n and earth together:
Nor are their forms by rash encounter spill'd,
For there they stand, and neither toucheth either.

Nor can her wide embracements filled be;
For they that most and greatest things embrace,
Enlarge thereby their mind's capacity,
As streams enlarg'd, enlarge the channel's space.

All things receiv'd, do such proportion take,
As those things have, wherein they are receiv'd:
So little glasses little faces make,
And narrow webs on narrow frames are weav'd.

Then what vast Body must we make the mind,
Wherein are men, beasts, trees, towns, seas, and lands;
And yet each thing a proper place doth find,
And each thing in the true proportion stands?

Doubtless, this could not be, but that she turns
Bodies to Spirits, by sublimation strange;
As fire converts to fire the things it burns;
As we our meats into our nature change.

From their gross matter she abstracts the forms,
And draws a kind of quintessence from things;
Which to her proper nature she transforms,
To bear them light on her celestial wings.

* * * * * * * *

Her only end is never-ending bliss;
Which is, the eternal face of God to see;
Who, last of ends, and first of causes, is;
And to do this, she must eternal be.

How senseless then, and dead a Soul hath he,
Which thinks his Soul doth with his body die;
Or thinks not so, but so would have it be,
That he might sin with more security?

For though these light and vicious persons say,
Our soul is but a smoke, or airy blast,
Which, during life, doth in our nostrils play,
And when we die, doth turn to wind at last:
Although they say, come let us eat and drink;
Our life is but a spark, which quickly dies;
Though thus they say, they know not what to think;
But in their minds ten thousand doubts arise.

Therefore no hereticks desire to spread
Their light opinions, like these epicures;
For so their stagg'ring thoughts are comforted,
And other men's assent their doubt assures.

Yet though these men against their conscience strive,
There are some sparkles in their flinty breasts,
Which cannot be extinct, but still revive;
That though they would, they cannot quite be beasts.

But whoso makes a mirror of his mind,
And doth with patience view himself therein,
His Soul's eternity shall clearly find,
Though th' other beauties be defac'd with sin.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

Born 1563.—*Died* 1631.

THE NYMPHIDIA.

Old Chaucer doth of Topas tell,
Mad Rablais of Pantagruel,
A later third of Dowsabel,
With such poor trifles playing:
Others the like have labour'd at,
Some of this thing, and some of that,
And many of they know not what,
But that they must be saying.

Another sort there be, that will
Be talking of the Fairies still,
Nor never can they have their fill,
As they were wedded to them:
No tales of them their thirst can slake,
So much delight therein they take,
And some strange things they fain would make,
Knew they the way to do them.

Then since no muse hath been so bold,
Or of the later, or the old,
Those elvish secrets to unfold,
Which lie from others reading;
My active muse to light shall bring
The court of that proud Fairy King,
And tell there of the revelling:
Jove prosper my proceeding.

And thou Nymphidia, gentle Fay,
Which meeting me upon the way,
These secrets didst to me bewray,
Which now I am in telling:
My prêtty light fantastic maid,
I here invoke to thee my aid,
That I may speak what thou hast said,
In numbers smoothly swelling.

This palace standeth in the air,
By necromancy placed there,
That it no tempests needs to fear,
Which way soe'er it blow it:
And somewhat southward tow'rd the noon,
Whence lies a way up to the moon,
And thence the Fairy can as soon
Pass to the earth below it.

The walls of spiders' legs are made,
Well morticed and finely laid,
He was the master of his trade,
It curiously that builded:
The windows of the eyes of cats,
And for the roof, instead of slats,
Is cover'd with the skins of bats,
With moonshine that are gilded.

Hence Oberon, him sport to make,
(Their rest when weary mortals take,
And none but only Fairies wake)
Descendeth for his pleasure:
And Mab, his merry Queen, by night
Bestrides young folks that lie upright,
(In elder times the Mare that hight)
Which plagues them out of measure.

Hence shadows' seeming idle shapes,
Of little frisking elves and apes,
To earth do make their wanton scapes,
As hope of pastime hastes them:
Which maids think on the hearth they see,
When fires well-near consumed be,
There dancing hayes by two and three,
Just as their fancy casts them.

These make our girls their slutt'ry rue,
By pinching them both black and blue,
And put a penny in their shoe,
The house for cleanly sweeping:
And in their courses make that round,
In meadows and in marshes found,
Of them so call'd the Fairy ground,
Of which they have the keeping.

These, when a child haps to be got,
Which after proves an idiot,
When folk perceive it thriveth not,
The fault therein to smother:
Some silly doating brainless calf,
That understands things by the half,
Say, that the Fairy left this aulf,
And took away the other.

But listen, and I shall you tell
A chance in Fairy that befel,
Which certainly may please some well,
In love and arms delighting:
Of Oberon, that jealous grew
Of one of his own Fairy crew,
Too well (he fear'd) his Queen that knew,
His love but ill requiting.

Pigwiggen was this Fairy Knight,
One wond'rous gracious in the sight
Of fair Queen Mab, which day and night
He amorously observed:
Which made King Oberon suspect
His service took too good effect,
His sauciness and often checkt,
And could have wish'd him starved.

Pigwiggen gladly would commend
Some token to Queen Mab to send,
If sea or land him aught could lend,
Were worthy of her wearing:
At length this lover doth devise,
A bracelet made of emmets' eyes,
A thing he thought that she would prize,
No whit her state impairing.

And to the Queen a letter writes,
Which he most curiously indites,
Conjuring her by all the rites
Of love, she would be pleased
To meet him her true servant, where
They might without suspect or fear
Themselves to one another clear,
And have their poor hearts eased.

"At midnight the appointed hour,
And for the Queen a fitting bow'r,
(Quoth he) is that fair cowslip flow'r,
On Hipcut-hill that groweth:
In all your train there's not a Fay,
That ever went to gather May,
But she hath made it in her way,
The tallest there that groweth."

When by Tom Thumb a Fairy page
He sent it, and doth him engage,
By promise of a mighty wage,
It secretly to carry:
Which done, the Queen her maids doth call,
And bids them to be ready all,
She would go see her summer hall,
She could no longer tarry.

Her chariot ready strait is made,
Each thing therein is fitting laid,
That she by nothing might be stay'd,
For naught must her be letting:
Four nimble gnats the horses were,
Their harnesses of gossamere,
Fly Cranion, her charioteer,
Upon the coach-box getting.

Her chariot of a snail's fine shell,
Which for the colours did excell;
The fair Queen Mab becoming well,
So lively was the limning:
The seat the soft wool of the bee,
The cover (gallantly to see)
The wing of a py'd butterflee,
I trow, 'twas simple trimming.

The wheels compos'd of crickets' bones,
And daintily made for the nonce,
For fear of rattling on the stones,
With thistle-down they shod it:
For all her maidens much did fear,
If Oberon had chanc'd to hear,
That Mab his Queen should have been there,
He would not have abode it.

She mounts her chariot with a trice,
Nor would she stay for no advice,
Until her maids, that were so nice,
To wait on her were fitted,
But ran herself away alone;
Which when they heard, there was not one
But hasted after to be gone,
As she had been diswitted.

Hop, and Mop, and Drap so clear,
Pip, and Trip, and Skip, that were
To Mab their sovereign dear,
Her special maids of honour;
Fib, and Tib, and Pinck, and Pin,
Tick, and Quick, and Jill, and Jin,
Tit, and Nit, and Wap, and Win,
The train that wait upon her.

Upon a grashopper they got,
And what with amble and with trot,
For hedge nor ditch they spared not,
But after her they hie them.
A cobweb over them they throw,
To shield the wind if it should blow,
Themselves they wisely could bestow,
Lest any should espy them.

But let us leave Queen Mab a while,
Through many a gate, o'er many a stile,
That now had gotten by this wile,
Her dear Pigwiggen kissing;
And tell how Oberon doth fare,
Who grew as mad as any hare,
When he had sought each place with care,
And found his Queen was missing.

By griesly Pluto he doth swear,
He rent his clothes, and tore his hair,
And as he runneth here and there,
An acorn-cup he getteth;
Which soon he taketh by the stalk,
About his head he lets it walk,
Nor doth he any creature baulk,
But lays on all he meeteth.

The Tuscan poet doth advance
The frantic Paladine of France,
And those more ancient do inhance
Alcides in his fury,
And others Ajax Telamon:
But to this time there hath been none
So Bedlam as our Oberon,
Of which I dare assure ye.

And first encount'ring with a wasp,
He in his arms the fly doth clasp,
As though his breath he forth would grasp,
Him for Pigwiggen taking:
'Where is my wife, thou rogue?' (quoth he)
Pigwiggen, she is come to thee;
Restore her, or thou dy'st by me.'
Whereat the poor wasp quaking,

Cries, "Oberon, great Fairy King,
Content thee, I am no such thing;
I am a wasp, behold my sting!"
At which the Fairy started.
When soon away the wasp doth go,
Poor wretch was never frighted so,
He thought his wings were much too slow,
O'erjoy'd they so were parted.

He next upon a glow-worm light,
(You must suppose it now was night)
Which, for her hinder part was bright,
He took to be a devil;
And furiously doth her assail
For carrying fire in her tail;
He thrash'd her rough coat with his flail,
The mad King fear'd no evil.

'Oh! (quoth the glow-worm) hold thy hand,
Thou puissant King of Fairy land,
Thy mighty strokes who may withstand?
Hold, or of life despair I.'
Together then herself doth roll,
And tumbling down into a hole,
She seem'd as black as any coal,
Which vext away the Fairy.

From thence he ran into a hive,
Amongst the bees he letteth drive,
And down their combs begins to rive,
All likely to have spoiled:
Which with their wax his face besmear'd,
And with their honey daub'd his beard;
It would have made a man afear'd,
To see how he was moiled.

A new adventure him betides:
He met an ant which he bestrides,
And post thereon away he rides,
Which with his haste doth stumble,
And came full over on her snout,
Her heels so threw the dirt about,
For she by no means could get out,
But over him doth tumble.

And being in this piteous case,
And all beflurried head and face,
On runs he in this wildgoose chase,
As here and there he rambles,
Half blind, against a mole-hill hit,
And for a mountain taking it,
For all he was out of his wit,
Yet to the top he scrambles.

And being gotten to the top,
Yet there himself he could not stop,
But down on th' other side doth chop,
And to the foot came rumbling:
So that the grubs therein that bred,
Hearing such turmoil over head,
Thought surely they had all been dead,
So fearful was the jumbling.

And falling down into a lake,
Which him up to the neck doth take,
His fury it doth somewhat slake,
He calleth for a ferry:
Where you may some recovery note,
What was his club he made his boat,
And in his oaken cup doth float,
As safe as in a wherry.

Men talk of the adventures strange
Of Don Quishot, and of their change,
Through which he armed oft did range,
Of Sancha Pancha's travel:
But should a man tell every thing
Done by this frantic Fairy King,
And them in lofty numbers sing,
It well his wits might gravel.

Scarce set on shore, but therewithal
He meeteth Puck, which most men call
Hobgoblin, and on him doth fall
With words from phrenzy spoken:
'Hoh, hoh, quoth Hob, God save thy grace,
Who drest thee in this piteous case?
He thus that spoil'd my sov'reign's face,
I would his neck were broken.'

This Puck seems but a dreaming dolt,
Still walking like a ragged colt,
And oft out of a bush doth bolt,
Of purpose to deceive us;
And leading us, makes us to stray
Long winters nights out of the way,
And when we stick in mire and clay,
He doth with laughter leave us.

'Dear Puck, quoth he, my wife is gone;
As e'er thou lov'st King Oberon,
Let every thing but this alone,
With vengeance and pursue her:
Bring her to me, alive or dead;
Or that vile thief Pigwiggen's head;
That villain hath defil'd my bed,
He to this folly drew her.'

Quoth Puck, "My liege, I'll never lin,
But I will thorough thick and thin,
Until at length I bring her in,
My dearest lord, ne'er doubt it."
Thorough brake, thorough brier,
Thorough muck, thorough mire,
Thorough water, thorough fire,
And thus goes Puck about it.

This thing Nymphidia overheard,
That on this mad king had a guard,
Not doubting of a great reward,
For first this bus'ness broaching:
And through the air away doth go
Swift as an arrow from the bow,
To let her sovereign Mab to know
What peril was approaching.

The queen, bound with love's pow'rful charm,
Sate with Pigwiggen arm in arm;
Her merry maids, that thought no harm,
About the room were skipping:
A humble bee their minstrel, play'd
Upon his hautbois, ev'ry maid
Fit for this revel was array'd,
The hornpipe neatly tripping.

In comes Nymphidia, and doth cry,
'My sovereign, for your safety fly,
For there is danger but too nigh,
I posted to forewarn you:
The king hath sent Hobgoblin out,
To seek you all the fields about,
And of your safety you may doubt,
If he but once discern you.'

When like an uproar in a town,
Before them every thing went down;
Some tore a ruff, and some a gown,
'Gainst one another justling:
They flew about like chaff i' th' wind;
For haste some left their masks behind,
Some could not stay their gloves to find:
There never was such bustling.

Forth ran they by a secret way,
Into a brake that near them lay,
Yet much they doubted there to stay,
Lest Hob should hap to find them:
He had a sharp and piercing sight,
All one to him the day and night,
And therefore were resolv'd by flight
To leave this place behind them.

At length one chanc'd to find a nut,
In th' end of which a hole was cut,
Which lay upon a hazel root,
There scatter'd by a squirrel,
Which out the kernel gotten had:
When quoth this Fay, 'Dear queen, be glad,
'Let Oberon be ne'er so mad,
I'll set you safe from peril.

Come all into this nut, (quoth she)
Come closely in, be rul'd by me,
Each one may here a chuser be,
For room ye need not wrestle,
Nor need ye be together heapt.'
So one by one therein they crept,
And lying down, they soundly slept,
And safe as in a castle.

Nymphidia, that this while doth watch,
Perceiv'd if Puck the queen should catch,
That he would be her over-match,
Of which she well bethought her;
Found it must be some pow'rful charm,
The queen against him that must arm,
Or surely he would do her harm,
For throughly he had sought her.

And list'ning if she aught could hear,
That her might hinder, or might fear;
But finding still the coast was clear,
Nor creature had descry'd her:
Each circumstance and having scann'd,
She came thereby to understand,
Puck would be with them out of hand,
When to her charms she hy'd her.

And first her fern-seed doth bestow,
The kernel of the missletoe;
And here and there as Puck should go,
With terror to affright him,
She night-shade strews to work him ill,
Therewith her vervain and her dill,
That hind'reth witches of their will,
Of purpose to despight him.

Then sprinkles she the juice of rue,
That groweth underneath the yew,
With nine drops of the midnight dew,
From lunary distilling;
The molewarp's brain mixt therewithal,
And with the same the pismire's gall:
For she in nothing short would fall,
The Fairy was so willing.

Then thrice under a brier doth creep,
Which at both ends was rooted deep,
And over it three times she leapt,
Her magic much availing:
Then on Proserpina doth call,
And so upon her spell doth fall,
Which here to you repeat I shall,
Not in one tittle failing.

'By the croaking of the frog;
By the howling of the dog;
By the crying of the hog
Against the storm arising;
By the evening curfew-bell;
By the doleful dying knell;
O let this my direful spell,
Hob, hinder thy surprising.

'By the mandrake's dreadful groans;
By the Lubrican's sad moans;
By the noise of dead men's bones
In charnel-houses rattling;
By the hissing of the snake,
The rustling of the fire-drake,
I charge thee this place forsake,
Nor of Queen Mab be prattling.

'By the whirlwind's hollow sound,
By the thunder's dreadful stound,
Yells of spirits under ground,
I charge thee not to fear us:
By the screech-owl's dismal note,
By the black night-raven's throat,
I charge thee, Hob, to tear thy coat
With thorns, if thou come near us.'

Her spell thus spoke, she slept aside,
And in a chink herself doth hide,
To see thereof what would betide,
For she doth only mind him:
When presently she Puck espies,
And well she markt his gloating eyes,
How under every leaf he pries,
In seeking still to find them.

But once the circle got within,
The charms to work do straight begin,
And he was caught as in a gin:
For as he thus was busy,
A pain he in his head-piece feels,
Against a stubbed tree he reels,
And up went poor Hobgoblin's heels:
Alas! his brain was dizzy.

At length upon his feet he gets,
Hobgoblin fumes, Hobgoblin frets,
And as again he forward sets,
And through the bushes scrambles,
A stump doth trip him in his pace,
Down comes poor Hob upon his face,
And lamentably tore his case
Amongst the briers and brambles.

'Plague upon Queen Mab (quoth he)
And all her maids, where'er they be;
I think the devil guided me,
To seek her, so provoked.'
When stumbling at a piece of wood,
He fell into a ditch of mud,
Where to the very chin he stood,
In danger to be choaked.

Now worse than e'er he was before,
Poor Puck doth yell, poor Puck doth roar,
That wak'd Queen Mab, who doubted sore
Some treason had been wrought her:
Until Nymphidia told the Queen
What she had done, what she had seen,
Who then had well-near crack'd her spleen
With very extreme laughter.

But leave we Hob to clamber out,
Queen Mab and all her Fairy rout,
And come again to have a bout
With Oberon yet madding:
And with Pigwiggen now distrought,
Who much was troubled in his thought,
That he so long the queen had sought,
And through the fields was gadding.

And as he runs, he still doth cry,
'King Oberon, I thee defy,
And dare thee here in arms to try,
For my dear lady's honour:
For that she is a queen right good,
In whose defence I'll shed my blood,
And that thou in this jealous mood
Hast laid this slander on her.'

And quickly arms him for the field,
A little cockle-shell his shield,
Which he could very bravely wield,
Yet could it not be pierced:
His spear a bent both stiff and strong,
And well near of two inches long:
The pile was of a horse-fly's tongue,
Whose sharpness naught reversed.

And puts him on a coat of mail,
Which was of a fish's scale,
That when his foe should him assail,
No point should be prevailing.
His rapier was a hornet's sting,
It was a very dangerous thing;
For if he chanc'd to hurt the king,
It would be long in healing.

His helmet was a beetle's head,
Most horrible and full of dread,
That able was to strike one dead,
Yet it did well become him:
And for a plume, a horse's hair,
Which being tossed by the air,
Had force to strike his foe with fear,
And turn his weapon from him.

Himself he on an earwig set,
Yet scarce he on his back could get,
So oft and high he did curvet,
E'er he himself could settle:
He made him turn, and stop, and bound,
To gallop, and to trot the round,
He scarce could stand on any ground,
He was so full of mettle.

When soon he met with Tomalin,
One that a valiant knight had been,
And to great Oberon of kin:
Quoth he, 'Thou manly Fairy,
'Tell Oberon I come prepar'd,
'Then bid him stand upon his guard;
'This hand his baseness shall reward,
'Let him be ne'er so wary.

'Say to him thus, That I defy
'His slanders and his infamy,
'And as a mortal enemy
'Do publicly proclaim him:
'Withal, that if I had mine own,
'He should not wear the Fairy crown,
'But with a vengeance should come down;
'Nor we a king should name him.'

This Tomalin could not abide,
To hear his sovereign vilify'd;
But to the Fairy court him hy'd,
Full furiously he posted,
With ev'ry thing Pigwiggen said;
How title to the crown he laid,
And in what arms he was array'd,
And how himself he boasted.

'Twixt head and foot, from point to point,
He told the arming of each joint,
In every piece how neat and quaint;
For Tomalin could do it:
How fair he sat, how sure he rid;
As of the courser he bestrid,
How manag'd, and how well he did.
The king, which listen'd to it,

Quoth he, 'Go, Tomalin, with speed.
Provide me arms, provide my steed,
And every thing that I shall need,
By thee I will be guided:
To strait account call thou thy wit,
See there be wanting not a whit,
In ev'ry thing see thou me fit,
Just as my foe's provided.'

Soon flew this news through Fairy-land,
Which gave Queen Mab to understand
The combat that was then in hand
Betwixt those men so mighty:
Which greatly she began to rue,
Perceiving that all Fairy knew,
The first occasion from her grew,
Of these affairs so weighty.

Wherefore attended with her maids,
Through fogs, and mists, and damps she wades,
To Proserpine the Queen of shades,
To treat, that it would please her
The cause into her hands to take,
For ancient love and friendship's sake,
And soon thereof an end to make,
Which of much care would ease her.

A while there let we Mab alone,
And come we to King Oberon,
Who arm'd to meet his foe is gone,
For proud Pigwiggen crying:
Who sought the Fairy King as fast,
And had so well his journies cast,
That he arrived at the last,
His puissant foe espying.

Stout Tomalin came with the King,
Tom Thumb doth on Pigwiggen bring,
That perfect were in ev'ry thing
To single fights belonging:
And therefore they themselves engage,
To see them exercise their rage,
With fair and comely equipage,
Not one the other wronging.

So like in arms these champions were,
As they had been a very pair,
So that a man would almost swear
That either had been either:
Their furious steeds began to neigh,
That they were heard a mighty way:
Their staves upon their rests they lay;
Yet e'er they flew together,

Their seconds minister an oath,
Which was indifferent to them both,
That on their knightly faith and troth,
No magic them supplied;
And sought them that they had no charms,
Wherewith to work each other's harms,
But came with simple open arms,
To have their causes tried.

Together furiously they ran,
That to the ground came horse and man;
The blood out of their helmets span,
So sharp were their encounters:
And though they to the earth were thrown,
Yet quickly they regain'd their own;
Such nimbleness was never shewn,
They were two gallant mounters.

When in a second course again,
They forward came with might and main,
Yet which had better of the twain,
The seconds could not judge yet:
Their shields were into pieces cleft,
Their helmets from their heads were reft,
And to defend them nothing left,
These champions would not budge yet.

Away from them their staves they threw,
Their cruel swords they quickly drew
And freshly they the fight renew,
They every stroke redoubled:
Which made Proserpina take heed,
And make to them the greater speed,
For fear lest they too much should bleed,
Which wond'rously her troubled.

When to th' infernal Styx she goes,
She takes the fogs from thence that rose,
And in a bag doth them enclose,
When well she had them blended:
She hies her then to Lethe spring,
A bottle and thereof doth bring,
Wherewith she meant to work the thing
Which only she intended.

Now Proserpine with Mab is gone
Unto the place where Oberon
And proud Pigwiggen, one to one,
Both to be slain were likely:
And there themselves they closely hide,
Because they would not be espy'd;
For Proserpine meant to decide
The matter very quickly.

And suddenly unties the poke,
Which out of it sent such a smoke,
As ready was them all to choke,
So grievous was the pother:
So that the knights each other lost,
And stood as still as any post,
Tom Thumb nor Tomalin could boast
Themselves of any other.

But when the mist 'gan somewhat cease,
Proserpina commandeth peace,
And that a while they should release
Each other of their peril:
'Which here (quoth she) I do proclaim
'To all, in dreadful Pluto's name,
'That as ye will eschew his blame,
'You let me hear the quarrel.

'But here yourselves you must engage,
'Somewhat to cool your spleenish rage,
'Your grievous thirst and to assuage,
'That first you drink this liquor;
'Which shall your understandings clear,
'As plainly shall to you appear,
'Those things from me that you shall hear,
'Conceiving much the quicker.'

This Lethe water, you must know,
The memory destroyeth so,
That of our weal, or of our woe,
It all remembrance blotted,
Of it nor can you ever think:
For they no sooner took this drink,
But nought into their brains could sink,
Of what had them besotted.

King Oberon forgotten had,
That he for jealousy ran mad;
But of his queen was wond'rous glad,
And ask'd how they came thither.
Pigwiggen likewise doth forget,
That the Queen Mab had ever met,
Or that they were so hard beset,
When they were found together.

Nor either of 'em both had thought,
That e'er they had each other sought,
Much less that they a combat fought,
But such a dream were loathing.
Tom Thumb had got a little sup,
And Tomalin scarce kiss'd the cup,
Yet had their brains so sure lockt up,
That they remember'd nothing.

Queen Mab and her light maids the while
Amongst themselves do closely smile,
To see the king caught with this wile,
With one another jesting:
And to the Fairy court they went,
With mickle joy and merriment,
Which thing was done with good intent;
And thus I left them feasting.

POLY-OLBION.

[*Extract from the 26th Song.*]

But, Muse, return at last, attend the princely Trent,
Who straining on in state, the north's imperious flood,
The third of England call'd, with many a dainty wood,
Being crown'd to Burton comes, to Needwood where she shows
Herself in all her pomp; and as from thence she flows,
She takes into her train rich Dove, and Darwin clear,
Darwin, whose font and fall are both in Derbyshire;
And of those thirty floods, that wait the Trent upon,
Doth stand without compare, the very paragon.
Thus wand'ring at her will, as uncontroul'd she ranges,
Her often varying form, as variously and changes.
First Erwash, and then Lyne, sweet Sherwood sends her in;
Then looking wide, as one that newly wak'd had been,
Saluted from the north, with Nottingham's proud height,
So strongly is surpris'd, and taken with the sight,
That she from running wild, but hardly can refrain,
To view in how great state, as she along doth strain,
That brave exalted seat, beholdeth her in pride,
As how the large-spread meads upon the other side,
All flourishing in flowers, and rich embroideries dress'd,
In which she sees herself above her neighbours bless'd:
As wrap'd with the delights, that her this prospect brings,
In her peculiar praise, lo, thus the river sings:
'What should I care at all, from what my name I take,
That thirty doth import, that thirty rivers make;
My greatness what it is, or thirty abbeys great,
That on my fruitful banks, times formerly did seat:
Or thirty kinds of fish that in my streams do live,
To me this name of Trent did from that number give.
What reck I? let great Thames, since by his fortune he
Is sovereign of us all that here in Britain be;
From Isis, and old Tame, his pedigree derive:
And for the second place, proud Severn that doth strive,
Fetch her descent from Wales, from that proud mountain sprung,
Plinillimon, whose praise is frequent them among,
And of that princely maid, whose name she boasts to bear,
Bright Sabrin, whom she holds as her undoubted heir.
Let these imperious floods draw down their long descent
From these so famous stocks, and only say of Trent,
That Mooreland's barren earth me first to light did bring,
Which though she be but brown, my clear complexion'd spring
Gain'd with the nymphs such grace, that when I first did rise,
The Naiades on my brim, danc'd wanton hydagies,
And on her spacious breast, (with heaths that doth abound)
Encircled my fair fount with many a lusty round:
And of the British floods, though but the third I be,
Yet Thames and Severn both in this come short of me.
For that I am the mere of England, that divides
The north part from the south, on my so either sides,
That reckoning how these tracts in compass be extent,
Men bound them on the north, or on the south of Trent;
Their banks are barren sands, if but compar'd with mine,
Through my prespicuous breast, the pearly peebles shine:
I throw my crystal arms along the flow'ry valleys,
Which lying sleek and smooth as any garden-alleys,
Do give me leave to play, whilst they do court my stream,
And crown my winding banks with many an anadem:
My silver-scaled skulls about my streams do sweep,
Now in the shallow fords, now in the falling deep:
So that of every kind, the new spawn'd numerous fry
Seem in me as the sands that on my shore do lie.
The barbell, than which fish a braver doth not swim,
Nor greater for the ford within my spacious brim,
Nor (newly taken) more the curious taste doth please;
The greling, whose great spawn is big as any pease;
The pearch with pricking fins, against the pike prepar'd,
As nature had thereon bestow'd this stronger guard,
His daintiness to keep, (each curious palate's proof)
From his vile ravenous foe: next him I name the ruffe.
His very near ally, and both for scale and fin,
In taste, and for his bait (indeed) his next of kin,

The pretty slender dare, of many call'd the dace,
Within my liquid glass, when Phœbus looks his face,
Oft swiftly as he swims, his silver belly shows,
But with such nimble slight, that e'er ye can disclose
His shape, out of your sight like lightning he is shot.
The trout, by nature mark'd with many a crimson spot,
As though she curious were in him above the rest,
And of fresh-water fish, did note him for the best;
The roche, whose common kind to every flood doth call;
The chub, (whose neater name) which some a chevin call,
Food to the tyrant pike, (most being in his power)
Who for their numerous store he most doth them devour;
The lusty salmon then, from Neptune's wat'ry realm,
When as his season serves, stemming my tideful stream,
Then being in his kind, in me his pleasure takes,
(For whom the fisher then all other game forsakes)
Which bending of himself to th' fashion of a ring,
Above the forced weares, himself doth nimbly fling,
And often when the net hath drag'd him safe to land,
Is seen by natural force to 'scape his murderer's hand;
Whose grain doth rise in flakes, with fatness interlarded,
Of many a liquorish lip, that highly is regarded.
And Humber, to whose waste I pay my wat'ry store,
Me of her sturgeons sends, that I thereby the more
Should have my beauties grac'd with something from him sent:
Not Ancum's silver'd eel excelleth that of Trent;
Though the sweet smelling smelt be more in Thames than me,
The lamprey, and his lesse, in Severn general be;
The flounder smooth and flat, in other rivers caught,
Perhaps in greater store, yet better are not thought:
The dainty gudgeon, loche the minnow, and the bleake,
Since they but little are, I little need to speak
Of them, nor doth it fit me much of those to reck,
Which every where are found in every little beck;
Nor of the crayfish here, which creeps amongst my stones,
From all the rest alone, whose shell is all his bones:
For carp, the tench, and breame, my other store among,
To lakes and standing pools, that chiefly do belong,
Here scouring in my fords, feed in my waters clear,
Are muddy fish in ponds to that which they are here.'
From Nottingham, near which this river first begun,
This song, she the meanwhile, by Newark having run,
Receiving little Synte, from Bever's batning grounds,
At Gainsborough goes out, where the Lincolnian bounds.
Yet Sherwood all this while, not satisfied to show
Her love to princely Trent, as downward she doth flow,
Her Meden and her Man, she down from Mansfield sends
To Iddle for her aid, by whom she recommends
Her love to that brave queen of waters, her to meet,
When she tow'rds Humber comes, do humbly kiss her feet,
And clip her till she grace great Humber with her fall,
When Sherwood somewhat back the forward muse doth call;
For she was let to know, that Soare had in her song
So chanted Charnwood's worth, the rivers that along,
Amongst the neighbouring nymphs, there were no other lays,
But those which seem'd to sound of Charnwood, and her praise:
Which Sherwood took to heart, and very much disdain'd,
(As one that had both long, and worthily maintain'd
The title of the great'st, and bravest of her kind)
To fall so far below one wretchedly confin'd
Within a furlong's space, to her large skirts compar'd:
Wherefore she as a nymph that neither fear'd nor car'd
For ought to her might chance, by others love or hate,
With resolution arm'd against the power of fate,
All self-praise set apart, determineth to sing
That lusty Robin Hood, who long time like a king
Within her compass liv'd, and when he list to range
For some rich booty set, or else his air to change,
To Sherwood still retir'd, his only standing court,
Whose praise the forest thus doth pleasantly report:
'The merry pranks he play'd, would ask an age to tell,
And the adventures strange that Robin befel,

When Mansfield many a time for Robin hath been laid,
How he hath cousen'd them, that him would have betray'd;
How often he hath come to Nottingham disguis'd,
And cunningly escap'd, being set to be surpriz'd.
In this our spacious isle, I think there is not one,
But he hath heard some talk of him and little John;
And to the end of time, the tales shall ne'er be done,
Of Scarlock, George-a-Green, and Much the miller's son,
Of Tuck the merry friar, which many a sermon made
In praise of Robin Hood, his outlaws, and their trade.
An hundred valiant men had this brave Robin Hood,
Still ready at his call, that bowmen were right good,
All clad in Lincoln green, with caps of red and blue,
His fellow's winded horn, not one of them but knew,
When setting to their lips their little beugles shrill,
The warbling echoes wak'd from every dale and hill:
Their bauldricks set with studs, athwart their shoulder's cast,
To which under their arms their sheafs were buckled fast,
A short sword at their belt, a buckler scarce a span,
Who struck below the knee, nor counted then a man:
All made of Spanish yew, their bows were wondrous strong;
They not an arrow drew, but was a cloth yard long.
Of archery they had the very perfect craft,
With broad-arrow, or but, or prick, or roving shaft,
At marks full forty score, they us'd to prick, and rove,
Yet higher than the breast, for compass never strove;
Yet at the farthest mark a foot could hardly win:
At long-buts, short, and hoyles, each one could cleave the pin:
Their arrows finely pair'd, for timber, and for feather,
With birch and brazil piec'd, to fly in any weather;
And shot they with the round, the square, or forked pile,
The loose gave such a twang, as might be heard a mile.
And of these archers brave, there was not any one,
But he could kill a deer his swiftest speed upon,
Which they did boil and roast, in many a mighty wood,
Sharp hunger the fine sauce to their more kingly food.
Then taking them to rest, his merry men and he
Slept many a summer's night under the greenwood tree.
From wealthy abbots chests, and churls abundant store,
What oftentimes he took, he shar'd amongst the poor;
No lordly bishop came in lusty Robin's way,
To him before he went, but for his pass must pay:
The widow in distress he graciously reliev'd,
And remedied the wrongs of many a virgin griev'd:
He from the husband's bed no married woman wan,
But to his mistress dear, his loved Marian,
Was ever constant known, which wheresoe'er she came,
Was sovereign of the woods, chief lady of the game:
Her clothes tuck'd to the knee, and dainty braided hair,
With bow and quiver arm'd, she wander'd here and there
Amongst the forests wild; Diana never knew
Such pleasures, nor such harts as Mariana slew.'

JOHN DONNE.

Born 1573.—*Died* 1631.

TO SIR HENRY GOODERE.

Who makes the last a pattern for next year,
Turns no new leaf, but still the same things reads;
Seen things he sees again, heard things doth hear,
And makes his life but like a pair of beads.

A palace, when 't is that which it should be,
Leaves growing, and stands such, or else decays:
But he which dwells there is not so; for he
Strives to urge upward, and his fortune raise.

So had your body her morning, hath her noon,
And shall not better; her next change is night:
But her fair larger guest, to whom sun and moon
Are sparks, and short liv'd, claims another right.

The noble soul by age grows lustier;
Her appetite and her digestion mend:
We must not starve, nor hope to pamper her
With woman's milk and pap unto the end.

Provide you manlier diet. You have seen
All libraries, which are schools, camps and courts;
But ask your garners if you had not been
In harvest too indulgent to your sports?

Would you redeem it? then yourself transplant
A while from hence. Perchance outlandish ground
Bears no more wit than ours; but yet more scant
Are those diversions there which here abound.

To be a stranger hath that benefit;
We can beginnings but not habits choke.
Go. Whither? Hence. You get, if you forget;
New faults, till they prescribe to us, are smoke.

Our soul, whose country's heav'n, and God her father,
Into this world, corruption's sink, is sent;
Yet so much in her travel she doth gather,
That she returns home wiser than she went.

It pays you well if it teach you to spare,
And make you asham'd to make your hawk's praise your's,
Which when herself she lessens in the air,
You then first say that high enough she tow'rs.

However, keep the lively taste you hold
Of God; love him now, but fear him more;
And in your afternoons think what you told
And promis'd him at morning prayer before.

Let falsehood like a discord anger you,
Else be not froward. But why do I touch
Things of which none is in your practice new,
And tables and fruit-trenchers teach as much?

But thus I make you keep your promise, Sir;
Riding I had you, though you still stay'd there;
And in these thoughts, although you never stir,
You came with me to Micham, and are here.

SONNET TO DEATH.

Death, be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;
For those, whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow,
Die not, poor Death; nor yet canst thou kill me.
From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be,
Much pleasure; then from thee much more must flow:
And soonest our best men with thee do go,
Rest of their bones, and souls' delivery.
Thou art slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well,
And better than thy stroke. Why swell'st thou then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally;
And death shall be no more—Death, thou shalt die.

BEN JONSON.

Born 1574.—*Died* 1637.

VOLPONE; OR, THE FOX.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Men.

Volpone, a Magnifico.
Mosca, his Parasite.
Voltore, an Advocate.
Corbaccio, an old Gentleman.
Corvino, a Merchant.
Avocatori, four Magistrates.
Notario, the Register.
Nano, a Dwarf.
Castrone, an Eunuch.
Politick Would-be, a Knight.
Peregrine, a Gentleman Traveller.
Bonario, a young Gentleman.

Women.

Fine Madam Would-be, the Knight's Wife.
Celia, the Merchant's Wife.
Commandadori, Officers.
Mercatori, three Merchants.
Servitore, a Servant.

SCENE, *Venice*.

ACT I.

Volpone, Mosca.

Volp. Good morning to the day; and next, my gold:
Open the shrine, that I may see my saint.
Hail the world's soul, and mine! more glad than is
The teeming earth to see the long'd-for sun
Peep through the horns of the celestial Ram,
Am I, to view thy splendour dark'ning his;
That lying here, amongst my other hoards,
Shew'st like a flame by night, or like the day
Struck out of chaos, when all darkness fled
Unto the centre. O thou son of Sol,
But brighter than thy father, let me kiss,
With adoration, thee, and every relick
Of sacred treasure in this blessed room.
Well did wise poets, by thy glorious name,
Title that age which they would have the best;
Thou being the best of things, and far transcending
All style of joy, in children, parents, friends,
Or any other waking dream on earth.
Thy looks when they to Venus did ascribe,
They should have given her twenty thousand Cupids:
Such are thy beauties and our loves! dear saint,
Riches, the dumb god, that giv'st all men tongues,
That canst do nought, and yet mak'st men do all things;
The price of souls; even hell, with thee to boot,
Is made worth heaven. Thou art virtue, fame,
Honour, and all things else. Who can get thee,
He shall be noble, valiant, honest, wise——

Mos. And what he will, sir. Riches are in fortune
A greater good than wisdom is in nature.

Volp. True, my beloved Mosca. Yet I glory
More in the cunning purchase of my wealth,
Than in the glad possession, since I gain
No common way; I use no trade, no venture;
I wound no earth with plough-shares, fat no beasts,

To feed the shambles: have no mills for iron,
Oil, corn, or men, to grind them into powder:
I blow no subtil glass, expose no ships
To threat'nings of the furrow-faced sea;
I turn no moneys in the public bank,
No usure private.
Mos. No, sir, nor devour
Soft prodigals. You shall ha' some will swallow
A melting heir as glibly as your Dutch
Will pills of butter, and ne'er purge for it;
Tear forth the fathers of poor families
Out of their beds, and coffin them alive
In some kind clasping prison, where their bones
May be forthcoming, when the flesh is rotten:
But your sweet nature doth abhor these courses;
You lothe the widow's or the orphan's tears
Should wash your pavements, or their piteous cries
Ring in your roofs, and beat the air for vengeance.
Volp. Right, Mosca, I do lothe it.
Mos. And besides, sir,
You are not like the thresher that doth stand
With a huge flail, watching a heap of corn,
And, hungry, dares not taste the smallest grain,
But feeds on mallows and such bitter herbs;
Nor like the merchant, who hath fill'd his vaults
With Romagnia, and rich Candian wines,
Yet drinks the lees of Lombard's vinegar:
You will lie not in straw, whilst moths and worms
Feed on your sumptuous hangings and soft beds.
You know the use of riches, and dare give now
From that bright heap, to me your poor observer,
Or to your dwarf,
Your eunuch, or what other household trifle,
Your pleasure allows maint'nance——
Volp. Hold thee, Mosca,
Take of my hand; thou strik'st on truth in all,
And they are envious term thee parasite.
Call forth my dwarf, my eunuch, and my fool,
And let them make me sport. What should I do,
But cocker up my genius, and live free
To all delights my fortune calls me to?
I have no wife, no parent, child, allie,
To give my substance to; but whom I make
Must be my heir; and this makes men observe me:
This draws new clients daily to my house,
Women and men of every sex and age,
That bring me presents, send me plate, coin, jewels,
With hope that when I die (which they expect
Each greedy minute), it shall then return
Ten-fold upon them; whilst some, covetous
Above the rest, seek to engross me whole,
And counter-work the one unto the other,
Contend in gifts, as they would seem in love:
All which I suffer, playing with their hopes,
And am content to coin them into profit,
And look upon their kindness, and take more,
And look on that; still bearing them in hand,
Letting the cherry knock against their lips,
And draw it by their mouths, and back again.

SCENE II.*

* * * * * * * *

[*One knocks without.*
Volp. Who's that? Away, look, Mosca; fool, begone.
Mos. 'Tis signior Voltore the advocate,
I know him by his knock.
Volp. Fetch me my gown,
My furs, and night-caps; say, my couch is changing:
And let him entertain himself a while
Without i' th' gallery. Now, now, my clients
Begin their visitation! Vulture, kite,
Raven, and gorcrow, all my birds of prey,
That think me turning carcass, now they come;
I am not for 'em yet. How now? the news?
Mos. A piece of plate, sir.
Volp. Of what bigness?
Mos. Huge,
Massy, and antique, with your name inscrib'd,
And arms engraven.
Volp. Good! and not a fox
Stretcht on the earth, with fine delusive sleights,
Mocking a gaping crow† ? ha, Mosca?
Mos. Sharp, sir.
Volp. Give me my furs. Why dost thou laugh so, man?
Mos. I cannot chuse, sir, when I apprehend
What thoughts he has (without) now, as he walks:
That this might be the last gift he should give;
That this would fetch you; if you die to-day,
And gave him all, what he should be to-morrow;
What large return would come of all his ventures;
How he should worshipp'd be, and reverenc'd;
Ride with his furs, and foot-clothes; waited on
By herds of fools, and clients; have clear way
Made for his moile, as letter'd as himself;
Be call'd the great and learned advocate:
And then concludes, there's nought impossible.
Volp. Yes, to be learned, Mosca.
Mos. O, no: rich
Implies it. Hood an ass with reverend purple,
So you can hide his two ambitious ears,
And he shall pass for a cathedral doctor.
Volp. My caps, my caps, good Mosca; fetch him in.
Mos. Stay, sir, your ointment for your eyes.
Volp. That's true;
Dispatch, dispatch: I long to have possession
Of my new present.
Mos. That, and thousands more,
I hope to see you lord of.
Volp. Thanks, kind Mosca. [dust,
Mos. And that, when I am lost in blended
And hundred such as I am, in succession——
Volp. Nay, that were too much, Mosca.
Mos. You shall live,
Still, to delude these harpies.

* A part of this scene, forming a kind of interlude invented by Mosca to entertain his patron Volpone, I have taken the liberty to omit.—*Compiler.*

† An allusion to Æsop's fable of the Crow and the Fox.

Volp. Loving Mosca,
'Tis well, my pillow now, and let him enter.
Now my feign'd cough, my phthisick, and my gout,
My apoplexy, palsy, and catarrh,
Help, with your forced functions, this my posture,
Wherein this three year, I have milk'd their hopes.
He comes, I hear him (uh, uh, uh, uh) O.

SCENE III.

Mosca, Voltore, Volpone.

Mos. You still are what you were, sir. Only you
(Of all the rest) are he, commands his love:
And you do wisely to preserve it thus,
With early visitation, and kind notes
Of your good meaning to him, which, I know,
Cannot but come most grateful. Patron, sir,
Here's signior Voltore is come——
Volp. What say you?
Mos. Sir, signior Voltore is come, this morning
To visit you.
Volp. I thank him.
Mos. And hath brought
A piece of antique plate, bought of St. Mark,
With which he here presents you.
Volp. He is welcome.
Pray him to come more often.
Mos. Yes.
Volt. What says he?
Mos. He thanks you, and desires you see him often.
Volp. Mosca.
Mos. My patron?
Volp. Bring him near, where is he?
I long to feel his hand.
Mos. The plate is here, sir.
Volt. How fare you, sir?
Volp. I thank you, signior Voltore,
Where is the plate? mine eyes are bad.
Volt. I'm sorry,
To see you still thus weak.
Mos. That he's not weaker.
Volp. You are too munificent.
Volt. No, sir, would to heaven,
I could as well give health to you as that plate.
Volp. You give, sir, what you can. I thank you. Your love
Hath taste in this, and shall not be unanswer'd.
I pray you see me often.
Volt. Yes, I shall, sir.
Volp. Be not far from me.
Mos. Do you observe that, sir?
Volp. Hearken unto me still: it will concern you.
Mos. You are a happy man, sir, know your good.
Volp. I cannot now last long——
Mos. You are his heir, sir.
Volt. Am I?
Volp. I feel me going, (uh, uh, uh, uh.)
I'm sailing to my port, (uh, uh, uh, uh.)
And I am glad I am so near my haven.
Mos. Alas, kind gentleman, well, we must all go——
Volt. But, Mosca——
Mos. Age will conquer.
Volt. 'Pray thee, hear me.
Am I inscrib'd his heir for certain?
Mos. Are you?
I do beseech you, sir, you will vouchsafe
To write me i' your family. All my hopes
Depend upon your worship. I am lost,
Except the rising sun do shine on me.
Volt. It shall both shine, and warm thee, Mosca.
Mos. Sir,
I am a man, that hath not done your love
All the worst offices: here I wear your keys,
See all your coffers, and your caskets lockt,
Keep the poor inventory of your jewels,
Your plate and moneys; am your steward, sir,
Husband your goods here.
Volt. But am I sole heir?
Mos. Without a partner, sir, confirm'd this morning;
The wax is warm yet, and the ink scarce dry
Upon the parchment.
Volt. Happy, happy, me!
By what good chance, sweet Mosca?
Mos. Your desert, sir;
I know no second cause.
Volt. Thy modesty
Is loth to know it; well, we shall requite it.
Mos. He ever lik'd your course, sir; that first took him.
I oft have heard him say, how he admir'd
Men of your large profession, that could speak
To every cause, and things mere contraries,
Till they were hoarse again, yet all be law;
That, with most quick agility, could turn,
And return; make knots, and undo them;
Give forked council; take provoking gold
On either hand, and put it up: these men,
He knew, would thrive with their humility.
And (for his part) he thought he should be blest
To have his heir of such a suffering spirit,
So wise, so grave, of so perplex'd a tongue,
And loud withal, that would not wag nor scarce
Lie still, without a fee; when every word
Your worship but lets fall, is a cecchine!
[*Another knocks.*
Who's that? one knocks, I would not have you seen, sir,
And yet——pretend you came, and went in haste;
I'll fashion an excuse. And, gentle sir,
When you do come to swim in golden lard,
Up to the arms in honey, that your chin
Is borne up stiff, with fatness of the flood,
Think on your vassal; but remember me:
I ha' not been your worst of clients.
Volt. Mosca.——
Mos. When will you have your inventory brought, sir?
Or see a copy of the will? (anon)
I'll bring 'em to you, sir. Away, be gone,
Put business i' your face.

Volt. Excellent Mosca!
Come hither, let me kiss thee.
Mos. Keep you still, sir.
Here is Corbaccio.
Volp. Set the plate away,
The vulture's gone, and the old raven's come!

SCENE IV.

Mosca, Corbaccio, Volpone.

Mos. Betake you to your silence, and your sleep.—
Stand there and multiply.—Now shall we see
A wretch who is (indeed) more impotent,
Than this can feign to be; yet hopes to hop
Over his grave. Signior Corbaccio!
You're very welcome, sir.
Corb. How does your patron?
Mos. Troth, as he did, sir; no amends.
Corb. What? mends he?
Mos. No, sir: he's rather worse.
Corb. That's well. Where is he?
Mos. Upon his couch, sir, newly fall'n asleep.
Corb. Does he sleep well?
Mos. No wink, sir, all this night,
Nor yesterday; but slumbers.
Corb. Good! he should take
Some counsel of physicians: I have brought him
An opiate here, from mine own doctor——
Mos. He will not hear of drugs.
Corb. Why? I myself
Stood by, while it was made, saw all th' ingredients:
And know, it cannot but most gently work.
My life for his, 'tis but to make him sleep.
Volp. I, his last sleep, if he would take it.
Mos. Sir,
He has no faith in physick.
Corb. 'Say you, 'say you?
Mos. He has no faith in physick: he does think
Most of your doctors are the greater danger,
And worse disease, t' escape. I often have
Heard him protest, that your physician
Should never be his heir.
Corb. Not I his heir?
Mos. Not your physician, sir.
Corb. O, no, no, no,
I do not mean it.
Mos. No, sir, nor their fees
He cannot brook: he says, they flay a man,
Before they kill him.
Corb. Right, I do conceive you.
Mos. And then they do it by experiment;
For which the law not only doth absolve 'em,
But gives them great reward: and he is loth
To hire his death, so.
Corb. It is true, they kill,
With as much license, as a judge.
Mos. Nay, more;
For he but kills, sir, where the law condemns,
And these can kill him too.
Corb. I, or me;
Or any man. How does his apoplex?
Is that strong on him still?
Mos. Most violent.
His speech is broken, and his eyes are set,
His face drawn longer, than 'twas wont——
Corb. How? how?
Stronger than he was wont?
Mos. No, sir: his face
Drawn longer than 'twas wont.
Corb. O, good.
Mos. His mouth
Is ever gaping, and his eyelids hang.
Corb. Good.
Mos. A freezing numbness stiffens all his joints,
And makes the colour of his flesh like lead.
Corb. 'Tis good.
Mos. His pulse beats slow, and dull.
Corb. Good symptoms still.
Mos. And from his brain——
(*Corb.* I conceive you, good.)
Mos. Flows a cold sweat, with a continual rheum,
Forth the resolved corners of his eyes.
Corb. Is 't possible? Yet I am better, ha!
How does he, with the swimming of his head?
Mos. O, sir, 'tis past the scotomy*; he now
Hath lost his feeling, and hath left to snort:
You hardly can perceive him, that he breathes.
Corb. Excellent, excellent, sure I shall outlast him:
This makes me young again, a score of years.
Mos. I was a coming for you, sir.
Corb. Has he made his will?
What has he giv'n me?
Mos. No, sir.
Corb. Nothing? ha?
Mos. He has not made his will, sir.
Corb. Oh, oh, oh,
What then did Voltore, the lawyer, here?
Mos. He smelt a carcass, sir, when he but heard
My master was about his testament;
As I did urge him to it for your good——
Corb. He came unto him; did he? I thought so.
Mos. Yes, and presented him this piece of plate.
Corb. To be his heir?
Mos. I do not know, sir.
Corb. True.
I know it too.
Mos. By your own scale, sir.
Corb. Well,
I shall prevent him, yet. See Mosca, look,
Here, I have brought a bag of bright cecchines,
Will quite weigh down his plate.
Mos. Yea, marry, sir.
This is true physick, this your sacred medicine;
No talk of opiates, to this great elixir.
Corb. 'Tis aurum palpabile, if not potabile.
Mos. It shall be minister'd to him, in his bowl?
Corb. I, do, do, do.
Mos. Most blessed cordial.
This will recover him.
Corb. Yes, do, do, do.
Mos. I think it were not best, sir.

* Mos. *O, sir, 'tis past the* Scotomy.] *Scotomia* is a dizziness or swimming in the head, when the animal spirits are so whirled about, that the external objects seem to run round.—*Dr. Grey.*

Corb. What?
Mos. To recover him.
Corb. O, no, no, no; by no means.
Mos. Why, sir, this
Will work some strange effect, if he but feel it.
Corb. 'Tis true, therefore forbear, I'll take my venture:
Give me it again.
Mos. At no hand; pardon me;
You shall not do yourself that wrong, sir. I
Will so advise you, you shall have it all.
Corb. How?
Mos. All, sir, 'tis your right, your own; no man
Can claim a part: 'tis yours without a rival,
Decreed by destiny.
Corb. How! how, good Mosca?
Mos. I'll tell you, sir. This fit he shall recover.
Corb. I do conceive you.
Mos. And, on first advantage
Of his gain'd sense, will I re-importune him
Unto the making of his testament:
And shew him this.
Corb. Good, good.
Mos. 'Tis better yet.
If you will hear, sir.
Corb. Yes, with all my heart.
Mos. Now, would I counsel you, make home with speed;
There, frame a will; whereto you shall inscribe
My master your sole heir.
Corb. And disinherit
My son?
Mos. O, sir, the better: for that colour
Shall make it much more taking.
Corb. O, but colour?
Mos. This will, sir, you shall send it unto me,
Now, when I come to inforce (as I will do)
Your cares, your watchings, and your many prayers,
Your more than many gifts, your this day's present,
And last, produce your will; where (without thought,
Or least regard, unto your proper issue,
A son so brave, and highly meriting)
The stream of your diverted love hath thrown you
Upon my master, and made him your heir:
He cannot be so stupid, or stone-dead,
But out of conscience, and mere gratitude——
Corb. He must pronounce me his?
Mos. 'Tis true.
Corb. This plot
Did I think on before.
Mos. I do believe it.
Corb. Do you not believe it?
Mos. Yes, sir.
Corb. Mine own project.
Mos. Which when he hath done, sir——
Corb. Publish'd me his heir?
Mos. And you so certain to survive him——
Corb. I.
Mos. Being so lusty a man——
Corb. 'Tis true.
Mos. Yes, sir.——
Corb. I thought on that too; See how he should be
The very organ to express my thoughts!
Mos. You have not only done yourself a good——
Corb. But multiplied it on my son.
Mos. 'Tis right, sir.
Corb. Still, my invention.
Mos. 'Las; sir, heaven knows,
It hath been all my study, all my care,
(I e'en grow grey withal) how to work things—
Corb. I do conceive, sweet Mosca.
Mos. You are he,
For whom I labour, here.
Corb. I, do, do, do:
I'll straight about it.
Mos. Rook go with you, raven*.
Corb. I know thee honest.
Mos. You do lie, sir———
Corb. And——
Mos. Your knowledge is no better than your ears, sir.
Corb. I do not doubt, to be a father to thee.
Mos. Nor I to gull my brother of his blessing.
Corb. I may ha' my youth restor'd to me, why not?
Mos. Your worship is a precious ass——
Corb. What say'st thou?
Mos. I do desire your worship to make haste, sir.
Corb. 'Tis done, 'tis done, I go.
Volp. O, I shall burst:
Let out my sides, let out my sides—
Mos. Contain
Your flux of laughter, sir: you know, this hope
Is such a bait, it covers any hook.
Volp. O, but thy working, and thy placing it!
I cannot hold; good rascal, let me kiss thee:
I never knew thee in so rare a humour.
Mos. Alas, sir, I but do as I am taught;
Follow your grave instructions; give 'em words;
Pour oil into their ears, and send them hence.
Volp. 'Tis true, 'tis true. What a rare punishment
Is avarice to itself?
Mos. I with our help, sir.
Volp. So many cares, so many maladies,
So many fears attending on old age,
Yea, death so often call'd on, as no wish
Can be more frequent with 'em, their limbs faint,
Their senses dull, their seeing, hearing, going,
All dead before them; yea, their very teeth,
Their instruments of eating, failing them:
Yet this is reckon'd life! nay, here was one,
Is now gone home, that wishes to live longer!
Feels not his gout, nor palsie, feigns himself
Younger by scores of years, flatters his age,
With confident belying it, hopes he may,
With charms like Æson, have his youth restor'd;

* *Rook go with you, raven.*] That is, may you, raven, be rooked or cheated.—*Whalley.*

And with these thoughts so battens, as if fate
Would be as easily cheated on, as he,
And all turns air! Who's that there, now? a third?

[*Another knocks.*

Mos. Close to your couch again: I hear his voice.
It is Corvino, our spruce merchant.
Volp. Dead.
Mos. Another bout, sir, with your eyes. Who's there?

SCENE V.

Mosca, Corvino, Volpone.

Mos. Signior Corvino! come most wisht for! O,
How happy were you, if you knew it, now!
Corv. Why? what? wherein?
Mos. The tardy hour is come, sir.
Corv. He is not dead?
Mos. Not, dead, sir, but as good;
He knows no man.
Corv. How shall I do then?
Mos. Why, sir?
Corv. I have brought him here a pearl.
Mos. Perhaps he has
So much remembrance left, as to know you, sir;
He still calls on you; nothing but your name
Is in his mouth; is your pearl orient, sir?
Corv. Venice was never owner of the like.
Volp. Signior Corvino.
Mos. Hark.
Volp. Signior Corvino.
Mos. He calls you, step and give it him. He's here, sir,
And he has brought you a rich pearl.
Corv. How do you, sir?
Tell him, it doubles the twelfth caract.
Mos. Sir,
He cannot understand, his hearing's gone;
And yet it comforts him to see you——
Corv. Say,
I have a diamond for him, too.
Mos. Best shew't, sir,
Put it into his hand; 'tis only there
He apprehends: he has his feeling, yet.
See how he grasps it!
Corv. 'Las, good gentleman!
How pitiful the sight is!
Mos. Tut, forget, sir.
The weeping of an heir should still be laughter,
Under a visor.
Corv. Why? am I his heir?
Mos. Sir, I am sworn, I may not shew the will,
Till he be dead: but here has been Corbaccio,
Here has been Voltore, here were others too,
I cannot number 'em, they were so many.
All gaping here for legacies; but I
Taking the vantage of his naming you,
(Signior Corvino, signior Corvino) took
Paper, and pen, and ink, and here I ask'd him,
Whom he would have his heir? Corvino. Who
Should be executor? Corvino. And,
To any question he was silent to,
I still interpreted the nods, he made
(Through weakness) for consent: and sent home th' others,
Nothing bequeath'd them, but to cry and curse.
Corv. O, my dear Mosca. Does he not perceive us?

[*They embrace.*

Mos. No more than a blind harper. He knows no man,
No face of friend, nor name of any servant,
Who 'twas that fed him last, or gave him drink:
Not those he hath begotten, or brought up,
Can he remember.
Corv. That's well, that's well. Art sure he does not hear us?
Mos. Sure, sir? why, look you, credit your own sense.
(You may come near, sir) would you would once close
Those filthy eyes of yours, that flow with slime,
Like two frog-pits: and those same hanging cheeks,
Cover'd with hide instead of skin, (nay, help, sir,)
That look like frozen dish-clouts set on end.
Corv. Or like an old smok'd wall, on which the rain
Ran down in streaks.
Mos. Excellent, sir, speak out:
You may be louder yet: a culverin
Discharged in his ear, would hardly bore it.
Corv. His nose is like a common sewer, still running.
Mos. 'Tis, good! And what his mouth?
Corv. A very draught.
Mos. O, stop it up——
Corv. By no means.
Mos. 'Pray you, let me.
Faith I could stifle him rarely with a pillow,
As well as any woman that should keep him.
Corv. Do as you will, but I'll begone.
Mos. Be so;
It is your presence makes him last so long.
Corv. I pray you, use no violence.
Mos. No, sir? why?
Why should you be thus scrupulous, 'pray you, sir?
Corv. Nay, at your discretion.
Mos. Well, good sir, be gone.
Corv. I will not trouble him now, to take my pearl.
Mos. Puh, nor your diamond. What a needless care
Is this afflicts you? Is not all here yours?
Am not I here? whom you have made your creature?
That owe my being to you?
Corv. Grateful Mosca!
Thou art my friend, my fellow, my companion,
My partner, and shall share in all my fortunes.
Mos. Excepting one.
Corv. What's that?
Mos. Your gallant wife, sir.
Now is he gone: we had no other means,
To shoot him hence, but this.

Volp. My divine Mosca!
Thou hast to-day out-gone thyself. Who's there?
[*Another knocks.*
I will be troubled with no more. Prepare
Me music, dances, banquets, all delights;
The Turk is not more sensual in his pleasures,
Than will Volpone. Let me see; a pearl?
A diamond? plate? cecchines? Good morning's purchase;
Why, this is better than rob churches, yet:
Or fat, by eating (once a month) a man.
Who is 't?
Mos. The beauteous lady Would-be, sir,
Wife to the English knight, Sir Politick Would-be,
(This is the stile, sir, is directed me)
Hath sent to know, how you have slept to-night,
And if you would be visited.
Volp. Not now.
Some three hours hence.———
Mos. I told the squire so much.
Volp. When I am high with mirth and wine: then, then,
'Fore heav'n, I wonder at the desperate valour
Of the bold English, that they dare let loose
Their wives to all encounters!
Mos. Sir, this knight
Had not his name for nothing, he is politic,
And knows, howe'er his wife affect strange airs,
She hath not yet the face to be dishonest:
But had she signior Corvino's wife's face—
Volp. Has she so rare a face?
Mos. O, sir, the wonder,
The blazing star of Italy! a wench
O' the first year! a beauty ripe as harvest!
Whose skin is whiter than a swan all over!
Than silver, snow, or lilies! a soft lip,
Would tempt you to eternity of kissing!
And flesh that melteth in the touch to blood!
Bright as your gold, and lovely as your gold!
Volp. Why had not I known this before?
Mos. Alas, sir—
Myself but yesterday discover'd it.
Volp. How might I see her?
Mos. O, not possible;
She's kept as warily as is your gold,
Never does come abroad, never takes air,
But at a window. All her looks are sweet,
As the first grapes or cherries, and are watch'd
As near as they are.
Volp. I must see her——
Mos. Sir,
There is a guard of ten spies thick upon her,
All his whole household; each of which is set
Upon his fellow, and have all their charge
When he goes out; when he comes in, examin'd.
Volp. I will go see her, though but at her window.
Mos. In some disguise then.
Volp. That is true: I must
Maintain mine own shape still the same: we'll think.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Politick Would-be, Peregrine.

Pol. Sir, to a wise man, all the world's his soil:
It is not Italy, nor France, nor Europe,
That must bound me, if my fates call me forth.
Yea, I protest, it is no salt desire
Of seeing countries, shifting a religion,
Nor any disaffection to the state
Where I was bred (and unto which I owe
My dearest plots) hath brought me out; much less,
That idle, antique, stale, grey-headed project,
Of knowing men's minds and manners, with Ulysses:
But a peculiar humour of my wife's
Laid for this height of Venice, to observe,
To quote, to learn the language, and so forth——
I hope you travel, sir, with licence?
Per. Yes.
Pol. I dare the safelier converse———How long, sir,
Since you left England?
Per. Seven weeks.
Pol. So lately?
You ha' not been with my lord ambassador.
Per. Not yet, sir.
Pol. Pray you, what news, sir, vents our climate?
I heard last night a most strange thing reported
By some of my lord's followers, and I long
To hear how 'twill be seconded?
Per. What was 't, sir?
Pol. Marry, sir, of a raven that should build
In a ship royal of the king's*.
Per. This fellow,
Does he gull me, trow? or is gull'd? Your name, sir.
Pol. My name is Politick Would-be.
Per. O, that speaks him. A knight, sir.
Pol. A poor knight, sir.
Per. Your lady
Lies here in Venice, for intelligence
Of tires and fashions, and behaviour,
Among the courtezans? the fine lady Wou'd-be.
Pol. Yes, sir; the spider and the bee, oft-times,
Suck from one flower.
Per. Good sir Politick,
I cry you mercy; I have heard much of you:
'Tis true, sir, of your raven.
Pol. On your knowledge?
Per. Yes, and your lion's whelping in the tower.
Pol. Another whelp!
Per. Another, sir.
Pol. Now heaven!
What prodigies be these? The fires at Berwick!

* Pol. *Marry, sir, of a raven that should build in a ship-royal of the king's.*] Dr. Grey thinks this is probably an allusion to the swallows that built in Cleopatra's admiral-ship. See *Life of Antony*, by Plutarch; and Shakspeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, act iv. sc. 8.

And the new star! these things concurring, strange!
And full of omen! saw you those meteors?
Per. I did, sir.
Pol. Fearful! Pray you, sir, confirm me,
Were there three porpoises seen above the bridge,
As they give out?
Per. Six, and a sturgeon, sir.
Pol. I am astonish'd.
Per. Nay, sir, be not so;
I'll tell you a greater prodigy than these—
Pol. What should these things portend!
Per. The very day
(Let me be sure) that I put forth from London,
There was a whale discover'd in the river,
As high as Woolwich*, that had waited there
(Few know how many months) for the subversion
Of the Stode fleet.
Pol. Is't possible? believe it,
'Twas either sent from Spain, or the arch-dukes!
Spinola's whale, upon my life, my credit!
Will they not leave these projects? Worthy sir,
Some other news.
Per. Faith, Stone the fool is dead,
And they do lack a tavern-fool extremely.
Pol. Is Mass' Stone dead?
Per. He's dead, sir; why? I hope,
You thought him not immortal? O, this knight
(Were he well known) would be a precious thing
To fit our English stage: he that should write
But such a fellow, should be thought to feign
Extremely, if not maliciously.
Pol. Stone dead!
Per. Dead. Ah! how deeply, sir, you apprehend it?
He was no kinsman to you?
Pol. That I know of.
Well! that same fellow was an unknown fool.
Per. And yet you knew him, it seems?
Pol. I did so. Sir,
I knew him one of the most dangerous heads
Living within the state, and so I held him.
Per. Indeed, sir?
Pol. While he liv'd, in action.
He has receiv'd weekly intelligence,
Upon my knowledge, out of the Low Countries,
(For all parts of the world) in cabbages;
And those dispens'd again to ambassadors,
In oranges, musk-melons, apricots,
Lemons, pomecitrons, and such-like; sometimes,
In Colchester oysters, and your Selsey cockles.
Per. You make me wonder!
Pol. Sir, upon my knowledge.
Nay, I've observ'd him, at your public ordinary,
Take his advertisement from a traveller
(A conceal'd statesman) in a trencher of meat;
And instantly, before the meal was done,
Convey an answer in a tooth-pick.

* *There was a whale discover'd in the river, as high as Woolwich.*] This is mentioned by Stow, as happening in January, 1605.—*Dr. Grey.*

Per. Strange!
How could this be, sir?
Pol. Why, the meat was cut
So like his character, and so laid, as he
Must easily read the cypher.
Per. I have heard,
He could not read, sir.
Pol. So 'twas given out
(In politic) by those that did employ him:
But he could read, and had your languages,
And to't as sound a noddle——
Per. I have heard, sir,
That your Baboons were spies, and that they were
A kind of subtle nation near to China.
Pol. I, I, your Mamaluchi. Faith, they had
Their hand in a French plot or two; but they
Were so extremely given to women, as
They made discovery of all: yet I
Had my advices here (on Wednesday last)
From one of their own coat, they were return'd,
Made their relations, (as the fashion is)
And now stand fair for fresh employment.
Per. 'Heart!
This sir Pol. will be ignorant of nothing.
It seems, sir, you know all?
Pol. Not all, sir: but
I have some general notions: I do love
To note, and to observe; though I live out
Free from the active torrent, yet I'ld mark
The currents and the passages of things,
For mine own private use; and know the ebbs
And flows of state.
Per. Believe it, sir, I hold
Myself in no small tie unto my fortunes,
For casting me thus luckily upon you,
Whose knowledge (if your bounty equal it)
May do me great assistance, in instruction
For my behaviour, and my bearing, which
Is yet so rude and raw——
Pol. Why? came you forth
Empty of rules, for travel?
Per. Faith, I had
Some common ones, from out that vulgar grammar,
Which he that cry'd Italian to me, taught me.
Pol. Why this it is that spoils all our brave bloods,
Trusting our hopeful gentry unto pedants,
Fellows of out-side, and mere bark. You seem
To be a gentleman, of ingenuous race——
I not profess it, but my fate hath been
To be, where I have been consulted with,
In this high kind, touching some great men's sons,
Persons of blood and honour.——
Per. Who be these, sir?

SCENE II.

Mosca, Politick, Peregrine, Volpone, Nano, Grege.

Mos. Under that window, there't must be. The same.
Pol. Fellows, to mount a bank! Did your instructor

In the dead tongues, never discourse to you
Of the Italian mountebanks?

Per. Yes, sir.

Pol. Why,
Here you shall see one.

Per. They are quacksalvers,
Fellows that live by vending oils and drugs.

Pol. Was that the character he gave you of them?

Per. As I remember.

Pol. Pity his ignorance.
They are the only knowing men of Europe!
Great general scholars, excellent physicians,
Most admir'd statesmen, profest favourites,
And cabinet-counsellors to the greatest princes!
The only languag'd men of all the world!

Per. And, I have heard, they are most lewd impostors;
Made all of terms and shreds; no less belyers
Of great men's favours, than their own vile med'cines;
Which they will utter upon monstrous oaths;
Selling that drug for two-pence, ere they part,
Which they have valu'd at twelve crowns before.

Pol. Sir, calumnies are answer'd best with silence.
Yourself shall judge. Who is it mounts, my friends?

Mos. Scoto of Mantua, sir.

Pol. Is't he? Nay, then,
I'll proudly promise, sir, you shall behold
Another man than has been phan'tsied to you.
I wonder yet, that he should mount his bank,
Here in this nook, that has been wont t' appear
In face of the Piazza! Here he comes.

Volp. Mount, Zany.

Gre. Follow, follow, follow, follow. [man

Pol. See how the people follow him! he's a
May write ten thousand crowns in bank here.
Note,
Mark but his gesture: I do use to observe
The state he keeps in getting up!

Per. 'Tis worth it, sir.

Volp. "Most noble gentlemen, and my worthy patrons, it may seem strange, that I, your Scoto Mantuano, who was ever wont to fix my bank in face of the public Piazza, near the shelter of the Portico to the Procuratia, should now after eight months absence from this illustrious city of Venice, humbly retire myself into an obscure nook of the Piazza."

Pol. Did not I now object the same?

Per. Peace, sir.

Volp. "Let me tell you: I am not (as your Lombard proverb saith) cold on my feet; or content to part with my commodities at a cheaper rate, than I am accustomed: look not for it. Nor that the calumnious reports of that impudent detractor, and shame to our profession, (Alessandro Buttone, I mean) who gave out, in public, I was condemned a' Sforzato to the galleys, for poisoning the cardinal Bembo's —— cook, hath at all attached, much less dejected me. No, no, worthy gentlemen, (to tell you true,) I cannot endure to see the rabble of these ground Ciarlitani, that spread their cloaks on the pavement, as if they meant to do feats of activity, and then come in lamely, with their mouldy tales out of Boccacio, like stale Tabarine the fabulist: some of them discoursing their travels, and of their tedious captivity in the Turks' galleys, when indeed (were the truth known) they were the Christians' galleys, where very temperately they eat bread, and drunk water, as a wholesome penance (enjoined them by their confessors) for base pilferies."

Pol. Note but his bearing, and contempt of these.

Volp. "These rogues, with one poor groat's-worth of unprepared antimony, finely wrapt up in several scartoccios, are able, very well, to kill their twenty a week, and play; yet, these meagre starv'd spirits, who have half stopt the organs of their minds with earthly oppilations, want not their favourers among your shrivel'd, sallad-eating artisans: who are overjoyed that they may have their half-pe'rth of physick, though it purge 'em into another world, it makes no matter."

Pol. Excellent! ha' you heard better language, sir?

Volp. "Well, let 'em go. And gentlemen, honorable gentlemen know, that for this time, our bank, being thus removed from the clamours of the canaglia, shall be the scene of pleasure and delight: for I have nothing to sell, little or nothing to sell."

Pol. I told you, sir, his end.

Per. You did so, sir.

Volp. "I protest, I, and my six servants, are not able to make of this precious liquor, so fast as it is fetch'd away from my lodging by gentlemen of your city; strangers of the Terrafirma; worshipful merchants; I, and senators too: who, ever since my arrival, have detained me to their uses, by their splendidous liberalities. And worthily. For, what avails your rich man to have his magazines stuft with moscadelli, or of the purest grape, when his physicians prescribe him (on pain of death) to drink nothing but water cocted with aniseeds? O, health! health! the blessing of the rich! the riches of the poor! who can buy thee at too dear a rate, since there is no enjoying this world without thee? Be not then so sparing of your purses, honourable gentlemen, as to abridge the natural course of life——"

Per. You see his end.

Pol. I, is't not good?

Volp. "For, when a humid flux, or catarrh, by the mutability of air, falls from your head into an arm or shoulder, or any other part; take you a ducket, or your cecchine of gold, and apply to the place affected: see what good effect it can work. No, no, 'tis this blessed unguento, this rare extraction, that hath only power to disperse all malignant humours, that proceed either of hot, cold, moist, or windy causes——"

Per. I would he had put in dry too.

Pol. 'Pray you, observe.

Volp. "To fortify the most indigent and crude stomach, I, were it of one that (through extreme weakness) vomited blood, applying only a warm napkin to the place, after the unction and fricace; for the vertigine in the head, putting but a drop into your nostrils, likewise behind the ears; a most sovereign and approved remedy: the mal caduco, cramps, convulsions, paralysies, epilepsies, tremorcordia, retired nerves, ill vapours of the spleen, stopping of the liver, the stone, the strangury, hernia ventosa, iliaca passio; stops a dysenteria immediately; and cures melancholia hypochondriaca, being taken and applied, according to my printed receipt. [*Pointing to his bill and his glass.*] For, this is the physician, this the medicine; this counsels, this cures; this gives the direction, this works the effect: and (in sum) both together may be term'd an abstract of the theorick and practick in the Æsculapian art. 'Twill cost you eight crowns. And, Zan Fritada, pr'y thee sing a verse extempore in honour of it."

Pol. How do you like him, sir?

Per. Most strangely, I!

Pol. Is not his language rare?

Per. But Alchimy,
I never heard the like: or Broughton's books*.

SONG.

"Had old Hippocrates, or Galen,
(That to their books put medicines all in)
But known this secret, they had never
(Of which they will be guilty ever)
Been murderers of so much paper,
Or wasted many a hurtless taper:
No Indian drug had e'er been famed,
Tobacco, sassafras not named;
Ne yet, of guacum one small stick, sir,
Nor Raymond Lullie's great elixir.
Ne, had been known, the Danish Gonswart,
Or Paracelsus, with his long sword."

Per. All this, yet, will not do; eight crowns is high.

Volp. "No more. Gentlemen, if I had but time to discourse to you the miraculous effects of this my oil, surnamed Oglio del Scoto, with the countless catalogue of those I have cured of th' aforesaid, and many more diseases; the patents and privileges of all the princes and commonwealths of Christendom; or but the depositions of those that appear'd on my part, before the signiory of the Sanita, and most learned College of Physicians; where I was authorized, upon notice taken of the admirable virtues of my medicaments, and mine own excellency, in matter of rare and unknown secrets, not only to disperse them publicly in this famous city, but in all the territories, that happily joy under the government of the most pious and magnificent states of Italy. But, may some other gallant fellow say, O, there be divers that make profession to have as good, and as experimented receipts as yours: indeed, very many have assay'd, like apes in imitation of that, which is really and essentially in me, to make of this oil; bestow'd great cost in furnaces, stills, alembecks, continual fires, and preparation of the ingredients, (as indeed there goes to it six hundred several simples, besides some quantity of human fat, for the conglutination, which we buy of the anatomists;) but, when these practitioners come to the last decoction, blow, blow, puff, puff, and all flies in fumo: ha, ha, ha. Poor wretches! I rather pity their folly and indiscretion, than their loss of time and money; for these may be recovered by industry: but to be a fool born, is a disease incurable. For myself, I always from my youth have endeavour'd to get the rarest secrets, and book them, either in exchange or for money: I spared nor cost nor labour, where any thing was worthy to be learned. And, gentlemen, honourable gentlemen, I will undertake (by virtue of chymical art) out of the honourable hat that covers your head, to extract the four elements; that is to say, the fire, air, water, and earth, and return you your felt without burn or stain. For, whilst others have been at the Balloo, I have been at my book: and am now past the craggy paths of study, and come to the flow'ry plains of honour and reputation."

Pol. I do assure you, sir, that is his aim.

Volp. "But to our price."

Per. And that withal, sir Pol.

Volp. "You all know (honourable gentlemen) I never valu'd this ampulla, or vial, at less than eight crowns; but for this time, I am content to be depriv'd of it for six; six crowns is the price; and less in courtesie I know you cannot offer me: take it or leave it, howsoever, both it and I am at your service. I ask you not as the value of the thing, for then I should demand of you a thousand crowns; so the cardinals Montalto, Fernese, the great duke of Tuscany, my gossip, with divers other princes have given me; but I despise money: only to shew my affection to you, honourable gentlemen, and your illustrious state here, I have neglected the messages of these princes, mine own offices, fram'd my journey hither, only to present you with the fruits of my travels. Tune your voices once more to the touch of your instruments, and give the honourable assembly some delightful recreation."

Per. What monstrous and most painful circumstance
Is here, to get some three or four Gazets*?
Some three-pence i' the whole, for that 'twill come to.

* Hugh Broughton wrote books of prophecies founded on the Old Testament.

**——What painful circumstance*
Is here to get some three or four GAZETS?] A gazet was a small Venetian coin: and as this was the usual price given for newspapers, the name of the coin was afterwards transferred to be the name of the newspaper itself.—*Whalley.*

SONG.

"You that would last long, list to my song,
Make no more coil, but buy of this oil.
Would you be ever fair and young?
Stout of teeth? and strong of tongue?
Tart of palate? quick of ear?
Sharp of sight? of nostril clear?
Moist of hand? and light of foot?
(Or I will come nearer to't)
Would you live free from all diseases?
Yea, fright all aches from your bones?
Here's a med'cine for the nones."

Volp. "Well, I am in a humour (at this time) to make a present of the small quantity my coffer contains: to the rich in courtesie, and to the poor for God's sake. Wherefore now mark; I ask'd you six crowns; and six crowns, at other times, you have paid me; you shall not give me six crowns, nor five, nor four, nor three, nor two, nor one; nor half a ducat; no, nor a muccinigo*. Six-pence it will cost you, or six hundred pound——expect no lower price, for by the banner of my front, I will not bate a Bagatine, that I will have only a pledge of your loves, to carry something from amongst you, to shew, I am not contemn'd by you. Therefore, now, toss your handkerchiefs, chearfully, chearfully; and be advertised, that the first heroic spirit, that deigns to grace me with a handkerchief, I will give it a little remembrance of something, beside, shall please it better, than if I had presented it with a double pistolet."

Per. Will you be that heroic spark, sir Pol? O, see! The window has prevented you.

[*Celia at the window throws down her handkerchief.*

Volp. "Lady, I kiss your bounty; and for this timely grace you have done your poor Scoto of Mantua, I will return you over and above my oil, a secret of that high and inestimable nature, shall make you for ever enamour'd on that minute, wherein your eye first descended on so mean (yet not altogether to be despis'd) an object. Here is a powder conceal'd in this paper, of which, if I should speak to the worth, nine thousand volumes were but as one page, that page as a line, that line as a word; so short is this pilgrimage of man (which some call life) to the expressing of it. Would I reflect on the price? why, the whole world is but as an empire, that empire as a province, that province as a bank, that bank as a private purse to the purchase of it. I will only tell you; it is the powder that made Venus a goddess (given her by Apollo), that kept her perpetually young, clear'd her wrinkles, firm'd her gums, fill'd her skin, colour'd her hair; from her, deriv'd to Helen, and at the sack of Troy (unfortunately) lost: till now, in this our age, it was as happily recovered, by a studious antiquary, out of some ruins of Asia, who sent a moiety of it to the court of France (but much sophisticated) wherewith the ladies there, now, colour their hair. The rest (at this present) remains with me; extracted to a quintessence: so that, wherever it but touches, in youth it perpetually preserves, in age restores the complexion; seats your teeth, did they dance like virginal jacks, firm as a wall; makes them white as ivory, that were black as——"

* *No, nor a* MUCCINIGO.] *Muccinigo*, or *mocenigo*, is a small Venetian coin.

SCENE III.

Corvino, Politick, Peregrine.

Cor. Come down: no house but mine to make your scene?

[*He beats away the mountebank, &c.*

Signior Flaminio, will you down, sir? down?
What, is my wife your Franciscina? sir?
No windows on the whole Piazza, here,
To make your properties, but mine? but mine?
Heart! ere to-morrow I shall be new-christen'd,
And call'd the Pantalone di besogniosi,
About the town.

Per. What should this mean, sir Pol?

Pol. Some trick of state, believe it. I will home.

Per. It may be some design on you.

Pol. I know not.
I'll stand upon my guard.

Per. It is your best, sir.

Pol. This three weeks, all my advices, all my letters,
They have been intercepted.

Per. Indeed, sir?
Best have a care.

Pol. Nay, so I will.

Per. This knight,
I may not lose him, for my mirth, till night.

SCENE IV.

Volpone, Mosca.

Volp. O, I am wounded.

Mos. Where, sir?

Volp. Not without;
Those blows were nothing: I could bear them ever.
But angry Cupid bolting from her eyes,
Hath shot himself into me like a flame;
Where, now, he flings about his burning heat,
As in a furnace, an ambitious fire,
Whose vent is stopt. The fight is all within me.
I cannot live, except thou help me, Mosca;
My liver melts, and I, without the hope
Of some soft air, from her refreshing breath,
Am but a heap of cinders.

Mos. 'Las, good sir,
Would you had never seen her.

Volp. Nay, would thou
Hadst never told me of her,

Mos. Sir, 'tis true;
I do confess I was unfortunate,
And you unhappy: but I'm bound in conscience,
No less than duty, to effect my best
To your release of torment, and I will, sir.
Volp. Dear Mosca, shall I hope?
Mos. Sir, more than dear,
I will not bid you to despair of aught,
Within a human compass.
Volp. O, there spoke
My better angel. Mosca, take my keys,
Gold, plate, and jewels, all's at thy devotion;
Employ them how thou wilt: nay, coin me too:
So thou, in this, but crown my longings, Mosca.
Mos. Use but your patience.
Volp. So I have.
Mos. I doubt not
To bring success to your desires.
Volp. Nay, then,
I not repent me of my late disguise.
Mos. If you can horn him, sir, you need not.
Volp. True:
Besides, I never meant him for my heir.
Is not the colour o' my beard and eye-brows
To make me known?
Mos. No jot.
Volp. I did it well.
Mos. So well, would I could follow you in mine,
With half the happiness; and yet I would
Escape your epilogue.
Volp. But were they gull'd
With a belief that I was Scoto?
Mos. Sir,
Scoto himself could hardly have distinguish'd!
I have not time to flatter you, now, we'll part:
And as I prosper, so applaud my art.

SCENE V.

Corvino, Celia, Servitore.

Corv. Death of mine honour, with the cities fool?
A juggling, tooth-drawing, prating mountebank?
And at a public window? where, whilst he,
With his strain'd action, and his dole of faces,
To his drug-lecture draws your itching ears,
A crew of old, unmarried, noted letchers,
Stood leering up like satyrs: and you smile
Most graciously, and fan your favours forth,
To give your hot spectators satisfaction!
What, was your mountebank their call? their whistle?
Or were you enamour'd on his copper rings?
*His saffron jewel, with the toad-stone in't?
Or his embroidered suit, with the copestitch,
Made of a herse cloth? or his old tilt-feather?
Or his starch'd beard? well! you shall have him, yes:
Get you a cittern, lady Vanity,
And be a dealer with the virtuous man*;
Make one: I'll but protest myself a cuckold,
And save your dowry. I'm a Dutchman, I!
For, if you thought me an Italian,
Thou 'ldst tremble, to imagine, that the murder
Of father, mother, brother, all thy race,
Should follow, as the subject of my justice!
Cel. Good sir, have patience.
Corv. What could'st thou propose
Less to thyself, than in this heat of wrath,
And stung with my dishonour, I should strike
This steel into thee, with as many stabs,
As thou wert gaz'd upon with goatish eyes?
Cel. Alas, sir, be appeas'd! I could not think
My being at the window, should more now
Move your impatience, than at other times.
Corv. No? not to seek and entertain a parley,
With a known knave? before a multitude?
You were an actor with your handkerchief;
Which he, most sweetly kist in the receipt,
And might (no doubt) return it with a letter,
And point the place where you might meet: your sister's,
Your mother's, or your aunt's might serve the turn.
Cel. Why, dear sir, when do I make these excuses?
Or ever stir abroad, but to the church?
And that so seldom——
Corv. Well, it shall be less;
And thy restraint before was liberty,
To what I now decree: and therefore mark me.
First I will have this bawdy light dam'd up:
And till't be done, some two or three yards off,
I'll chalk a line: o'er which, if thou but chance
To set thy desp'rate foot; more hell, more horror,
More wild remorseless rage shall seize on thee,
Than on a conjurer, that had heedless left
His circle's safety ere his devil was laid.
Then here's a lock which I will hang upon thee;
And, now I think on't, I will keep thee backwards;
Thy lodging shall be backwards; thy walks backwards;
Thy prospect, all be backwards; and no pleasure,
That thou shalt know but backwards: nay, since you force
My honest nature, know, it is your own
Being too open, makes me use you thus.

* *His saffron jewel, with the* TOAD-STONE *in't.*] The *toad-stone* is a kind of jewel, which the French call *la crapaudine:* it is commonly said to be engendered in the head of a toad; but most probably it is so named from its colour, which may resemble the eyes of a toad, that are bright and shining. To the first of these opinions *Shakspeare* alludes, where he is speaking of affliction:

"Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in its head."
As you like it, act 2, sc. 1.—*Whalley.*

* *Get you a cittern, lady* VANITY,
And be a dealer with the virtuous man.] The skilful, or learned man, the virtuoso. She is called lady *Vanity*, in allusion to the old plays in which *vanity*, the vice, was personized, and acted a part. The mountebanks were attended with rope-dancers and girls that played on a cittern, or guitar.—*Whalley.*

Since you will not contain your subtil nostrils
In a sweet room, but they must snuff the air
Of rank and sweaty passengers——One knocks.
[*Knock within.*
Away, and be not seen, pain of thy life;
Nor look toward the window: if thou dost—
(Nay, stay, hear this) let me not prosper, whore,
But I will make thee an anatomy,
Dissect thee mine own self, and read a lecture
Upon thee to the city, and in public.
Away. Who's there?
Ser. 'Tis signior Mosca, sir.

SCENE VI.

Corvino, Mosca.

Corv. Let him come in, his master's dead: there's yet
Some good to help the bad. My Mosca, welcome,
I guess your news.
Mos. I fear you cannot, sir.
Corv. Is't not his death?
Mos. Rather the contrary.
Corv. Not his recovery?
Mos. Yes, sir.
Corv. I am curs'd,
I am bewitch'd, my crosses meet to vex me.
How? how? how? how?
Mos. Why, sir, with Scoto's oil!
Corbaccio, and Voltore brought of it,
Whilst I was busy in an inner room——
Corv. Death! that vile mountebank! but for the law
Now, I could kill the rascal: 't cannot be,
His oil should have that virtue. Ha' not I
Known him a common rogue, come fiddling in
To the Osteria, with a tumbling whore,
And, when he has done all his forc'd tricks, been glad
Of a poor spoonful of dead wine, with flies in't?
It cannot be. All his ingredients
Are a sheep's gall, a roasted bitch's marrow,
Some few sod earwigs, pounded caterpillers,
A little capon's grease, and fasting spittle:
I know 'em to a dram.
Mos. I know not, sir,
But some on't, there, they pour'd into his ears,
Some in his nostrils, and recover'd him;
Applying but the fricace.
Corv. Pox o' that fricace.
Mos. And since, to seem the more officious
And flatt'ring of his health, there, they have had
(At extreme fees) the College of Physicians
Consulting on him, how they might restore him;
Were one would have a cataplasm of spices,
Another a flay'd ape clap'd to his breast,
A third would ha' it a dog, a fourth an oil
With wild cats' skins: at last, they are resolv'd
That to preserve hifn, was no other means,
But some young woman must be straight sought out,

Lusty and full of juice, to sleep by him;
And to this service (most unhappily,
And most unwillingly) am I now employ'd,
Which here I thought to pre-acquaint you with,
For your advice, since it concerns you most,
Because, I would not do that thing might cross
Your ends, on whom I have my whole dependence, sir:
Yet, if I do it not, they may delate
My slackness to my patron, work me out
Of his opinion; and there all your hopes,
Ventures, or whatsoever, are all frustrate.
I do but tell you, sir. Besides they are all
Now striving, who shall first present him. Therefore—
I could entreat you, briefly conclude somewhat:
Prevent 'em if you can.
Corv. Death to my hopes!
This is my villainous fortune! best to hire
Some common courtezan?
Mos. I, I thought on that, sir.
But they are all so subtle, full of art,
And age again doting and flexible,
So as—I cannot tell—we may perchance
Light on a quean, may cheat us all.
Corv. 'Tis true.
Mos. No, no: it must be one that has no tricks, sir,
Some simple thing, a creature made unto it;
Some wench you may command. Ha' you no kinswoman?
Godso—Think, think, think, think, think, think, think, sir.
One o' the doctors offer'd there his daughter.
Corv. How?
Mos. Yes, signior Lupo, the physician.
Corv. His daughter?
Mos. And a virgin, sir. Why? alas,
He knows the state of 's body, what it is;
That nought can warm his blood, sir, but a fever;
Nor any incantation raise his spirit:
A long forgetfulness hath seiz'd that part.
Besides, sir, who shall know it? some one or two—
Corv. I pray thee give me leave. If any man
But I had had this luck—The thing in 'tself,
I know, is nothing—Wherefore should not I
As well command my blood and my affections,
As this dull doctor? In the point of honour,
The cases are all one of wife and daughter.
Mos. I hear him coming.
Corv. She shall do't: 'tis done.
Slight, if this doctor, who is not engag'd,
Unless 't be for his counsel (which is nothing)
Offer his daughter, what should I, that am
So deeply in? I will prevent him: wretch!
Covetous wretch! Mosca, I have determin'd.
Mos. How, sir?
Corv. We'll make all sure. The party, you wot of,
Shall be mine own wife, Mosca.
Mos. Sir, the thing
(But that I would not seem to counsel you)
I should have mention'd to you at the first:

And make your count, you have cut all their throats.
Why! 'tis directly taking a possession!
And in his next fit we may let him go.
'Tis but to pull the pillow from his head,
And he is throttled: 't had been done before,
But for your scrupulous doubts.
Corv. I, a plague on't,
My conscience fools my wit. Well, I'll be brief,
And so be thou, lest thou should be before us:
Go home, prepare him, tell him with what zeal
And willingness I do it: swear it was
On the first hearing (as thou may'st do truly)
Mine own free motion.
Mos. Sir, I warrant you,
I'll so possess him with it, that the rest
Of his starv'd clients shall be banish'd all;
And only you receiv'd. But come not, sir,
Until I send, for I have something else
To ripen for your good (you must not know't).
Corv. But, do not you forget to send now.
Mos. Fear not.

SCENE VII.

Corvino, Celia.

Corv. Where are you, wife? my Celia? wife? what blubbering?
Come, dry those tears. I think thou thought'st me in earnest?
Ha? by this light I talk'd so but to try thee.
Methinks, the lightness of the occasion
Should ha' confirm'd thee. Come, I am not jealous.
Cel. No?
Corv. Faith I am not, I, nor never was:
It is a poor unprofitable humour.
Do not I know, if women have a will,
They'll do 'gainst all the watches o' the world?
And that the fiercest spies are tam'd with gold?
Tut, I am confident in thee, thou shalt see't:
And see, I'll give thee cause too, to believe it.
Come, kiss me. Go, and make thee ready straight,
In all thy best attire, thy choicest jewels,
Put 'em all on, and, with 'em, thy best looks:
We are invited to a solemn feast,
At old Volpone's, where it shall appear
How far I'm free, from jealousy, or fear.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Mos. I fear, I shall begin to grow in love
With my dear self, and my most prosp'rous parts,
They do so spring and burgeon; I can feel
A whimsy i' my blood: (I know not how)
Success hath made me wanton. I could skip
Out of my skin, now, like a subtil snake,
I am so limber. O! your parasite
Is a most precious thing, dropt from above;
Not bred 'mongst clods and clod-pouls, here on earth.
I muse, the mystery was not made a science,
It is so liberally profest! almost
All the wise world is little else, in nature,
But parasites, or sub-parasites. And, yet,
I mean not those that have your bare town art,
To know who's fit to feed 'em; have no house,
No family, no care, and therefore mould
Tales for men's ears, to bait that sense; or get
Kitchen-invention, and some stale receipts
To please the belly, and the groin; nor those,
With their court dog-tricks, that can fawn and fleer,
Make their revenue out of legs and faces,
Eccho my lord, and lick away a moth:
But your fine elegant rascal, that can rise
And stop (almost together) like an arrow,
Shoot thro' the air as nimbly as a star;
Turn short as doth a swallow; and be here,
And there, and here, and yonder all at once;
Present to any humour, all occasion;
And change a visor, swifter than a thought!
This is the creature had the art born with him';
Toils not to learn it, but doth practise it
Out of most excellent nature: and such sparks
Are the true parasites, others but their Zani's.

SCENE II.

Mosca, Bonario.

Mos. Who's this? Bonario? old Corbaccio's son?
The person I was bound to seek. Fair sir,
You are happily met.
Bon. That cannot be by thee.
Mos. Why, sir?
Bon. Nay, pray thee know thy way, and leave me:
I would be loth to interchange discourse
With such a mate as thou art.
Mos. Courteous sir,
Scorn not my poverty.
Bon. Not I, by heaven:
But thou shalt give me leave to hate thy baseness.
Mos. Baseness?
Bon. I, answer me, is not thy sloth
Sufficient argument? thy flattery?
Thy means of feeding?
Mos. Heav'n be good to me.
These imputations are too common, sir,
And easily stuck on virtue when she's poor;
You are unequal to me, and howe'er
Your sentence may be righteous, yet you are not,
That ere you know me, thus proceed in censure:
St. Mark bear witness 'gainst you, 'tis inhuman.
Bon. What! does he weep? the sign is soft and good:
I do repent me that I was so harsh.
Mos. 'Tis true, that, sway'd by strong necessity,
I am enforc'd to eat my careful bread
With too much obsequy; 'tis true, beside,
That I am fain to spin mine own poor raiment,
Out of my mere observance, being not born

To a free fortune : but that I have done
Base offices, in rending friends asunder,
Dividing families, betraying counsels,
Whispering false lies, or mining men with praises,
Train'd their credulity with prejudices,
Corrupted chastity, or am in love
With mine own tender ease, but would not rather
Prove the most rugged and laborious course,
That might redeem my present estimation ;
Let me here perish, in all hope of goodness.

Bon. This cannot be a personated passion!
I was to blame, so to mistake thy nature ;
Prythee forgive me : and speak out thy business.

Mos. Sir, it concerns you; and though I may seem,
At first to make a man offence in manners,
And in my gratitude unto my master ;
Yet, for the pure love, which I bear all right,
And hatred of the wrong, I must reveal it.
This very hour your father is in purpose
To disinherit you——

Bon. How!

Mos. And thrust you forth,
As a mere stranger to his blood ; 'tis true, sir:
The work no way engageth me, but, as
I claim an interest in the general state
Of goodness and true virtue, which I hear
T' abound in you: and, for which mere respect,
Without a second aim, sir, I have done it.

Bon. This tale hath lost thee much of the late trust
Thou hadst with me ; it is impossible :
I know not how to lend it any thought,
My father should be so unnatural.

Mos. It is a confidence that well becomes
Your piety ; and form'd (no doubt) it is
From your own simple innocence : which makes
Your wrong more monstrous and abhorr'd. But, sir,
I now will tell you more. This very minute,
It is, or will be doing: and, if you
Shall be but pleas'd to go with me, I'll bring you,
(I dare not say where you shall see, but) where
Your ear shall be a witness of the deed :
Hear yourself written bastard, and profest
The common issue of the earth.

Bon. I'm amaz'd!

Mos. Sir, if I do it not, draw your just sword,
And score your vengeance on my front and face ;
Mark me your villain : you have too much wrong,
And I do suffer for you, sir. My heart
Weeps blood in anguish——

Bon. Lead. I follow thee.

SCENE III.

Volpone, Nano.

Volp. Bring forth your sports,
And help to make the wretched time more sweet.

[*One knocks.*

Who's there? my couch ; away, look, Nano, see :
Give me my caps, first—go, inquire. Now Cupid
Send it be Mosca, and with fair return.

Nan. It is the beauteous madam——

Volp. Would-be——is it?

Nan. The same.

Volp. Now torment on me ; squire her in :
For she will enter, or dwell here for ever.
Nay, quickly, that my fit were past. I fear
A second hell too, that my loathing this
Will quite expel my appetite to the other:
Would she were taking now her tedious leave,
Lord how it treats me what I am to suffer.

SCENE IV.

Lady, Volpone, Nano, Women 2.

Lady. I thank you, good sir. 'Pray you signify
Unto your patron, I am here. This band
Shews not my neck enough (I trouble you, sir,
Let me request you, bid one of my women
Come hither to me.) In good faith, I am drest
Most favourably to-day ! It is no matter :
'Tis well enough. Look, see these petulant things!
How they have done this!

Volp. I do feel the fever
Ent'ring in at mine ears ; O, for a charm,
To fright it hence.

Lad. Come nearer : is this curl
In his right place? or this? why is this higher
Than all the rest? You ha' not wash'd your eyes, yet?
Or do they not stand even i' your head?
Where is your fellow? call her.

Nan. Now, St. Mark
Deliver us! anon, she'll beat her women,
Because her nose is red.

Lad. I pray you, view
This tire, forsooth : are all things apt or no?

Wom. One hair a little here, sticks out, forsooth.

Lad. Does't so, forsooth? and where was your dear sight,
When it did so, forsooth? What now? bird-ey'd?
And you too? 'Pray you both approach and mend it.
Now (by that light) I muse yo'are not asham'd!
I that have preach'd these things so oft unto you,
Read you the principles, argu'd all the grounds,
Disputed every fitness, every grace,
Call'd you to counsel of so frequent dressings——

(*Nan.* More carefully than of your fame or honour.)

Lad. Made you acquainted, what an ample dowry
The knowledge of these things would be unto you,
Able, alone, to get you noble husbands
At your return : and you thus to neglect it?
Besides, you seeing what a curious nation
Th' Italians are, what will they say of me?
The English lady cannot dress herself ;
Here's a fine imputation to our country!

Well, go your ways, and stay i' the next room.
This fucus was too coarse too, it's no matter.
Good sir, you'll give 'em entertainment?
Volp. The storm comes toward me.
Lad. How does my Volpone?
Volp. Troubled with noise, I cannot sleep; I dreamt
That a strange fury enter'd, now, my house,
And, with the dreadful tempest of her breath,
Did cleave my roof asunder.
Lad. Believe me, and I
Had the most fearful dream, could I remember 't—
Volp. Out on my fate; I ha' given her the occasion
How to torment me: she will tell me hers.
Lad. Methought, the golden mediocrity,
Polite, and delicate——
Volp. O, if you do love me,
No more: I sweat, and suffer, at the mention
Of any dream; feel how I tremble yet.
Lad. Alas, good soul! the passion of the heart.
Seed-pearl were good now, boil'd with syrup of apples;
Tincture of gold, and coral, citron-pills,
Year elicampane root, myrobalanes——
Volp. Ay me, I have ta'en a grasshopper by the wing.
Lad. Burnt silk, and amber, you have muscadel
Good i' the house——
Volp. You will not drink, and part?
Lad. No, fear not that. I doubt we shall not get
Some English saffron (half a dram would serve)
Your sixteen cloves, a little musk, dry'd mints,
Bugloss, and barley-meal——
Volp. She's in again;
Before I feign'd diseases, now I have one.
Lad. And these apply'd, with a right scarlet cloth—
Volp. Another flood of words! a very torrent!
Lad. Shall I, sir, make you a poultice?
Volp. No, no, no,
I'm very well, you need prescribe no more.
Lad. I have a little studied physick; but now,
I'm all for musick, save i' the forenoons,
An hour or two for painting. I would have
A lady, indeed, t' have all, letters, and arts,
Be able to discourse, to write, to paint,
But principal (as Plato holds) your musick
(And so does wise Pythagoras, I take it)
Is your true rapture; when there is consent
In face, in voice, and clothes: and is, indeed,
Our sex's chiefest ornament.
Volp. The poet,
As old in time as Plato, and as knowing,
Says, that your highest female grace is silence*.
Lad. Which o' your poets? Petrarch? or Tasso? or Dante?
Guarini? Ariosto? Aretine?
Cieco di Hadria? I have read them all.
Volp. Is every thing a cause to my destruction?
Lad. I think I ha' two or three of 'em about me!
Volp. The sun, the sea, will sooner both stand still,
Than her eternal tongue! nothing can 'scape it.
Lad. Here's Pastor Fido——
Volp. Profess obstinate silence;
That's now my safest.
Lad. All our English writers,
I mean such as are happy in th' Italian,
Will deign to steal out of this author, mainly;
Almost as much as from Montaigne:
He has so modern and facile a vein,
Fitting the time, and catching the court-ear;
Your Petrarch is more passionate, yet he,
In days of sonneting, trusted 'em with much:
Dante is hard, and few can understand him.
But, for a desperate wit, there's Aretine!
Only his pictures are a little obscene——
You mark me not?
Volp. Alas, my mind's perturb'd.
Lad. Why, in such cases, we must cure ourselves,
Make use of our philosophy——
Volp. O'y me.
Lad. And as we find our passions do rebel,
Encounter 'em with reason, or divert 'em,
By giving scope unto some other humour
Of lesser danger: as, in politic bodies,
There's nothing more doth overwhelm the judgment,
And clouds the understanding, than too much
Settling and fixing, and (as 'twere) subsiding
Upon one object. For the incorporating
Of these same outward things, into that part,
Which we call mental, leaves some certain fæces
That stop the organs, and, as Plato says,
Assassinates our knowledge.
Volp. Now, the spirit
Of patience help me.
Lad. Come, in faith, I must
Visit you more a-days; and make you well:
Laugh and be lusty.
Volp. My good angel save me.
Lad. There was but one sole man in all the world,
With whom I e'er could sympathize; and he
Would lye you often, three, four hours together,
To hear me speak: and be (sometime) so rapt
As he would answer me quite from the purpose,
Like you, and you are like him, just. I'll discourse

* ——————*The poet*
As old in time as Plato, and as knowing,
Says that our *highest female grace is silence.*] Here is a slight error in the text, which I correct on the authority of the first folio: *our* highest, should be read *your* highest. The poet perhaps is Sophocles,

Γυναιξι κοσμον η σιγη φερει.

Or Euripides, whom the Oracle pronounced the Wiser,

Γυναικι γαρ σιγη τε, και το σωφρονειν
Καλλιστον. *Whalley.*

(And 't be but only, sir, to bring you sleep)
How we did spend our time and loves together,
For some six years.
Volp. Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh.
Lad. For we were cœtanei, and brought up——
Volp. Some power, some fate, some fortune rescue me.

SCENE V.

Mosca, Lady, Volpone.

Mos. God save you, madam.
Lad. Good sir.
Volp. Mosca? welcome,
Welcome to my redemption.
Mos. Why, sir?
Volp. Oh,
Rid me of this my torture, quickly, there;
My madam, with the everlasting voice:
The bells, in time of pestilence, ne'er made
Like noise, or were in that perpetual motion!
The cock-pit comes not near it. All my house,
But now, steam'd like a bath, with her thick breath.
A lawyer could not have been heard; nor scarce
Another woman, such a hail of words
She has let fall. I tell thee, rid her hence.
Mos. Has she presented?
Volp. O, I do not care,
I'll take her absence, upon any price,
With any loss.
Mos. Madam——
Lad. I ha' brought your patron
A toy, a cap here, of mine own work——
Mos. 'Tis well,
I had forgot to tell you, I saw your knight,
Where you would little think it——
Lad. Where?
Mos. Marry,
Where yet, if you make haste, you may apprehend him,
Rowing upon the water in a gondola,
With the most cunning curtizan of Venice.
Lad. Is't true?
Mos. Pursue 'em, and believe your eyes:
Leave me, to make your gift. I knew, 'twould take.
For lightly, they that use themselves most licence,
Are still most jealous.
Volp. Mosca, hearty thanks,
For thy quick fiction, and delivery of me.
Now to my hopes, what say'st thou?
Lad. But do you hear, sir?—
Volp. Again, I fear a paroxysm.
Lad. Which way
Row'd they together?
Mos. Toward the Rialto.
Lad. I pray you lend me your dwarf.
Mos. I pray you take him.
Your hopes, sir, are like happy blossoms fair,
And promise timely fruit, if you will stay
But the maturing; keep you at your couch,
Corbaccio will arrive straight, with the will:
When he is gone, I'll tell you more.
Volp. My blood,
My spirits are return'd; I am alive.

SCENE VI.

Mosca, Bonario.

Mos. Sir, here conceal'd, you may hear all. But pray you
Have patience, sir; the same's your father's knock:
[*One knocks.*
I am compell'd to leave you.
Bon. Do so. Yet
Cannot my thought imagine this a truth.

SCENE VII.

Mosca, Corvino, Celia, Bonario, Volpone.

Mos. Death on me! you are come too soon, what meant you?
Did not I say, I would send?
Corv. Yes, but I fear'd
You might forget it, and then they prevent us.
Mos. Prevent? did e'er man haste so, for his horns?
A courtier would not ply it so, for a place.
Well, now there is no helping it, stay here;
I'll presently return.
Corv. Where are you, Celia?
You know not wherefore I have brought you hither?
Cel. Not well, except you told me.
Corv. Now, I will:
Hark hither.
Mos. Sir, your father hath sent word,
[*To Bonario.*
It will be half an hour ere he come;
And therefore, if you please to walk the while
Into that gallery——at the upper end,
There are some books to entertain the time:
And I'll take care no man shall come unto you, sir.
Bon. Yes, I will stay there; I do doubt this fellow.
Mos. There, he is far enough; he can hear nothing:
And, for his father, I can keep him off.
Corv. Nay, now, there is no starting back, and therefore,
Resolve upon it: I have so decreed.
It must be done, nor would I move 't afore,
Because I would avoid all shifts and tricks,
That might deny me.
Cel. Sir, let me beseech you,
Affect not these strange trials; if you doubt
My chastity, why, lock me up for ever:
Make me the heir of darkness. Let me live,
Where I may please your fears, if not your trust.
Corv. Believe it, I have no such humour, I,
All that I speak I mean; yet I'm not mad:
Not horn-mad, see you? Go to, shew yourself
Obedient, and a wife.

Cel. O heaven!
Corv. I say it,
Do so.
Cel. Was this the train?
Corv. I've told you reasons;
What the physicians have set down; how much
It may concern me; what my engagements are;
My means; and the necessity of those means,
For my recovery: wherefore, if you be
Loyal, and mine, be won, respect my venture.
Cel. Before your honour?
Corv. Honour? 'Tut, a breath:
There's no such thing in nature: a mere term
Invented to awe fools. What is my gold
The worse for touching? clothes for being look'd on?
Why, this's no more. An old decrepit wretch,
That has no sense, no sinew; takes his meat
With others' fingers; only knows to gape,
When you do scald his gums; a voice, a shadow;
And, what can this man hurt you?
Cel. Lord! what spirit
Is this hath entred him?
Corv. And for your fame,
That's such a jig; as if I would go tell it,
Cry it on the Piazza! who shall know it?
But he that cannot speak it, and this fellow,
Whose lips are i' my pocket: save yourself,
If you'll proclaim't, you may. I know no other
Should come to know it.
Cel. Are heaven, and saints, then, nothing?
Will they be blind or stupid?
Corv. How?
Cel. Good sir,
Be jealous still, emulate them; and think
What hate they burn with toward every sin.
Corv. I grant you: if I thought it were a sin,
I would not urge you. Should I offer you this
To some young Frenchman, or hot Tuscan blood,
That had read Aretine, conn'd all his prints,
Knew every quirk within lust's labyrinth,
And were profest critick in lechery;
And I would look upon him, and applaud him,
This were a sin: but here 'tis contrary,
A pious work, mere charity for physick,
And honest polity, to assure mine own.
Cel. O heaven! canst thou suffer such a change?
Volp. Thou art my honour, Mosca, and my pride,
My joy, my tickling, my delight! Go bring 'em.
Mos. Please you draw near, sir.
Corv. Come on what——
You will not be rebellious? by that light—
Mos. Sir, signior Corvino, here, is come to see you.
Volp. Oh.
Mos. And hearing of the consultation had,
So lately, for your health, is come to offer,'
Or rather, sir, to prostitute——
Corv. Thanks, sweet Mosca.
Mos. Freely, unask'd, or unintreated—
Corv. Well.
Mos. (As the true fervent instance of his love)
His own most fair and proper wife; the beauty,
Only of price in Venice——
Corv. 'Tis well urg'd.
Mos. To be your comfortress, and to preserve you.
Volp. Alas, I'm past already! Pray you thank him
For his good care and promptness; but for that,
'Tis a vain labour e'en to fight 'gainst heaven;
Applying fire to a stone: (uh, uh, uh, uh.)
Making a dead leaf grow again. I take
His wishes gently, though; and you may tell him,
What I have done for him: marry, my state is hopeless!
Will him to pray for me; and t' use his fortune
With reverence, when he comes to't.
Mos. Do you hear, sir?
Go to him with your wife.
Corv. Heart of my father!
Wilt thou persist thus? come, I pray thee come.
Thou seest 'tis nothing, Celia. By this hand,
I shall grow violent. Come, do't, I say.
Cel. Sir, kill me, rather: I will take down poison,
Eat burning coals, do any thing.——
Corv. Then I will drag thee hence, home by the hair;
Cry thee a strumpet through the streets; rip up
Thy mouth unto thine ears; and slit thy nose;
Like a raw rotchet——Do not tempt me, come,
Yield, I am loth—(Death!) I will buy some slave
Whom I will kill, and bind thee to him, alive;
And at my window hang you forth, devising
Some monstrous crime, which I, in capital letters,
Will eat into thy flesh with aquafortis,
And burning cor'sives, on this stubborn breast.
Now, by the blood thou hast incens'd, I'll do't.
Cel. Sir, what you please, you may, I am your martyr.
Corv. Be not thus obstinate, I ha' not deserv'd it:
Think who it is intreats you. Pr'ythee, sweet;
(Good faith) thou shalt have jewels, gowns, attires,
What thou wilt think, and ask. Do but go kiss him;
Or touch him, but. For my sake. At my suit.
This once. No? not? I shall remember this.
Will you disgrace me thus? Do you thirst my undoing?
Mos. Nay, gentle lady, be advis'd.
Corv. No, no.
She has watch'd her time. God's precious, this is skirvy,
'Tis very skirvy: and you are—

Mos. Nay, good sir.
Corv. An errant Locust, by heaven, a Locust!
Whore! crocodile! that hast thy tears prepar'd,
Expecting, how thou'lt bid 'em flow.
Mos. Nay, 'pray you, sir,
She will consider.
Cel. Would my life would serve
To satisfy.
Corv. (S'death) if she would but speak to him,
And save my reputation, 'twere somewhat;
But spitefully to affect my utter ruin.
Mos. I, now you ha' put your fortune in her hands.
Why i' faith, it is her modesty, I must quit her;
If you were absent, she would be more coming;
I know it: and dare undertake for her.
What woman can before her husband? pray you,
Let us depart, and leave her here.
Corv. Sweet Celia,
Thou may'st redeem all, yet; I'll say no more:
If not, esteem yourself as lost. Nay, stay there.
Cel. O God, and his good angels! whither, whither,
Is shame fled human breasts? that with such ease,
Men dare put off your honours, and their own?
Is that, which ever was a cause of life,
Now plac'd beneath the basest circumstance?
And modesty an exile made, for money?
Volp. I, in Corvino, and such earth-fed minds,
[*He leaps off from his couch.*
That never tasted the true heav'n of love.
Assure thee, Celia, he that would sell thee,
Only for hope of gain, and that uncertain,
He would have sold his part of Paradise
For ready money, had he met a cope-man*.
Why art thou maz'd to see me thus reviv'd?
Rather applaud thy beauties miracle:
'Tis thy great work; that hath, not now alone,
But sundry times, rais'd me, in several shapes,
And, but this morning like a mountebank,
To see thee at thy window. I, before
I would have left my practice, for thy love,
In varying figures, I would have contended
With the blue Proteus, or the horned flood.
Now art thou welcome.
Cel. Sir!
Volp. Nay, fly me not;
Nor let thy false imagination
That I was bed-rid, make thee think, I am so:
Thou shalt not find it. I am, now, as fresh,
As hot, as high, and in as jovial plight,
As when (in that so celebrated scene,
At recitation of our comedy,
For entertainment of the great Valoys)
I acted young Antinous; and attracted
The eyes and ears of all the ladies present,
T' admire each graceful gesture, note, and footing.

SONG.

"Come, my Celia, let us prove,
While we can, the sports of love,
Time will not be ours for ever,
He, at length, our good will sever;
Spend not then his gifts in vain:
Suns, that set, may rise again:
But if once we lose this light,
'Tis with us perpetual night.
Why should we defer our joys?
Fame and rumour are but toys.
Cannot we delude the eyes
Of a few poor household spies?
Or his easier ears beguile,
Thus removed by our wile?
'Tis no sin love's fruits to steal;
But the sweet thefts to reveal:
To be taken, to be seen,
These have crimes accounted been."
Cel. Some serene blast me*, or dire lightning strike
This my offending face.
Volp. Why droops my Celia?
Thou hast, in place of a base husband, found
A worthy lover: use thy fortune well,
With secrecy and pleasure. See, behold,
What thou art queen of; not in expectation,
As I feed others: but possess'd and crown'd.
See, here a rope of pearl; and each, more orient
Than that the brave Ægyptian queen carous'd:
Dissolve and drink 'em. See, a carbuncle,
May put out both the eyes of our St. Mark;
A diamond would have bought Lollia Paulina,
When she came in like star-light, hid with jewels,
That were the spoils of provinces: take these,
And wear, and lose 'em: yet remains an ear-ring
To purchase them again, and this whole state.
A gem but worth a private patrimony,
Is nothing: we will eat such at a meal.
The heads of parrots, tongues of nightingales,
The brains of peacocks, and of estriches
Shall be our food: and, could we get the phœnix
(Though nature lost her kind) she were our dish.
Cel. Good sir, these things might move a mind affected
With such delights; but I, whose innocence
Is all I can think wealthy, or worth th' enjoying,
And which, once lost, I have nought to lose beyond it,
Cannot be taken with these sensual baits:
If you have conscience——
Volp. 'Tis the beggar's virtue:
If thou hast wisdom, hear me, Celia.

* —*Had he met a* COPE-MAN.] *i.e.* a chap-man. So Verstegan in the word *ceapman*: for this we now say chapman; which is as much as to say, as a merchant or *cope-man*.—*Whalley*.

* *Some* SERENE *blast me.*] *Serene* is here, not that disorder in the eyes called *gutta serena*, which often occasions blindness; but it means a calm, moist, warm air, or evening, which is frequently the cause of blasts or blights. Jonson uses the same word again in his epigrams:

"——Wherever death doth please t' appear,
Seas, *serenes*, swords, shot, sickness, all are there."—Epig. 32.

And it is used also by Daniel in the same sense:

"The fogs and the *serene* offend us more,
Or we may think so, than they did before."—Queen's Arcadia, act 1, sc. 1.—*Whalley*.

Thy baths shall be the juice of July-flowers,
Spirit of roses, and of violets,
The milk of unicorns, and panthers' breath
Gather'd in bags, and mixt with Cretan wines.
Our drink shall be prepared gold and amber;
Which we will take, until my roof whirl round
With the vertigo: and my dwarf shall dance,
My eunuch sing, my fool make up the antick,
Whilst we in changed shapes, act Ovid's tales,
Thou, like Europa now, and I like Jove,
Then I like Mars, and thou like Erycine;
So, of the rest, till we have quite run through,
And wearied all the fables of the gods.
Then will I have thee in more modern forms,
Attired like some sprightly dame of France,
Brave Tuscan lady, or proud Spanish beauty;
Sometimes, unto the Persian sophy's wife;
Or the grand-signior's mistress; and, for change,
To one of our most artful curtizans,
Or some quick Negro, or cold Russian;
And I will meet thee in as many shapes:
Where we may so transfuse our wandering souls:
Out at our lips, and score up sums of pleasure,
"That the curious shall not know
How to tell them as they flow;
And the envious, when they find
What their number is, be pin'd."

Cel. If you have ears that will be pierc'd; or eyes,
That can be open'd; a heart may be touch'd;
Or any part, that yet sounds man about you:
If you have touch of holy saints, or heaven,
Do me the grace to let me 'scape. If not,
Be bountiful and kill me. You do know,
I am a creature, hither ill betray'd,
By one, whose shame I would forget it were.
If you will deign me neither of these graces,
Yet feed your wrath, sir, rather than your lust;
(It is a vice comes nearer manliness)
And punish that unhappy crime of nature,
Which you miscall my beauty: flay my face,
Or poison it with ointments, for seducing
Your blood to this rebellion. Rub these hands,
With what may cause an eating leprosie,
E'en to my bones and marrow: any thing,
That may disfavour me, save in my honour.
And I will kneel to you, pray for you, pay down
A thousand hourly vows, sir, for your health,
Report, and think you virtuous——

Volp. Think me cold,
Frozen and impotent, and so report me?
I do degenerate, and abuse my nation,
To play with opportunity thus long.

Bon. Forbear, foul ravisher, libidinous swine,
Free the forc'd lady, or thou dy'st impostor.

[*He leaps out from where Mosca had placed him.*

But that I'm loth to snatch the punishment
Out of the hand of justice, thou should'st, yet,
Be made the timely sacrifice of vengeance,
Before this altar, and this dross, thy idol.
Lady, let's quit the place, it is the den
Of villainy; fear nought, you have a guard:
And he, ere long, shall meet his just reward.

Volp. Fall on me, roof, and bury me in ruin;
Become my grave, that wert my shelter. O!
I am unmask'd, unspirited, undone,
Betray'd to beggary, to infamy——

SCENE VIII.

Mosca, Volpone.

Mos. Where shall I run, most wretched shame of men,
To beat out my unlucky brains?

Volp. Here, here.
What! dost thou bleed?

Mos. O that his well-driv'n sword
Had been so courteous to have cleft me down
Unto the navel, e'er I liv'd to see
My life, my hopes, my spirits, my patron, all
Thus desperately engaged, by my error.

Volp. Woe on thy fortune.

Mos. And my follies, sir.

Volp. Th' hast made me miserable.

Mos. And myself, sir.
Who would have thought he would have hearken'd so?

Volp. What shall we do?

Mos. I know not; if my heart
Could expiate the mischance, I'd pluck it out.
Will you be pleas'd to hang me, or cut my throat?
And I'll requite you, sir. Let's die like Romans,
Since we have liv'd like Grecians.

Volp. Hark, who's there?

[*They knock without.*

I hear some footing; officers, the saffi,
Come to apprehend us; I do feel the brand
Hissing already at my forehead; now,
Mine ears are boring.

Mos. To your couch, sir; you
Make that place good, however. Guilty men
Suspect what they deserve still. Signior Corbaccio!

SCENE IX.

Corbaccio, Mosca, Voltore, Volpone.

Corb. Why, how now, Mosca?

Mos. O, undone, amaz'd, sir.
Your son, (I know not by what accident)
Acquainted with your purpose to my patron,
Touching your will, and making him your heir,
Enter'd our house with violence, his sword drawn,
Sought for you, call'd you wretch, unnatural,
Vow'd he would kill you.

Corb. Me?

Mos. Yes, and my patron.

Corb. This act shall disinherit him indeed:
Here is the will.

Mos. 'Tis well, sir.

Corb. Right and well.
Be you as careful now for me.

Mos. My life, sir,
Is not more tender'd. I am only yours.

Corb. How does he? will he die shortly, think'st thou?
Mos. I fear he'll out-last May.
Corb. To-day?
Mos. No, last out May, sir.
Corb. Could'st thou not gi' him a dram?
Mos. O, by no means, sir.
Corb. Nay, I'll not bid you.
Volt. This is a knave, I see.
Mos. How, signior Voltore! did he hear me?
Volt. Parasite.
Mos. Who's that? O, sir, most timely welcome—
Volt. Scarce,
To the discovery of your tricks, I fear.
You are his only? and mine also? are you not?
Mos. Who? I, sir!
Volt. You, sir. What device is this
About a will?
Mos. A plot for you, sir.
Volt. Come,
Put not your foists upon me, I shall scent 'em.
Mos. Did you not hear it?
Volt. Yes, I hear, Corbaccio
Hath made your patron there his heir.
Mos. 'Tis true,
By my device, drawn to it by my plot.
With hope——
Volt. Your patron should reciprocate?
And you have promis'd?
Mos. For your good, I did, sir.
Nay more, I told his son, brought, hid him here,
Where he might hear his father pass the deed;
Being persuaded to it by this thought, sir,
That the unnaturalness, first, of the act,
And then his father's oft disclaiming in him,
(Which I did mean t' help on) would sure enrage him
To do some violence upon his parent,
On which the law should take sufficient hold,
And you be stated in a double hope:
Truth be my comfort, and my conscience,
My only aim was to dig you a fortune
Out of these two old rotten sepulchres—
(*Volt.* I cry thee mercy, Mosca.)
Mos. Worth your patience,
And your great merit, sir. And see the change!
Volt. Why, what success?
Mos. Most hapless! you must help, sir.
Whilst we expected the old raven, in comes
Corvino's wife sent hither by her husband—
Volt. What, with a present?
Mos. No, sir, on visitation,
(I'll tell you how anon:) and staying long,
The youth he grows impatient, rushes forth,
Seizeth the lady, wounds me, makes her swear
(Or he would murder her, that was his vow)
T' affirm my patron to have done her rape:
Which how unlike it is, you see; and hence
With that pretext he's gone t' accuse his father,
Defame my patron, defeat you——
Volt. Where's her husband?
Let him be sent for straight.
Mos. Sir, I'll go fetch him.
Volt. Bring him to the Scrutineo.
Mos. Sir, I will.
Volt. This must be stopt.
Mos. O you do nobly, sir.
Alas, 'twas labour'd all, sir, for your good;
Nor was there want of counsel in the plot:
But fortune can, at any time, o'erthrow
The projects of a hundred learned clerks, sir.
Corb. What's that?
Volt. Wil't please you, sir, to go along?
Mos. Patron, go in, and pray for our success.
Volp. Need makes devotion: heaven your labour bless.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Politick, Peregrine.

Pol. I told you, sir, it was a plot; you see
What observation is. You mention'd me
For some instructions. I will tell you, sir,
(Since we are met here in this height of *Venice*)
Some few particulars, I have set down,
Only for this meridian, fit to be known
Of your crude traveller; and they are these.
I will not touch, sir, at your phrase, or clothes,
For they are old.
Per. Sir, I have better.
Pol. Pardon,
I meant, as they are themes.
Per. O, sir, proceed:
I'll slander you no more of wit, good sir.
Pol. First, for your garb it must be grave and serious,
Very reserv'd and lockt; not tell a secret
On any terms, not to your father; scarce
A fable, but with caution; make sure choice
Both of your company, and discourse; beware
You never speak a truth——
Per. How?
Pol. Not to strangers,
For those be they you must converse with most:
Others I would not know, sir, but at distance,
So as I still might be a saver in 'em:
You shall have tricks else past upon you hourly.
And then for your religion, profess none,
But wonder at the diversity of all;
And, for your part, protest, were there no other
But simply the laws o' th' land, you could content you.
Nic. Machiavel, and monsieur Bodin, both
Were of this mind. Then must you learn the use
And handling of your silver fork at meals,
The metal of your glass: (these are main matters
With your Italian;) and to know the hour
When you must eat your melons and your figs.
Per. Is that a point of state too?
Pol. Here it is:
For your Venetian, if he see a man
Preposterous in the least, he has him straight;
He has; he strips him. I'll acquaint you, sir,

I now have liv'd here, 'tis some fourteen months:
Within the first week of my landing here,
All took me for a citizen of Venice,
I knew the forms so well——
Per. And nothing else.
Pol. I had read Contarene*, took me a house,
Dealt with my Jews to furnish it with moveables—
Well, if I could but find one man, one man
To mine own heart, whom I durst trust, I would—
Per. What? what, sir?
Pol. Make him rich; make him a fortune:
He should not think again. I would command it.
Per. As how?
Pol. With certain projects that I have,
Which I may not discover.
Per. If I had
But one to wager with, I would lay odds now,
He tells me instantly.
Pol. One is (and that
I care not greatly who knows) to serve the state
Of Venice with red herrings for three years,
And at a certain rate, from Rotterdam,
Where I have correspondence. There's a letter,
Sent me from one o' th' states, and to that purpose;
He cannot write his name, but that's his mark.
Per. He is a chandler?
Pol. No, a cheesemonger.
There are some others too, with whom I treat
About the same negociation;
And I will undertake it: for, 'tis thus,
I'll do't with ease, I have cast it all: your hoy
Carries but three men in her, and a boy;
And she shall make me three returns a year:
So if there come but one of three, I save;
If two, I can defalk: but this is now,
If my main project fail.
Per. Then you have others?
Pol. I should be loth to draw the subtil air
Of such a place, without my thousand aims.
I'll not dissemble, sir; where-e'er I come,
I love to be considerative; and 'tis true,
I have at my free hours thought upon
Some certain goods unto the state of Venice,
Which I do call my cautions; and, sir, which
I mean (in hope of pension) to propound
To the great council, then unto the forty,
So to the ten. My means are made already—
Per. By whom?
Pol. Sir, one that though his place b' obscure,
Yet he can sway, and they will hear him. He's
A Commandadore.
Per. What, a common serjeant?
Pol. Sir, such as they are, put in their mouths,
What they should say, sometimes, as well as greater,
I think I have my notes to shew you——
Per. Good sir.
Pol. But you shall swear unto me, on' your gentry,
Not to anticipate——
Per. I, sir?
Pol. Nor reveal
A circumstance——
My paper is not with me.
Per. O, but you can remember, sir.
Pol. My first is
Concerning tinder-boxes. You must know,
No family is here without its box.
Now, sir, it being so portable a thing,
Put case, that you or I were ill affected
Unto the state, sir, with it in our pockets,
Might not I go into the Arsenal,
Or you come out again, and none the wiser?
Per. Except yourself, sir.
Pol. Go to then. I therefore
Advertise to the state, how fit it were,
That none but such as were known patriots,
Sound lovers of their country, should be suffer'd
T' enjoy them in their houses; and even those
Seal'd at some office, and at such a bigness
As might not lurk in pockets.
Per. Admirable!
Pol. My next is, how t' enquire, and be resolv'd,
By present demonstration, whether a ship,
Newly arriv'd from Syria, or from
Any suspected part of all the Levant,
Be guilty of the plague: and where they use
To lie out forty, fifty days sometimes,
About the Lazaretto, for their trial,
I'll save that charge and loss unto the merchant,
And in an hour clear the doubt.
Per. Indeed, sir?
Pol. Or——I will lose my labour.
Per. 'My faith, that's much.
Pol. Nay, sir, conceive me. 'Twill cost me in onions,
Some thirty livres——
Per. Which is one pound sterling.
Pol. Beside my water-works: for this I do, sir.
First, I bring in your ship 'twixt two brick-walls;
(But those the state shall venture); on the one
I strain me a fair tarpauling, and in that
I stick my onions, cut in halves; the other
Is full of loop-holes, out of which I thrust
The noses of my bellows; and those bellows
I keep, with water-works, in perpetual motion,
(Which is the easiest matter of a hundred.)
Now, sir, your onion, which doth naturally
Attract th' infection, and your bellows blowing
The air upon him, will shew (instantly)
By his chang'd colour, if there be contagion,
Or else remain as fair as at the first.
Now it is known, 'tis nothing.
Per. You are right, sir.
Pol. I would I had my note.
Per. 'Faith, so would I:
But you ha' done well for once, sir.
Pol. Were I false,
Or would be made so, I could shew you reasons
How I could sell this state now to the Turk,
Spite of their galleys, or their——

* *I had read* Contarene.] A treatise *della republica & magistrati di Venetia*, di Gasp. *Contarini*.

Per. 'Pray you, sir Pol.
Pol. I have 'em not about me.
Per. That I fear'd.
They are there, sir.
Pol. No, this is my diary,
Wherein I note my actions of the day.
Per. Pray you let's see, sir. What is here? Notandum,
A rat had gnawn my spur-leathers; notwithstanding,
I put on new, and did go forth: but first
I threw three beans over the threshold. Item,
I went and bought two tooth-picks, whereof one
I burst immediately, in a discourse
With a Dutch merchant, 'bout Ragion del Stato.
From him I went and paid a moccinigo
For piecing my silk stockings; by the way
I cheapen'd sprats. 'Faith these are politic notes!
Pol. Sir, I do slip
No action of my life thus, but I quote it.
Per. Believe me, it is wise!
Pol. Nay, sir, read forth.

SCENE II.

Lady, Nano, Women, Politick, Peregrine.

Lad. Where should this loose knight be, trow? sure he's hous'd.
Nan. Why then he's fast.
Lad. I, he plays both with me.
I pray you stay. This heat will do more harm
To my complexion, than his heart is worth.
(I do not care to hinder, but to take him.)
How it comes off!
Wom. My master's yonder.
Lad. Where?
Wom. With a young gentleman.
Lad. That same's the party!
In man's apparel. 'Pray you, sir, jog my knight:
I will be tender to his reputation,
However he demerit.
Pol. My lady!
Per. Where?
Pol. 'Tis she indeed, sir; you shall know her. She is,
Were she not mine, a lady of that merit,
For fashion and behaviour; and for beauty
I durst compare——
Per. It seems you are not jealous,
That dare commend her.
Pol. Nay, and for discourse——
Per. Being your wife, she cannot miss that.
Pol. Madam,
He is a gentleman, 'pray you use him fairly;
He seems a youth, but he is——
Lad. None.
Pol. Yes, one
Has put his face as soon into the world——
Lad. You mean, as early? but to-day?
Pol. How's this?
Lad. Why in this habit, sir, you apprehend me.
Well, master Would-be, this doth not become you;
I had thought the odour, sir, of your good name
Had been more precious to you, that you would not
Have done this dire massacre on your honour;
One of your gravity and rank besides!
But knights, I see, care little for the oath
They make to ladies; chiefly, their own ladies.
Pol. Now, by my spurs, (the symbol of my knighthood.)
(*Per.* See how his brain is humbled for an oath!)
Pol. I reach you not.
Lad. Right, sir, your politie
May bear it through thus. Sir, a word with you.
I would be loth to contest publicly
With any gentlewoman, or to seem
Froward, or violent, (as the courtier says)
It comes too near rusticity in a lady,
Which I would shun by all means; and however
I may deserve from master Would-be, yet
T' have one fair gentlewoman thus be made
The unkind instrument to wrong another,
And one she knows not, I, and to persevere;
In my poor judgment, is not warranted
From being a solœcism in our sex,
If not in manners.
Per. How is this!
Pol. Sweet madam,
Come nearer to your aim.
Lad. Marry, and I will, sir.
Since you provoke me with your impudence,
And laughter of your light land-syren here,
Your Sporus, your Hermaphrodite——
Per. What's here?
Poetic fury, and historic storms!
Pol. The gentleman, believe it, is of worth,
And of our nation.
Lad. I; your White-friars nation?
Come, I blush for you, master Would-be, I;
And am asham'd you should ha' no more forehead,
Than thus to be the patron, or St. George,
To a lewd harlot, a base fricatrice,
A female devil, in a male out-side.
Pol. Nay.
An' you be such a one, I must bid adieu
To your delights. The case appears too liquid.
Lad. I, you may carry't clear, with your state-face!
But for your carnival concupiscence,
Who here is fled for liberty of conscience,
From furious persecution of the marshal,
Her will I disciple.
Per. This is fine, i' faith!
And do you use this often? Is this part
Of your wit's exercise, 'gainst you have occasion?
Madam——
Lad. Go to, sir.
Per. Do you hear me, lady?
Why, if your knight have set you to beg shirts,
Or to invite me home, you might have done it
A nearer way by far.
Lad. This cannot work you
Out of my snare.
Per. Why? am I in it, then?

Indeed your husband told me you were fair,
And so you are; only your nose inclines
(That side that's next the sun) to the queen-apple.
Lad. This cannot be endur'd, by any patience.

SCENE III.

Mosca, Lady, Peregrine.

Mos. What is the matter, madam?
Lad. If the senate
Right not my quest in this, I will protest 'em
To all the world, no aristocracy.
Mos. What is the injury, lady?
Lad. Why, the cullet
You told me of, here I have ta'en disguis'd.
Mos. Who? this? what means your ladyship? the creature
I mention'd to you, is apprehended, now,
Before the senate: you shall see her——
Lad. Where?
Mos. I'll bring you to her. This young gentleman,
I saw him land this morning at the port.
Lad. Is't possible! how has my judgment wander'd!
Sir, I must, blushing, say to you, I have err'd;
And plead your pardon.
Per. What, more changes yet?
Lad. I hope yo' ha' not the malice to remember
A gentlewoman's passion. If you stay
In Venice here, please you to use me, sir——
Mos. Will you go, madam?
Lad. 'Pray you, sir, use me; in faith,
The more you see me, the more I shall conceive
You have forgot our quarrel.
Per. This is rare!
Sir Politick Would-be? no, sir Politick Bawd!
To bring me thus acquainted with his wife!
Well, wise sir Pol, since you have practis'd thus
Upon my freshman-ship, I'll try your salt-head,
What proof it is against a counter-plot.

SCENE IV.

Voltore, Corbaccio, Corvino, Mosca.

Volt. Well, now you know the carriage of the business,
Your constancy is all that is requir'd
Unto the safety of it.
Mos. Is the lie
Safely convey'd amongst us? is that sure?
Knows every man his burden?
Corv. Yes.
Mos. Then shrink not.
Corv. But knows the advocate the truth?
Mos. O, sir,
By no means. I devis'd a formal tale,
That sav'd your reputation. But be valiant, sir.
Corv. I fear no one but him, that this his pleading
Should make him stand for a co-heir——
Mos. Cuckoldry!
Hang him, we will but use his tongue, his noise,
As we do crusher's here.
Corv. I, what shall he do?
Mos. When we ha' done, you mean?
Corv. Yes.
Mos. Why, why we'll think:
Sell him for Mummia, he's half dust already.
Do you not smile to see this Buffalo?
[*To Voltore.*
How he doth sport it with his head?—I should,
If all were well and past. Sir, only you
[*To Corbaccio.*
Are he that shall enjoy the crop of all,
And these not know for whom they toil.
Corv. I, peace.
Mos. But you shall eat it. Much!
[*To Corvino.*
Worshipful sir, [*Then to Voltore again.*
*Mercury sit upon your thundering tongue,
Or the French Hercules, and make your language
As conquering as his club, to beat along
(As with a tempest) flat, our adversaries;
But much more yours, sir.
Volt. Here they come, ha' done.
Mos. I have another witness, if you need, sir,
I can produce.
Volt. Who is it?
Mos. Sir, I have her.

SCENE V.

Avocatori 4, Bonario, Celia, Voltore, Corbaccio, Corvino, Mosca, Notario, Commandadori.

Avoc. 1. The like of this the senate never heard of.
Avoc. 2. 'Twill come most strange to them when we report it.
Avoc. 4. The gentlewoman has been ever held
Of unreproved name.
Avoc. 3. So the young man.
Avoc. 4. The more unnatural part that of his father.
Avoc. 2. More of the husband.
Avoc. 1. I not know to give
His act a name, it is so monstrous!
Avoc. 4. But the impostor, he's a thing created
To exceed example!
Avoc. 1. And all after-times!
Avoc. 2. I never heard a true voluptuary
Describ'd, but him.
Avoc. 3. Appear yet those were cited?
Not. All but the old magnifico, Volpone.
Avoc. 1. Why is not he here?
Mos. Please your fatherhoods,
Here is his advocate: himself's so weak,
So feeble——
Avoc. 4. What are you?
Bon. His parasite,

* *Mercury sit upon your thundering tongue,
Or the* FRENCH HERCULES.] The *Gallic* or *Celtic Hercules* was the symbol of eloquence. Lucian has a treatise on this *French Hercules*, surnamed Ogmius; he was pictured drest in his lion's skin; in his right hand he held his club; in his left, his bow: several very small chains were figured, reaching from his tongue to the ears of crowds of men at some distance.—Whalley.

His knave, his pander: I beneath the court,
He may be forc'd to come, that your grave eyes
May bear strong witness of his strange impostures.
Volt. Upon my faith and credit, with your virtues,
He is not able to endure the air.
Anon. 2. Bring him however.
Anon. 3. We will see him.
Anon. 4. Fetch him.
Volt. Your fatherhoods' fit pleasures be obey'd;
But sure, the sight will rather move your pities,
Than indignation: may it please the court,
In the mean time, he may be heard in me.
I know this place most void of prejudice,
And therefore crave it, since we have no reason
To fear our truth should hurt our cause.
Anon. 3. Speak free.
Volt. Then know, most honour'd fathers, I must now
Discover to your strangely abused ears,
The most prodigious and most frontless piece
Of solid impudence, and treachery,
That ever vicious nature yet brought forth
To shame the state of Venice. This lewd woman
(That wants no artificial looks, or tears,
To help the visor she has now put on)
Hath long been known a close adulteress
To that lascivious youth there; not suspected,
But known, and by this man, the easy husband,
Pardon'd; whose timeless bounty makes him now
Stand here, the most unhappy, innocent person
That ever man's own goodness made accus'd.
For these not knowing how to owe a gift
Of that dear grace, but with their shame; being plac'd
So 'bove all powers of their gratitude,
Began to hate the benefit; and, in place
Of thanks, devise t' extirp the memory
Of such an act: wherein I pray your fatherhoods
T' observe the malice, yea, the rage of creatures,
Discover'd in their evils, and what heart
Such take, even from their crimes. But that anon
Will more appear. This gentleman, the father,
Hearing of this foul fact, with many others,
Which daily struck at his too tender ears,
And griev'd in nothing more than that he could not
Preserve himself a parent, (his son's ills
Growing to that strange flood) at last decreed
To disinherit him.
Anon. 1. These be strange turns!
Anon. 2. The young man's fame was ever fair and honest.
Volt. So much more full of danger is his vice,
That can beguile so under shade of virtue.
But, as I said, (my honour'd lords) his father
Having this settled purpose, (by what means
To him betray'd, we know not) and this day
Appointed for the deed; that parricide,
(I cannot style him better) by confederacy
Preparing this his paramour to be there,
Enter'd Volpone's house, (who was the man,
Your fatherhoods must understand, design'd
For the inheritance) there sought his father:
But with what purpose sought he him, my lords?
(I tremble to pronounce it, that a son
Unto a father, and to such a father,
Should have so foul, felonious intent)
It was to murder him: when being prevented
By this most happy absence, what then did he?
Not check his wicked thoughts; no, now new deeds;
(Mischief doth ever end where it begins;)
An act of horror, fathers! he dragg'd forth
The aged gentleman that had there lain bed-rid
Three years and more, out of his innocent couch,
Naked upon the floor, there left him; wounded
His servant in the face; and with this strumpet,
The stale to his forg'd practice, who was glad
To be an active, (I shall have desire
Your fatherhoods to note but my collections,
As most remarkable) thought at once to stop
His father's ends, discredit his free choice
In the old gentleman, redeem themselves,
By laying infamy upon this man,
To whom, with blushing, they should owe their lives.
Anon. 1. What proofs have you of this?
Bon. Most honour'd fathers,
I humbly crave, there be no credit given
To this man's mercenary tongue.
Anon. 2. Forbear.
Bon. His soul moves in his fee.
Anon. 3. O, sir.
Bon. This fellow,
For six sols more, would plead against his Maker.
Anon. 1. You do forget yourself.
Volt. Nay, say, grave fathers,
Let him have scope: can any man imagine
That he will spare his accuser, that would not
Have spar'd his parent?
Anon. 1. Well, produce your proofs.
Cel. I would I could forget I were a creature.
Volt. Signior Corbaccio.
Anon. 4. What is he?
Volt. The father.
Anon. 2. Has he had an oath?
Not. Yes.
Corb. What must I do now?
Not. Your testimony's crav'd.
Corb. Speak to the knave?
I'll ha' my mouth first stopt with earth; my heart
Abhors his knowledge: I disclaim in him.
Anon. 1. But for what cause?
Corb. The mere portent of nature:
He is an utter stranger to my loins.
Bon. Have they made you to this?
Corb. I will not hear thee.
Monster of men, swine, goat, wolf, parricide,
Speak not, thou viper.
Bon. Sir, I will sit down,

Indeed your husband told me you were fair,
And so you are; only your nose inclines
(That side that's next the sun) to the queen-apple.
Lad. This cannot be endur'd, by any patience.

SCENE III.

Mosca, Lady, Peregrine.

Mos. What is the matter, madam?
Lad. If the senate
Right not my quest in this, I will protest 'em
To all the world, no aristocracy.
Mos. What is the injury, lady?
Lad. Why, the callet
You told me of, here I have ta'en disguis'd.
Mos. Who? this? what means your ladyship? the creature
I mention'd to you, is apprehended, now,
Before the senate: you shall see her——
Lad. Where?
Mos. I'll bring you to her. This young gentleman,
I saw him land this morning at the port.
Lad. Is't possible! how has my judgment wander'd!
Sir, I must, blushing, say to you, I have err'd;
And plead your pardon.
Per. What, more changes yet?
Lad. I hope yo' ha' not the malice to remember
A gentlewoman's passion. If you stay
In Venice here, please you to use me, sir——
Mos. Will you go, madam?
Lad. 'Pray you, sir, use me; in faith,
The more you see me, the more I shall conceive
You have forgot our quarrel.
Per. This is rare!
Sir Politick Would-be? no, sir Politick Bawd!
To bring me thus acquainted with his wife!
Well, wise sir Pol, since you have practis'd thus
Upon my freshman-ship, I'll try your salt-head,
What proof it is against a counter-plot.

SCENE IV.

Voltore, Corbaccio, Corvino, Mosca.

Volt. Well, now you know the carriage of the business,
Your constancy is all that is requir'd
Unto the safety of it.
Mos. Is the lie
Safely convey'd amongst us? is that sure?
Knows every man his burden?
Corv. Yes.
Mos. Then shrink not.
Corv. But knows the advocate the truth?
Mos. O, sir,
By no means. I devis'd a formal tale,
That sav'd your reputation. But be valiant, sir.
Corv. I fear no one but him, that this his pleading
Should make him stand for a co-heir——
Mos. Co-halter!
Hang him, we will but use his tongue, his noise,
As we do croaker's here.
Corv. I, what shall he do?
Mos. When we ha' done, you mean?
Corv. Yes.
Mos. Why, why we'll think:
Sell him for Mummia, he's half dust already.
Do you not smile to see this Buffalo?
[*To Voltore.*
How he doth sport it with his head?—I should,
If all were well and past. Sir, only you
[*To Corbaccio.*
Are he that shall enjoy the crop of all,
And these not know for whom they toil.
Corv. I, peace.
Mos. But you shall eat it. Much!
[*To Corvino.*
Worshipful sir, [*Then to Voltore again.*
*Mercury sit upon your thundering tongue,
Or the French Hercules, and make your language
As conquering as his club, to beat along
(As with a tempest) flat, our adversaries;
But much more yours, sir.
Volt. Here they come, ha' done.
Mos. I have another witness, if you need, sir,
I can produce.
Volt. Who is it?
Mos. Sir, I have her.

SCENE V.

Avocatori 4, *Bonario, Celia, Voltore, Corbaccio, Corvino, Mosca, Notario, Commandadori.*

Avoc. 1. The like of this the senate never heard of.
Avoc. 2. 'Twill come most strange to them when we report it.
Avoc. 4. The gentlewoman has been ever held
Of unreproved name.
Avoc. 3. So the young man.
Avoc. 4. The more unnatural part that of his father.
Avoc. 2. More of the husband.
Avoc. 1. I not know to give
His act a name, it is so monstrous!
Avoc. 4. But the impostor, he's a thing created
To exceed example!
Avoc. 1. And all after-times!
Avoc. 2. I never heard a true voluptuary
Describ'd, but him.
Avoc. 3. Appear yet those were cited?
Not. All but the old magnifico, Volpone.
Avoc. 1. Why is not he here?
Mos. Please your fatherhoods,
Here is his advocate: himself's so weak,
So feeble——
Avoc. 4. What are you?
Bon. His parasite,

* *Mercury sit upon your thundering tongue,*
Or the FRENCH HERCULES.] The *Gallic* or *Celtic Hercules* was the symbol of eloquence. Lucian has a treatise on this *French Hercules*, surnamed *Ogmius*: he was pictured drest in his lion's skin; in his right hand he held his club; in his left, his bow: several very small chains were figured, reaching from his tongue to the ears of crowds of men at some distance.—*Whalley.*

His knave, his pandar: I beseech the court,
He may be forc'd to come, that your grave eyes
May bear strong witness of his strange impostures.
Volt. Upon my faith and credit, with your virtues,
He is not able to endure the air.
Avoc. 2. Bring him however.
Avoc. 3. We will see him.
Avoc. 4. Fetch him.
Volt. Your fatherhoods' fit pleasures be obey'd;
But sure, the sight will rather move your pities,
Than indignation: may it please the court,
In the mean time, he may be heard in me.
I know this place most void of prejudice,
And therefore crave it, since we have no reason
To fear our truth should hurt our cause.
Avoc. 3. Speak free.
Volt. Then know, most honour'd fathers, I must now
Discover to your strangely abused ears,
The most prodigious and most frontless piece
Of solid impudence, and treachery,
That ever vicious nature yet brought forth
To shame the state of Venice. This lewd woman
(That wants no artificial looks, or tears,
To help the vizor she has now put on)
Hath long been known a close adulteress
To that lascivious youth there; not suspected,
But known, and by this man, the easy husband,
Pardon'd; whose timeless bounty makes him now
Stand here, the most unhappy, innocent person
That ever man's own goodness made accus'd.
For these not knowing how to owe a gift
Of that dear grace, but with their shame; being plac'd
So 'bove all powers of their gratitude,
Began to hate the benefit; and, in place
Of thanks, devise t' extirp the memory
Of such an act: wherein I pray your fatherhoods
T' observe the malice, yea, the rage of creatures,
Discover'd in their evils, and what heart
Such take, even from their crimes. But that anon
Will more appear. This gentleman, the father,
Hearing of this foul fact, with many others,
Which daily struck at his too tender ears,
And griev'd in nothing more than that he could not
Preserve himself a parent, (his son's ills
Growing to that strange flood) at last decreed
To disinherit him.
Avoc. 1. These be strange turns!
Avoc. 2. The young man's fame was ever fair and honest.
Volt. So much more full of danger is his vice,
That can beguile so under shade of virtue.
But, as I said, (my honour'd sires) his father
Having this settled purpose, (by what means
To him betray'd, we know not) and this day
Appointed for the deed; that parricide,
(I cannot style him better) by confederacy
Preparing this his paramour to be there,
Enter'd Volpone's house, (who was the man,
Your fatherhoods must understand, design'd
For the inheritance) there sought his father:
But with what purpose sought he him, my lords?
(I tremble to pronounce it, that a son
Unto a father, and to such a father,
Should have so foul, felonious intent)
It was to murder him: when being prevented
By this more happy absence, what then did he?
Not check his wicked thoughts; no, now new deeds;
(Mischief doth ever end where it begins;)
An act of horror, fathers! he dragg'd forth
The aged gentleman that had there lain bed-rid
Three years and more, out off his innocent couch,
Naked upon the floor, there left him; wounded
His servant in the face; and with this strumpet,
The stale to his forg'd practice, who was glad
To be so active, (I shall here desire
Your fatherhoods to note but my collections,
As most remarkable) thought at once to stop
His father's ends, discredit his free choice
In the old gentleman, redeem themselves,
By laying infamy upon this man,
To whom, with blushing, they should owe their lives.
Avoc. 1. What proofs have you of this?
Bon. Most honour'd fathers,
I humbly crave, there be no credit given
To this man's mercenary tongue.
Avoc. 2. Forbear.
Bon. His soul moves in his fee.
Avoc. 3. O, sir.
Bon. This fellow,
For six sols more, would plead against his Maker.
Avoc. 1. You do forget yourself.
Volt. Nay, nay, grave fathers,
Let him have scope: can any man imagine
That he will spare his accuser, that would not
Have spar'd his parent?
Avoc. 1. Well, produce your proofs.
Cel. I would I could forget I were a creature.
Volt. Signior Corbaccio.
Avoc. 4. What is he?
Volt. The father.
Avoc. 2. Has he had an oath?
Not. Yes.
Corb. What must I do now?
Not. Your testimony's crav'd.
Corb. Speak to the knave?
I'll ha' my mouth first stopt with earth; my heart
Abhors his knowledge: I disclaim in him.
Avoc. 1. But for what cause?
Corb. The mere portent of nature:
He is an utter stranger to my loins.
Bon. Have they made you to this?
Corb. I will not hear thee.
Monster of men, swine, goat, wolf, parricide,
Speak not, thou viper.
Bon. Sir, I will sit down,

And rather wish my innocence should suffer,
Than I resist the authority of a father.
Volt. Signior Corvino.
Avoc. 2. This is strange!
Avoc. 1. Who's this?
Not. The husband.
Avoc. 4. Is he sworn?
Not. He is.
Avoc. 3. Speak then.
Corv. This woman (please your fatherhoods) is a whore:
Neighs like a jennet.
Not. Preserve the honour of the court.
Corv. I shall,
And modesty of your most reverend ears.
And yet I hope that I may say, these eyes
Have seen her glew'd unto that piece of cedar,
That fine well-timber'd gallant; and that here
The letters may be read, throw the horn,
That make the story perfect.
Mos. Excellent! sir.
Corv. There is no shame in this now, is there?
Mos. None.
Avoc. 2. Look to the woman. [*She swoons.*
Corv. Rare! prettily feign'd! again!
Avoc. 4. Stand from about her.
Avoc. 1. Give her the air.
Avoc. 3. What can you say?
Mos. My wound
(May't please your wisdoms) speaks for me, receiv'd
In aid of my good patron, when he mist
His sought-for father, when that well-taught dame
Had her cue given her, to cry out, A rape.
Bon. O most laid impudence! Fathers——
Avoc. 3. Sir, be silent;
You had your hearing free, so must they theirs.
Avoc. 2. I do begin to doubt th' imposture here.
Avoc. 4. This woman has too many moods.
Volt. Grave fathers,
She is a creature of a most profest
And prostituted lewdness.
Corv. Most impetuous!
Unsatisfied, grave fathers!
Volt. May her feignings
Not take your wisdoms: but this day she baited
A stranger, a grave knight, with her loose eyes,
And more lascivious kisses. This man saw 'em
Together on the water, in a gondola.
Mos. Here is the lady herself, that saw 'em too,
Without; who then had in the open streets
Pursu'd them, but for saving her knight's honour.
Avoc. 1. Produce that lady.
Avoc. 2. Let her come.
Avoc. 4. These things,
They strike with wonder.
Avoc. 3. I am turn'd a stone.

SCENE VI.

Mosca, Lady, Avocatori, &c.

Mos. Be resolute, madam.
Lad. I, this same is she.
Out, thou camelion harlot; now thine eyes
Vie tears with the Hyæna. Dar'st thou look
Upon my wronged face? I cry your pardons,
I fear I have (forgettingly) transgrest
Against the dignity of the court——
Avoc. 2. No, madam.
Lad. And been exorbitant——
Avoc. 2. You have not, lady.
Avoc. 4. These proofs are strong.
Lad. Surely, I had no purpose
To scandalize your honours, or my sex's.
Avoc. 3. We do believe it.
Lad. Surely, you may believe it.
Avoc. 2. Madam, we do.
Lad. Indeed you may; my breeding
Is not so coarse——
Avoc. 4. We know it.
Lad. To offend
With pertinacy——
Avoc. 3. Lady.
Lad. Such a presence!
No, surely.
Avoc. 1. We well think it.
Lad. You may think it.
Avoc. 1. Let her o'ercome. What witnesses have you,
To make good your report?
Bon. Our consciences.
Cel. And heaven, that never fails the innocent.
Avoc. 4. These are no testimonies.
Bon. Not in your courts,
Where multitude and clamour overcomes.
Avoc. 1. Nay, then you do wax insolent.
Volt. Here, here,
[*Volpone is brought in as impotent.*
The testimony comes, that will convince,
And put to utter dumbness their bold tongues.
See here, grave fathers, here's the ravisher,
The grand voluptuary! Do you not think
These limbs should affect venery? Or these eyes
Covet a concubine? pray you mark these hands;
Are they not fit to stroke a lady's breasts?
Perhaps he doth dissemble?
Bon. So he does.
Volt. Would you ha' him tortur'd?
Bon. I would have him prov'd.
Volt. Best try him then with goads, or burning irons;
Put him to the strappado: I have heard
The rack hath cur'd the gout; 'faith, give it him,
And help him of a malady, be courteous.
I'll undertake, before these honour'd fathers,
He shall have yet as many left diseases,
As she has known adulterers, or thou strumpets.
O my most equal hearers, if these deeds,
Acts of this bold and most exorbitant strain,
May pass with sufferance, what one citizen
But owes the forfeit of his life, yea, fame,
To him that dares traduce him? which of you
Are safe, my honour'd fathers? I would ask
(With leave of your grave fatherhoods) if their plot

Have any face or colour like to truth?
Or if, unto the dullest nostril here,
It smell not rank, and most abhorred slander?
I crave your care of this good gentleman,
Whose life is much endanger'd by their fable:
And as for them, I will conclude with this,
That vicious persons, when they're hot and flesh'd
In impious acts, their constancy abounds:
Base deeds are done with greatest confidence.
Avoc. 1. Take 'em to custody, and sever them.
Avoc. 2. 'Tis pity two such prodigies should live.
Avoc. 1. Let the old gentleman be return'd with care.
I'm sorry our credulity hath wrong'd him.
Avoc. 4. These are two creatures!
Avoc. 3. I've an earthquake in me.
Avoc. 2. Their shame (even in their cradles) fled their faces.
Avoc. 4. You've done a worthy service to the state, sir,
In their discovery.
Avoc. 1. You shall hear, ere night,
What punishment the court decrees upon 'em.
Volt. We thank your fatherhoods. How like you it?
Mos. Rare.
I'd ha' your tongue, sir, tipt with gold for this;
I'd ha' you be the heir to the whole city;
The earth I'd have want men, ere you, want living:
They're bound to erect your statue in St. Mark's.
Signior Corvino, I would have you go
And shew yourself, that you have conquer'd.
Corv. Yes.
Mos. It was much better that you should profess
Yourself a cuckold thus, than that the other
Should have been prov'd.
Corv. Nay, I consider'd that:
Now it is her fault.
Mos. Then it had been yours.
Corv. True; I do doubt this advocate still.
Mos. I'faith you need not, I dare ease you of that care.
Corb. I trust thee, Mosca.
Mos. As your own soul, sir.
Corb. Mosca.
Mos. Now for your business, sir.
Corb. How? ha' you business?
Mos. Yes, yours, sir.
Corb. O, none else?
Mos. None else, not I.
Corb. Be careful then.
Mos. Rest you with both your eyes, sir.
Corb. Dispatch it.
Mos. Instantly.
Corb. And look that all,
Whatever, be put in, jewels, plate, moneys,
Household stuff, bedding, curtains.
Mos. Curtain-rings, sir.
Only the advocate's fee must be deducted.
Corb. I'll pay him now; you'll be too prodigal.
Mos. Sir, I must tender it.

Corb. Two cecchines is well.
Mos. No, six, sir.
Corb. 'Tis too much.
Mos. He talk'd a great while;
You must consider that, sir.
Corb. Well, there's three———
Mos. I'll give it him.
Corb. Do so, and there's for thee.
Mos. Bountiful bones! What horrid strange offence
Did he commit 'gainst nature, in his youth
Worthy this age? You see, sir, how I work
Unto your ends: take you no notice.
Volt. No,
I'll leave you.
Mos. All is yours, the devil and all:
Good advocate. Madam, I'll bring you home.
Lad. No, I'll go see your patron.
Mos. That you shall not:
I'll tell you why. My purpose is to urge
My patron to reform his will; and for
The zeal you have shewn to-day, whereas before
You were but third or fourth, you shall be now
Put in the first; which would appear as begg'd,
If you were present. Therefore——
Lad. You shall sway me.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Volp. Well, I am here, and all this brunt is past:
I ne'er was in dislike with my disguise
Till this fled moment; here 'twas good, in private;
But in your public, *cave* whilst I breathe.
Indeed, my left leg 'gan to have the cramp*,
And I apprehended straight some power had struck me
With a dead palsie: well, I must be merry,
And shake it off. A many of these fears
Would put me into some villainous disease,
Should they come thick upon me: I'll prevent 'em.
Give me a bowl of lusty wine, to fright
This humour from my heart, (hum, hum, hum)
[*He drinks.*
'Tis almost gone already: I shall conquer.
Any device now, of rare ingenious knavery,
That would possess me with a violent laughter,
Would make me up again. So, so, so, so.
[*Drinks again.*
This heat is life: 'tis blood by this time: Mosca!

SCENE II.

Mosca, Volpone, Nano, Castrone.

Mos. How now, sir? does the day look clear again?
Are we recover'd, and wrought out of error,
Into our way, to see our path before us?
Is our trade free once more?
Volp. Exquisite Mosca!

* *My left leg 'gan to have the* CRAMP,
And I apprehended straight some power had struck me
With a DEAD PALSIE.] Alluding to a piece of antient superstition, that all sudden consternations of mind, and sudden pains of the body, such as cramps, palpitations of the heart, &c. were ominous, and presages of evil.—*Whalley.*

Mos. Was it not carried learnedly?
Volp. And stoutly.
Good wits are greatest in extremities.
Mos. Why now you speak, sir. We must here be fixt:
Here we must rest; this is our master-piece:
We cannot think to go beyond this.
Volp. True,
Thou hast play'd thy prize, my precious Mosca.
Mos. Nay, sir,
To gull the court——
Volp. And quite divert the torrent
Upon the innocent.
Mos. Yes, and to make
So rare a musick out of discords——
Volp. Right.
That yet to me's the strangest! how th' hast borne it!
That these (being so divided 'mongst themselves)
Should not scent somewhat, or in me, or thee,
Or doubt their own side.
Mos. True, they will not see't.
Too much light blinds 'em, I think. Each of 'em
Is so possest and stuft with his own hopes,
That any thing unto the contrary,
Never so true, or never so apparent,
Never so palpable, they will resist it——
Volp. Like a temptation of the devil.
Mos. Right, sir.
Merchants may talk of trade, and your great signiors
Of land that yields well; but if Italy
Have any glebe more fruitful than these fellows,
I am deceiv'd. Did not your advocate rare?
Volp. O (my most honour'd fathers, my grave fathers,
Under correction of your fatherhoods,
What face of truth is here? If these strange deeds
May pass, most honour'd fathers—) I had much ado
To forbear laughing.
Mos. 'T seem'd to me, you sweat, sir.
Volp. In troth, I did a little.
Mos. But confess, sir.
Were you not daunted?
Volp. In good faith, I was
A little in a mist, but not dejected;
Never, but still myself.
Mos. I think it, sir.
Now (so truth help me) I must needs say this, sir,
And out of conscience for your advocate,
He has taken pains, in faith, sir, and deserv'd
(In my poor judgment, I speak it under favour,
Not to contrary you, sir) very richly——
Well—to be cozen'd.
Volp. Troth, and I think so too,
By that I heard him, in the latter end.
Mos. O, but before, sir: had you heard him first
Draw it to certain heads, then aggravate,
Then use his vehement figures—I look'd still
When he would shift a shirt; and doing this
Out of pure love, no hope of gain——
Volp. 'Tis right.
I cannot answer him, Mosca, as I would,
Not yet; but for thy sake, at thy entreaty,
I will begin, ev'n now, to vex 'em all,
This very instant.
Mos. Good sir.
Volp. Call the dwarf
And eunuch forth.
Mos. Castrone, Nano.
Nan. Here.
Volp. Shall we have a jig now?
Mos. What you please, sir.
Volp. Go,
Straight give out about the streets, you two,
That I am dead; do it with constancy,
Sadly, do you hear? impute it to the grief
Of this late slander.
Mos. What do you mean, sir?
Volp. O,
I shall have instantly my vulture, crow,
Raven, come flying hither, (on the news)
To peck for carrion, my she-wolf, and all,
Greedy and full of expectation——
Mos. And then to have it ravish'd from their mouths?
Volp. 'Tis true; I will ha' thee put on a gown,
And take upon thee, as thou wert mine heir;
Shew 'em a will: open that chest, and reach
Forth one of those that has the blanks; I'll straight
Put in thy name.
Mos. It will be rare, sir.
Volp. I,
When they ev'n gape, and find themselves deluded—
Mos. Yes.
Volp. And thou use them, scurvily.
Dispatch, get on thy gown.
Mos. But what, sir, if they ask
After the body?
Volp. Say, it was corrupted.
Mos. I'll say, it stunk, sir; and was fain to have it
Coffin'd up instantly, and sent away.
Volp. Any thing, what thou wilt. Hold, here's my will.
Get thee a cap, a count-book, pen and ink,
Papers afore thee; sit as thou wert taking
An inventory of parcels: I'll get up
Behind the curtain, on a stool, and hearken;
Sometimes peep over, see how they do look,
With what degrees their blood doth leave their faces!
O, 'twill afford me a rare meal of laughter.
Mos. Your advocate will turn stark dull upon it.
Volp. It will take off his oratory's edge.
Mos. But your Clarissimo, old round-back, he
Will crump you like a hog-louse, with the touch.
Volp. And what Corvino?

Mos. O, sir, look for him,
To-morrow morning, with a rope and dagger,
To visit all the streets; he must run mad.
My lady too, that came into the court,
To bear false witness for your worship—
Volp. Yes,
And kiss'd me 'fore the fathers, when my face
Flow'd all with oils.
Mos. And sweat, sir. Why your gold
Is such another med'cine, it dries up
All those offensive savours; it transforms
The most deformed, and restores 'em lovely,
As 'twere the strange poetical girdle. Jove
Could not invent t' himself a shroud more subtile
To pass Acrisius' guards. It is the thing
Makes all the world her grace, her youth, her beauty.
Volp. I think she loves me.
Mos. Who? the lady, sir?
She's jealous of you.
Volp. Dost thou say so?
Mos. Hark!
There's some already.
Volp. Look.
Mos. It is the vulture;
He has the quickest scent.
Volp. I'll to my place,
Thou to thy posture.
Mos. I am set.
Volp. But, Mosca,
Play the artificer now, torture 'em rarely.

SCENE III.

Voltore, Mosca, Corbaccio, Corvino, Lady, Volpone.

Volt. How now, my Mosca?
Mos. Turkey carpets, nine——
Volt. Taking an inventory? that is well.
Mos. Two suits of bedding, tissue——
Volt. Where's the will?
Let me read that the while.
Corb. So, set me down,
And get you home.
Volt. Is he come now, to trouble us?
Mos. Of cloth of gold, two more——
Corb. Is it done, Mosca?
Mos. Of several velvets, eight——
Volt. I like his care.
Corb. Dost thou not hear?
Corv. Ha? is the hour come, Mosca?
Volp. I, now they muster.
[*Volpone peeps from behind a traverse.*
Corv. What does the advocate here,
Or this Corbaccio?
Corb. What do these here?
Lad. Mosca?
Is his thread spun?
Mos. Eight chests of linen——
Volp. O,
My fine dame Would-be too!
Corv. Mosca, the will,
That I may shew it these, and rid 'em hence.
Mos. Six chests of diaper, four of damask—
There.
Corb. Is that the will?
Mos. Down-beds and bolsters—
Volp. Rare!
Be busy still. Now they begin to flutter:
They never think of me. Look, see, see, see!
How their swift eyes run over the long deed.
Unto the name, and to the legacies,
What is bequeath'd them there—
Mos. Ten suits of hangings—
Volp. I, i' their garters, Mosca. Now their hopes
Are at the gasp.
Volt. Mosca the heir!
Corb. What's that?
Volp. My advocate is dumb; look to my merchant,
He has heard of some strange storm, a ship is lost,
He faints; my lady will swoon. Old glazen-eyes,
He hath not reach'd his despair yet.
Corb. All these
Are out of hope; I'm sure, the man.
Corv. But Mosca——
Mos. Two cabinets——
Corv. Is this in earnest?
Mos. One
Of ebony——
Corv. Or do you but delude me?
Mos. The other, mother of pearl—I am very busy.
Good faith, it is a fortune thrown upon me—
Item, one salt of agat—not my seeking.
Lad. Do you hear, sir?
Mos. A perfum'd box—'Pray you forbear,
You see I'm troubled—made of an onyx—
Lad. How!
Mos. To-morrow or next day, I shall be at leisure
To talk with you all.
Corv. Is this my large hope's issue?
Lad. Sir, I must have a fairer answer.
Mos. Madam!
Marry, and shall: 'pray you, fairly quit my house.
Nay, raise no tempest with your looks; but hark you.
Remember what your ladyship offer'd me
To put you in an heir; go to, think on't:
And what you said e'en your best madams did
For maintenance; and why not you? Enough.
Go home, and use the poor sir Pol your knight well,
For fear I tell some riddles: go, be melancholy.
Corv. Mosca, pray you a word.
Mos. What! Will not you take your dispatch hence yet?
Methinks (of all) you should have been th' example.
Why should you stay here? With what thought, what promise?
Hear you? do you not know, I know you an ass?
And that you would most fain have been a wittol,
If fortune would have left you? that you are
A declar'd cuckold, on good terms? This pearl,

You'll say, was yours? Right: this diamond?
I'll not deny't, but thank you. Much here else?
It may be so. Why, think that these good works
May help to hide your bad: I'll not betray you;
Although you be but extraordinary,
And have it only in title, it sufficeth.
Go home, be melancholy too, or mad.
Volp. Rare Mosca! how his villainy becomes him!
Volt. Certain he doth delude all these for me!
Corb. Mosca the heir?
Volp. O his four eyes have found it.
Corb. I'm cozen'd, cheated, by a parasite slave;
Harlot, th' hast gull'd me.
Mos. Yes, sir. Stop your mouth,
Or I shall draw the only tooth is left.
Are not you he, that filthy covetous wretch,
With the three legs, that here, in hope of prey,
Have any time this three years snufft about,
With your most grov'ling nose, and would have hir'd
Me to the pois'ning of my patron, sir?
Are not you he that have to-day in court
Profess'd the disinheriting of your son?
Perjur'd yourself? Go home, and die, and stink;
If you but croak a syllable, all comes out:
Away, and call your porters, go, go, stink.
Volp. Excellent varlet!
Volt. Now, my faithful Mosca,
I find thy constancy.
Mos. Sir.
Volt. Sincere.
Mos. A table
Of porphyry—I mar'le you'll be thus troublesome.
Volt. Nay, leave off now, they are gone.
Mos. Why? who are you?
What? who did send for you? O, cry you mercy,
Reverend sir! good faith, I'm griev'd for you,
That any chance of mine should thus defeat
Your (I must needs say) most deserving travails:
But I protest, sir, it was cast upon me,
And I could almost wish to be without it,
But that the will o' th' dead must be observ'd.
Marry, my joy is that you need it not;
You have a gift, sir, (thank your education)
Will never let you want, while there are men,
And malice, to breed causes. Would I had
But half the like, for all my fortune, sir.
If I have any suits (as I do hope,
Things being so easy and direct, I shall not)
I will make bold with your obstreperous aid,
(Conceive me) for your fee, sir. In mean time,
You that have so much law, I know ha' the conscience
Not to be covetous of what is mine.
Good sir, I thank you for my plate; 'twill help
To set up a young man. Good faith, you look
As you were costive; best go home and purge, sir.
Volp. Bid him eat lettuce well: my witty mischief.
Let me embrace thee. O that I could now
Transform thee to a Venus—Mosca, go,
Straight take my habit of Clarissimo,
And walk the streets, be seen, torment 'em more:
We must pursue, as well as plot. Who would
Have lost this feast?
Mos. I doubt it will loose them.
Volp. O, my recovery shall recover all.
That I could now but think on some disguise.
To meet 'em in, and ask 'em questions:
How I would vex 'em still at every turn!
Mos. Sir, I can fit you.
Volp. Canst thou?
Mos. Yes, I know
One o' the Commandadori, sir, so like you;
Him will I straight make drunk, and bring you his habit.
Volp. A rare disguise, and answering thy brain!
O, I will be a sharp disease unto 'em.

SCENE IV.

Peregrine, Mercatori 3, *Woman, Politick.*

Per. Am I enough disguis'd?
Mer. 1. I warrant you.
Per. All my ambition is to fright him only.
Mer. 2. If you could ship him away, 'twere excellent.
Mer. 3. To Zant, or to Aleppo?
Per. Yes, and ha' his
Adventures put i' th' book of voyages,
And his gull'd story register'd for truth.
Well, gentlemen, when I am in a while,
And that you think us warm in our discourse,
Know your approaches.
Mer. 1. Trust it to our care.
Per. Save you, fair lady. Is sir Pol within?
Wom. I do not know, sir.
Per. 'Pray you say unto him,
Here is a merchant, upon earnest business,
Desires to speak with him.
Wom. I will see, sir.
Per. 'Pray you.
I see the family is all female here.
Wom. He says, sir, he has weighty affairs of state,
That now require him whole; some other time
You may possess him.
Per. 'Pray you say again,
If those require him whole, these will exact him,
Whereof I bring him tidings. What might be
His grave affair of state now? how to make
Bolognian sausages here in Venice, sparing
One o' th' ingredients.
Wom. Sir, he says, he knows
By your word, tidings, that you are no statesman,
And therefore wills you stay.

Per. Sweet, pray you return him;
I have not read so many proclamations,
And studied them for words, as he has done;
But——here he deigns to come.
Pol. Sir, I must crave
Your courteous pardon. There hath chanc'd (to-day)
Unkind disaster 'twixt my lady and me,
And I was penning my apology
To give her satisfaction, as you came now.
Per. Sir, I am griev'd, I bring you worse disaster;
The gentleman you met at th' port to-day,
That told you, he was newly arriv'd——
Pol. I, was
A fugitive punk?
Per. No, sir, a spy set on you;
And he has made relation to the senate,
That you profest to him to have a plot
To sell the state of Venice to the Turk.
Pol. O me!
Per. For which, warrants are sign'd by this time,
To apprehend you, and to search your study
For papers———
Pol. Alas, sir, I have none, but notes
Drawn out of play-books———
Per. All the better, sir.
Pol. And some essays. What shall I do?
Per. Sir, best
Convey yourself into a sugar-chest,
Or, if you could lie round, a frail were rare,
And I could send you aboard.
Pol. Sir, I but talk'd so,
For discourse-sake merely.
[*They knock without.*
Per. Hark, they are there.
Pol. I am a wretch, a wretch.
Per. What will you do, sir?
Ha' you ne'er a curran-butt to leap into?
They'll put you to the rack, you must be sudden.
Pol. Sir, I have an ingine———:
(*Mer.* 3. Sir Politick Would-be?
Mer. 2. Where is he?)
Pol. That I have thought upon before time.
Per. What is it?
Pol. (I shall ne'er endure the torture.)
Marry, it is, sir, of a tortoise-shell,
Fitted for these extremities: 'pray you, sir, help me.
Here I've a place, sir, to put back my legs,
(Please you to lay it on, sir) with this cap,
And my black gloves. I'll lie, sir; like a tortoise,
Till they are gone.
Per. And call you this an ingine?
Pol. Mine own device——
Good sir, bid my wife's women
To burn my papers. [*They rush in.*
Mer. 1. Where's he hid?
Mer. 3. We must
And will sure find him.
Mer. 2. Which is his study?
Mer. 1. What
Are you, sir?
Per. I am a merchant that came here
To look upon this tortoise.
Mer. 3. How?
Mer. 1. St. Mark!
What beast is this?
Per. It is a fish.
Mer. 2. Come out here.
Per. Nay, you may strike him, sir, and tread upon him:
He'll bear a cart.
Mer. 1. What, to run over him?
Per. Yes, sir.
Mer. 3. Let's jump upon him.
Mer. 2. Can he not go?
Per. He creeps, sir.
Mer. 1. Let's see him creep.
Per. No, good sir, you will hurt him.
Mer. 2. (Heart) I will see him creep, or I will prick him.
Mer. 3. Come out here.
Per. Pray you, sir, (creep a little.)
Mer. 1. Forth.
Mer. 2. Yet farther.
Per. Good sir, (creep.)
Mer. 2. We'll see his legs.
[*They pull off the shell and discover him.*]
Mer. 3. See, he has garters!
Mer. 1. I, and gloves!
Mer. 2. Is this
Your fearful tortoise?
Per. Now, sir Pol, we are even;
For your next project I shall be prepar'd:
I am sorry for the funeral of your notes, sir.
Mer. 1. 'Twere a rare motion to be seen in Fleet-street.
Mer. 2. I, i' the Term.
Mer. 1. Or Smith-field in the fair.
Mer. 3. Methinks 'tis but a melancholy sight.
Per. Farewell, most politic tortoise.
Pol. Where's my lady?
Knows she of this?
Wom. I know not, sir.
Pol. Enquire.
O, I shall be the fable of all feasts,
The freight of the Gazetti, ship-boys' tale;
And, which is worst, even talk for ordinaries.
Wom. My lady's come most melancholy home,
And says, sir, she will straight to sea, for physick.
Pol. And I, to shun this place and clime for ever,
Creeping with house on back, and think it well
To shrink my poor head in my politic shell.

SCENE V.

Volpone, Mosca.

[*The first in a habit of a Commandadore; the other of a Clarissimo.*]

Volp. Am I then like him?
Mos. O, sir, you are he:
No man can sever you.

Volp. Good.
Mos. But what am I?
Volp. A brave Clarissimo, thou well becom'st it.
Pity thou wert not born one.
Mos. If I hold
My made one, 'twill be well.
Volp. I'll go and see
What news first at the court.
Mos. Do so. My Fox
Is out o' his hole, and ere he shall re-enter,
I'll make him languish in his borrow'd case,
Except he comes to composition with me:
Androgyno, Castrone, Nano.
All. Here.
Mos. Go, recreate yourselves abroad; go, sport.
So, now I have the keys, and am possest.
Since he will needs be dead afore his time,
I'll bury him, or gain by him. I am his heir,
And so will keep me, till he share at least.
To cozen him of all, were but a cheat
Well plac'd; no man would construe it a sin:
Let his sport pay for't; this is call'd the foxtrap.

SCENE VI.

Corbaccio, Corvino, Volpone.

Corb. They say, the court is set.
Corv. We must maintain
Our first tale good, for both our reputations.
Corb. Why? mine's no tale: my son would there have kill'd me.
Corv. That's true, I had forgot; mine is, I'm sure.
But for your will, sir.
Corb. I, I'll come upon him
For that hereafter, now his patron's dead.
Volp. Signior Corvino! and Corbaccio! sir,
Much joy unto you.
Corv. Of what?
Volp. The sudden good
Dropt down upon you——
Corb. Where?
Volp. (And none knows how.)
From old Volpone, sir.
Corb. Out, arrant knave.
Volp. Let not your too much wealth, sir, make you furious.
Corb. Away, thou varlet.
Volp. Why, sir?
Corb. Dost thou mock me?
Volp. You mock the world, sir;
Did you not change wills?
Corb. Out!
Volp. O! belike you are the man,
Signior Corvino? 'faith, you carry it well;
You grow not mad withal: I love your spirit:
You are not over-leaven'd with your fortune.
You should ha' some would swell now, like a wine-fat,
With such an autumn—Did he gi' you all, sir?
Corv. Avoid, you rascal.
Volp. Troth, your wife has shewn
Herself a very woman: but you are well,
You need not care, you have a good estate,
To bear it out, sir, better by this chance:
Except Corbaccio have a share.
Corb. Hence, varlet.
Volp. You will not be acknown, sir; why, 'tis wise.
Thus do all gamesters, at all games, dissemble.
No man will seem to win. Here comes my vulture,
Heaving his beak up i' the air, and snuffing.

SCENE VII.

Voltore, Volpone.

Volt. Outstript thus, by a parasite! a slave!
Would run on errands, and make legs for crumbs!
Well, what I'll do——
Volp. The court stays for your worship.
I e'en rejoice, sir, at your worship's happiness,
And that it fell into so learn'd hands,
That understand the fingering——
Volt. What do you mean?
Volp. I mean to be a suitor to your worship,
For the small tenement, out of reparations,
That at the end of your long row of houses,
By the Piscaria: it was in Volpone's time,
Your predecessor, ere he grew diseas'd,
A handsome, pretty house,
As any was in Venice.
Volt. Come, sir, leave your prating.
Volp. Why, if your worship give me but your hand,
That I may ha' the refusal, I have done.
'Tis a mere toy to you, sir, candle-rents,
As your learn'd worship knows——
Volt. What do I know?
Volp. Marry, no end of your wealth, sir; God decrease it.
Volt. Mistaking knave! what, mock'st thou my misfortune?
Volp. His blessing on your heart, sir, would 'twere more.
(Now, to my first again, at the next corner.)

SCENE VIII.

Corbaccio, Corvino, (Mosca passant,) Volpone.

Corb. See, in our habit! see the impudent varlet!
Corv. That I could shoot mine eyes at him, like gun-stones.
Volp. But is this true, sir, of the parasite?
Corb. Again, t' afflict us! monster!
Volp. In good faith, sir,
I'm heartily griev'd, a beard of your grave length
Should be so over-reach'd. I never brook'd
That parasite's hair; methought his nose should cozen:
There still was somewhat in his look, did promise
The bane of a Clarissimo.
Corv. Knave——

Volp. Methinks
Yet you, that are so traded i' the world,
A witty merchant, the fine bird, Corvino,
That have such moral emblems on your name,
Should not have sung your shame, and dropt your cheese,
To let the fox laugh at your emptiness.
Corv. Sirrah, you think the privilege of the place,
And your red saucy cap, that seems (to me)
Nail'd to your jolt-head, with those two cecchines,
Can warrant your abuses; come you hither:
You shall perceive, sir, I dare beat you; approach.
Volp. No haste, sir, I do know your valour well,
Since you durst publish what you are, sir.
Corv. Tarry,
I'd speak with you.
Volp. Sir, sir, another time——
Corv. Nay, now.
Volp. O no, sir! I were a wise man,
Would stand the fury of a distracted cuckold.
Corb. What, come again?
[*Mosca walks by them.*
Volp. Upon 'em, Mosca; save me.
Corb. The air's infected where he breathes.
Corv. Let's fly him.
Volp. Excellent basilisk! turn upon the vulture.

SCENE IX.

Voltore, Mosca, Volpone.

Volt. Well, flesh-fly, it is summer with you now;
Your winter will come on.
Mos. Good advocate,
Pr'ythee not rail, nor threaten out of place thus;
Thou'lt make a solœcism (as madam says).
Get you a biggen more; your brain breaks loose.
Volt. Well, sir.
Volp. Would you have me beat the insolent slave?
Throw dirt upon his first good clothes?
Volt. This same
Is doubtless some familiar.
Volp. Sir, the court,
In troth, stays for you; I am mad, a mule,
That never read Justinian, should get up,
And ride an advocate. Had you no quirk
To avoid gullage, sir, by such a creature?
I hope you do but jest; he has not done't:
'Tis but confederacy, to blind the rest.
You are the heir?
Volt. A strange officious,
Troublesome knave! thou dost torment me.
Volp. I know——
It cannot be, sir, that you should be cozen'd;
'Tis not within the wit of man to do it;
You are so wise, so prudent; and 'tis fit
That wealth and wisdom still should go together.

SCENE X.

Avocatori 4, Notario, Commandadore, Bonario; Celia, Corbaccio, Corvino, Voltore, Volpone.

Avoc. 1. Are all the parties here?
Not. All but the advocate.
Avoc. 2. And here he comes.
Avoc. 1. Then bring 'em forth to sentence.
Volt. O, my most honour'd fathers, let your mercy
Once win upon your justice, to forgive—
I am distracted——
(*Volp.* What will he do now?)
Volt. O,
I know not which t'address myself to first;
Whether your fatherhoods, or these innocents—
(*Corv.* Will he betray himself?)
Volt. Whom equally
I have abus'd, out of most covetous ends—
(*Corv.* The man is mad!
Corb. What's that?
Corv. He is possest.)
Volt. For which, now struck in conscience, here I prostrate
Myself at your offended feet, for pardon.
Avoc. 1, 2. Arise.
Cel. O Heav'n, how just thou art!
Volp. I am caught
I' my own noose——
Corv. Be constant, sir: nought now
Can help, but impudence.
Avoc. 1. Speak forward.
Com. Silence.
Volt. It is not passion in me, reverend fathers,
But only conscience, conscience, my good sires,
That makes me now tell truth. That parasite,
That knave hath been the instrument of all.
Avoc. Where is that knave? fetch him.
Volp. I go.
Corv. Grave fathers,
This man's distracted; he confest it now:
For hoping to be old Volpone's heir,
Who now is dead——
Corv. 3. How!
Avoc. 2. Is Volpone dead?
Corv. Dead since, grave fathers——
Bon. O sure vengeance!
Avoc. 1. Stay,
Then he was no deceiver.
Volt. O no, none:
The parasite, grave fathers.
Corv. He does speak
Out of mere envy 'cause the servant's made
The thing he gap'd for: please your fatherhoods,
This is the truth, though I'll not justify
The other, but he may be some-deal faulty.
Volt. I, to your hopes, as well as mine, Corvino:
But I'll use modesty. Pleaseth your wisdoms,
To view these certain notes, and but confer them;
As I hope favour, they shall speak clear truth.

Corv. The devil has enter'd him!
Bon. Or bides in you.
Avoc. 4. We have done ill, by a public officer
To send for him, if he be heir.
Avoc. 2. For whom?
Avoc. 4. Him that they call the parasite.
Avoc. 3. 'Tis true,
He is a man of great estate, now left.
Avoc. 4. Go you, and learn his name, and say, the court
Entreats his presence here, but to the clearing
Of some few doubts.
Avoc. 2. The same's a labyrinth!
Avoc. 1. Stand you unto your first report.
Corv. My state,
My life, my fame——
(*Bon.* Where is't?)
Corv. Are at the stake.
Avoc. 1. Is yours so too?
Corb. The advocate's a knave,
And has a forked tongue——
(*Avoc.* 2. Speak to the point.)
Corv. So is the parasite too.
Avoc. 1. This is confusion.
Volt. I do beseech your fatherhoods, read but those.
Corv. And credit nothing the false spirit hath writ:
It cannot be, but he's possest, grave fathers.

SCENE XI.

Volpone, Nano, Androgyno, Castrone.

Volp. To make a snare for mine own neck! and run
My head into it, wilfully! with laughter!
When I had newly 'scap'd, was free, and clear!
Out of mere wantonness! O, the dull devil
Was in this brain of mine, when I devis'd it,
And Mosca gave it second; he must now
Help to sear up this vein, or we bleed dead.
How now! who let you loose? whither go you now?
What, to buy gingerbread, or to drown kitlings?
Nan. Sir, master Mosca call'd us out of doors,
And bids us all go play, and took the keys.
And. Yes.
Volp. Did master Mosca take the keys? why, so!
I'm farther in. These are my fine conceits!
I must be merry, with a mischief to me!
What a vile wretch was I, that could not bear
My fortune soberly? I must ha' my crotchets!
And my conundrums! Well, go you, and seek him:
His meaning may be truer than my fear.
Bid him, he straight come to me to the court;
Thither will I, and, if't be possible,
Unscrew my advocate, upon new hopes:
When I provok'd him, then I lost myself.

SCENE XII.

Avocatori, &c.

Avoc. 1. These things can ne'er be reconcil'd.
He here
Professeth, that the gentleman was wrong'd,
And that the gentlewoman was brought thither,
Forc'd by her husband, and there left.
Volt. Most true.
Cel. How ready is Heav'n to those that pray!
Avoc. 1. But that
Volpone would have ravish'd her, he holds
Utterly false, knowing his impotence.
Corv. Grave fathers, he's possest; again, I say,
Possest: nay, if there be possession,
And obsession, he has both.
Avoc. 3. Here comes our officer.
Volp. The parasite will straight be here, grave fathers.
Avoc. 4. You might invent some other name, sir, varlet.
Avoc. 3. Did not the notary meet him?
Volp. Not that I know.
Avoc. 4. His coming will clear all.
Avoc. 2. Yet, it is misty.
Volt. May't please your fatherhoods——
Volp. Sir, the parasite
[*Volp. whispers the Advoc.*
Will'd me to tell you, that his master lives,
That you are still the man, your hopes the same;
And this was only a jest——
Volt. How?
Volp. Sir, to try
If you were firm, and how you stood affected.
Volt. Art' sure he lives?
Volp. Do I live, sir?
Volt. O me!
I was too violent.
Volp. Sir, you may redeem it:
They said, you were possest; fall down, and seem so:
I'll help to make it good. God bless the man!
[*Voltore falls.*
(Stop your wind hard, and swell) see, see, see, see!
He vomits crooked pins! his eyes are set,
Like a dead hare's hung in a poulterer's shop!
His mouth's running away! Do you see, signior?
Now, 'tis in his belly.
(*Corv.* I, the devil!)
Volp. Now in his throat.
(*Corv.* I, I perceive it plain.)
Volp. 'Twill out, 'twill out, stand clear. See where it flies,
In shape of a blue toad, with a bat's wings!
Do you not see it, sir?
Corb. What? I think I do.
Corv. 'Tis too manifest.
Volp. Look! he comes t' himself!
Volt. Where am I?
Volp. Take good heart, the worst is past, sir.
You are dispossest.
Avoc. 1. What accident is this?
Avoc. 2. Sudden, and full of wonder!
Avoc. 3. If he were
Possest, as it appears, all this is nothing.

Corv. He has been often subject to these fits.
Avoc. 1. Shew him that writing: do you know it, sir?
Volp. Deny it, sir, forswear it, know it not.
Volt. Yes, I do know it well, it is my hand; But all that it contains is false.
Bon. O practice!
Avoc. 2. What maze is this!
Avoc. 1. Is he not guilty then, Whom you there name the parasite?
Volt. Grave fathers, No more than his good patron, old Volpone.
Avoc. 4. Why, he is dead.
Volt. O no, my honour'd fathers, He lives——
Avoc. 1. How! lives?
Volt. Lives.
Avoc. 2. This is subtler yet!
Avoc. 3. You said he was dead.
Volt. Never.
Avoc. 3. You said so.
Corv. I heard so.
Avoc. 4. Here comes the gentleman; make him way.
Avoc. 3. A stool.
Avoc. 4. A proper man; and, were Volpone dead, A fit match for my daughter.
Avoc. 3. Give him way.
Volp. Mosca, I was a'most lost; the advocate Had betray'd all; but now it is recover'd; All's o' the hinge again——Say, I am living.
Mos. What busy knave is this! most reverend fathers, I sooner had attended your grave pleasures, But that my order for the funeral Of my dear patron did require me——
(*Volp.* Mosca!)
Mos. Whom I intend to bury like a gentleman.
Volp. I, quick, and cozen me of all.
Avoc. 2. Still stranger! More intricate!
Avoc. 1. And come about again!
Avoc. 4. It is a match, my daughter is bestow'd.
(*Mos.* Will you gi' me half?
Volp. First I'll be hang'd.
Mos. I know Your voice is good, cry not so loud.)
Avoc. 1. Demand The advocate: Sir, did you not affirm Volpone was alive?
Volp. Yes, and he is; This gentleman told me so, (thou shalt have half.)
Mos. Whose drunkard is this same? speak some that know him: I never saw his face, (I cannot now Afford it you so cheap.
Volp. No?)
Avoc. 1. What say you?
Volt. The officer told me.
Volp. I did, grave fathers, And will maintain he lives, with mine own life, And that this creature told me. (I was born With all good stars my enemies.)
Mos. Most grave fathers, If such an insolence as this must pass Upon me, I am silent: 'twas not this For which you sent, I hope.
Avoc. 2. Take him away.
(*Volp.* Mosca!)
Avoc. 3. Let him be whipt.
(*Volp.* Wilt thou betray me? Cozen me?)
Avoc. 3. And taught to bear himself Toward a person of his rank.
Avoc. 4. Away.
Mos. I humbly thank your fatherhoods.
Volp. Soft, soft, whipt? And lose all that I have? If I confess, It cannot be much more.
Avoc. 4. Sir, are you married?
Volp. They'll be ally'd anon; I must be resolute: The fox shall here uncase.
(*Mos.* Patron.)
Volp. Nay, now.
[*He puts off his disguise.*
My ruins shall not come alone; your match I'll hinder sure: my substance shall not glue you, Nor screw you into a family.
(*Mos.* Why, patron!)
Volp. I am Volpone, and this is my knave; This, his own knave: this, avarice's fool: This, a chimera of wittal, fool and knave: And, reverend fathers, since we all can hope Nought but a sentence, let's not now despair it. You hear me brief.
Corv. May it please your fatherhoods——
Com. Silence.
Avoc. 1. The knot is now undone by miracle.
Avoc. 2. Nothing can be more clear.
Avoc. 3. Or can more prove These innocent.
Avoc. 1. Give them their liberty.
Bon. Heaven could not long let such gross crimes be hid.
Avoc. 2. If this be held the high-way to get riches, May I be poor.
Avoc. 3. That's not the gain, but torment.
Avoc. 1. These possess wealth, as sick men possess fevers, Which trulier may be said to possess them.
Avoc. 2. Disrobe that parasite.
Corv. Mos. Most honour'd fathers.
Avoc. 1. Can you plead aught to stay the course of justice? If you can, speak.
Corv. Volt. We beg favour.
Cel. And mercy.
Avoc. 1. You hurt your innocence, suing for the guilty.

Stand forth; and first, the parasite. You appear
T' have been the chiefest minister, if not plotter,
In all these lewd impostures; and now, lastly,
Have with your impudence abus'd the court,
And habit of a gentleman of Venice,
Being a fellow of no birth or blood:
For which our sentence is, first, thou be whipt;
Then live perpetual prisoner in our galleys.

Volt. I thank you for him.

Mos. Bane to thy wolvish nature.

Avoc. 1. Deliver him to the Saffi. Thou, Volpone,
By blood and rank a gentleman, canst not fall
Under like censure; but our judgment on thee
Is, that thy substance all be straight confiscate
To th' hospital of th' Incurabili.
And since the most was gotten by imposture,
By feigning lame, gout, palsy, and such diseases,
Thou art to lie in prison, cramp't with irons,
Till thou be'st sick and lame indeed. Remove him.

Volp. This is call'd mortifying of a fox.

Avoc. 1. Thou, Voltore, to take away the scandal
Thou hast given all worthy men of thy profession,
Art banisht from their fellowship, and our state.
Corbaccio, bring him near. We here possess
Thy son of all thy state, and confine thee
To the monastery of San' Spirito;
Where, since thou know'st not how to live well here,
Thou shalt be learn'd to die well.

Corb. Ha! what said he?

Com. You shall know anon, sir.

Avoc. 1. Thou, Corvino, shalt
Be straight imbark'd for thine own house, and row'd
Round about Venice, through the grand canal,
Wearing a cap, with fair long asses ears,
Instead of horns; and so to mount (a paper
Pinn'd upon thy breast) to the Berlina——

Corv. Yes,
And have mine eyes beat out with stinking fish,
Bruis'd fruit, and rotten eggs——'Tis well. I'm glad
I shall not see my shame yet.

Avoc. 1. And to expiate [her
Thy wrongs done to thy wife, thou art to send
Home to her father, with her dowry trebled:
And these are all your judgments.

(*All.* Honour'd fathers.)

Avoc. 1. Which may not be revok'd. Now you begin
When crimes are done, and past, and to be punish'd
To think what your crimes are: away with them.
Let all that see these vices thus rewarded,
Take heart, and love to study 'em. Mischiefs feed
Like beast, till they be fat, and then they bleed.

Volpone.

"The seasoning of a play, is the applause.
Now, though the fox be punish'd by the laws,
He yet doth hope, there is no suff'ring due,
For any fact which he hath done 'gainst you:
If there be, censure him; here he doubtful stands:
If not, fare jovially, and clap your hands."

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

DISCOURSE WITH CUPID.

Noblest Charis, you that are
Both my fortune and my star!
And do govern more my blood,
Than the various moon the flood!
Hear what late discourse of you
Love and I have had, and true.
'Mongst my muses finding me,
Where he chanc'd your name to see
Set, and to this softer strain;
Sure, said he, if I have brain,
This here sung can be no other,
By description, but my mother!
So hath Homer prais'd her hair;
So Anacreon drawn the air
Of her face, and made to rise
Just about her sparkling eyes,
Both her brows bent like my bow.
By her looks I do her know,
Which you call my shafts. And see!
Such my mother's blushes be,
As the bath your verse discloses
In her cheeks, of milk and roses,
Such as oft I wanton in!
And, above her even chin,
Have you plac'd the bank of kisses,
Where, you say, men gather blisses,
Ripen'd with a breath more sweet
Than when flow'rs and west-winds meet.
Nay, her white and polish'd neck,
With the lace that doth it deck,
Is my mother's! hearts of slain
Lovers, made into a chain!
And between each rising breast,
Lies the valley call'd my nest,
Where I sit and proyn my wings
After flight; and put new stings
To my shafts! her very name
With my mother's is the same.
I confess all, I reply'd,
And the glass hangs by her side,
And the girdle 'bout her waist,
All is Venus, save unchaste.
But, alas! thou seest the least
Of her good, who is the best
Of her sex: but couldst thou, Love,
Call to mind the forms that strove
For the apple, and those three
Make in one, the same were she.
For this beauty yet doth hide
Something more than thou hast spy'd.
Outward grace weak love beguiles:
She is Venus when she smiles;
But she's Juno when she walks,
And Minerva when she talks.

EPITAPH ON ELIZABETH L. H.

WOULD'ST thou hear, what man can say
In a little? reader, stay.
Underneath this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die:
Which in life did harbour give
To more virtue than doth live.
If, at all, she had a fault,
Leave it buried in this vault.
One name was Elizabeth,
Th' other let it sleep with death;
Fitter, where it died, to tell,
Than that it liv'd at all. Farewell.

EPITAPH ON THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE, SISTER TO SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

UNDERNEATH this marble herse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;—
Death, ere thou hast slain another,
Learn'd and fair, and good as she,
Time shall throw his dart at thee.

THOMAS CAREW.

Born 1589.—*Died* 1639.

CELIA SINGING.

You that think Love can convey,
No other way
But through the eyes, into the heart
His fatal dart,
Close up those casements, and but hear
This Syren sing,
And on the wing
Of her sweet voice it shall appear
That Love can enter at the ear:
Then unveil your eyes, behold
The curious mould
Where that voice dwells; and as we know,
When the cocks crow,
We freely may
Gaze on the day;
So may you, when the music's done,
Awake, and see the rising Sun.

TO MY MISTRESS, SITTING BY A RIVER'S SIDE. AN EDDY.

MARK how yon eddy steals away
From the rude stream into the bay;
Then lock'd up safe, she doth divorce
Her waters from the channel's course,
And scorns the torrent that did bring
Her headlong from her native spring.
Now doth she with her new love play,
Whilst he runs murmuring away.
Mark how she courts the banks, whilst they
As amorously their arms display,
T' embrace and clip her silver waves:
See how she strokes their sides, and craves
An entrance there, which they deny;
Whereat she frowns, threatning to fly
Home to her stream, and 'gins to swim
Backward, but from the channel's brim
Smiling returns into the creek,
With thousand dimples on her cheek.
Be thou this eddy, and I'll make
My breast thy shore, where thou shalt take
Secure repose, and never dream
Of the quite forsaken stream:
Let him to the wide ocean haste,
There lose his colour, name and taste;
Thou shalt save all, and, safe from him,
Within these arms for ever swim.

DISDAIN RETURNED.

HE that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and stedfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combin'd,
Kindle never-dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

No tears, Celia, now shall win
My resolv'd heart to return;
I have search'd thy soul within,
And find nought but pride and scorn:
I have learn'd thy arts, and now
Can disdain as much as thou.
Some pow'r, in my revenge, convey
That love to her I cast away.

SONG.

TO ONE WHO, WHEN I PRAISED MY MISTRESS'S BEAUTY, SAID I WAS BLIND.

WONDER not though I am blind,
For you must be
Dark in your eyes, or in your mind;
If, when you see
Her face, you prove not blind like me:
If the pow'rful beams that fly
From her eye,
And those amorous sweets that lie
Scatter'd in each neighbouring part,
Find a passage to your heart,
Then you'll confess your mortal sight
Too weak for such a glorious light:
For if her graces you discover,
You grow like me a dazzled lover;
But if those beauties you not spy,
Then are you blinder far than I.

A DEPOSITION FROM LOVE.

I was foretold, your rebel sex
  Nor love nor pity knew;
And with what scorn you use to vex
  Poor hearts that humbly sue;
Yet I believ'd, to crown our pain,
  Could we the fortress win,
The happy lover sure should gain
  A paradise within:
I thought love's plagues like dragons sate,
Only to fright us at the gate.

But I did enter, and enjoy
  What happy lovers prove;
For I could kiss, and sport, and toy,
  And taste those sweets of love,
Which, had they but a lasting state,
  Or if in Celia's breast
The force of love might not abate,
  Jove were too mean a guest.
But now her breach of faith far more
Afflicts, than did her scorn before.

Hard fate! to have been once possest,
  As victor, of a heart
Achiev'd with labour and unrest,
  And then forc'd to depart!
If the stout foe will not resign
  When I besiege a town,
I lose but what was never mine:
  But he that is cast down
From enjoy'd beauty, feels a woe,
Only deposed kings can know.

THE ENQUIRY.

Amongst the myrtles as I walk'd,
Love and my sighs thus intertalk'd:
"Tell me, (said I in deep distress)
Where may I find my shepherdess?"

"Thou fool," (said Love) "know'st thou not this,
In every thing that's good she is?
In yonder tulip go and seek,
There thou mayst find her lip, her cheek.

"In yon enamel'd pansy by,
There thou shalt have her curious eye.
In bloom of peach, in rosy bud,
There wave the streamers of her blood.

"In brightest lilies that there stand,
The emblems of her whiter hand.
In yonder rising hill there smell
Such sweets as in her bosom dwell."

"'Tis true" (said I): and thereupon
I went to pluck them one by one,
To make of parts a union;
But on a sudden all was gone.

With that I stop: said Love, "These be,
Fond man, resemblances of thee:
And, as these flow'rs, thy joys shall die,
Ev'n in the twinkling of an eye:
And all thy hopes of her shall wither,
Like these short sweets thus knit together."

TO A. L.

PERSUASIONS TO LOVE*.

Let not brittle beauty make
You your wiser thoughts forsake:
For that lovely face will fail;
Beauty's sweet, but beauty's frail;
'Tis sooner past, 'tis sooner done,
Than summer's rain, or winter's sun:
Most fleeting, when it is most dear;
'Tis gone, while we but say 'tis here.
These curious locks so aptly twin'd,
Whose every hair a soul doth bind,
Will change their auburn hue, and grow
White, and cold as winter's snow.
That eye which now is Cupid's nest
Will prove his grave, and all the rest
Will follow; in the cheek, chin, nose,
Nor lily shall be found, nor rose;
And what will then become of all
Those, whom now you servants call?
Like swallows, when your summer's done
They'll fly, and seek some warmer sun.
Then wisely choose one to your friend,
Whose love may (when your beauties end)
Remain still firm; be provident,
And think before the summer's spent
Of following winter; like the ant
In plenty hoard for time of scant,
Cull out amongst the multitude
Of lovers, that seek to intrude
Into your favour, one that may
Love for an age, not for a day.
* * * * * * *
For when the storms of time have mov'd
Waves on that cheek which was belov'd;
When a fair lady's face is pin'd,
And yellow spread where red once shin'd;
When beauty, youth, and all sweets leave her,
Love may return, but lovers never.
* * * * * * *
Oh love me then, and now begin it,
Let us not lose this present minute:
For time and age will work that wrack
Which time or age shall ne'er call back.
The snake each year fresh skin resumes,
And eagles change their aged plumes;
The faded rose each spring receives
A fresh red tincture on her leaves:
But if your beauties once decay,
You never know a second May.
Oh, then be wise, and whilst your season
Affords you days for sport, do reason;
Spend not in vain your life's short hour,
But crop in time your beauty's flow'r:
Which will away, and doth together
Both bud and fade, both blow and wither.

* I have omitted some lines in the commencement of this poem, as well as in the places marked with stars.—*Compiler.*

EPITAPH ON THE LADY MARY VILLIERS.

The Lady Mary Villiers lies
Under this stone: With weeping eyes
The parents that first gave her breath,
And their sad friends, laid her in earth.
If any of them, reader, were
Known unto thee, shed a tear:
Or if thyself possess a gem,
As dear to thee as this to them;
Though a stranger to this place,
Bewail in their's thine own hard case;
For thou perhaps at thy return
May'st find thy darling in an urn.

LIPS AND EYES.

In Celia's face a question did arise,
Which were more beautiful, her Lips or Eyes;
"We," said the Eyes, "send forth those pointed darts
Which pierce the hardest adamantine hearts."
"From us," reply'd the Lips, "proceed those blisses,
Which lovers reap by kind words and sweet kisses."
Then wept the Eyes, and from their springs did pour
Of liquid oriental pearl a show'r.
Whereat the Lips, mov'd with delight and pleasure,
Through a sweet smile unlock'd their pearly treasure;
And bade Love judge, whether did add more grace,
Weeping or smiling pearls in Celia's face.

SONG.

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose;
For in your beauties orient deep
These flow'rs, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more, whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day;
For, in pure love, heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more, whither doth haste
The nightingale, when May is past;
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more, where those stars light,
That downwards fall in dead of night;
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixed become, as in their sphere.

Ask me no more, if east or west,
The phœnix builds her spicy nest;
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

Born 1568.—*Died* 1639.

A FAREWELL TO THE VANITIES OF THE WORLD.

Farewell, ye gilded follies, pleasing troubles;
Farewell, ye honour'd rags, ye glorious bubbles;
Fame's but a hollow echo; gold, pure clay;
Honour, the darling but of one short day;
Beauty, th' eye's idol, but a damask'd skin;
State, but a golden prison to live in,
And torture free-born minds; embroider'd trains,
Merely but pageants for proud swelling veins;
And blood ally'd to greatness, is alone
Inherited, not purchas'd, nor our own:
Fame, honour, beauty, state, train, blood, and birth,
Are but the fading blossoms of the earth.

I would be great, but that the Sun doth still
Level his rays against the rising hill:
I would be high, but see the proudest oak
Most subject to the rending thunder-stroke:
I would be rich, but see men, too unkind,
Dig in the bowels of the richest mind:
I would be wise, but that I often see
The fox suspected, whilst the ass goes free:
I would be fair, but see the fair and proud,
Like the bright Sun, oft setting in a cloud:
I would be poor, but know the humble grass
Still trampled on by each unworthy ass:
Rich, hated: wise, suspected: scorn'd, if poor.
Great, fear'd: fair, tempted: high, still envy'd more:
I have wish'd all: but now I wish for neither
Great, high, rich, wise, nor fair; poor I'll be rather.

Would the world now adopt me for her heir,
Would beauty's queen entitle me The Fair,
Fame speak me Fortune's minion, could I vie
Angels with India*; with a speaking eye
Command bare heads, bow'd knees, strike Justice dumb,
As well as blind and lame, or give a tongue
To stones by epitaphs: be call'd great master
In the loose rhymes of every poetaster;
Could I be more than any man that lives,
Great, fair, rich, wise, all in superlatives;
Yet I more freely would these gifts resign,
Than ever fortune would have made them mine,
And hold one minute of this holy leisure
Beyond the riches of this empty pleasure.

Welcome, pure thoughts, welcome, ye silent groves,
These guests, these courts, my soul most dearly loves!
Now the wing'd people of the sky shall sing
My cheerful anthems to the gladsome spring:
A Prayer-book now shall be my looking-glass,
In which I will adore sweet Virtue's face.

* An angel is a coin, of the value of ten shillings.

Here dwell no hateful looks, no palace-cares,
No broken vows dwell here, nor pale-fac'd fears:
Then here I'll sit, and sigh my hot love's folly,
And learn t' affect an holy melancholy;
And if Contentment be a stranger then,
I'll ne'er look for it, but in Heaven, again.

THE HAPPY MAN.

How happy is he born or taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his highest skill:

Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepar'd for death,
Not tied unto the world with care
Of princes' ear, or vulgar breath:

Who hath his life from rumours freed;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin makes oppressors great:

Who envies none, whom chance doth raise,
Or vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given with praise;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good:

Who God doth late and early pray,
More of his grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a well-chosen book or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

ON HIS MISTRESS, THE QUEEN OF BOHEMIA.

You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light!
You common people of the skies!
What are you, when the sun shall rise?

You curious chanters of the wood,
That warble forth dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your voices understood
By your weak accents! what's your praise
When Philomel her voice shall raise?

You violets that first appear,
By your pure purple mantles known,
Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the spring were all your own!
What are you, when the rose is blown?

So, when my mistress shall be seen
In form and beauty of her mind;
By virtue first, then choice, a Queen!
Tell me, if she were not design'd
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind?

PHILIP MASSINGER.

Born 1584.—*Died* 1640.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lord Lovell.
Sir Giles Overreach, a cruel extortioner.
Frank Wellborn, a prodigal.
Tom Allworth, a young gentleman, page to lord Lovell.
Greedy, a hungry justice of peace.
Marrall, a term-driver; a creature of Sir Giles Overreach.
Order, steward, *Amble*, usher, *Furnace*, cook, *Watchall*, porter } to *Lady Allworth*.
Willdo, a parson.
Tapwell, an alehouse keeper.
Creditors, Servants, &c.
Lady Allworth, a rich widow.
Margaret, Overreach's daughter.
Froth, Tapwell's wife.
Chambermaid.
Waiting Woman.

SCENE, the country near *Nottingham*.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Before Tapwell's House.

Enter Wellborn in tattered apparel, Tapwell, and Froth.

Well. No bouse? nor no tobacco?
Tap. Not a suck, sir;
Nor the remainder of a single can
Left by a drunken porter, all night pall'd too.
Froth. Not the dropping of the tap for your morning's draught, sir:
'Tis verity, I assure you.
Well. Verity, you brache*!
The devil turn'd precisian! Rogue, what am I?
Tap. Troth, durst I trust you with a looking-glass,
To let you see your trim shape, you would quit me,
And take the name yourself.
Well. How, dog!
Tap. Even so, sir,
And I must tell you, if you but advance
Your Plymouth cloak†, you shall be soon instructed
There dwells, and within call, if it please your worship,
A potent monarch, call'd a constable,
That does command a citadel call'd the stocks:
Whose guards are certain files of rusty billmen,
Such as with great dexterity will haul
Your tatter'd, lousy——
Well. Rascal! slave!
Froth. No rage, sir.
Tap. At his own peril: Do not put yourself
In too much heat, there being no water near
To quench your thirst; and, sure, for other liquor,

* *Well.* Verity, *you* brache!
The devil turn'd precisian!] *A brache* is a female hound. A *precisian* is a puritan: a very general object of dislike in those times.—*Gifford.*

† That a *staff* was anciently called a *Plymouth* cloak may be proved by many instances; but the following will be sufficient:
"Whose *cloak*, at *Plymouth* spun, was crab-tree wood."
DAVENANT, Fol. p. 229.—*Gifford.*

As mighty ale, or beer, they are things, I take it,
You must no more remember; not in a dream, sir.
Well. Why, thou unthankful villain, dar'st thou talk thus!
Is not thy house, and all thou hast, my gift?
Tap. I find it not in chalk; and Timothy Tapwell
Does keep no other register.
Well. Am not I he
Whose riots fed and clothed thee? wert thou not
Born on my father's land, and proud to be
A drudge in his house?
Tap. What I was, sir, it skills not;
What you are, is apparent: now, for a farewell,
Since you talk of father, in my hope it will torment you,
I'll briefly tell your story. Your dead father,
My quondam master, was a man of worship,
Old Sir John Wellborn, justice of peace and quorum,
And stood fair to be custos rotulorum;
Bore the whole sway of the shire, kept a great house,
Relieved the poor, and so forth; but he dying,
And the twelve hundred a year coming to you,
Late master Francis, but now forlorn Wellborn—
Well. Slave, stop! or I shall lose myself.
Froth. Very hardly;
You cannot out of your way.
Tap. But to my story:
You were then a lord of acres, the prime gallant,
And I your under butler; note the change now:
You had a merry time of 't; hawks and hounds,
With choice of running horses: mistresses
Of all sorts and all sizes, yet so hot
As their embraces made your lordships melt;
Which your uncle, Sir Giles Overreach, observing,
(Resolving not to lose a drop of them,)
On foolish mortgages, statutes, and bonds,
For a while supplied your looseness, and then left you.
Well. Some curate hath penn'd this invective, mongrel,
And you have studied it.
Tap. I have not done yet:
Your land gone, and your credit not worth a token*,
You grew the common borrower; no man scaped
Your paper-pellets, from the gentleman
To the beggars on highways, that sold you switches
In your gallantry.
Well. I shall switch your brains out.
Tap. Where poor Tim Tapwell, with a little stock,
Some forty pounds or so, bought a small cottage;
Humbled myself to marriage with my Froth here,
Gave entertainment———
Well. Yes, to whores and canters,
Clubbers by night.
Tap. True, but they brought in profit,
And had a gift to pay for what they called for;
And stuck not like your mastership. The poor income
I glean'd from them hath made me in my parish
Thought worthy to be scavenger, and in time
May rise to be overseer of the poor;
Which if I do, on your petition, Wellborn,
I may allow you thirteen-pence a quarter,
And you shall thank my worship.
Well. Thus, you dog-bolt,
And thus—— [*Beats and kicks him.*
Tap. Cry out for help!
Well. Stir, and thou diest:
Your potent prince, the constable, shall not save you.
Hear me, ungrateful hound! say, did not I
Make purses for you? then you lick'd my boots,
And thought your holiday cloak too coarse to clean them.
'Twas I that, when I heard thee swear if ever
Thou couldst arrive at forty pounds, thou wouldst
Live like an emperor; 'twas I that gave it
In ready gold. Deny this, wretch!
Tap. I must, sir;
For, from the tavern to the taphouse, all,
On forfeiture of their licenses, stand bound
Ne'er to remember who their best guests were,
If they grew poor like you.
Well. They are well rewarded
That beggar themselves to make such cuckolds rich.
Thou viper, thankless viper! impudent bawd!—
But since you are grown forgetful, I will help
Your memory, and tread thee into mortar;
Not leave one bone unbroken. [*Beats him again.*
Tap. Oh!
Froth. Ask mercy.
Enter Allworth.
Well. 'Twill not be granted.
All. Hold, for my sake hold.
Deny me, Frank! they are not worth your anger.
Well. For once thou hast redeem'd them from this sceptre*;
But let them vanish, creeping on their knees,
And, if they grumble, I revoke my pardon.
Froth. This comes of your prating, husband; you presumed
On your ambling wit, and must use your glib tongue,
Though you are beaten lame for't.

* *Your land gone, and your credit not worth a* token,] "During the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and from thenceforward to that of Charles the Second, very little brass or copper money was coined by authority. For the convenience of the public, therefore, tradesmen were permitted to coin small money, or *tokens*, as they were called, which were used for change." Old Plays, Vol. III. p. 267. These little pieces are mentioned by most of our old writers; their value is not ascertained, but seems to have been about a farthing.—*Gifford.*

* Well. *For once thou hast redeem'd them from* this sceptre;] The *Plymouth cloak* mentioned in a former page.—*Gifford.*

Tap. Patience, Froth;
There's law to cure our bruises.
[*They go off on their hands and knees.*
Well. Sent to your mother?
All. My lady, Frank, my patroness, my all!
She's such a mourner for my father's death,
And, in her love to him, so favours me,
That I cannot pay too much observance to her:
There are few such stepdames.
Well. 'Tis a noble widow,
And keeps her reputation pure, and clear
From the least taint of infamy; her life,
With the splendour of her actions, leaves no tongue
To envy or detraction. Prithee tell me,
Has she no suitors?
All. Even the best of the shire, Frank,
My lord, excepted; such as sue, and send,
And send, and sue again, but to no purpose;
Their frequent visits have not gain'd her presence.
Yet she's so far from sullenness and pride,
That I dare undertake you shall meet from her
A liberal entertainment: I can give you
A catalogue of her suitors' names.
Well. Forbear it,
While I give you good counsel: I am bound to it.
Thy father was my friend; and that affection
I bore to him, in right descends to thee;
Thou art a handsome and a hopeful youth,
Nor will I have the least affront stick on thee,
If I with any danger can prevent it.
All. I thank your noble care; but, pray you, in what
Do I run the hazard?
Well. 'Art thou not in love?
Put it not off with wonder.
All. In love, at my years!
Well. You think you walk in clouds, but are transparent.
I have heard all, and the choice that you have made;
And, with my finger, can point out the north star
By which the loadstone of your folly's guided;
And, to confirm this true, what think you of
Fair Margaret, the only child and heir
Of Cormorant Overreach? Does it blush and start,
To hear her only named? blush at your want
Of wit and reason.
All. You are too bitter, sir. [cured
Well. Wounds of this nature are not to be
With balms, but corrosives. I must be plain:
Art thou scarce manumised from the porter's lodge,
And yet sworn servant to the pantofle,
And dar'st thou dream of marriage? I fear
'Twill be concluded for impossible,
That there is now, or e'er shall be hereafter,
A handsome page, or player's boy of fourteen,
But either loves a wench, or drabs love him;
Court-waiters not exempted.

All. This is madness.
Howe'er you have discover'd my intents,
You know my aims are lawful; and if ever
The queen of flowers, the glory of the spring,
The sweetest comfort to our smell, the rose,
Sprang from an envious briar, I may infer
There's such disparity in their conditions,
Between the goddess of my soul, the daughter,
And the base churl her father.
Well. Grant this true,
As I believe it, canst thou ever hope
To enjoy a quiet bed with her, whose father
Ruin'd thy state?
All. And your's too.
Well. I confess it.
True; I must tell you as a friend, and freely,
That, where impossibilities are apparent,
'Tis indiscretion to nourish hopes.
Canst thou imagine (let not self-love blind thee)
That Sir Giles Overreach, that, to make her great
In swelling titles, without touch of conscience,
Will cut his neighbour's throat, and I hope his own too,——
Will e'er consent to make her thine? Give o'er,
And think of some course suitable to thy rank,
And prosper in it.
All. You have well advised me.
But, in the mean time, you, that are so studious
Of my affairs, wholly neglect your own:
Remember yourself, and in what plight you are.
Well. No matter, no matter.
All. Yes, 'tis much material:
You know my fortune, and my means; yet something
I can spare from myself, to help your wants.
Well. How's this?
All. Nay, be not angry; there's eight pieces,
To put you in better fashion.
Well. Money from thee!
From a boy! a stipendiary! one that lives
At the devotion of a stepmother,
And the uncertain favour of a lord!
I'll eat my arms first. Howsoe'er blind Fortune
Hath spent the utmost of her malice on me;
Though I am vomited out of an alehouse,
And thus accoutred; know not where to eat,
Or drink, or sleep, but underneath this canopy;
Although I thank thee, I despise thy offer;
And as I, in my madness, broke my state,
Without the assistance of another's brain,
In my right wits I'll piece it; at the worst,
Die thus, and be forgotten.
All. A strange humour! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Lady Allworth's House.

Enter Order, Amble, Furnace and Watchall.

Ord. Set all things right, or, as my name is Order,
And by this staff of office, that commands you,
This chain and double ruff symbols of power,
Whoever misses in his function,

For one whole week makes forfeiture of his breakfast,
And privilege in the wine-cellar.
Amb. You are merry,
Good master steward.
Furn. Let him; I'll be angry.
Amb. Why, fellow Furnace, 'tis not twelve o'clock yet,
Nor dinner taking up; then 'tis allow'd
Cooks, by their places, may be cholerick.
Furn. You think you have spoke wisely, goodman Amble,
My lady's go-before!
Ord. Nay, nay, no wrangling.
Furn. 'Twit me with the authority of the kitchen!
At all hours, and all places, I'll be angry;
And thus provoked, when I am at my prayers
I will be angry.
Amb. There was no hurt meant.
Furn. I am friends with thee, and yet I will be angry.
Ord. With whom?
Furn. No matter whom: yet, now I think on it,
I am angry with my lady.
Watch. Heaven forbid, man!
Ord. What cause has she given thee?
Furn. Cause enough, master steward.
I was entertained by her to please her palate,
And, till she forswore eating, I perform'd it.
Now, since our master, noble Allworth, died,
Though I crack my brains to find out tempting sauces,
And raise fortifications* in the pastry,
Such as might serve for models in the Low Countries;
Which, if they had been practised at Breda,
Spinola might have thrown his cap at it, and ne'er took it—
Amb. But you had wanted matter there to work on.
Furn. Matter! with six eggs, and a strike of rye meal,
I had kept the town till doomsday, perhaps longer.
Ord. But what's this to your pet against my lady?

* *And raise* fortifications *in the pastry*——
Which, if they had been practised at Breda,
Spinola, &c.] This was one of the most celebrated sieges of the time, and is frequently mentioned by our old dramatists. Spinola sat down before Breda on the 26th of August, 1624, and the town did not surrender until the 1st of July in the following year. The besieged suffered incredible hardships: "butter," says the historian, Herman Hugo, "was sold for six florins a pound; a calf of 17 days old, for forty-eight; a hog, for one hundred and fifteen; and tobacco, for one hundred florins the lb.:" this was after they had consumed most of the horses. A few days after, the narrator adds, that "as much tobacco as in other places might have been had for ten florins, was sold in Breda for twelve hundred!" It appears that this tobacco was used as "physick, it being the only remedy they had against the scurvy."

The *raising of fortifications in pastry* seems to have been a fashionable practice, since I scarcely recollect the details of any great entertainment in the reigns of Elizabeth and James, where the fortifications of the cook or the confectioner are not duly commemorated.—*Gifford.*

Furn. What's this? marry this; when I am three parts roasted,
And the fourth part parboil'd, to prepare her viands,
She keeps her chamber, dines with a panada,
Or water-gruel, my sweat never thought on.
Ord. But your art is seen in the dining-room.
Furn. By whom?
By such as pretend love to her; but come
To feed upon her. Yet, of all the harpies
That do devour her, I am out of charity
With none so much as the thin-gutted squire
That's stolen into commission.
Ord. Justice Greedy?
Furn. The same, the same: meat's cast away upon him,
It never thrives; he holds this paradox,
Who eats not well, can ne'er do justice well:
His stomach's as insatiate as the grave,
Or strumpets' ravenous appetites.
[*Knocking within.*
Watch. One knocks. [*Exit.*
Ord. Our late young master!
Re-enter Watchall with Allworth.
Amb. Welcome, sir.
Furn. Your hand;
If you have a stomach, a cold bake-meat's ready.
Ord. His father's picture in little.
Furn. We are all your servants.
Amb. In you he lives.
All. At once, my thanks to all;
This is yet some comfort. Is my lady stirring?
Enter Lady Allworth, Waiting Woman, and Chambermaid.
Ord. Her presence answers for us.
Lady All. Sort those silks well.
I'll take the air alone.
[*Exeunt Waiting Woman and Chambermaid.*
Furn. You air and air;
But will you never taste but spoon-meat more?
To what use serve I?
L. All. Prithee, be not angry;
I shall ere long; i' the mean time, there is gold
To buy thee aprons, and a summer suit.
Furn. I am appeased, and Furnace now grows cool.
L. All. And, as I gave directions, if this morning
I am visited by any, entertain them
As heretofore; but say, in my excuse,
I am indisposed.
Ord. I shall, madam.
L. All. Do, and leave me.
Nay, stay you, Allworth.
[*Exeunt Order, Amble, Furnace and Watchall.*
All. I shall gladly grow here,
To wait on your commands.
L. All. So soon turn'd courtier! [is duty
All. Style not that courtship, madam, which
Purchased on your part.
L. All. Well, you shall o'ercome;
I'll not contend in words. How is it with
Your noble master?

All. Ever like himself;
No scruple lessen'd in the full weight of honour:
He did command me, pardon my presumption,
As his unworthy deputy, to kiss
Your ladyship's fair hands.
L. All. I am honour'd in
His favour to me. Does he hold his purpose
For the Low Countries?
All. Constantly, good madam;
But he will in person first present his service.
L. All. And how approve you of his course? you are yet
Like virgin parchment, capable of any
Inscription, vicious or honourable.
I will not force your will, but leave you free
To your own election.
All. Any form, you please,
I will put on; but, might I make my choice,
With humble emulation I would follow
The path my lord marks to me.
L. All. 'Tis well answer'd,
And I commend your spirit: you had a father,
Bless'd be his memory! that some few hours
Before the will of heaven took him from me,
Who did commend you, by the dearest ties
Of perfect love between us, to my charge;
And, therefore, what I speak you are bound to hear
With such respect as if he lived in me.
He was my husband, and howe'er you are not
Son of my womb, you may be of my love,
Provided you deserve it.
All. I have found you,
Most honour'd madam, the best mother to me;
And, with my utmost strengths of care and service,
Will labour that you never may repent
Your bounties shower'd upon me.
L. All. I much hope it.
These were your father's words: *If e'er my son*
Follow the war, tell him it is a school
Where all the principles tending to honour
Are taught, if truly follow'd: but for such
As repair thither, as a place in which
They do presume they may with license practise
Their lusts and riots, they shall never merit
The noble name of soldiers. To dare boldly
In a fair cause, and, for their country's safety,
To run upon the cannon's mouth undaunted;
To obey their leaders, and shun mutinies;
To bear with patience the winter's cold,
And summer's scorching heat, and not to faint,
When plenty of provision fails, with hunger;
Are the essential parts make up a soldier,
Not swearing, dice, or drinking.
All. There's no syllable
You speak, but is to me an oracle,
Which but to doubt were impious.
L. All. To conclude:
Beware ill company, for often men
Are like to those with whom they do converse;
And, from one man I warn you, and that's Wellborn:
Not 'cause he's poor, that rather claims your pity;
But that he's in his manners so debauch'd,
And hath to vicious courses sold himself.
'Tis true your father loved him, while he was
Worthy the loving; but if he had lived
To have seen him as he is, he had cast him off,
As you must do.
All. I shall obey in all things.
L. All. Follow me to my chamber, you shall have gold
To furnish you like my son, and still supplied,
As I hear from you.
All. I am still your creature. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Hall in the same.

Enter Overreach, Greedy, Order, Amble, Furnace, Watchall, and Marrall.

Greedy. Not to be seen!
Over. Still cloister'd up! Her reason,
I hope, assures her, though she make herself
Close prisoner ever for her husband's loss,
'Twill not recover him.
Ord. Sir, it is her will,
Which we, that are her servants, ought to serve
And not dispute: howe'er, you are nobly welcome;
And if you please to stay, that you may think so,
There came, not six days since, from Hull, a pipe
Of rich Canary, which shall spend itself
For my lady's honour.
Greedy. Is it of the right race?
Ord. Yes, master Greedy.
Amb. How his mouth runs o'er!
Furn. I'll make it run, and run. Save your good worship!
Greedy. Honest master cook, thy hand; again: how I love thee!
Are the good dishes still in being? speak, boy.
Furn. If you have a mind to feed, there is a chine
Of beef, well seasoned.
Greedy. Good!
Furn. A pheasant, larded.
Greedy. That I might now give thanks for't!
Furn. Other kickshaws.
Besides, there came last night, from the forest of Sherwood,
The fattest stag I ever cook'd.
Greedy. A stag, man!
Furn. A stag, sir; part of it prepared for dinner,
And baked in puff-paste.
Greedy. Puff-paste too! Sir Giles,
A ponderous chine of beef! a pheasant larded!
And red deer too, sir Giles, and baked in puff-paste!
All business set aside, let us give thanks here.
Furn. How the lean skeleton's rapt!
Over. You know we cannot.
Mar. Your worships are to sit on a commission,
And if you fail to come, you lose the cause.

Greedy. Cause me no causes. I'll prove't for such a dinner,
We may put off a commission: you shall find it *Henrici decimo quarto.*
Over. Fie, master Greedy!
Will you lose me a thousand pounds for a dinner?
No more, for shame! we must forget the belly
When we think of profit.
Greedy. Well, you shall o'er-rule me;
I could e'en cry now. Do you hear, master cook,
Send but a corner of that immortal pasty,
And I, in thankfulness, will, by your boy,
Send you—a brace of three-pences.
Furn. Will you be so prodigal?
[*Enter Wellborn.*
Over. Remember me to your lady. Who have we here?
Well. You know me.
Over. I did once, but now I will not;
Thou art no blood of mine. Avaunt, thou beggar;
If ever thou presume to own me more,
I'll have thee caged, and whipt.
Greedy. I'll grant the warrant.
Think of pie-corner, Furnace!
[*Exeunt Overreach, Greedy, and Marrall.*
Watch. Will you out, sir?
I wonder how you durst creep in.
Ord. This is rudeness,
And saucy impudence.
Amb. Cannot you stay
To be served, among your fellows, from the basket*,
But you must press into the hall?
Furn. Prithee, vanish
Into some outhouse, though it be the pigstie;
My scullion shall come to thee.
[*Enter Allworth.*
Well. This is rare:
Oh, here's Tom Allworth. Tom!
All. We must be strangers;
Nor would I have you seen here for a million.
[*Exit.*
Well. Better and better. He contemns me too!
[*Enter Waiting Woman and Chambermaid.*
Woman. Foh, what a smell's here! what thing's this?
Cham. Let us hence, for love's sake, or I shall swoon.
Woman. I begin to faint already.
[*Exeunt Waiting Woman and Chambermaid.*
Watch. Will you know your way?
Amb. Or shall we teach it you
By the head and shoulders?
Well. No; I will not stir;
Do you mark, I will not: let me see the wretch
That dares attempt to force me. Why, you slaves,
Created only to make legs, and cringe;
To carry in a dish, and shift a trencher;
That have not souls only to hope a blessing
Beyond black jacks or flagons; you that were born
Only to consume meat and drink, and batten
Upon reversions!—who advances? who
Shews me the way?
Ord. My lady!
Enter Lady Allworth, Waiting Woman, and Chambermaid.
Cham. Here's the monster.
Woman. Sweet madam, keep your glove to your nose.
Cham. Or let me
Fetch some perfumes may be predominant;
You wrong yourself else.
Well. Madam, my designs
Bear me to you.
L. All. To me!
Well. And though I have met with
But ragged entertainment from your grooms here,
I hope from you to receive that noble usage
As may become the true friend of your husband,
And then I shall forget these.
L. All. I am amazed
To see, and hear this rudeness. Darest thou think,
Though sworn, that it can ever find belief,
That I, who to the best men of this country
Denied my presence, since my husband's death,
Can fall so low, as to change words with thee?
Thou son of infamy! forbear my house,
And know, and keep the distance that's between us;
Or, though it be against my gentler temper,
I shall take order you no more shall be
An eyesore to me.
Well. Scorn me not, good lady;
But, as in form you are angelical,
Imitate the heavenly natures, and vouchsafe
At the least awhile to hear me. You will grant
The blood that runs in this arm is as noble
As that which feeds your veins; those costly jewels,
And those rich clothes you wear, your men's observance,
And women's flattery, are in you no virtues;
Nor these rags, with my poverty, in me vices.
You have a fair fame, and, I know, deserve it;
Yet, lady, I must say, in nothing more
Than in the pious sorrow you have shewn
For your late noble husband.
Ord. How she starts!
Furn. And hardly can keep finger from the eye,
To hear him named.
L. All. Have you aught else to say?
Well. That husband, madam, was once in his fortune
Almost as low as I; want, debts, and quarrels

* *To be served among your fellows,* from the basket,] i. e. from the broken bread and meat which, in great houses, was distributed to the poor at the porter's lodge, or reserved to be carried every night to the prisons for debtors and other necessitous persons. Hence, perhaps, the allusion of Amble. Thus Shirley: "I'll have you clapt up again, where you shall howl all day at the grate for a meal at night *from the basket.*" *Bird in a Cage.*—*Gifford.*

Lay heavy on him: let it not be thought
A boast in me, though I say, I relieved him.
'Twas I that gave him fashion; mine the sword
That did on all occasions second his;
I brought him on and off with honour, lady;
And when in all men's judgments he was sunk,
And in his own hopes not to be buoy'd up,
I stepp'd unto him, took him by the hand,
And set him upright.

Furn. Are not we base rogues
That could forget this?

Well. I confess, you made him
Master of your estate; nor could your friends,
Though he brought no wealth with him, blame you for it;
For he had a shape, and to that shape a mind
Made up of all parts, either great or noble;
So winning a behaviour, not to be
Resisted, madam.

L. All. 'Tis most true, he had.

Well. For his sake, then, in that I was his friend,
Do not contemn me.

L. All. For what's past excuse me,
I will redeem it. Order, give the gentleman
A hundred pounds.

Well. No, madam, on no terms:
I will nor beg nor borrow sixpence of you,
But be supplied elsewhere, or want thus ever.
Only one suit I make, which you deny not
To strangers; 'tis this. [*Whispers to her.*

L. All. Fie! nothing else?

Well. Nothing unless you please to charge your servants,
To throw away a little respect upon me.

L. All. What you demand is yours. [*Exit.*

Well. I thank you, lady.
Now what can be wrought out of such a suit
Is yet in supposition: I have said all;
When you please, you may retire:—nay, all's forgotten;
And, for a lucky omen to my project,
Shake hands, and end all quarrels in the cellar.

Ord. Agreed, agreed.

Furn. Still merry master Wellborn. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Room in Overreach's House.

Enter Overreach and Marrall.

Over. He's gone, I warrant thee: this commission crush'd him.

Mar. Your worships have the way on't and ne'er miss.
To squeeze these unthrifts into air: and yet
The chapfall'n justice did his part, returning,
For your advantage, the certificate,
Against his conscience, and his knowledge too,
With your good favour, to the utter ruin
Of the poor farmer.

Over. 'Twas for these good ends
I made him a justice: he that bribes his belly
Is certain to command his soul.

Mar. I wonder,
Still with your license, why, your worship having
The power to put this thin-gut in commission,
You are not in't yourself?

Over. Thou art a fool:
In being out of office I am out of danger;
Where, if I were a justice, besides the trouble,
I might or out of wilfulness, or error,
Run myself finely into a premunire,
And so become a prey to the informer.
No, I'll have none of't; 'tis enough I keep
Greedy at my devotion: so he serve
My purposes, let him hang, or save, I care not;
Friendship is but a word.

Mar. You are all wisdom.

Over. I would be worldly wise; for the other wisdom,
That does prescribe us a well-govern'd life,
And to do right to others, as ourselves,
I value not an atom.

Mar. What course take you,
With your good patience, to hedge in the manor
Of your neighbour, master Frugal? as 'tis said
He will nor sell, nor borrow, nor exchange;
And his land lying in the midst of your many lordships
Is a foul blemish.

Over. I have thought on't, Marrall,
And it shall take. I must have all men sellers,
And I the only purchaser.

Mar. 'Tis most fit, sir.

Over. I'll therefore buy some cottage near his manor, [fences,
Which done, I'll make my men break ope his
Ride o'er his standing corn, and in the night
Set fire on his barns, or break his cattle's legs;
These trespasses draw on suits, and suits expenses,
Which I can spare, but will soon beggar him.
When I have harried him thus two or three years,
Though he sue *in forma pauperis*, in spite
Of all his thrift and care, he'll grow behind hand.

Mar. The best I ever heard: I could adore you.

Over. Then, with the favour of my man of law,
I will pretend some title: want will force him
To put it to arbitrement; then, if he sell
For half the value, he shall have ready money,
And I possess his land.

Mar. 'Tis above wonder!
Wellborn was apt to sell, and needed not
These fine arts, sir, to hook him in.

Over. Well thought on.
This varlet, Marrall, lives too long, to upbraid me
With my close cheat put upon him. Will nor cold
Nor hunger kill him?

Mar. I know not what to think on't.
I have used all means; and the last night I caused
His host the tapster to turn him out of doors;
And have been since with all your friends and tenants,

And, on the forfeit of your favour, charged them,
Though a crust of mouldy bread would keep him from starving,
Yet they should not relieve him. This is done, sir.

Over. That was something, Marrall; but thou must go further,
And suddenly, Marrall.

Mar. Where, and when you please, sir.

Over. I would have thee seek him out, and, if thou canst,
Persuade him that 'tis better steal than beg;
Then, if I prove he has but robb'd a henroost,
Not all the world shall save him from the gallows.
Do any thing to work him to despair,
And 'tis thy masterpiece.

Mar. I will do my best, sir.

Over. I am now on my main work with the lord Lovell,
The gallant-minded, popular lord Lovell,
The minion of the people's love. I hear
He's come into the country, and my aims are
To insinuate myself into his knowledge,
And then invite him to my house.

Mar. I have you:
This points at my young mistress.

Over. She must part with
That humble title, and write honourable,
Right honourable, Marrall, my right honourable daughter;
If all I have, or e'er shall get, will do it!
I'll have her well attended; there are ladies
Of errant knights decay'd, and brought so low,
That for cast clothes and meat will gladly serve her.
And 'tis my glory, though I come from the city,
To have their issue whom I have undone
To kneel to mine, as bond-slaves.

Mar. 'Tis fit state, sir.

Over. And, therefore, I'll not have a chambermaid
That ties her shoes, or any meaner office,
But such whose fathers were right worshipful.
'Tis a rich man's pride! there having ever been
More than a feud, a strange antipathy,
Between us and true gentry.

Enter Wellborn.

Mar. See, who's here, sir.

Over. Hence monster! prodigy!

Well. Sir, your wife's nephew;
She and my father tumbled in one belly.

Over. Avoid my sight! thy breath's infectious, rogue!
I shun thee as a leprosy, or the plague.
Come hither, Marrall—this is the time to work him. [*Exit.*

Mar. I warrant you, sir.

Well. By this light, I think he's mad.

Mar. Mad! had you ta'en compassion on yourself,
You long since had been mad.

Well. You have ta'en a course
Between you and my venerable uncle,
To make me so.

Mar. The more pale-spirited you,
That would not be instructed. I swear deeply—

Well. By what?

Mar. By my religion.

Well. Thy religion!
The devil's creed!—but what would you have done?

Mar. Had there been but one tree in all the shire,
Nor any hope to compass a penny halter,
Before, like you, I had outlived my fortunes,
A withe had served my turn to hang myself.
I am zealous in your cause; pray you hang yourself,
And presently, as you love your credit.

Well. I thank you.

Mar. Will you stay till you die in a ditch, or lice devour you?———
Or, if you dare not do the feat yourself,
But that you'll put the state to charge and trouble,
Is there no purse to be cut, house to be broken,
Or market-woman with eggs, that you may murder,
And so dispatch the business?

Well. Here's variety,
I must confess; but I'll accept of none
Of all your gentle offers, I assure you.

Mar. Why, have you hope ever to eat again,
Or drink? or be the master of three farthings?
If you like not hanging, drown yourself; take some course
For your reputation.

Well. 'Twill not do, dear tempter,
With all the rhetorick the fiend hath taught you.
I am as far as thou art from despair;
Nay, I have confidence, which is more than hope,
To live, and suddenly, better than ever. [*air*

Mar. Ha! ha! these castles you build in the
Will not persuade me or to give or lend
A token to you.

Well. I'll be more kind to thee:
Come, thou shalt dine with me.

Mar. With you!

Well. Nay more, dine gratis.

Mar. Under what hedge, I pray you? or at whose cost?
Are they padders, or abram-men* that are your consorts? [*dine*

Well. Thou art incredulous; but thou shalt
Not alone at her house, but with a gallant lady;
With me, and with a lady.

Mar. Lady! what lady?
With the lady of the lake†, or queen of fairies?
For I know it must be an enchanted dinner.

* *Are they padders, or* abram-men *that are your consorts?*] An *abram-man* was an impudent impostor, who, under the garb and appearance of a lunatick, rambled about the country, and compelled, as Decker says, the servants of small families "to give him, through fear, what ever he demanded." A *padder* (a term still in use) is a lurker in the highways, a footpad.—*Gifford.*

The abraham-man calls himself, says Decker, by the name of *Poor Tom*, and coming near any body cries out, Poor Tom is cold *Edgar*, in *King Lear*, personates the character.—*Compiler.*

† *With the* lady of the lake,] This is a very prominent character in *Morte Arthur*, and in many of our old romances. She seems to be the Circe of the dark ages; and is frequently mentioned by our old dramatists.—*Gifford.*

Well. With the lady Allworth, knave.
Mar. Nay, now there's hope
Thy brain is crack'd.
Well. Mark there with what respect
I am entertain'd.
Mar. With choice, no doubt, of dog-whips.
Why, dost thou ever hope to pass her porter?
Well. 'Tis not far off, go with me: trust thine own eyes.
Mar. Troth, in my hope, or my assurance rather,
To see the curvet, and mount like a dog in a blanket,
If ever thou presume to pass her threshold,
I will endure thy company.
Well. Come along then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Lady Allworth's House.

Enter Allworth, Waiting Woman, Chambermaid, Order, Amble, Furnace, and Watchall.

Woman. Could you not command your leisure one hour longer?
Cham. Or half an hour?
All. I have told you what my haste is:
Besides, being now another's not mine own,
Howe'er I much desire to enjoy you longer,
My duty suffers, if, to please myself,
I should neglect my lord.
Woman. Pray you do me the favour
To put these few quince-cakes into your pocket,
They are of mine own preserving.
Cham. And this marmalade;
'Tis comfortable for your stomach.
Woman. And, at parting,
Excuse me if I beg a farewell from you.
Cham. You are still before me. I move the same suit, sir.
[*Allworth kisses them severally.*
Fur. How greedy these chamberers are of a beardless chin!
I think the tits will ravish him.
All. My service
To both.
Woman. Ours waits on you.
Cham. And shall do ever.
Ord. You are my lady's charge, be therefore careful
That you sustain your parts.
Woman. We can bear, I warrant you.
[*Exeunt Waiting Woman and Chambermaid.*
Fur. Here drink it off; the ingredients are cordial,
And this the true elixir; it hath boil'd
Since midnight for you. 'Tis the quintessence
Of five cocks of the game, ten dozen of sparrows,
Knuckles of veal, potatoe-roots, and marrow,
Coral, and ambergris; you need not bait
After this, I warrant you, though your journey's long;
You may ride on the strength of this till to-morrow morning.
All. Your courtesies overwhelm me: I much grieve
To part from such true friends; and yet find comfort,
My attendance on my honourable lord,
Whose resolution holds to visit my lady,
Will speedily bring me back.
[*Knocking within. Exit Watchall.*
Mar. [*within*] Dar'st thou venture further?
Well. [*within*] Yes, yes, and knock again.
Ord. 'Tis he; disperse!
Amb. Perform it bravely.
Furn. I know my cue, ne'er doubt me.
[*Exeunt all but Allworth.*

Re-enter Watchall, introducing Wellborn and Marrall.

Watch. Beast that I was, to make you stay! most welcome;
You were long since expected.
Well. Say so much
To my friend, I pray you.
Watch. For your sake, I will, sir.
Mar. For his sake!
Well. Mum; this is nothing.
Mar. More than ever
I would have believed, though I had found it in my primer.
All. When I have given you reasons for my late harshness,
You'll pardon and excuse me; for, believe me,
Though now I part abruptly, in my service
I will deserve it.
Mar. Service! with a vengeance!
Well. I am satisfied: farewell, Tom.
All. All joy stay with you! [*Exit.*

Re-enter Amble.

Amb. You are happily encounter'd; I yet never
Presented one so welcome as, I know,
You will be to my lady.
Mar. This is some vision; [*hill;*
Or, sure, these men are mad, to worship a dung-
It cannot be a truth.
Well. Be still a pagan,
An unbelieving infidel; be so, miscreant,
And meditate on blankets, and on dog-whips!

Re-enter Furnace.

Furn. I am glad you are come; until I know your pleasure,
I knew not how to serve up my lady's dinner.
Mar. His pleasure! is it possible?
Well. What's thy will?
Furn. Marry, sir, I have some growse, and turkey chicken,
Some rails and quails, and my lady will'd me ask you
What kind of sauces best affect your palate,
That I may use my utmost skill to please it.
Mar. The devil's enter'd this cook: sauce for his palate,
That on my knowledge, for almost this twelve-month,
Durst wish but cheeseparings and brown bread on Sundays!

Well. That way I like them best.
Furn. It shall be done, sir. [*Exit.*
Well. What think you of the hedge we shall dine under?
Shall we feed gratis?
Mar. I know not what to think;
Pray you make me not mad.

Re-enter Order.

Ord. This place becomes you not;
Pray you walk, sir, to the dining-room.
Well. I am well here
Till her ladyship quits her chamber.
Mar. Well here, say you?
'Tis a rare change! but yesterday you thought
Yourself well in a barn, wrapp'd up in pease-straw.

Re-enter Waiting Woman and Chambermaid.

Woman. O! sir, you are wish'd for.
Cham. My lady dreamt, sir, of you.
Woman. And the first command she gave, after she rose,
Was, (her devotions done,) to give her notice
When you approach'd here.
Cham. Which is done, on my virtue.
Mar. I shall be converted; I begin to grow
Into a new belief, which saints nor angels
Could have won me to have faith in.
Woman. Sir, my lady!

Enter Lady Allworth.

L. All. I come to meet you, and languish'd till I saw you.
This first kiss is for form; I allow a second
To such a friend. [*Kisses Wellborn.*
Mar. To such a friend! heaven bless me!
Well. I am wholly yours; yet, madam, if you please
To grace this gentleman with a salute———
Mar. Salute me at his bidding!
Well. I shall receive it
As a most high favour.
L. All. Sir, you may command me.
[*Advances to salute Marrall.*
Well. Run backward from a lady! and such a lady!
Mar. To kiss her foot is, to poor me, a favour
I am unworthy of. [*Offers to kiss her foot.*
L. All. Nay, pray you rise;
And since you are so humble, I'll exalt you:
You shall dine with me to day, at mine own table.
Mar. Your ladyship's table! I am not good enough
To sit at your steward's board.
L. All. You are too modest:
I will not be denied.

Re-enter Furnace.

Furn. Will you still be babbling
Till your meat freeze on the table? the old trick still;
My art ne'er thought on!
L. All. Your arm, master Wellborn:——
Nay, keep us company. [*To Marrall*
Mar. I was ne'er so graced.

[*Exeunt Wellborn, Lady Allworth, Amble, Marrall, Waiting Woman, and Chambermaid.*
Ord. So! we have play'd our parts, and are come off well;
But if I know the mystery why my lady
Consented to it, or why master Wellborn
Desired it, may I perish!
Furn. Would I had
The roasting of his heart that cheated him,
And forces the poor gentleman to these shifts!
By fire! for cooks are Persians, and swear by it
Of all the griping and extorting tyrants
I ever heard or read of, I ne'er met
A match to sir Giles Overreach.
Watch. What will you take
To tell him so, fellow Furnace?
Furn. Just as much
As my throat is worth, for that would be the price on't.
To have a usurer that starves himself,
And wears a cloak of one and twenty years
On a suit of fourteen groats bought of the hangman,
To grow rich, and then purchase, is too common:
But this sir Giles feeds high, keeps many servants,
Who must at his command do any outrage;
Rich in his habit, vast in his expenses;
Yet he to admiration still increases
In wealth, and lordships.
Ord. He frights men out of their estates,
And breaks through all law-nets, made to curb ill men,
As they were cobwebs. No man dares reprove him.
Such a spirit to dare, and power to do, were never
Lodged so unluckily.

Re-enter Amble.

Amb. Ha! ha! I shall burst.
Ord. Contain thyself, man.
Furn. Or make us partakers
Of your sudden mirth.
Amb. Ha! ha! my lady has got
Such a guest at her table!—this term-driver, Marrall,
This snip of an attorney——
Furn. What of him, man?
Amb. The knave thinks still he's at the cook's shop in Ram Alley,
Where the clerks divide, and the elder is to choose;
And feeds so slovenly!
Furn. Is this all?
Amb. My lady
Drank to him for fashion sake, or to please master Wellborn;
As I live, he rises, and taks up a dish
In which there were some remnants of a boil'd capon,
And pledges her in white broth!
Furn. Nay, 'tis like
The rest of his tribe.

Amb. And when I brought him wine,
He leaves his stool, and, after a leg or two,
Most humbly thanks my worship.
Ord. Risen already!
Amb. I shall be chid.
Re-enter Lady Allworth, Wellborn, and Marrall.
Furn. My lady frowns.
L. All. You wait well:
Let me have no more of this; I observed your jeering:
Sirrah, I'll have you know, whom I think worthy
To sit at my table, be he ne'er so mean,
When I am present, is not your companion.
Ord. Nay, she'll preserve what's due to her.
Furn. This refreshing
Follows your flux of laughter.
L. All. [*To Wellborn.*] You are master
Of your own will. I know so much of manners,
As not to enquire your purposes; in a word,
To me you are ever welcome, as to a house
That is your own.
Well. Mark that.
Mar. With reverence, sir,
An it like your worship.
Well. Trouble yourself no further;
Dear madam, my heart's full of zeal and service,
However in my language I am sparing.
Come, master Marrall.
Mar. I attend your worship.
[*Exeunt Wellborn and Marrall.*
L. All. I see in your looks you are sorry, and you know me
An easy mistress: be merry; I have forgot all.
Order and Furnace, come with me; I must give you
Further directions.
Ord. What you please.
Furn. We are ready. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Country near Lady Allworth's House.

Enter Wellborn and Marrall.

Well. I think I am in a good way.
Mar. Good! sir; the best way,
The certain best way.
Well. There are casualties
That men are subject to.
Mar. You are above them;
And as you are already worshipful,
I hope ere long you will increase in worship,
And be, right worshipful.
Well. Prithee do not flout me:
What I shall be, I shall be. Is't for your ease
You keep your hat off?
Mar. Ease, an it like your worship!
I hope jack Marrall shall not live so long,
To prove himself such an unmannerly beast,
Though it hail hazel nuts, as to be cover'd
When your worship's present.
Well. Is not this a true rogue,
That out of mere hope of a future cozenage,
Can turn thus suddenly? 'tis rank already.
[*Aside.*
Mar. I know your worship's wise, and needs no counsel:
Yet if, in my desire to do you service,
I humbly offer my advice, (but still
Under correction,) I hope I shall not
Incur your high displeasure.
Well. No; speak freely.
Mar. Then, in my judgment, sir, my simple judgment
(Still with your worship's favour,) I could wish you
A better habit, for this cannot be
But much distasteful to the noble lady
(I say no more) that loves you: for, this morning,
To me, and I am but a swine to her,
Before the assurance of her wealth perfumed you,
You savour'd not of amber.
Well. I do now then!
Mar. This your batoon hath got a touch of it.—— [*Kisses the end of his cudgel.*
Yet if you please, for change, I have twenty pounds here,
Which, out of my true love, I'll presently
Lay down at your worship's feet; 'twill serve to buy you
A riding suit.
Well. But where's the horse?
Mar. My gelding
Is at your service: nay, you shall ride me,
Before your worship shall be put to the trouble
To walk afoot. Alas! when you are lord
Of this lady's manor, as I know you will be,
You may with the lease of glebe land, call'd Knave's-acre,
A place I would manure, requite your vassal.
Well. I thank thy love, but must make no use of it;
What's twenty pounds?
Mar. 'Tis all that I can make, sir.
Well. Dost thou think, though I want clothes, I could not have them,
For one word to my lady?
Mar. As I know not that!
Well. Come, I'll tell thee a secret, and so leave thee.
I'll not give her the advantage, though she be
A gallant-minded lady, after we are married,
(There being no woman, but is sometimes froward,)
To hit me in the teeth, and say, she was forced
To buy my wedding-clothes, and took me on
With a plain riding-suit, and an ambling nag.
No, I'll be furnish'd something like myself,
And so farewell: for thy suit touching Knave's-acre,
When it is mine, 'tis thine. [*Exit.*
Mar. I thank your worship.
How was I cozen'd in the calculation
Of this man's fortune! my master cozen'd too,
Whose pupil I am in the art of undoing men;
For that is our profession! Well, well, master Wellborn,

You are of a sweet nature, and fit again to be cheated:
Which, if the Fates please, when you are possess'd
Of the land and lady, you, sans question, shall be.
I'll presently think of the means.
[*Walks by, musing.*
Enter Overreach, speaking to a servant within.
Over. Sirrah, take my horse.
I'll walk to get me an appetite; 'tis but a mile,
And exercise will keep me from being pursey.
Ha! Marrall! is he conjuring? perhaps
The knave has wrought the prodigal to do
Some outrage on himself, and now he feels
Compunction in his conscience for't: no matter,
So it be done. Marrall!
Mar. Sir.
Over. How succeed we
In our plot on Wellborn?
Mar. Never better, sir.
Over. Has he hang'd or drown'd himself?
Mar. No, sir, he lives;
Lives once more to be made a prey to you,
A greater prey than ever.
Over. Art thou in thy wits?
If thou art, reveal this miracle, and briefly.
Mar. A lady, sir, is fall'n in love with him.
Over. With him! what lady?
Mar. The rich lady Allworth.
Over. Thou dolt! how dar'st thou speak this?
Mar. I speak truth,
And I do so but once a year, unless
It be to you, sir: we dined with her ladyship,
I thank his worship.
Over. His worship!
Mar. As I live, sir,
I dined with him, at the great lady's table,
Simple as I stand here; and saw when she kiss'd him,
And would, at his request, have kiss'd me too;
But I was not so audacious, as some youths are,
That dare do any thing, be it ne'er so absurd,
And sad after performance.
Over. Why, thou rascal!
To tell me these impossibilities.
Dine at her table! and kiss him! or thee!——
Impudent varlet, have not I myself,
To whom great countesses' doors have oft flew open,
Ten times attempted, since her husband's death,
In vain, to see her, though I came—a suitor?
And yet your good solicitorship, and rogue Wellborn,
Were brought into her presence, feasted with her!——
But that I know thee a dog that cannot blush,
This most incredible lie would call up one
On thy buttermilk cheeks.
Mar. Shall I not trust my eyes, sir,
Or taste? I feel her good cheer in my belly.
Over. You shall feel me, if you give not over, sirrah:
Recover your brains again, and be no more gull'd
With a beggar's plot, assisted by the aids
Of serving-men and chambermaids, for beyond these
Thou never saw'st a woman, or I'll quit you
From my employments.
Mar. Will you credit this yet?
On my confidence of their marriage, I offer'd Wellborn——
I would give a crown now I durst say his worship—— [*Aside.*
My nag, and twenty pounds.
Over. Did you so, idiot! [*Strikes him down.*
Was this the way to work him to despair,
Or rather to cross me?
Mar. Will your worship kill me?
Over. No, no; but drive the lying spirit out of you.
Mar. He's gone.
Over. I have done then: now, forgetting
Your late imaginary feast and lady,
Know, my lord Lovell dines with me to-morrow.
Be careful nought be wanting to receive him;
And bid my daughter's women trim her up,
Though they paint her, so she catch the lord,
I'll thank them:
There's a piece for my late blows.
Mar. I must yet suffer:
But there may be a time— [*Aside.*
Over. Do you grumble?
Mar. No, sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

The Country near Overreach's House.

Enter Lord Lovell, Allworth, and Servants.
Lov. Walk the horses down the hill: something in private
I must impart to Allworth. [*Exeunt Servants.*
All. O, my lord,
What sacrifice of reverence, duty, watching,
Although I could put off the use of sleep,
And ever wait on your commands to serve them;
What dangers, though in ne'er so horrid shapes,
Nay, death itself, though I should run to meet it,
Can I, and with a thankful willingness, suffer;
But still the retribution will fall short
Of your bounties shower'd upon me?
Lov. Loving youth;
Till what I purpose be put into act,
Do not o'erprize it; since you have trusted me
With your soul's nearest, nay, her dearest secret,
Rest confident 'tis in a cabinet lock'd
Treachery shall never open. I have found you
(For so much to your face I must profess,
Howe'er you guard your modesty with a blush for't)
More zealous in your love and service to me,
Than I have been in my rewards.

All. Still great ones,
Above my merit.
Lov. Such your gratitude calls them:
Nor am I of that harsh and rugged temper
As some great men are tax'd with, who imagine
They part from the respect due to their honours,
If they use not all such as follow them,
Without distinction of their births, like slaves.
I am not so condition'd: I can make
A fitting difference between my footboy,
And a gentleman by want compell'd to serve me.
All. 'Tis thankfully acknowledged; you have been
More like a father to me than a master:
Pray you, pardon the comparison.
Lov. I allow it;
And to give you assurance I am pleased in't,
My carriage and demeanour to your mistress,
Fair Margaret, shall truly witness for me,
I can command my passions.
All. 'Tis a conquest
Few lords can boast of when they are tempted,
—Oh!
Lov. Why do you sigh? can you be doubtful of me?
By that fair name I in the wars have purchased,
And all my actions, hitherto untainted,
I will not be more true to mine own honour,
Than to my Allworth!
All. As you are the brave lord Lovell,
Your bare word only given is an assurance
Of more validity and weight to me,
Than all the oaths, bound up with imprecations,
Which, when they would deceive, most courtiers practise:
Yet being a man (for, sure, to style you more
Would relish of gross flattery) I am forced,
Against my confidence of your worth and virtues,
To doubt, nay more, to fear.
Lov. So young, and jealous!
All. Were you to encounter with a single foe,
The victory were certain; but to stand
The charge of two such potent enemies,
At once assaulting you, as wealth and beauty,
And those too seconded with power, is odds
Too great for Hercules.
Lov. Speak your doubts and fears,
Since you will nourish them, in plainer language,
That I may understand them.
All. What's your will,
Though I lend arms against myself, (provided
They may advantage you,) must be obey'd.
My much-loved lord, were Margaret only fair,
The cannon of her more than earthly form,
Though mounted high, commanding all beneath it,
And ramm'd with bullets of her sparkling eyes,
Of all the bulwarks that defend your senses
Could batter none, but that which guards your sight.
But when the well-tuned accents of her tongue
Make musick to you, and with numerous sounds
Assault your hearing, (such as Ulysses, if [he]
Now lived again, howe'er he stood the Syrens,
Could not resist,) the combat must grow doubtful
Between your reason and rebellious passions.
And this too; when you feel her touch, and breath
Like a soft western wind, when it glides o'er
Arabia, creating gums and spices;
And in the van, the nectar of her lips,
Which you must taste, bring the battalia on,
Well arm'd, and strongly lined with her discourse,
And knowing manners, to give entertainment;—
Hippolytus himself would leave Diana,
To follow such a Venus.
Lov. Love hath made you
Poetical, Allworth.
All. Grant all these beat off,
Which if it be in man to do, you'll do it,
Mammon, in sir Giles Overreach, steps in
With heaps of ill-got gold, and so much land,
To make her more remarkable, as would tire
A falcon's wings in one day to fly over.
O my good lord! these powerful aids, which would
Make a mis-shapen negro beautiful,
(Yet are but ornaments to give her lustre,
That in herself is all perfection,) must
Prevail for her: I here release your trust;
'Tis happiness, enough, for me to serve you,
And sometimes, with chaste eyes, to look upon her.
Lov. Why, shall I swear?
All. O, by no means, my lord;
And wrong not so your judgment to the world,
As from your fond indulgence to a boy,
Your page, your servant, to refuse a blessing
Divers great men are rivals for.
Lov. Suspend
Your judgment till the trial. How far is it
To Overreach' house?
All. At the most some half hour's riding;
You'll soon be there.
Lov. And you the sooner freed
From your jealous fears.
All. O that I durst but hope it! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Overreach's House.

Enter Overreach, Greedy, and Marrall.

Over. Spare for no cost; let my dressers crack with the weight
Of curious viands.
Greedy. *Store indeed's no sore,* sir.
Over. That proverb fits your stomach, master Greedy.
And let no plate be seen but what's pure gold,
Or such whose workmanship exceeds the matter
That it is made of; let my choicest linen
Perfume the room, and, when we wash, the water,
With precious powders mix'd, so please my lord
That he may, with envy wish to bathe so ever.

Mar. 'Twill be very chargeable.
Over. Avaunt, you drudge!
Now all my labour'd ends are at the stake,
Is't a time to think of thrift? Call in my daughter,
And, master justice, since you love choice dishes,
And plenty of them——
Greedy. As I do, indeed, sir,
Almost as much as to give thanks for them.
Over. I do confer that providence, with my power
Of absolute command to have abundance,
To your best care.
Greedy. I'll punctually discharge it,
And give the best directions. Now am I
In mine own conceit a monarch, at the least
Arch-president of the boil'd, the roast, the baked,
For which I will eat often; and give thanks
When my belly's braced up like a drum, and that's pure justice. [*Exit.*
Over. It must be so:—should the foolish girl prove modest,
She may spoil all; she had it not from me,
But from her mother; I was ever forward,
As she must be, and therefore I'll prepare her.
Enter Margaret.
Alone—and let your women wait without.
Marg. Your pleasure, sir?
Over. Ha! this is a neat dressing!
These orient pearls and diamonds well placed too!
The gown affects me not, it should have been
Embroider'd o'er and o'er with flowers of gold;
But these rich jewels, and quaint fashion help it.
And how below? since oft the wanton eye,
The face observed, descends unto the foot,
Which being well proportion'd, as yours is,
Invites as much as perfect white and red,
Though without art. How like you your new woman,
The lady Downfallen?
Mary. Well, for a companion;
Not as a servant.
Over. Is she humble, Meg,
And careful too, her ladyship forgotten?
Marg. I pity her fortune.
Over. Pity her! trample on her.
I took her up in an old tamin* gown,
(Even starved for want of twopenny chops,) to serve thee,
And if I understand she but repines
To do thee any duty, though ne'er so servile,
I'll pack her to her knight, where I have lodged him, [ther.
Into the counter, and there let them howl toge-
Marg. You know your own ways, but for me, I blush
When I command her, that was once attended
With persons not inferiour to myself
In birth. [ter,
Over. In birth! why, art thou not my daugh-
The blest child of my industry and wealth?
Why, foolish girl, was't not to make thee great,
That I have run, and still pursue, those ways
That hale down curses on me, which I mind not!
Part with these humble thoughts, and apt thyself
To the noble state I labour to advance thee;
Or, by my hopes to see thee honourable,
I will adopt a stranger to my heir,
And throw thee from my care: do not provoke me.
Marg. I will not, sir; mould me which way you please.
Re-enter Greedy.
Over. How! interrupted!
Greedy. 'Tis matter of importance.
The cook, sir, is self-will'd, and will not learn
From my experience; there's a fawn brought in, sir,
And, for my life, I cannot make him roast it
With a Norfolk dumpling in the belly of it;
And, sir, we wise men know, without the dumpling
'Tis not worth three-pence.
Over. Would it were whole in thy belly,
To stuff it out! cook it any way; prithee, leave me.
Greedy. Without order for the dumpling?
Over. Let it be dumpled
Which way thou wilt; or tell him, I will scald him
In his own caldron.
Greedy. I had lost my stomach
Had I lost my mistress dumpling; I'll give thanks for't. [*Exit.*
Over. But to our business, Meg; you have heard who dines here?
Marg. I have, sir.
Over. 'Tis an honourable man;
A lord, Meg, and commands a regiment
Of soldiers, and, what's rare, is one himself,
A bold and understanding one: and to be
A lord, and a good leader, in one volume,
Is granted unto few but such as rise up
The kingdom's glory.
Re-enter Greedy.
Greedy. I'll resign my office,
If I be not better obey'd.
Over. 'Slight, art thou frantick?
Greedy. Frantick! 'twould make me frantick, and stark mad,
Were I not a justice of peace and quorum too,
Which this rebellious cook cares not a straw for.
There are a dozen of woodcocks——
Over. Make thyself
Thirteen, the baker's dozen.
Greedy. I am contented,
So they may be dress'd to my mind; he has found out
A new device for sauce, and will not dish them
With toasts and butter; my father was a tailor, [cock;
And my name, though a justice, Greedy Wood-

* Linseywoolsey.

And, ere I'll see my lineage so abused,
I'll give up my commission.
Over. Cook!—Rogue, obey him!
I have given the word, pray you now remove yourself
To a collar of brawn, and trouble me no further.
Greedy. I will, and meditate what to eat at dinner. [*Exit.*
Over. And as I said, Meg, when this gull disturb'd us,
This honourable lord, this colonel,
I would have thy husband.
Marg. There's too much disparity
Between his quality and mine, to hope it.
Over. I more than hope, and doubt not to effect it,
Be thou no enemy to thyself; my wealth
Shall weigh his titles down, and make you equals. [me;
Now for the means to assure him thine, observe
Remember he's a courtier, and a soldier,
And not to be trifled with; and, therefore, when
He comes to woo you, see you do not coy it:
This mincing modesty has spoil'd many a match
By a first refusal, in vain after hoped for.
Marg. You'll have me, sir, preserve the distance that
Confines a virgin?
Over Virgin me no virgins!
I must have you lose that name, or you lose me.
I will have you private—start not—I say, private:
If thou art my true daughter, not a bastard,
Thou wilt venture alone with one man, though he came
Like Jupiter to Semele, and come off too;
And therefore, when he kisses you, kiss close.
Marg. I have heard this is the strumpets' fashion, sir,
Which I must never learn.
Over. Learn any thing,
And from any creature that may make thee great;
From the devil himself.
Marg. This is but devilish doctrine!
Over. Or, if his blood grow hot, suppose he offer
Beyond this, do not you stay till it cool,
But meet his ardour; if a couch be near,
Sit down on't, and invite him.
Marg. In your house,
Your own house, sir! for heaven's sake, what are you then?
Or what shall I be, sir?
Over. Stand not on form;
Words are no substances.
Marg. Though you could dispense
With your own honour, cast aside religion,
The hopes of heaven, or fear of hell; excuse me,
In worldly policy this is not the way
To make me his wife; his whore, I grant it may do.
My maiden honour so soon yielded up,
Nay, prostituted, cannot but assure him
I, that am light to him, will not hold weight
Whene'er tempted by others: so, in judgment,
When to his lust I have given up my honour,
He must and will forsake me.
Over. How! forsake thee!
Do I wear a sword for fashion? or is this arm
Shrunk up, or wither'd? does there live a man
Of that large list I have encounter'd with,
Can truly say I e'er gave inch of ground
Not purchased with his blood that did oppose me?
Forsake thee when the thing is done! he dares not.
Give me but proof he has enjoy'd thy person,
Though all his captains, echoes to his will,
Stood arm'd by his side to justify the wrong,
And he himself in the head of his bold troop,
Spite of his lordship, and his colonelship,
Or the judge's favour, I will make him render
A bloody and a strict accompt, and force him,
By marrying thee, to cure thy wounded honour!
I have said it.

Enter Marrall.

Mar. Sir, the man of honour's come,
Newly alighted.
Over. In, without reply;
And do as I command, or thou art lost.
[*Exit Margaret.*
Is the loud musick I gave order for
Ready to receive him?
Mar. 'Tis, sir.
Over. Let them sound
A princely welcome. Roughness awhile leave me;
For fawning now, a stranger to my nature,
Must make way for me.
Loud musick. Enter Lord Lovell, Greedy, Allworth and Marrall.
Lov. Sir, you meet your trouble.
Over. What you are pleased to style so, is an honour
Above my worth and fortunes.
All. Strange! so humble.
Over. A justice of peace, my lord.
[*Presents Greedy to him.*
Lov. Your hand, good sir.
Greedy. This is a lord, and some think this a favour;
But I had rather have my hand in my dumpling.
Over. Room for my lord.
Lov. I miss, sir, your fair daughter
To crown my welcome.
Over. May it please my lord
To taste a glass of Greek wine first, and suddenly
She shall attend my lord.
Lov. You'll be obey'd, sir.
[*Exeunt all but Overreach.*
Over. 'Tis to my wish: as soon as come, ask for her!
Why, Meg! Meg Overreach!—

Re-enter Margaret.

How! tears in your eyes!
Hah! dry them quickly, or I'll dig them out.
Is this a time to whimper? meet that greatness
That flies into thy bosom, think what 'tis
For me to say, My honourable daughter;
And thou, when I stand bare, to say, Put on;
Or, Father, you forget yourself. No more,
But be instructed, or expect——he comes!

Re-enter Lord Lovell, Greedy, Allworth, and Marrall.

A black-brow'd girl, my lord.

[*Lord Lovell salutes Margaret.*

Lov. As I live, a rare one.
All. He's ta'en already: I am lost.
Over. That kiss
Came twanging off, I like it; quit the room.

[*Exeunt all but Over. Lov. and Marg.*

A little bashful, my good lord, but you,
I hope, will teach her boldness.
Lov. I am happy
In such a scholar: but——
Over. I am past learning,
And therefore leave you to yourselves: remember.

[*Exit.*

Lov. You see, fair lady, your father is solicitous
To have you change the barren name of virgin
Into a hopeful wife.
Marg. His haste, my lord,
Holds no power o'er my will.
Lov. But o'er your duty.
Marg. Which, forced too much, may break.
Lov. Bend rather, sweetest:
Think of your years.
Marg. Too few to match with yours;
And choicest fruits too soon plucked, rot and wither.
Lov. Do you think I am old?
Marg. I am sure I am too young.
Lov. I can advance you.
Marg. To a hill of sorrow;
Where every hour I may expect to fall,
But never hope firm footing. You are noble,
I of a low descent, however rich;
And tissues match'd with scarlet suit but ill.
O, my good lord, I could say more, but that
I dare not trust these walls.
Lov. Pray you, trust my ear then.

Re-enter Overreach behind listening.

Over. Close at it! whispering! this is excellent!
And, by their postures, a consent on both parts.

Re-enter Greedy behind.

Greedy. Sir Giles, sir Giles!
Over. The great fiend stop that clapper!
Greedy. It must ring out, sir, when my belly rings noon.
The baked-meats are run out, the roast turn'd powder.
Over. I shall powder you.
Greedy. Beat me to dust, I care not;
In such a cause as this I'll die a martyr.
Over. Marry, and shall, you barathrum of the shambles*!

[*Strikes him.*

Greedy. How! strike a justice of peace! 'tis petty treason
Edwardi quinto: but that you are my friend,
I could commit you without bail or mainprize.
Over. Leave your bawling, sir, or I shall commit you
Where you shall not dine to-day; disturb my lord,
When he is in discourse!
Greedy. Is't a time to talk
When we should be munching?
Lov. Hah! I heard some noise.
Over. Mum, villain: vanish! shall we break a bargain
Almost made up?

[*Thrusts Greedy off.*

Lov. Lady, I understand you,
And rest most happy in your choice, believe it;
I'll be a careful pilot to direct
Your yet uncertain bark to a port of safety.
Marg. So shall your honour save two lives, and bind us
Your slaves for ever.
Lov. I am in the act rewarded,
Since it is good; howe'er, you must put on
An amorous carriage towards me, to delude
Your subtile father.
Marg. I am prone to that.
Lov. Now break we off our conference.—Sir Giles!
Where is sir Giles?

[*Overreach comes forward.*

Re-enter Allworth, Marrall, and Greedy.

Over. My noble lord; and how
Does your lordship find her?
Lov. Apt, sir Giles, and coming;
And I like her the better.
Over. So do I too.
Lov. Yet should we take forts at the first assault,
'Twere poor in the defendant; I must confirm her
With a love-letter or two, which I must have
Deliver'd by my page, and you give way to't.
Over. With all my soul:—a towardly gentleman!
Your hand, good master Allworth; know my house
Is ever open to you.
All. 'Twas shut till now.

[*Aside.*

Over. Well done, well done, my honourable daughter!
Thou'rt so already: know this gentle youth,
And cherish him, my honourable daughter.
Marg. I shall, with my best care.

[*Noise within as of a coach.*

* Over. *Marry, and shall, you* barathrum of the shambles!] Literally from Horace:

Prenicies et tempestas, barathrumque macelli!

Barathrum is frequently used by our old poets in the classical sense of an abyss, or devouring gulf: Thus Shirley,

"You come to scour your maw with the good cheer
Which will be lost in your lean *barathrum*,
You kitchen-stuff devourer!" *The Wedding.*

I have not heard it observed that Massinger has taken a few traits of the character of his justice from Pasilipho, in the old comedy of *the Supposes*.—*Gifford.*

Over. A coach!
Greedy. More stops
Before we go to dinner!

Enter Lady Allworth and Wellborn.

L. All. If I find welcome,
You share in it; if not, I'll back again,
Now I know your ends; for I come arm'd for all
Can be objected.
Lov. How! the lady Allworth!
Over. And thus attended!
[*Lovell salutes Lady Allworth, Lady Allworth salutes Margaret.*
Mar. No, I am a dolt,
The spirit of lies hath enter'd me.
Over. Peace, Patch;
'Tis more than wonder! an astonishment
That does possess me wholly!
Lov. Noble lady,
This is a favour, to prevent my visit,
The service of my life can never equal.
L. All. My lord, I laid wait for you, and much hoped
You would have made my poor house your first inn:
And therefore doubting that you might forget me,
Or too long dwell here, having such ample cause,
In this unequall'd beauty, for your stay;
And fearing to trust any but myself
With the relation of my service to you,
I borrow'd so much from my long restraint,
And took the air in person to invite you.
Lov. Your bounties are so great, they rob me, madam,
Of words to give you thanks.
L. All. Good sir Giles Overreach. [*Salutes him*]
—How dost thou, Marrall? liked you my meat so ill,
You'll dine no more with me?
Greedy. I will, when you please,
An it like your ladyship.
L. All. When you please, master Greedy;
If meat can do it, you shall be satisfied.
And now, my lord, pray take into your knowledge
This gentleman; howe'er his outside's coarse,
[*Presents Wellborn.*
His inward linings are as fine and fair
As any man's; wonder not I speak at large:
And howsoe'er his humour carries him
To be thus accoutred, or what taint soever
For his wild life hath stuck upon his fame,
He may, ere long, with boldness, rank himself
With some that have contemn'd him. Sir Giles Overreach,
If I am welcome, bid him so.
Over. My nephew!
He has been too long a stranger: faith you have,
Pray let it be mended.
[*Lovell conferring aside with Wellborn.*
Mar. Why, sir, what do you mean?
This is rogue Wellborn, monster, prodigy,
That should hang or drown himself; no man of worship,
Much less your nephew.
Over. Well, sirrah, we shall reckon
For this hereafter.
Mar. I'll not lose my jeer,
Though I be beaten dead for't.
Well. Let my silence plead
In my excuse, my lord, till better leisure
Offer itself to hear a full relation
Of my poor fortunes.
Lov. I would hear, and help them.
Over. Your dinner waits you.
Lov. Pray you lead, we follow.
L. All. Nay, you are my guest; come, dear master Wellborn. [*Exeunt all but Greedy.*
Greedy. *Dear master Wellborn!* So she said; heaven! heaven!
If my belly would give me leave, I could ruminate
All day on this: I have granted twenty warrants
To have him committed, from all prisons in the shire,
To Nottingham gaol; and now, *Dear master Wellborn!*
And, *My good Nephew!*—but I play the fool
To stand here prating, and forget my dinner.

Re-enter Marrall.

Are they set, Marrall?
Mar. Long since; pray you a word, sir.
Greedy. No wording now.
Mar. In troth, I must; my master
Knowing you are his good friend, makes bold with you,
And does entreat you, more guests being come in
Than he expected, especially his nephew,
The table being full too, you would excuse him,
And sup with him on the cold meat.
Greedy. How! no dinner,
After all my care?
Mar. 'Tis but a penance for
A meal; besides, you broke your fast.
Greedy. That was
But a bit to stay my stomach: a man in commission
Give place to a tatterdemalion!
Mar. No bug words, sir:
Should his worship hear you——
Greedy. Lose my dumpling too,
And butter'd toasts, and woodcocks!
Mar. Come, have patience.
If you will dispense a little with your worship,
And sit with the waiting women, you'll have dumpling,
Woodcock, and butter'd toasts too.
Greedy. This revives me:
I will gorge there sufficiently.
Mar. This is the way, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Room in Overreach's House.

Enter Overreach, as from dinner.

Over. She's caught! O women!—she neglects my lord,
And all her compliments applied to Wellborn!
The garments of her widowhood laid by,
She now appears as glorious as the spring.
Her eyes fix'd on him, in the wine she drinks,
He being her pledge, she sends him burning kisses.
And sits on thorns, till she be private with him.
She leaves my meat to feed upon his looks;
And if in our discourse he be but named,
From her a deep sigh follows. But why grieve I
At this? it makes for me; if she prove his,
All that is her's is mine, as I will work him.

Enter Marrall.

Mar. Sir, the whole board is troubled at your rising.

Over. No matter, I'll excuse it: prithee, Marrall,
Watch an occasion to invite my nephew
To speak with me in private.

Mar. Who! the rogue
The lady scorn'd to look on?

Over. You are a wag.

Enter Lady Allworth and Wellborn.

Mar. See, sir, she's come, and cannot be without him.

L. All. With your favour, sir, after a plenteous dinner,
I shall make bold to walk a turn or two
In your rare garden.

Over. There's an arbour too,
If your ladyship please to use it.

L. All. Come, master Wellborn.

[*Exeunt Lady Allworth and Wellborn.*

Over. Grosser and grosser! now I believe the poet
Feign'd not, but was historical, when he wrote
Pasiphaë was enamour'd of a bull:
This lady's lust's more monstrous. My good lord,

Enter Lord Lovell, Margaret, and the rest.

Excuse my manners.

Lov. There needs none, sir Giles,
I may ere long say Father, when it pleases
My dearest mistress to give warrant to it.

Over. She shall seal to it, my lord, and make me happy.

Re-enter Wellborn and Lady Allworth.

Marg. My lady is return'd.

L. All. Provide my coach,
I'll instantly away; my thanks, sir Giles,
For my entertainment.

Over. 'Tis your nobleness
To think it such.

L. All. I must do you a further wrong,
In taking away your honourable guest.

Lov. I wait on you, madam; farewell, good sir Giles.

L. All. Good mistress Margaret; nay, come, master Wellborn,
I must not leave you behind; in sooth, I must not.

Over. Rob me not, madam, of all joys at once;
Let my nephew stay behind: he shall have my coach,
And, after some small conference between us,
Soon overtake your ladyship.

L. All. Stay not long, sir.

Lov. This parting kiss: [*Kisses Margaret.*] you shall every day hear from me
By my faithful page.

All. 'Tis a service I am proud of.

[*Exeunt Lord Lovell, Lady Allworth, Allworth and Marrall.*

Over. Daughter, to your chamber.

[*Exit Margaret.*

You may wonder, nephew,
After so long an enmity between us,
I should desire your friendship.

Well. So I do, sir;
'Tis strange to me.

Over. But I'll make it no wonder;
And what is more, unfold my nature to you.
We worldly men, when we see friends, and kinsmen,
Past hope sunk in their fortunes, lend no hand
To lift them up, but rather set our feet
Upon their heads, to press them to the bottom;
As, I must yield, with you I practised it:
But, now I see you in a way to rise,
I can and will assist you; this rich lady
(And I am glad of't) is enamour'd of you;
'Tis too apparent, nephew.

Well. No such thing:
Compassion rather, sir.

Over. Well, in a word,
Because your stay is short, I'll have you seen
No more in this base shape; nor shall she say,
She married you like a beggar, or in debt.

Well. He'll run into the noose, and save my labour. [*Aside.*

Over. You have a trunk of rich clothes, not far hence,
In pawn; I will redeem them; and that no clamour
May taint your credit for your petty debts,
You shall have a thousand pounds to cut them off,
And go a free man to the wealthy lady.

Well. This done, sir, out of love, and no ends else——

Over. As it is, nephew.

Well. Binds me still your servant.

Over. No compliments, you are staid for: ere you have supp'd
You shall hear from me. My coach, knaves, for my nephew!
To-morrow I will visit you.

Well. Here's an uncle
In a man's extremes! how much they do belie you,
That say you are hard-hearted!

Over. My deeds, nephew,
Shall speak my love; what men report I weigh not. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A Room in Lady Allworth's House.

Enter Lord Lovell and Allworth.

Lov. 'Tis well; give me my cloak; I now discharge you
From further service: mind your own affairs,
I hope they will prove successful.
All. What is blest
With your good wish, my lord, cannot but prosper.
Let aftertimes report, and to your honour,
How much I stand engaged, for I want language
To speak my debt; yet if a tear or two
Of joy, for your much goodness, can supply
My tongue's defects, I could——
Lov. Nay, do not melt:
This ceremonial thanks to me's superfluous.
Over. [*within.*] Is my lord stirring?
Lov. 'Tis he! oh, here's your letter: let him in.

Enter Overreach, Greedy, and Marrall.

Over. A good day to my lord!
Lov. You are an early riser,
Sir Giles.
Over. And reason, to attend your lordship.
Lov. And you, too, master Greedy, up so soon!
Greedy. In troth, my lord, after the sun is up
I cannot sleep, for I have a foolish stomach
That croaks for breakfast. With your lordship's favour,
I have a serious question to demand
Of my worthy friend sir Giles.
Lov. Pray you use your pleasure.
Greedy. How far, sir Giles, and pray you answer me
Upon your credit, hold you it to be
From your manor-house, to this of my lady Allworth's?
Over. Why, some four mile.
Greedy. How! four mile, good sir Giles——
Upon your reputation, think better;
For if you do abate but one half quarter
Of five, you do yourself the greatest wrong
That can be in the world; for four miles riding
Could not have raised so huge an appetite
As I feel gnawing on me.
Mar. Whether you ride,
Or go afoot, you are that way still provided,
An it please your worship.
Over. How now, sirrah? prating
Before my lord! no difference! Go to my nephew, [slip
See all his debts discharged, and help his wor-
To fit on his rich suit.
Mar. I may fit you too.
Toss'd like a dog still. [*Exit.*

Lov. I have writ this morning
A few lines to my mistress, your fair daughter.
Over. 'Twill fire her, for she's wholly your's already:——
Sweet master Allworth, take my ring; 'twill carry you
To her presence, I dare warrant you; and there plead
For my good lord, if you shall find occasion.
That done, pray ride to Nottingham, get a license,
Still by this token. I'll have it dispatch'd,
And suddenly, my lord, that I may say,
My honourable, nay, right honourable daughter.
Greedy. Take my advice, young gentleman, get your breakfast;
'Tis unwholesome to ride fasting: I'll eat with you,
And eat to purpose.
Over. Hungry again! did you not devour this morning
A shield of brawn, and a barrel of Colchester oysters?
Greedy. Why, that was, sir, only to scour my stomach,
A kind of a preparative. Come, gentleman,
I will not have you feed like the hangman of Flushing,
Alone, while I am here.
Lov. Haste your return.
All. I will not fail, my lord.
Greedy. Nor I to line
My Christmas coffer.

[*Exeunt Greedy and Allworth.*

Over. To my wish; we are private.
I come not to make offer with my daughter
A certain portion, that were poor and trivial:
In one word, I pronounce all that is mine,
In lands or leases, ready coin or goods,
With her, my lord, comes to you; nor shall you have
One motive to induce you to believe
I live too long, since every year I'll add
Something unto the heap, which shall be your's too.
Lov. You are a right kind father.
Over. You shall have reason
To think me such. How do you like this seat?
It is well wooded, and well water'd, the acres
Fertile and rich; would it not serve for change
To entertain your friends in a summer progress?
What thinks my noble lord?
Lov. 'Tis a wholesome air,
And well built pile; and she that's mistress of it
Worthy the large revenue.
Over. She the mistress!
It may be so for a time: but let my lord
Say only that he likes it, and would have it,
I say, ere long 'tis his.
Lov. Impossible.
Over. You do conclude too fast, not knowing me,
Nor the engines that I work by. 'Tis not alone

The lady Allworth's lands, for those once Well-born's
(As by her dotage on him I know they will be,)
Shall soon be mine; but point out any man's
In all the shire, and say they lie convenient
And useful for your lordship, and once more
I say aloud, they are your's.

Lov. I dare not own
What's by unjust and cruel means extorted;
My fame and credit are more dear to me,
Than so to expose them to be censured by
The publick voice.

Over. You run, my lord, no hazard.
Your reputation shall stand as fair
In all good men's opinions as now;
Nor can my actions, though condemn'd for ill,
Cast any foul aspersion upon your's.
For, though I do contemn report myself,
As a mere sound, I still will be so tender
Of what concerns you, in all points of honour,
That the immaculate whiteness of your fame,
Nor your unquestioned integrity,
Shall e'er be sullied with one taint or spot
That may take from your innocence and candour.
All my ambition is to have my daughter
Right honourable, which my lord can make her:
And might I live to dance upon my knee
A young lord Lovell, born by her unto you,
I write *nil ultra* to my proudest hopes.
As for possessions, and annual rents,
Equivalent to maintain you in the port
Your noble birth and present state requires,
I do remove that burthen from your shoulders,
And take it on mine own: for, though I ruin
The country to supply your riotous waste,
The scourge of prodigals, want, shall never find you.

Lov. Are you not frighted with the imprecations
And curses of whole families, made wretched
By your sinister practices?

Over. Yes, as rocks are,
When foamy billows split themselves against
Their flinty ribs; or as the moon is moved,
When wolves, with hunger pined, howl at her brightness.
I am of a solid temper, and, like these,
Steer on a constant course: with mine own sword,
If call'd into the field, I can make that right
Which fearful enemies murmur'd at as wrong.
Now, for these other piddling complaints
Breath'd out in bitterness; as when they call me
Extortioner, tyrant, cormorant, or intruder
On my poor neighbour's right, or grand incloser
Of what was common, to my private use;
Nay, when my ears are pierced with widows' cries, [old,
And undone orphans wash with tears my thresh-
I only think what 'tis to have my daughter
Right honourable; and 'tis a powerful charm
Makes me insensible of remorse, or pity,
Or the least sting of conscience.

Lov. I admire
The toughness of your nature.

Over. 'Tis for you,
My lord, and for my daughter, I am marble;
Nay more, if you will have my character
In little, I enjoy more true delight
In my arrival to my wealth these dark
And crooked ways, than you shall e'er take pleasure
In spending what my industry hath compass'd.
My haste commands me hence; in one word, therefore,
Is it a match?

Lov. I hope, that is past doubt now.

Over. Then rest secure; not the hate of all mankind here,
Nor fear of what can fall on me hereafter,
Shall make me study aught but your advancement
One story higher: an earl! if gold can do it.
Dispute not my religion, nor my faith;
Though I am borne thus headlong by my will,
You may make choice of what belief you please,
To me they are equal; so, my lord, good morrow. [*Exit.*

Lov. He's gone—I wonder how the earth can bear
Such a portent! I, that have lived a soldier,
And stood the enemy's violent charge undaunted,
To hear this blasphemous beast am bath'd all over
In a cold sweat: yet, like a mountain, he
(Confirm'd in atheistical assertions)
Is no more shaken than Olympus is
When angry Boreas loads his double head*
With sudden drifts of snow.

Enter Lady Allworth, Waiting Woman, and Amble.

L. All. Save you, my lord!
Disturb I not your privacy?

Lov. No, good madam;
For your own sake I am glad you came no sooner:
Since this bold bad man, Sir Giles Overreach,
Made such a plain discovery of himself,
And read this morning such a devilish matins,
That I should think it a sin next to his
But to repeat it.

L. All. I ne'er press'd, my lord,
On others privacies; yet, against my will,
Walking, for health sake, in the gallery
Adjoining to your lodgings, I was made
(So vehement and loud he was) partaker
Of his tempting offers.

Lov. Please you to command
Your servants hence, and I shall gladly hear
Your wiser counsel.

* ——————*than* Olympus *is*
When angry Boreas loads his double head
With sudden drifts of snow.] Either Massinger, or his transcriber, has mistaken Olympus for Parnassus; it may be the former, for, in trusting to their memory, such slips are not unusual in our old writers, who were indeed little solicitous of accuracy in these trivial matters.—*Gifford.*

L. All. 'Tis, my lord, a woman's,
But true and hearty;—wait in the next room,
But be within call; yet not so near to force me
To whisper my intents.
Amb. We are taught better
By you, good madam.
Woman. And well know our distance.
L. All. Do so, and talk not; 'twill become your breeding. [*Exeunt Amble and Woman.*
Now, my good lord: if I may use my freedom,
As to an honour'd friend——
Lov. You lessen else
Your favour to me.
L. All. I dare then say thus;
As you are noble (howe'er common men
Make sordid wealth the object and sole end
Of their industrious aims) 'twill not agree
With those of eminent blood, who are engaged
More to prefer their honours, than to increase
The state left to them by their ancestors,
To study large additions to their fortunes,
And quite neglect their births:—though I must grant,
Riches, well got, to be a useful servant,
But a bad master.
Lov. Madam, 'tis confess'd;
But what infer you from it?
L. All. This, my lord;
That as all wrongs, though thrust into one scale,
Slide of themselves off, when right fills the other,
And cannot bide the trial; so all wealth,
I mean ill ill acquired, cemented to honour
By virtuous ways achieved, and bravely purchased,
Is but as rubbish pour'd into a river,
(How'er intended to make good the bank,)
Rendering the water, that was pure before,
Polluted and unwholesome. I allow
The heir of Sir Giles Overreach, Margaret,
A maid well qualified, and the richest match
Our north part can make boast of; yet she cannot,
With all that she brings with her, fill their mouths,
That never will forget who was her father;
Or that my husband Allworth's lands, and Wellborn's,
(How wrung from both needs now no repetition,)
Were real motives that more work'd your lordship
To join your families, than her form and virtues:
You may conceive the rest.
Lov. I do, sweet madam,
And long since have considered it. I know,
The sum of all that makes a just man happy
Consists in the well choosing of his wife:
And there, well to discharge it, does require
Equality of years, of birth, of fortune;
For beauty lasting grace, and not cried up
By birth or wealth, can truly mix with neither.
And wealth, where there's such difference in years,
And fair descent, must make the yoke uneasy:—
But I come nearer.
L. All. Pray you do, my lord.
Lov. Were Overreach' states thrice centupled, his daughter
Millions of degrees much fairer than she is,
Howe'er I might urge precedents to excuse me,
I would not so adulterate my blood
By marrying Margaret, and so leave my issue
Made up of several pieces, one part scarlet
And the other London blue. In my own tomb
I will inter my name first.
L. All. I am glad to hear this,—— [*Aside.*
Why then, my lord, pretend your marriage to her?
Dissimulation but ties false knots
On that straight line by which you hitherto
Have measured all you actions.
Lov. I make answer,
And aptly, with a question. Wherefore have you,
That, since your husband's death, have lived a strict
And chaste nun's life, on the sudden given yourself
To visits and entertainments? think you, madam,
'Tis not grown publick conference? or the favours
Which you too prodigally have thrown on Wellborn,
Being too reserved before, incur not censure?
L. All. I am innocent here, and, on my life, I swear
My ends are good.
Lov. On my soul, so are mine
To Margaret; but leave both to the event:
And since this friendly privacy does serve
But as an offer'd means unto ourselves
To search each other further, you having shewn
Your care of me, I, my respect to you;
Deny me not, but still in chaste words, madam,
An afternoon's discourse.
L. All. So I shall hear you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before Tapwell's House.

Enter Tapwell and Froth.

Tap. Undone, undone! this was your counsel, Froth.
Froth. Mine! I defy thee: did not master Marrall
(He has marr'd all, I am sure) strictly command us,
On pain of sir Giles Overreach' displeasure,
To turn the gentleman out of doors?
Tap. 'Tis true;
But now he's his uncle's darling, and has got
Master justice Greedy, since he fill'd his belly,
At his commandment, to do any thing;
Woe, woe to us!
Froth. He may prove merciful.
Tap. Truth, we do not deserve it at his hands.
Though he knew all the passages of our house,
As the receiving of stolen goods, and bawdry,

When he was rogue Wellborn no man would believe him,
And then his information could not hurt us;
But now he is right worshipful again,
Who dares but doubt his testimony? methinks
I see thee, Froth, already in a cart
For a close bawd, thine eyes even pelted out
With dirt and rotten eggs; and my hand hissing,
If I escape the halter, with the letter R
Printed upon it.

Froth. Would that were the worst!
That were but nine days' wonder; as for credit
We have none to lose, but we shall lose the money [on't.
He owes us, and his custom; there's the worst

Tap. He has summon'd all his creditors by the drum,
And they swarm about him like so many soldiers
On the pay day; and has found out such a NEW WAY
To PAY HIS OLD DEBTS, as 'tis very likely
He shall be chronicled for it!

Froth. He deserves it
More than ten pageants*. But are you sure his worship
Comes this way to my lady's?

[*A cry within:* Brave master Wellborn!

Tap. Yes:—I hear him.

Froth. Be ready with your petition, and present it
To his good grace.

Enter Wellborn in a rich habit, followed by Marrall, Greedy, Order, Furnace, and Creditors; Tapwell kneeling, delivers his petition.

Well. How's this! petition'd too?——
But note what miracles the payment of
A little trash, and a rich suit of clothes
Can work upon these rascals! I shall be,
I think, prince Wellborn.

Mar. When your worship's married
You may be:—I know what I hope to see you.

Well. Then look thou for advancement.

Mar. To be known
Your worship's bailiff is the mark I shoot at.

Well. And shou shalt hit it.

Mar. Pray you, sir, dispatch
These needy followers, and for my admittance,
Provided you'll defend me from sir Giles,
Whose service I am weary of, I'll say something
You shall give thanks for.

Well. Fear me not sir Giles.

Greedy. Who, Tapwell? I remember thy wife brought me,
Last new-year's tide, a couple of fat turkies.

Tap. And shall do every Christmass, let your worship
But stand my friend now.

Greedy. How! with master Wellborn?
I can do any thing with him on such terms.—
See you this honest couple, they are good souls
As ever drew out faucet; have they not
A pair of honest faces?

Well. I o'erheard you,
And the bribe he promised. You are cozen'd in them;
For, of all the scum that grew rich by my riots,
This, for a most unthankful knave, and this,
For a base bawd and whore, have worst deserved me,
And therefore speak not for them: by your place
You are rather to do me justice; lend me your ear:
—Forget his turkies, and call in his license,
And, at the next fair, I'll give you a yoke of oxen
Worth all his poultry.

Greedy. I am changed on the sudden
In my opinion! come near; nearer, rascal.
And, now I view him better, did you e'er see
One look so like an archknave? his very countenance,
Should an understanding judge but look upon him,
Would hang him, though he were innocent.

Tap. Froth. Worshipful sir,

Greedy. No, though the Great Turk came, instead of turkies,
To beg my favour, I am inexorable.
Thou hast an ill name: besides thy musty ale,
That hath destroy'd many of the king's liege people,
Thou never hadst in thy house, to stay men's stomachs,
A piece of Suffolk cheese, or gammon of bacon,
Or any esculent, as the learned call it,
For their emolument, but sheer drink only.
For which gross fault I here do damn thy license,
Forbidding thee ever to tap or draw;
For, instantly, I will in mine own person
Command the constable to pull down thy sign,
And do it before I eat.

Froth. No mercy!

Greedy. Vanish!
If I shew any, may my promised cven gore me!

Tap. Unthankful knaves are ever so rewarded.

[*Exeunt Greedy, Tapwell, and Froth.*

Well. Speak; what are you?

1 Cred. A decay'd vintner, sir,
That might have thrived, but that your worship broke me

* ——'tis very likely
He shall be chronicled for it!
Froth. He deserves it
More than ten pageants.] This is a pleasant allusion to the minute industry with which Hollingshead, Stowe, Baker, and the other chroniclers of those times, collected every unimportant event and individual history, to swell their useful but desultory pages.

"I more volumes should grow
Chiefly if I, like them, should tell
All kind of weather that befel,
Than Hollingshead or Stowe."
Cowley.

The reply of Froth is sarcastically aimed at the perverse praise bestowed by the former of these writers on the ridiculous pageantry, under the name of pageants, which the city was in the habit of exhibiting on every publick occasion.—*Gifford.*

With trusting you with muskadine and eggs,
And five-pound suppers, with your after drinkings,
When you lodged upon the Bankside.
Well. I remember.
1 *Cred.* I have not been hasty, nor e'er laid to arrest you;
And therefore, sir—
Well. Thou art an honest fellow;
I'll set thee up again; see his bill paid.
What are you?
2 *Cred.* A tailor once, but now mere botcher.
I gave you credit for a suit of clothes,
Which was all my stock, but you failing in payment,
I was removed from the shop-board, and confined
Under a stall.
Well. See him paid; and botch no more.
2 *Cred.* I ask no interest, sir.
Well. Such tailors need not;
If their bills are paid in one and twenty year
They are seldom losers.—O, I know thy face,
Thou wert my surgeon: you must tell no tales;
Those days are done. I will pay you in private.
Ord. A royal gentleman!
Furn. Royal as an emperor!
He'll prove a brave master; my good lady knew
To choose a man.
Well. See all men else discharg'd;
And since old debts are clear'd by a new way,
A little bounty will not misbecome me;
There's something, honest cook, for thy good breakfasts,
And this for your respect; take't, 'tis good gold,
And I able to spare it.
Ord. You are too munificent.
Furn. He was ever so.
Well. Pray you, on before.
3 *Cred.* Heaven bless you!
Mar. At four o'clock the rest know where to meet me.
[*Exeunt Order, Furnace, and Creditors.*
Well. Now, master Marrall, what's the weighty secret
You promised to impart?
Mar. Sir, time nor place
Allow me to relate each circumstance,
This only in a word; I know Sir Giles
Will come upon you for security
For his thousand pounds, which you must not consent to.
As he grows in heat, as I am sure he will,
Be you but rough, and say he's in your debt
Ten times the sum, upon sale of your land;
I had a hand in't (I speak it to my shame)
When you were defeated of it.
Well. That's forgiven.
Mar. I shall deserve it: then urge him to produce
The deed in which you pass'd it over to him,
Which I know he'll have about him to deliver
To the lord Lovell, with many other writings,
And present monies: I'll instruct you further,
As I wait on your worship: if I play not my prize
To your full content, and your uncle's much vexation,
Hang up Jack Marrall.
Well. I rely upon thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in Overreach's House.

Enter Allworth and Margaret.

All. Whether to yield the first praise to my lord's
Unequall'd temperance, or your constant sweetness,
That I yet live, my weak hands fasten'd on
Hope's anchor, spite of all storms of despair,
I yet rest doubtful.
Marg. Give it to lord Lovell;
For what in him was bounty, in me's duty.
I make but payment of a debt to which
My vows, in that high office register'd,
Are faithful witnesses.
All. 'Tis true, my dearest;
Yet, when I call to mind how many fair ones
Make wilful shipwreck of their faiths, and oaths
To God and man, to fill the arms of greatness;
And you rise up no less than a glorious star
To the amazement of the world,—that hold ou
Against the stern authority of a father,
And spurn at honour, when it comes to court you;
I am so tender of your good, that faintly,
With your wrong, I can wish myself that right
You yet are pleased to do me.
Marg. Yet, and ever.
To me what's title, when content is wanting?
Or wealth, raked up together with much care,
And to be kept with more, when the heart pines,
In being dispossess'd of what it longs for
Beyond the Indian mines? or the smooth brow
Of a pleased sire, that slaves me to his will;
And so his ravenous humour may be feasted
By my obedience, and he see me great,
Leaves to my soul nor faculties nor power
To make her own election?
All. But the dangers
That follow the repulse—
Marg. To me they are nothing:
Let Allworth love, I cannot be unhappy.
Suppose the worst, that in his rage, he kill me;
A tear or two, by you dropt on my herse,
In sorrow for my fate, will call back life
So far as but to say, that I die yours;
I then shall rest in peace: or should he prove
So cruel, as one death would not suffice
His thirst of vengeance, but with lingering torments,
In mind and body, I must waste to air,
In poverty join'd with banishment; so you share
In my afflictions, which I dare not wish you,
So high I prize you, I could undergo them
With such a patience as should look down
With scorn on his worst malice.

All. Heaven avert
Such trials of your true affection to me!
Nor will it unto you that are all mercy,
Shew so much rigour: but since we must run
Such desperate hazards, let us do our best
To steer between them.
Marg. Your lord's ours, and sure;
And though but a young actor, second me
In doing to the life what he has plotted,
Enter Overreach behind.
The end may yet prove happy: now my Allworth.
All. To your letter, and put on a seeming anger.
Marg. I'll pay my lord all debts due to his title;
And when with terms, not taking from his honour,
He does solicit me, I shall gladly hear him.
But in this peremptory, nay, commanding way,
T' appoint a meeting, and, without my knowledge,
A priest to tie the knot can ne'er be undone
Till death unloose it, is a confidence
In his lordship will deceive him.
All. I hope better,
Good lady.
Marg. Hope, sir, what you please: for me
I must take a safe and secure course; I have
A father, and without his full consent,
Though all lords of the land kneel'd for my favour,
I can grant nothing.
Over. I like this obedience: [*Comes forward.*
But whatsoe'er my lord writes, must and shall be
Accepted and embraced. Sweet master Allworth,
You shew yourself a true and faithful servant
To your good lord; he has a jewel of you.
How! frowning, Meg? are these looks to receive
A messenger from my lord? what's this? give me it.
Marg. A piece of arrogant paper, like the inscriptions.
Over. [*Reads.*] *Fair mistress, from your servant learn, all joys*
That we can hope for, if deferr'd, prove toys;
Therefore this instant, and in private meet
A husband that will gladly, at your feet
Lay down his honours, tendering them to you
With all content, the church being paid her due.
—Is this the arrogant piece of paper? fool!
Will you still be one? in the name of madness, what
Could his good honour write more to content you?
Is there aught else to be wish'd after these two,
That are already offer'd; marriage first,
And lawful pleasure after: what would you more?
Marg. Why, sir, I would be married like your daughter; [ther,
Not hurried away i' the night I know not whiWithout all ceremony; no friends invited
To honour the solemnity.
All. An't please your honour,
For so before to-morrow I must style you,
My lord desires this privacy in respect
His honourable kinsmen are far off,
And his desires to have it done brook not
So long delay as to expect their coming;
And yet he stands resolved, with all due pomp,
As running at the ring, plays, masks, and tilting
To have his marriage at court celebrated
When he has brought your honour up to London.
Over. He tells you true; 'tis the fashion, on my knowledge:
Yet the good lord, to please your peevishness*,
Must put it off, forsooth! and lose a night.
Tempt me no further; if you do, this goad
Shall prick you to him.
Marg. I could be contented,
Were you but by, to do a father's part,
And give me in the church.
Over. So my lord have you,
What do I care who gives you? since my lord
Does purpose to be private, I'll not cross him.
I know not, master Allworth, how my lord
May be provided, and therefore there's a purse
Of gold, 'twill serve this night's expense; tomorrow
I'll furnish him with any sums: in the mean time,
Use my ring to my chaplain; he is beneficed
At my manor of Got'em, and call'd parson Willdo:
'Tis no matter for a license, I'll bear him out in't.
Marg. With your favour, sir, what warrant is your ring?
He may suppose I got that twenty ways,
Without your knowledge; and then to be refused,
Were such a stain upon me!—if you pleased, sir,
Your presence would do better.
Over. Still perverse!
I say again, I will not cross my lord;
Yet I'll prevent you too.—Paper and ink, there!
All. I can furnish you.
Over. I thank you, I can write then. [*Writes.*
All. You may, if you please, put out the name of my lord,
In respect he comes disguised, and only write,
Marry her to this gentleman.
Over. Well advised.
'Tis done; away!—[*Margaret kneels.*] my blessing, girl? thou hast it.
Nay, no reply, be gone:—good master Allworth,
This shall be the best night's work you ever made.
All. I hope so, sir.
[*Exeunt Allworth and Margaret.*

** Yet the good lord, to please* your peevishness,] i. e. you: his daughter, to whom he gives the title. I have sometimes thought that this mode of expression, which is more common than cursory readers, perhaps, imagine, is not sufficiently attended to by the commentators. Many difficulties would vanish if these appellations were duly noticed, and applied.—*Gifford.*

Over. Farewell!—Now all's cocksure:
Methinks I hear already knights and ladies
Say, sir Giles Overreach, how is it with
Your honourable daughter? has her honour
Slept well to-night? or, Will her honour please
To accept this monkey, dog, or paroqueto,
(This is state in ladies) or my eldest son
To be her page, and wait upon her trencher?
My ends, my ends are compass'd!—then for Wellborn
And the lands; where he once married to the widow——
I have him here—I can scarce contain myself,
I am so full of joy, nay, joy all over. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

A Room in Lady Allworth's House.

Enter Lord Lovell, Lady Allworth, and Amble.

L. All. By this you know how strong the motives were
That did, my lord, induce me to dispense
A little with my gravity, to advance,
In personating some few favours to him,
The plots and projects of the down-trod Wellborn.
Nor shall I e'er repent, although I suffer
In some few men's opinions for't, the action;
For he that ventured all for my dear husband,
Might justly claim an obligation from me,
To pay him such a courtesy; which had I
Coyly, or over-curiously denied,
It might have argued me of little love
To the deceased.

Lov. What you intended, madam,
For the poor gentleman, hath found good success;
For, as I understand, his debts are paid,
And he once more furnish'd for fair employment:
But all the arts that I have used to raise
The fortunes of your joy and mine, young Allworth,
Stand yet in supposition, though I hope well.
For the young lovers are in wit more pregnant
Than their years can promise; and for their desires,
On my knowledge, they are equal.

L. All. As my wishes
Are with yours, my lord; yet give me leave to fear
The building, though well grounded: to deceive
Sir Giles, that's both a lion and a fox
In his proceedings, were a work beyond
The strongest undertakers; not the trial
Of two weak innocents.

Lov. Despair not, madam:
Hard things are compass'd oft by easy means;
And judgment, being a gift derived from heaven,
Though sometimes lodged in the hearts of worldly men,
That ne'er consider from whom they receive it,
Forsakes such as abuse the giver of it.
Which is the reason, that the politick
And cunning statesman, that believes he fathoms
The counsels of all kingdoms on the earth,
Is by simplicity oft over-reach'd.

L. All. May he be so! yet, in his name to express it
Is a good omen.

Lov. May it to myself
Prove so, good lady, in my suit to you!
What think you of the motion?

L. All. Troth, my lord,
My own unworthiness may answer for me;
For had you, when that I was in my prime,
My virgin flower uncropp'd, presented me
With this great favour; looking on my lowness
Not in a glass of self-love, but of truth,
I could not but have thought it, as a blessing
Far, far beyond my merit.

Lov. You are too modest,
And undervalue that which is above
My title, or whatever I call mine.
I grant, were I a Spaniard, to marry
A widow might disparage me; but being
A true-born Englishman, I cannot find
How it can taint my honour: nay, what's more,
That which you think a blemish, is to me
The fairest lustre. You already, madam,
Have given sure proofs how dearly you can cherish
A husband that deserves you; which confirms me,
That, if I am not wanting in my care
To do you service, you'll be still the same
That you were to your Allworth: in a word,
Our years, our states, our births are not unequal,
You being descended nobly, and allied so;
If then you may be won to make me happy,
But join your lips to mine, and that shall be
A solemn contract.

L. All. I were blind to my own good,
Should I refuse it; yet, my lord, receive me
As such a one, the study of whose whole life
Shall know no other object but to please you.

Lov. If I return not, with all tenderness,
Equal respect to you, may I die wretched!

L. All. There needs no protestation, my lord,
To her that cannot doubt.

Enter Wellborn.

You are welcome, Sir.
Now you look like yourself.

Well. And will continue
Such in my free acknowledgment, that I am
Your creature, madam, and will never hold
My life mine own, when you please to command it. [you;

Lov. It is a thankfulness that well becomes
You could not make choice of a better shape
To dress your mind in.

L. All For me, I am happy
That my endeavours prosper'd. Saw you of late
Sir Giles, your uncle?

Well. I heard of him, madam,
By his minister, Marrall: he's grown into strange passions

About his daughter: this last night he look'd for
Your lordship at his house, but missing you,
And she not yet appearing, his wise head
Is much perplex'd and troubled.
Lov. It may be,
Sweetheart, my project took.
L. All. I strongly hope.
Over. [*within*] Ha! find her, booby, thou huge lump of nothing,
I'll bore thine eyes out else.
Well. May it please your lordship,
For some ends of mine own, but to withdraw
A little out of sight, though not of hearing,
You may, perhaps, have sport.
Lov. You shall direct me. [*Steps aside.*

Enter Overreach, with distracted looks, driving in Marrall before him, with a box.

Over. I shall sol fa you, rogue!
Mar. Sir, for what cause
Do you use me thus?
Over. Cause, slave! why I am angry,
And thou a subject only fit for beating,
And so to cool my choler. Look to the writing;
Let but the seal be broke upon the box,
That has slept in my cabinet these three years,
I'll rack thy soul for't.
Mar. I may yet cry quittance,
Though now I suffer, and dare not resist. [*Aside.*
Over. Lady, by your leave, did you see my daughter, lady?
And the lord her husband? are they in your house?
If they are, discover, that I may bid them joy;
And, as an entrance to her place of honour,
See your ladyship on her left hand, and make courtsies
When she nods on you; which you must receive
As a special favour.
L. All. When I know, sir Giles,
Her state requires such ceremony, I shall pay it;
But, in the mean time, as I am myself,
I give you to understand, I neither know
Nor care where her honour is.
Over. When you once see her
Supported, and led by the lord her husband,
You'll be taught better,——Nephew.
Well. Sir.
Over. No more!
Well. 'Tis all I owe you.
Over. Have your redeem'd rags
Made you thus insolent?
Well. Insolent to you!
Why, what are you, sir unless in your years,
At the best, more than myself?
Over. His fortune swells him:
'Tis rank, he's married.
L. All. This is excellent! [use it,
Over. Sir, in calm language, though I seldom
I am familiar with the cause that makes you
Bear up thus bravely; there's a certain buz
Of a stolen marriage, do you hear? of a stolen marriage,
In which 'tis said there's somebody hath been cozen'd;
I name no parties.
Well. Well, sir, and what follows?
Over. Marry, this; since you are peremptory; remember,
Upon mere hope of your great match, I lent you
A thousand pounds: put me in good security,
And suddenly, by mortgage or by statute,
Of some of your new possessions, or I'll have you
Dragg'd in your lavender robes* to the gaol: you know me,
And therefore do not trifle.
Well. Can you be
So cruel to your nephew, now he's in
The way to rise? was this the courtesy
You did me *in pure love, and no ends else?*
Over. End me no ends! engage the whole estate,
And force your spouse to sign it, you shall have
Three or four thousand more, to roar and swagger,
And revel in bawdy taverns.
Well. And beg after;
Mean you not so?
Over. My thoughts are mine, and free.
Shall I have security?
Well. No, indeed you shall not,
Nor bond, nor bill, nor bare acknowledgment;
Your great looks fright not me.
Over. But my deeds shall.
Outbraved! [*Both draw.*
L. All. Help, murder! murder!

Enter Servants.

Well. Let him come on,
With all his wrongs and injuries about him.
Arm'd with his cut-throat practises to guard him;
The right that I bring with me will defend me,
And punish his extortion.
Over. That I had thee
But single in the field!
L. All. You may; but make not
My house your quarrelling scene.
Over. Where't in a church,
By heaven and hell, I'll do't.
Mar. Now put him to
The shewing of the deed.
Well. This rage is vain, sir;
For fighting, fear not, you shall have your hands full
Upon the least incitement; and whereas
You charge me with a debt of a thousand pounds,
If there be law, (howe'er you have no conscience,)
Either restore my land, or I'll recover

* *Dragg'd in your lavender robes to the gaol*——] i. e. your clothes which have been just redeemed out of pawn. To lay a thing in *lavender* was a cant phrase for pawning it. Thus, in Green's *Quippe for an upstart Courtier*, c. 3.—"There is he ready to lend the lavender money upon rings and chains, apparel, or any good pawne, but the poore gentleman pays so deare for the *lavender* it is laid up in, that if it lie long at the broker's house, he seems to buy his apparel twice." The expression is also used by Jonson, and indeed by most of our old poets.—*Gifford.*

A debt, that's truly due to me from you,
In value ten times more than what you challenge.
Over. I in thy debt! O impudence! did I not purchase
The land left by thy father, that rich land,
That had continued in Wellborn's name
Twenty descents; which, like a riotous fool,
Thou didst make sale of? Is not here inclosed
The deed that does confirm it mine?
Mar. Now, now!
Well. I do acknowledge none; I ne'er pass'd over
Any such land; I grant, for a year or two
You had it in trust; which if you do discharge,
Surrendering the possession, you shall ease
Yourself and me of chargeable suits in law,
Which, if you prove not honest, as I doubt it,
Must of necessity follow.
L. All. In my judgment
He does advise you well.
Over. Good! good! conspire
With your new husband, lady; second him
In his dishonest practices; but when
This manor is extended to my use*,
You'll speak in an humbler key, and sue for favour.
L. All. Never: do not hope it.
Well. Let despair first seize me.
Over. Yet, to shut up thy mouth, and make thee give
Thyself the lie, the loud lie, I draw out
The precious evidence; if thou canst forswear
Thy hand and seal, and make a forfeit of
[*Opens the box, and displays the bond.*
Thy ears to the pillory, see! here's that will make
My interest clear—ha!
L. Ad. A fair skin of parchment.
Well. Indented, I confess, and labels too;
But neither wax nor words. How! thunderstruck?
Not a syllable to insult with? my wise uncle,
Is this your precious evidence, this that makes
Your interest clear?
Over. I am o'erwhelm'd with wonder!
What prodigy is this? what subtile devil
Hath razed out the inscription? the wax
Turn'd into dust!—the rest of my deeds whole,
As when they were deliver'd, and this only
Made nothing! do you deal with witches, rascal?
There is a statute for you, which will bring†
Your neck in an hempen circle; yes, there is;
And now 'tis better thought for, cheater, know
This juggling shall not save you.
Well. To save thee
Would beggar the stock of mercy.

Over. Marrall!
Mar. Sir.
Over. Though the witnesses are dead, your testimony
Help with an oath or two: and for thy master,
Thy liberal master, my good honest servant,
I know thou wilt swear any thing to dash
This cunning sleight: besides I know thou art
A publick notary, and such stand in law
For a dozen witnesses: the deed being drawn too
By thee, my careful Marrall, and deliver'd
When thou wert present, will make good for my title.
Wilt thou not swear this?
Mar. I! no, I assure you:
I have a conscience not sear'd up like yours;
I know no deeds.
Over. Wilt thou betray me?
Mar. Keep him
From using of his hands, I'll use my tongue
To his no little torment.
Over. Mine own varlet
Rebel against me!
Mar. Yes, and uncase you too.
The idiot, the Patch, the slave, the booby,
The property fit only to be beaten
For your morning exercise, your football, or
The unprofitable lump of flesh, your drudge;
Can now anatomize you, and lay open
All your black plots, and level with the earth
Your hill of pride: and with these gabions guarded,
Unload my great artillery, and shake,
Nay pulverize, the walls you think defend you.
L. All. How he foams at the mouth with rage!
Well. To him again.
Over. O that I had thee in my gripe, I would tear thee
Joint after joint!
Mar. I know you are a tearer.
But I'll have first your fangs pared off, and then
Come nearer to you; when I have discover'd,
And made it good before the judge, what ways,
And devilish practices, you used to cozen with
An army of whole families, who yet live,
And but enroll'd for soldiers, were able
To take in Dunkirk*.
Well. All will come out.
L. All. The better.
Over. But that I will live, rogue, to torture thee,
And make thee wish, and kneel in vain, to die,
These swords, that keep thee from me should fix here,
Although they made my body but one wound,
But I would reach thee.
Lov. Heaven's hand is in this;
One bandog worry the other! [*Aside.*
Over. I play the fool,
And make my anger but ridiculous:

* ——————*but when*
This manor is extended *to my use.*] i. e. *seized.* It is a legal phrase, and occurs continually.—*Gifford.*

† *There is a* statute *for you,* &c.] This statute, which unfortunately brought many a neck *into a hempen circle,* was made in the first year of James. It decreed the punishment of death for a variety of impossible crimes; which yet were fully proved upon a number of poor ignorant superannuated wretches, who were cajoled or terrified into a full confession of them. This diabolical law was repealed about the middle of the last century.—*Gifford.*

* To *take in,* means to subdue, to seize.—*Gifford.*

There will be a time and place, there will be, cowards,
When you shall feel what I dare do.
Well. I think so:
You dare do any ill, yet want true valour
To be honest, and repent.
Over. They are words I know not,
Nor e'er will learn. Patience, the beggar's virtue,
Enter Greedy and Parson Willdo.
Shall find no harbour here:—after these storms
At length a calm appears. Welcome, most welcome!
There's comfort in thy looks; is the deed done?
Is my daughter married? say but so, my chaplain,
And I am tame.
Willdo. Married! yes, I assure you.
Over. Then vanish all sad thoughts! there's more gold for thee.
My doubts and fears are in the titles drown'd
Of my honourable, my right honourable daughter.
Greedy. Here will be feasting; at least for a month
I am provided: stomach, croak no more,
You shall be stuffed like bagpipes, not with wind,
But bearing dishes*.
Over. Instantly be here?
[*Whispering to Willdo.*
To my wish! to my wish! Now you that plot against me, [me,
And hoped to trip my heels up, that contemn'd
Think on't and tremble:—[*Loud musick.*]—they come! I hear the musick.
A lane there for my lord!
Well. This sudden heat
May yet be cool'd, sir.
Over. Make way there for my lord!
Enter Allworth and Margaret.
Marg. Sir, first your pardon, then your blessing, with
Your full allowance of the choice I have made.
As ever you could make use of your reason,
[*Kneeling.*
Grow not in passion; since you may as well
Call back the day that's past, as untie the knot
Which is too strongly fasten'd: not to dwell
Too long on words, this is my husband.
Over. How!
All. So I assure you; all the rites of marriage
With every circumstance are past. Alas! sir,
Although I am no lord, but a lord's page,
Your daughter and my loved wife mourns not [say for it;
And for right honourable son-in-law, you may
Your dutiful daughter.

* *But* bearing *dishes.*]i. e. solid, substantial dishes: or what the steward (in *the Unnatural Combat*) calls portly viands. I mention this because the word is frequently mistaken:

"Cloudesle with a *bearyng* arrowe
Clave the wande in two." *Old Ballad.*

"A *bearing* arrow," says Strutt, "is an arrow shot compass, i. e. so as the arrow in its flight formed a segment of a circle." And so we get the praise of accuracy! A *bearing* arrow is, in three words, a strong and weighty arrow.—*Gifford.*

Over. Devil! are they married?
Willdo. Do a father's part, and say, Heaven give them joy!
Over. Confusion and ruin! speak, and speak quickly,
Or thou art dead.
Willdo. They are married.
Over. Thou hadst better
Have made a contract with the king of fiends,
Than these:—my brain turns!
Willdo. Why this rage to me?
Is not this your letter, sir, and these the words?
Marry her to this gentleman.
Over. It cannot:
Nor will I e'er believe it, 'sdeath! I will not;
That I, that, in all passages I touch'd
At worldly profit, have not left a print
Where I have trod for the most curious search
To trace my footsteps, should be gull'd by children,
Baffled and fool'd, and all my hopes and labours
Defeated, and made void.
Well. As it appears,
You are so, my grave uncle.
Over. Village nurses
Revenge their wrongs with curses; I'll not waste
A syllable, but thus I take the life
Which wretched I gave to thee.
[*Attempts to kill Margaret.*
Lov. [*coming forward.*] Hold, for your own sake!
Though charity to your daughter hath quite left you,
Will you do an act, though in your hopes lost here,
Can leave no hope for peace or rest hereafter?
Consider; at the best you are but a man,
And cannot so create your aims, but that
They may be cross'd.
Over. Lord! thus I spit at thee,
And at thy counsel; and again desire thee,
And as thou art a soldier, if the valour
Dares shew itself, where multitude and example
Lead not the way, let's quit the house, and change
Six words in private.
Lov. I am ready.
L. All. Stay, sir,
Contest with one distracted!
Well. You'll grow like him,
Should you answer his vain challenge.
Over. Are you pale?
Borrow his help, though Hercules call it odds,
I'll stand against both as I am, hemm'd in thus.—
Since, like a Libyan lion in the toil,
My fury cannot reach the coward hunters,
And only spends itself, I'll quit the place:
Alone I can do nothing, but I have servants
And friends to second me; and if I make not
This house a heap of ashes (by my wrongs,
What I have spoke I will make good!) or leave

One throat uncut,—if it be possible,
Hell, add to my afflictions! [*Exit.*
Mar. Is't not brave sport?
Greedy. Brave sport! I am sure it has ta'en away my stomach;
I do not like the sauce.
All. Nay, weep not, dearest,
Though it express your pity; what's decreed
Above we cannot alter.
L. All. His threats move me
No scruple, madam.
Mar. Was it not a rare trick,
An it please your worship, to make the deed nothing?
I can do twenty neater, if you please
To purchase and grow rich; for I will be
Such a solicitor and steward for you,
As never worshipful had.
Well. I do believe thee;
But first discover the quaint means you used
To raze out the conveyance?
Mar. They are mysteries
Not to be spoke in public: certain minerals
Incorporated in the ink and wax.—
Besides, he gave me nothing, but still fed me
With hopes and blows; and that was the inducement
To this conundrum. If it please your worship
To call to memory, this mad beast once caused me
To urge you or to drown or hang yourself;
I'll do the like to him, if you command me.
Well. You are a rascal! he that dares be false
To a master, though unjust, will ne'er be true
To any other. Look not for reward
Or favour from me; I will shun thy sight
As I would do a basilisk's: thank my pity,
If thou keep thy ears; howe'er, I will take order
Your practice shall be silenced.
Greedy. I'll commit him,
If you will have me, sir.
Well. That were to little purpose;
His conscience be his prison. Not a word,
But instantly be gone.
Ord. Take this kick with you.
Amb. And this.
Furn. If that I had my cleaver here,
I would divide your knave's head.
Mar. This is the haven
False servants still arrive at. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Overreach.

L. All. Come again!
Lov. Fear not, I am your guard.
Well. His looks are ghastly.
Willdo. Some little time I have spent, under your favours,
In physical studies, and if my judgment err not,
He's mad beyond recovery: but observe him,
And look to yourselves.
Over. Why, is not the whole world
Included in myself? to what use then
Are friends and servants? Say there were a squadron
Of pikes, lined through with shot, when I am mounted
Upon my injuries, shall I fear to charge them?
No: I'll through the battalia, and that routed,
[*Flourishing his sword sheathed.*
I'll fall to execution.—Ha! I am feeble:
Some undone widow sits upon mine arm,
And takes away the use of't; and my sword,
Glued to my scabbard with wrong'd orphans' tears,
Will not be drawn. Ha! what are these? sure, hangmen, [me
That come to bind my hands, and then to drag
Before the judgment-seat: now they are new shapes,
And do appear like Furies, with steel whips
To scourge my ulcerous soul. Shall I then fall
Ingloriously, and yield? no; spite of Fate
I will be forced to hell like to myself.
Though you were legions of accursed spirits,
Thus would I fly among you. [*Rushes forward.*
Well. There's no help;
Disarm him first, then bind him.
Greedy. Take a mittimus,
And carry him to Bedlam.
Lov. How he foams!
Well. And bites the earth!
Willdo. Carry him to some dark room,
There try what art can do for his recovery.
Marg. O my dear father!
[*They force Overreach off.*
All. You must be patient, mistress.
Lov. Here is a precedent to teach wicked men,
That when they leave religion, and turn atheists,
Their own abilities leave them. Pray you take comfort,
I will endeavour you shall be his guardians
In his distractions: and for your land, master Wellborn,
Be it good or ill in law, I'll be an umpire
Between you, and this, the undoubted heir
Of sir Giles Overreach; for me, here's the anchor
That I must fix on.
All. What you shall determine,
My lord, I will allow of.
Well. 'Tis the language
That I speak too; but there is something else
Beside the repossession of my land,
And payment of my debts, that I must practise.
I had a reputatian, but 'twas lost
In my loose course; and until I redeem it
Some noble way, I am but half made up.
It is a time of action; if your lordship
Will please to confer a company upon me
In your command, I doubt not, in my service
To my king, and country, but I shall do something
That may make me right again.
Lov. Your suit is granted,
And you loved for the motion.

Well. Nothing wants then
But your allowance—— [*To the Spectators.*

EPILOGUE.

But your allowance—and in that our all
Is comprehended; it being known, nor we,
Nor he that wrote the comedy, can be free
Without your manumission; which if you
Grant willingly, as a fair favour due
To the poet's, and our labours, (as you may,)
For we despair not, gentlemen, of the play:
We jointly shall profess your grace hath might
To teach us action, and him how to write.

WILLIAM BROWNE.

Born 1590.—*Died* 1645.

PASTORALS.

[*Extracts from the 4th and 5th Songs, of the Pastorals, Book I.*]

DESCRIPTION OF RIOT.

(From the 4th Song, Book I.)

Something appear'd, which seem'd, farre off a man,
In stature, habit, gate, proportion:
But when the eyes their object's masters were,
And it for stricter censure came more neere,
By all his properties one well might ghesse,
Than of a man he sure had nothing lesse.
For verily since olde Deucalion's flood
Earth's slime did ne'er produce a viler brood.
Upon the various earth's embrodered gowne
There is a weed, upon whose head growes downe;
Sow-thistle 'tis ycleep'd, whose downy wreath,
If any one can blow off at a breath,
We deeme her for a maid: such was his haire,
Ready to shed at any stirring aire.
His eares were strucken deafe when he came nie,
To hear the widowe's or the orphan's crie.
His eyes encircled with a bloody chaine,
With poaring in the bloud of bodies slaine.
His mouth exceeding wide, from whence did flie
Vollies of execrable blasphemie;
Banning the Heavens, and he that rideth on them,
Dar'd vengeance to the teeth to fall upon him:
Like Scythian wolves, or men* of wit bereaven,
Which howle and shoote against the lights of Heaven.
His hands, (if hands they were) like some dead corse,
With digging up his buried ancestors;
Making his father's tombe and sacred shrine
The trough wherein the hog-herd fed his swine.
And as that beast hath legs (which shepheards feare,
Ycleep'd a badger, which our lambs doth teare)
One long, the other short, that when he runnes
Upon the plaines, he halts; but when he wonnes
On craggy rocks, or steepy hills, we see
None runnes more swift, nor easier, than he:
Such legs the monster had, one sinew shrunk,
That in the plaines he reel'd, as being drunk;
And halted in the paths to virtue tending;
And therefore never durst be that way bending:
But when he came on carved monuments,
Spiring colosses, and high raised rents,
He pass'd them o'er, quick, as the easterne winde
Sweeps through a meadow; or a nimble hinde;
Or satyre on a lawne; or skipping roe;
Or well-wing'd shaft forth of a Parthian bowe.
His body made (still in consumptions rife)
A miserable prison for a life.
Riot he hight; whom some curs'd fiend did raise,
When like a chaos were the nights and dayes;
Got and brought up in the Cimmerian clime,
Where sunne nor moone, nor daies nor nights do time:
As who should say, they scorn'd to show their faces
To such a fiend, should seeke to spoil the graces.

* Men of Scirum shoote against the starres.

THE PROGRESS OF RIOT IN THE PATH OF REPENTANCE.

(From the 5th Song, Book I.)

As when a maide, taught from her mother's wing
To tune her voyce unto a silver string,
When she should run, she rests; rests, when should run,
And ends her lesson, having now begun:
Now misseth she her stop, then in her song,
And, doing of her best, she still is wrong:
Begins againe, and yet againe strikes false,
Then in a chafe forsakes her virginals;
And yet within an hour she tries a-new,
That with her daily paines (art's chiefest due)
She gaines that charming skill: and can no lesse
Tame the fierce walkers of the wilderness,
Than that Œagrian harpist*, for whose lay
Tigers with hunger pinde and left their pray.
So Riot, when he gan to climbe the hill,
Here maketh haste, and there long standeth still,
Now getteth up a step, then falls againe,
Yet not despairing, all his nerves doth straine
To clamber up a-new, then slide his feet,
And downe he comes; but gives not over yet,
For (with the maide) he hopes, a time will be
When merit shall be linckt with industre.
Now as an angler melancholy standing,
Upon a greene bancke yeelding roome for landing,
A wrigling yealow worme thrust on his hooke,
Now in the midst he throwes, then in a nooke:
Here pulls his line, there throws it in againe,
Mending his croke and baite, but all in vaine,
He long stands viewing of the curled stream;
At last a hungry pike, or well-growne breame,
Snatch at the worme, and hasting fast away
He, knowing it a fish of stubborne sway,

* Orpheus, the son of Œagrus and Calliope, according to Plato, in Conv. Apollon. Argonaut. l. 1. and himself, if the Argonautics be his: of Apollo and Calliope, by some; of others, by others.

Puls up his rod, but soft; (as having skill)
Wherewith the hooke fast holds the fishe's gill.
Then all his line he freely yeeldeth him,
Whilst furiously all up and downe doth swimme
Th' insnared fish, here on the toppe doth scud,
There underneath the banckes, then in the mud;
And with his franticke fits so scares the shole,
That each one takes his hyde or starting hole:
By this the pike, cleane wearied, underneath
A willow lyes, and pants (if fishes breathe);
Wherewith the angler gently puls him to him,
And, leaste his haste might happen to undoe him,
Layes downe his rod, then takes his line in hand,
And by degrees getting the fish to land,
Walkes to another poole: at length is winner
Of such a dish as serves him for his dinner:
So when the climber halfe the way had got,
Musing he stood, and busily gan plot,
How (since the mount did always steeper tend)
He might with steps secure his journey end.
At last (as wand'ring boyes to gather nuts)
A hooked pole he from a hasell cuts;
Now throws it here, then there, to take some hold,
But bootlesse and in vaine, the rocky molde
Admits no cranny, where his hasell hooke
Might promise him a step, till in a nooke
Somewhat above his reach he hath espide
A little oake, and having often tride
To catch a bough with standing on his toe,
Or leaping up, yet not prevailing so;
He rols a stone towards the little tree,
Then gets upon it, fastens warily
His pole unto a bough, and at his drawing
The early rising crow with clam'rous kawing,
Leaving the greene bough flyes about the rocke,
Whilst twentie twentie couples to him flocke:
And now within his reach the thinne leaves wave,
With one hand onely then he holds his stave,
And with the other grasping first the leaves,
A pretty bough he in his fist receives;
Then to his girdle making fast the hooke,
His other hand another bough hath tooke;
His first, a third, and that, another gives,
To bring him to the place where his roote lives.
Then, as a nimble squirrill from the wood,
Ranging the hedges for his filberd-food,
Sits partly on a bough his browne nuts cracking,
And from the shell the sweet white kernell taking,
Till (with their crookes and bags) a sort of boyes
(To share with him) come with so great a noyse,
That he is forc'd to leave a nut nigh broke,
And for his life leape to a neighbour oake;
Thence to a beech, thence to a row of ashes;
Whilst thro' the quagmires and red water plashes,
The boyes runne dabling thro' thicke and thin,
One teares his hose, another breakes his shin;
This, torne and tatter'd, hath with much adoe
Got by the bryers; and that hath lost his shooe:
This drops his band; that head-long fals for haste;
Another cryes behinde for being last:
With stickes and stones, and many a sounding hollow,
The little foole, with no small sport, they follow,
Whilst he, from tree to tree, from spray to spray,
Gets to the wood, and hides him in his dray:
Such shift made Riot, ere he could get up,
And so from bough to bough he wonne the toppe,
Though hind'rances, from ever comming there
Were often thrust upon him by Despaire.

ADDRESS TO A LOVELY LADY.

(From the 4th Song, Book I.)

The highest synode of the glorious skye,
(I heard a wood-nymph sing) sent Mercurie
To take a survay of the fairest faces,
And to describe to them all women's graces:
Who long time wand'ring in a serious quest,
Noting what parts by beauty were possest:
At last he saw this maide, then thinking fit
To end his journey, here, Nil ultra, writ.
Fida in adoration kiss'd her knee,
And thus bespake: "Hayle glorious Deitie!
(If such thou art, and who can deeme you lesse?)
Whether thou raign'st queene of the wildernesse,
Or art that goddesse ('tis unknowne to me)
Which from the ocean drawes her pettigree:
Or one of those, who by the mossie banckes
Of drisling Helicon, in airie ranckes
Tread rounde-layes upon the silver sands,
While shaggy satyres tripping o'er the strands,
Stand still at gaze, and yeeld their sences thrals
To the sweet cadence of your madrigals:
Or of the faiery troope which nimbly play,
And by the springs daunce out the summer's day;
Teaching the little birds to build their nests,
And in their singing how to keepen rests:
Or one of those, who watching where a spring
Out of our grandame Earth hath issuing,
With your attractive musicke wooe the streame
(As men by faieries led, falne in a dreame)
To follow you, which sweetly trilling wanders
In many mazes, intricate meanders;
Till at the last, to mocke th' enamour'd rill,
Ye bend your traces up some shady hill;
And laugh to see the wave no further treade;
But in a chafe runne foaming on his head,
Being enforc'd a channell new to frame,
Leaving the other destitute of name.
If thou be one of these, or all, or more,
Succour a seely maid, that doth implore
Aide, on a bended heart, unfain'd and meeke,
As true as blushes of a maiden cheeke."

THE ADVENTURES OF TRUTH.

(From the same.)

In winter's time when hardly fed the flockes,
And isicles hung dangling on the rockes;
When Hyems bound the floods in silver chaines,
And hoary frosts had candy'd all the plaines;
When every barne rung with the threshing flailes,
And shepheards' boyes for cold gan blow their nailes:
(Wearied with toyle in seeking out some one
That had a sparke of true devotion;)

It was my chance, (chance onely helpeth neede)
To find an house ybuilt for holy deede,
With goodly architect, and cloisters wide,
With groves and walkes along a river's side;
The place itself afforded admiration,
And every spray a theme of contemplation.
But (woe is me) when knocking at the gate,
I gan intreat an entrance thereat:
The porter askt my name: I told; he swell'd,
And bad me thence: wherewith in griefe repell'd,
I sought for shelter to a ruin'd house,
Harb'ring the weasell, and the dust-bred mouse;
And others none, except the two-kinde bat,
Which all the day there melancholy sate:
Here sate I downe with winde and raine ybeate;
Grief fed my minde, and did my body eate.
Yet Idlenesse I saw (lam'd with the gout)
Had entrance when poor Truth was kept without.
There saw I Drunkenesse with dropsies swolne;
And pamper'd Lust that many a night had stolne
Over the abby-wall when gates were lock'd,
To be in Venus' wanton bosom rock'd:
And Gluttony that surfetting had bin,
Knocke at the gate and straight-way taken in:
Sadly I sate, and sighing griev'd to see
Their happinesse, my infelicitie.
At last came Envy by, who having spide
Where I was sadly seated, inward hide,
And to the convent eagerly she cryes,
'Why sit you here, when with these eares and eies
I heard and saw a strumpet dares to say,
She is the true faire Aletheia,
Which you have boasted long to live among you?
Yet suffer not a peevish girl to wrong you.'
With this provok'd, all rose, and in a rout
Run to the gate, strove who should first get out,
Bad me begone, and then (in terms uncivil)
Did call me counterfait, witch, hag, whore, divell;
Then like a strumpet drove me from their cels,
With tinckling pans, and with the noise of bels.
And he that lov'd me, or but moan'd my case,
Had heapes of fire-brands banded at his face.
"Thus beaten thence (distrest, forsaken wight)
Inforc'd in fields to sleepe, or wake all night;
A seely sheepe seeing me straying by,
Forsooke the shrub where once she meant to lie;
As if she in her kinde (unhurting elfe)
Did bid me take such lodging as herselfe:
Gladly I took the place the sheepe had given,
Uncanopy'd of any thing but Heaven.
* * * * * * *

By this had Chanticlere, the village-cocke,
Bidden the good-wife for her maides to knocke:
And the swart plow-man for his breakfast staid,
That he might till those lands were fallow laid;
The hills and vallies here and there resound
With the re-echoes of the deepe-mouth'd hound,
Each shepheard's daughter with her cleanly peale,
Was come a field to milke the morning's meale,
And ere the Sunne had clym'd the easterne hils,
To guild the mutt'ring bournes, and pritty rils,
Before the lab'ring bee had left the hive,
And nimble fishes which in rivers dive,
Began to leape, and catch the drowned flie,
I rose from rest, not infelicitie.
Seeking the place of Charitie's resort,
Unware I hap'ned on a prince's court;
Where meeting Greatnesse, I requir'd reliefe,
(O happy undelayed) she said in briefe,
'To small effect thine oratorie tends,
How can I keepe thee and so many friends?
If of my houshold I should make thee one,
Farewell my servant Adulation:
I know she will not stay when thou art there:
But seeke some great man's service other-where.
Darkenesse and light, summer and winter's weather
May be at once, ere you two live together.'
Thus with a nod she left me cloath'd in woe.
Thence to the citie once I thought to goe,
But somewhat in my mind this thought had throwne,
'It was a place wherein I was not knowne.'
And therefore went unto these homely townes,
Sweetly environ'd with the dazied downes.

THE FATE OF ALL THINGS.

(From the same.)

And as the yeere hath first his jocund spring,
Wherein the leaves, to birds' sweet carrolling,
Dance with the winde: then sees the summer's day
Perfect the embrion blossome of each spray:
Next commeth autumne, when the threshed sheafe
Looseth his graine, and every tree his leafe:
Lastly cold winter's rage, with many a storme,
Threats the proud pines which Ida's toppe adorne,
And makes the sappe leave succourlesse the shoote,
Shrinking to comfort his decaying roote.
Or as a quaint musitian being won,
To run a point of sweet division,
Gets by degrees unto the highest key;
Then, with like order falleth in his play
Into a deeper tone; and lastly, throwes
His period in a diapazon close:
So every humane thing terrestriall,
His utmost height attain'd, bends to his fall.

NIGHT.

(From the 1st Song, Book II.)

Now great Hyperion left his golden throne
That on the dancing waves in glory shone,
For whose declining on the western shore
The orientall hils blacke mantles wore,
And thence apace the gentle twi-light fled,
That had from hideous caverns ushered
All-drowsie night; who in a carre of jet,
By steeds of iron-gray (which mainely swet
Moist drops on all the world) drawne through the skye,
The helpes of darknesse waited orderly.
First, thicke clouds rose from all the liquid plaines:

Then mists from marishes, and grounds whose veynes
Were conduit pipes to many a christall spring:
From standing pooles and fens were following
Unhealthy fogs: each river, every rill
Sent up their vapours to attend her will.
These pitchy curtains drew 'twixt Earth and Heaven,
And as night's chariot through the aire was driven,
Clamour grew dumb, unheard was shepheard's song,
And silence girt the woods; no warbling tongue
Talk'd to the echo; satyres broke their dance,
And all the upper world lay in a trance.
Onely the curled streams soft chidings kept;
And little gales that from the greene leafe swept
Dry summer's dust, in feareful whisp'rings stir'd,
As loath to waken any singing bird.

MORNING.

(From the 2nd Song, Book II.)

The Muse's friend (gray-eyde Aurora) yet
Held all the meadows in a cooling sweat,
The milk-white gossamores not upwards snow'd,
Nor was the sharp and usefull steering goad
Laid on the strong-neckt oxe; no gentle bud
The Sun had dryde; the cattle chew'd the cud
Low leveld on the grasse; no flye's quicke sting
Inforc'd the stonehorse in a furious ring
To teare the passive earth, nor lash his taile
About his buttockes broad; the slimy snayle
Might on the wainscot (by his many mazes
Winding meanders and selfe-knitting traces)
Be follow'd, where he stucke, his glittering slime
Not yet wipt off. It was so earely time
The carefull smith had in his sooty forge
Kindled no coale; nor did his hammers urge
His neighbour's patience: owles abroad did flye,
And day as then might plead his infancy.
Yet of faire Albion all the westerne swaines
Were long since up, attending on the plaines
When Nereus' daughter with her mirthfull hoast
Should summon them, on their declining coast.
But since her stay was long: for feare the Sunne
Should find them idle, some of them begunne
To leape and wrastle, others threw the barre,
Some from the company removed are
To meditate the songs they meant to play,
Or make a new round for next holiday;
Some tales of love their love sicke fellowes told:
Others were seeking stakes to pitch their fold.
This, all alone was mending of his pipe:
That, for his lasse sought fruits most sweet, most ripe.
Here, (from the rest) a lovely shepheard's boy
Sits piping on a hill, as if his joy
Would still endure, or else that age's frost
Should never make him thinke what he had lost.
Yonder a shepheardesse knits by the springs,
Her hands still keeping time to what she sings:
Or seeming, by her song, those fairest hands
Were comforted working. Neere the sands
Of some sweet river sits a musing lad,
That moanes the losse of what he sometimes had,
His love by death bereft: when fast by him
An aged swaine takes place, as neere the brim
Of's grave as of the river; showing how
That as those floods, which passe along right now,
Are follow'd still by others from their spring,
"And in the sea have all their burying:"
Right so our times are knowne, our ages found,
(Nothing is permanent within this round:)
One age is now, another that succeedes,
Extirping all things which the former breedes:
Another followes that, doth new times raise,
New yeers, new months, new weeks, new hours, new days.
Mankinde thus go like rivers from their spring
"And in the earth have all their burying."
Thus sate the olde man counselling the yong;
Whilst, underneath a tree which over-hung
The silver streame, (as, some delight it tooke
To trim his thick boughes in the chrystall brooke)
Were set a jocund crew of youthfull swaines
Wooing their sweetings with dilicious straynes.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

Born 1608.—*Died* 1641.

SONG.

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Pr'ythee why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Pr'ythee why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Pr'ythee why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Pr'ythee why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame! this will not move,
This cannot take her;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her:—
The devil take her.

SONG.

Of thee, kind boy, I ask no red and white
To make up my delight,
No odd becoming graces,
Black eyes, or little know-not-whats, in faces;
Make me but mad enough, give me good store
Of love, for her I court,
I ask no more;
'Tis love in love that makes the sport.

There's no such thing as that we beauty call,
It is mere cozenage all;
For though some long ago
Lik'd certain colours mingl'd so and so,
That does not tie me now from choosing new,
If I a fancy take
To black and blue,
That fancy doth it beauty make.

'Tis not the meat, but 'tis the appetite
Makes eating a delight,
And if I like one dish
More than another, that a pheasant is;
What in our watches, that in us is found,
So to the height and nick
We up be wound.
No matter by what hand or trick.

SONG.

'Tis now, since I sat down before
That foolish fort, a heart;
(Time strangely spent) a year and more,
And still I did my part:

Made my approaches, from her hand
Unto her lip did rise,
And did already understand
The language of her eyes.

Proceeded on with no less art,
My tongue was engineer;
I thought to undermine the heart
By whispering in the ear.

When this did nothing, I brought down
Great cannon oaths, and shot
A thousand thousand to the town,
And still it yielded not.

I then resolv'd to starve the place
By cutting off all kisses,
Praising and gazing on her face,
And all such little blisses.

To draw her out, and from her strength,
I drew all batteries in:
And brought myself to lie at length
As if no siege had been.

When I had done what man could do,
And thought the place mine own,
The enemy lay quiet too,
And smil'd at all was done.

I sent to know from whence and were,
These hopes, and this relief?
A spy inform'd, honour was there,
And did command in chief.

March, march, (quoth I) the word straight give,
Let's lose no time, but leave her;
That giant upon air will live,
And hold it out for ever.

To such a place our camp remove
As will not siege abide;
I hate a fool that starves her love
Only to feed her pride.

A BALLAD UPON A WEDDING.

I tell thee, Dick, where I have been,
Where I the rarest things have seen:
Oh things without compare!
Such sights again cannot be found
In any place on English ground,
Be it at wake, or fair.

At Charing-Cross, hard by the way
Where we (thou know'st) do sell our hay,
There is a house with stairs;
And there did I see coming down
Such folks as are not in our town,
Vorty at least, in pairs.

Among'st the rest, one pest'lent fine,
(His beard no bigger though than thine)
Walk'd on before the rest:
Our landlord looks like nothing to him:
The king (God bless him) 'twou'd undo him;
Shou'd he go still so drest.

At Course-a-park, without all doubt,
He should have first been taken out
By all the maids i' th' town:
Though lusty Roger there had been,
Or little George upon the green,
Or Vincent of the crown.

But wot you what? the youth was going
To make an end of all his wooing;
The parson for him staid:
Yet by his leave, for all his haste,
He did not so much wish all past
(Perchance) as did the maid.

The maid—and thereby hangs a tale——
For such a maid no Whitson ale
Could ever yet produce:
No grape that's kindly ripe, could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the ring
Wou'd not stay on which they did bring,
It was too wide a peck:
And to say truth (for out it must)
It look'd like the great collar (just)
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they fear'd the light:
But oh! she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter Day,
Is half so fine a sight.

He wou'd have kiss'd her once or twice,
But she wou'd not, she was so nice,
She wou'd not do't in sight;
And then she look'd as who shou'd say
I will do what I list to day;
And you shall do't at night.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daizy makes comparison,
(Who sees them is undone)
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Katherine pear,
The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red, and one was thin
Compar'd to that was next her chin,
Some bee had stung it newly.
But (Dick) her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze,
Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small when she does speak,
Thoud'st swear her teeth her words did break,
That they might passage get,
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not spent a whit.

* * * * * * *

Passion o'me! how I run on!
There's that that wou'd be thought upon,
I trow; besides the bride.
The bus'ness of the kitchen's great,
For it is fit that men should eat;
Nor was it there deny'd.

Just in the nick the cock knock'd thrice,
And all the waiters in a trice
His summons did obey,
Each serving-man with dish in hand,
March'd boldly up, like our train'd band,
Presented and away.

When all the meat was on the table,
What man of knife, or teeth, was able
To stay to be entreated:
And this the very reason was,
Before the parson could say grace,
The company was seated.

Now hats fly off, and youths carouse;
Healths first go round, and then the house,
The bride's came thick and thick;
And when 'twas nam'd another's health,
Perhaps he made it her's by stealth,
And who could help it, Dick?

O th' sudden up they rise and dance;
Then sit again, and sigh and glance:
Then dance again and kiss.
Thus sev'ral ways the time did pass,
Whilst ev'ry woman wish'd her place,
And ev'ry man wish'd his.

* * * * * * *

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

Born 1585.—*Died* 1647.

SONNETS.

I know that all beneath the Moon decays,
And what by mortals in this world is brought
In time's great periods shall return to nought;
That fairest states have fatal nights and days.
I know that all the Muses' heavenly lays,
With toil of sprite, which are so dearly bought,
As idle sounds, of few, or none are sought;
That there is nothing lighter than vain praise.
I know frail beauty's like the purple flow'r,
To which one morn oft birth and death affords;
That love a jarring is of mind's accords,
Where sense and will bring under reason's power:
Know what I list, this all cannot me move,
But that, alas! I both must write and love.

Sleep, silence' child, sweet father of soft rest,
Prince whose approach peace to all mortals brings,
Indifferent host to shepherds and to kings,
Sole comforter of minds which are oppress'd;
Lo, by thy charming rod, all breathing things
Lie slumb'ring, with forgetfulness possess'd,
And yet o'er me to spread thy drowsy wings
Thou spar'st, alas! who cannot be thy guest.
Since I am thine, O come, but with that face
To inward light, which thou art wont to show,
With feigned solace ease a true felt woe;
Or if, deaf god, thou do deny that grace,
Come as thou wilt, and what thou wilt bequeath,
I long to kiss the image of my death.

Ah burning thoughts, now let me take some rest,
And your tumultuous broils awhile appease:
Is't not enough, stars, fortune, love molest
Me all at once, but ye must too displease?
Let hope (though false) yet lodge within my breast,
My high attempt (though dangerous) yet praise:
What though I trace not right Heaven's steepy ways,
It doth suffice my fall doth make me blest.
I do not doat on days, I fear not death,
So that my life be good, I wish't not long;
Let me renown'd live from the worldly throng,
And when Heaven lists, recal this borrow'd breath.
Men but like visions are, time all doth claim,
He lives who dies to win a lasting name.

If crost with all mishaps be my poor life,
If one short day I never spent in mirth,
If my sp'rit with itself holds lasting strife,
If sorrows death is but new sorrows birth;
If this vain world be but a mournful stage,
Where slave-born man plays to the laughing stars,
If youth be toss'd with love, with weakness age,
If knowledge serves to hold our thoughts in wars,

If time can close the hundred mouths of Fame,
And make what's long since past, like that's to be,
If virtue only be an idle name,
If being born I was but born to die;
Why seek I to prolong these loathsome days?
The fairest rose in shortest time decays.

Slide soft, fair Forth, and make a crystal plain,
Cut your white locks, and on your foamy face
Let not a wrinkle be, when you embrace
The boat that Earth's perfections doth contain.
Winds wonder, and through wond'ring hold your pace;
Or if that ye your hearts cannot restrain
From sending sighs, feeling a lover's case,
Sigh, and in her fair hair yourselves enchain.
Or take these sighs which absence makes arise
From my oppressed breast, and fill the sails,
Or some sweet breath new brought from paradise:
The floods do smile, love o'er the winds prevails,
And yet huge waves arise; the cause is this,
The ocean strives with Forth the boat to kiss.

Trust not, sweet soul, those curled waves of gold
With gentle tides that on your temples flow,
Nor temples spread with flakes of virgin snow,
Nor snow of cheeks with Tyrian grain enroll'd;
Trust not those shining lights which wrought my woe,
When first I did their azure rays behold,
Nor voice, whose sounds more strange effects do show
Than of the Thracian harper have been told:
Look to this dying lily, fading rose,
Dark hyacinth, of late whose blushing beams
Made all the neighbouring herbs and grass rejoice,
And think how little is 'twixt life's extremes;
The cruel tyrant that did kill those flow'rs
Shall once, ah me! not spare that spring of yours.

A good that never satisfies the mind,
A beauty fading like the April show'rs,
A sweet with floods of gall that runs combin'd,
A pleasure passing ere in thought made ours,
A honour that more fickle is than wind,
A glory at opinion's frown that low'rs,
A treasury which bankrupt time devours,
A knowledge than grave ignorance more blind,
A vain delight our equals to command,
A style of greatness, in effect a dream,
A swelling thought of holding sea and land,
A servile lot, deck'd with a pompous name:
Are the strange ends we toil for here below,
Till wisest death make us our errors know.

Look as the flow'r, which ling'ringly doth fade,
The morning's darling late, the summer's queen,
Spoil'd of that juice which kept it fresh and green,
As high as it did raise, bows low the head:
Just so the pleasures of my life being dead,
Or in their contraries but only seen,
With swifter speed declines than erst it spread.
And, blasted, scarce now shows what it hath been
Therefore, as doth the pilgrim, whom the night
Hastes darkly to imprison on his way,
Think on thy home, my soul, and think aright
Of what's yet left thee of life's wasting day:
Thy sun posts westward, passed is thy morn,
And twice it is not given thee to be born.

The weary mariner so far not flies
An howling tempest, harbour to attain;
Nor shepherd hastes, when frays of wolves arise,
So fast to fold, to save his bleating train,
As I (wing'd with contempt and just disdain)
Now fly the world, and what it most doth prize,
And sanctuary seek, free to remain
From wounds of abject times, and envy's eyes:
To me this world did once seem sweet and fair,
While sense's light mind's perspective kept blind;
Now like imagin'd landscape in the air,
And weeping rainbows, her best joys I find:
Or if aught here is had that praise should have,
It is an obscure life and silent grave.

Why, worldlings, do ye trust frail honour's dreams,
And lean to gilded glories which decay;
Why do ye toil to registrate your names
On icy pillars, which soon melt away?
True honour is not here, that place it claims
Where black-brow'd night doth not exile the day,
Nor no far-shining lamp dives in the sea,
But an eternal Sun spreads lasting beams;
There it attendeth you, where spotless bands
Of sp'rits stand gazing on their sovereign bliss,
Where years not hold it in their cank'ring hands,
But who once noble, ever noble is.
Look home, lest he your weaken'd wit make thrall,
Who Eden's foolish gard'ner erst made fall.

As are those apples, pleasant to the eye,
But full of smoke within, which use to grow
Near that strange lake where God pour'd from the sky
Huge show'rs of flames, worse flames to overthrow:
Such are their works that with a glaring show
Of humble holiness in virtue's dye
Would colour mischief, while within they glow
With coals of sin, though none the smoke descry.
Bad is that angel that erst fell from Heaven;
But not so bad as he, nor in worse case,
Who hides a trait'rous mind with smiling face,
And with a dove's white feathers clothes a raven.
Each sin some colour hath it to adorn.
Hypocrisy Almighty God doth scorn.

THRICE happy he who by some shady grove,
Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own,
Though solitary, who is not alone,
But doth converse with that eternal love.
O how more sweet is birds' harmonious moan,
Or the hoarse sobbings of the widow'd dove,
Than those smooth whisp'rings near a prince's throne,
Which good make doubtful, do the evil approve!
O! how more sweet is zephyrs' wholesome breath,
And sighs embalm'd, which new-born flow'rs unfold,
Than that applause vain honour doth bequeath!
How sweet are streams to poison drank in gold!
The world is full of horrours, troubles, slights:
Woods' harmless shades have only true delights.

SWEET bird, that sing'st away the early hours
Of winters past, or coming, void of care,
Well pleased with delights which present are,
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flow'rs:
To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leavy bow'rs
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare,
A stain to human sense in sin that low'rs.
What soul can be so sick, which by thy songs
(Attir'd in sweetness) sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget Earth's turmoils, spites, and wrongs,
And lift a reverend eye and thought to Heaven?
Sweet, artless songster, thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres, yes, and to angels' lays.

LET us each day inure ourselves to die,
If this, and not our fears, be truly death,
Above the circles both of hope and faith
With fair immortal pinions to fly;
If this be death, our best part to untie
(By ruining the jail) from lust and wrath,
And every drowsy languor here beneath,
To be made deniz'd citizen of sky;
To have more knowledge than all books contain
All pleasures even surmounting wishing pow'r,
The fellowship of God's immortal train,
And these that time nor force shall e'er devour:
If this be death, what joy, what golden care
Of life, can with death's ugliness compare?

MORE oft than once Death whisper'd in mine ear,
"Grave what thou hear'st in diamond and gold;
I am that monarch whom all monarchs fear,
Who have in dust their far-stretch'd pride up-roll'd.
All, all is mine beneath Moon's silver sphere;
And nought, save virtue, can my power withhold:
This, not believ'd, experience true thee told,
By danger late when I to thee came near.
As bugbear then my visage I did show,
That of my horrours thou right use might'st make,
And a more sacred path of living take:
Now still walk armed for my ruthless blow;
Trust flattering life no more, redeem time past,
And live each day, as if it were thy last."

THE WORLD.

THIS world a hunting is,
The prey, poor man; the Nimrod fierce, is Death;
His speedy greyhounds are,
Lust, Sickness, Envy, Care;
Strife that ne'er falls amiss,
With all those ills which haunt us while we breathe.
Now, if by chance we fly
Of these the eager chace,
Old age with stealing pace
Casts on his nets, and there we panting die.

SPRING.

NEW doth the Sun appear,
The mountains' snows decay,
Crown'd with frail flower's forth comes the infant year;
My soul, time posts away,
And thou, yet in that frost
Which flow'r and fruit hath lost,
As if all here immortal were, dost stay:
For shame! thy powers awake,
Look to that Heaven which never night makes black,
And there at that immortal Sun's bright rays,
Deck thee with flow'rs, which fear not rage of days.

LIFE.

LIFE a right shadow is;
For if it long appear,
Then is it spent, and death's long night draws near;
Shadows are moving, light,
And is there ought so moving as is this?
When it is most in sight,
It steals away, and none knows how or where,
So near our cradles to our coffins are.

A TRANSLATION OF SIR JOHN SCOT'S VERSES,

Beginning, Quod vitæ sectabor iter?

WHAT course of life should wretched mortals take?
In books hard questions large contention make.
Care dwells in houses, labour in the field;
Tumultuous seas affrighting dangers yield.
In foreign lands thou never canst be blest:
If rich, thou art in fear; if poor, distress'd.
In wedlock frequent discontentments swell;
Unmarried persons as in deserts dwell.
How many troubles are with children born!
Yet he that wants them counts himself forlorn.
Young men are wanton, and of wisdom void;
Grey hairs are cold, unfit to be employ'd.
Who would not one of these two offers try,
Not to be born; or, being born, to die?

RICHARD CRASHAW.

Born 1615.—*Died* 1650.

MUSICK'S DUEL*.

Now westward Sol had spent the richest beams
Of noon's high glory, when hard by the streams
Of Tiber, on the scene of a green plat,
Under protection of an oak ; there sat
A sweet lute's master : in whose gentle airs
He lost the day's heat, and his own hot cares.
Close in the covert of the leaves there stood
A nightingale, come from the neighbouring wood :
(The sweet inhabitant of each glad tree,
Their muse, their Syren, harmless Syren she)
There stood she listning and did entertain
The music's soft report ; and mould the same
In her own murmurs, that what ever mood
His curious fingers lent, her voice made good.
The man perceiv'd his rival, and her art,
Dispos'd to give the light-foot lady sport,
Awakes his lute, and 'gainst the fight to come
Informs it, in a sweet preludium
Of closer strains, and ere the war begin,
He lightly skirmishes on every string
Charg'd with a flying touch ; and straightway she
Carves out her dainty voice as readily,
Into a thousand sweet distinguish'd tones,
And reckons up in soft divisions
Quick volumes of wild notes ; to let him know
By that shrill taste she could do something too.
His nimble hands' instinct then taught each string
A cap'ring cheerfulness ; and made them sing
To their own dance ; now negligently rash
He throws his arm and with a long drawn dash
Blends all together, then distinctly trips
From this to that, then quick returning skips
And snatches this again, and pauses there.
She measures every measure, every where
Meets art with art ; sometimes, as if in doubt,
Not perfect yet, and fearing to be out,
Trails her plain ditty in one long spun note,
Through the sleek passage of her open throat :
A clear unwrinkled song ; then doth she point it
With tender accents, and severely joint it
By short diminutives, that being rear'd
In controverting warbles evenly shar'd,
With her sweet self she wrangles ; he amaz'd
That from so small a channel should be rais'd
The torrent of a voice, whose melody
Could melt into such sweet variety,
Strains higher yet, that tickled with rare art
The tatling strings (each breathing in his part)
Most kindly do fall out, the grumbling base
In surly groans disdains the treble's grace ;
The high-perch'd treble chirps at this, and chides,
Until his finger (moderator) hides
And closes the sweet quarrel, rousing all
Hoarse, shrill at once ; as when the trumpets call
Hot Mars to th' harvest of death's field, and woo
Men's hearts into their hands ; this lesson too
She gives him back, her supple breast thrills out
Sharp airs, and staggers in a warbling doubt
Of dallying sweetness, hovers o'er her skill,
And folds in wav'd notes with a trembling bill,
The pliant series of her slippery song ;
Then starts she suddenly into a throng
Of short thick sobs, whose thund'ring volleys float,
And roul themselves over her lubric throat
In panting murmurs, still'd out of her breast,
That ever-bubling spring, the sugar'd nest
Of her delicious soul, that there does lie
Bathing in streams of liquid melody ;
Music's best seed-plot ; when in ripen'd airs
A golden-headed harvest fairly rears
His honey-dropping tops, plough'd by her breath
Which there reciprocally laboureth.
In that sweet soil it seems a holy quire
Founded to th' name of great Apollo's lyre ;
Whose silver-roof rings with the sprightly notes
Of sweet-lipp'd angel-imps, that swill their throats
In cream of morning Helicon, and then
Preferr soft anthems to the ears of men,
To woo them from their beds, still murmuring
That men can sleep while they their mattens sing :
(Most divine service) whose so early lay
Prevents the eye-lids of the blushing day.
There might you hear her kindle her soft voice,
In the close murmur of a sparkling noise ;
And lay the ground-work of her hopeful song,
Still keeping in the forward stream, so long
Till a sweet whirlwind (striving to get out)
Heaves her soft bosom, wanders round about,
And makes a pretty earthquake in her breast,
Till the fledg'd notes at length forsake their nest ;
Fluttering in wanton shoals, and to the sky,
Wing'd with their own wild ecchoes, pratling fly.
She opes the floodgate, and lets loose a tide
Of streaming sweetness, which in state doth ride
On the wav'd back of every swelling strain,
Rising and falling in a pompous train ;
And while she thus discharges a shrill peal
Of flashing airs, she qualifies their zeal
With the cool epode of a graver note,
Thus high, thus low, as if her silver throat
Would reach the brazen voice of war's hoarse bird ;
Her little soul is ravish'd ; and so pour'd
Into loose ecstacies, that she is plac'd
Above her self, music's enthusiast.
Shame now and anger mix'd a double stain
In the musician's face ; " Yet once again
(Mistress) I come ; now reach a strain, my lute,
Above her mock, or be for ever mute.
Or tune a song of victory to me,
Or to thyself sing thine own obsequy ;"
So said, his hands sprightly as fire he flings,
And with a quavering coyness tastes the strings :
The sweet-lip'd sisters musically frighted,
Singing their fears, are fearfully delighted :
Trembling as when Apollo's golden hairs

* From Strada.

Are fann'd and frizzled in the wanton airs
Of his own breath, which married to his lyre
Doth tune the spheres and make Heaven's self look higher;
From this to that, from that to this he flies,
Feels music's pulse in all her arteries,
Caught in a net which there Apollo spreads,
His fingers struggle with the vocal threads,
Following those little rills, he sinks into
A sea of Helicon; his hand does go
Those parts of sweetness which with nectar drop,
Softer than that which pants in Hebe's cup:
The humourous strings expound his learned touch
By various glosses; now they seem to grutch,
And murmur in a buzzing din, then gingle
In shrill-tongu'd accents, striving to be single;
Every smooth turn, every delicious stroke,
Gives life to some new grace: thus doth h' invoke
Sweetness by all her names; thus, bravely thus,
(Fraught with a fury so harmonious)
The lute's light genius now does proudly rise,
Heav'd on the surges of swoln rapsodies,
Whose flourish (meteor-like) doth curl the air
With flash of high-born fancies, here and there
Dancing in lofty measures, and anon
Creeps on the soft touch of a tender tone,
Whose trembling murmurs melting in wide airs,
Runs to and fro, complaining his sweet cares;
Because those precious mysteries that dwell
In music's ravish'd soul he dare not tell,
But whisper to the world: thus do they vary,
Each string his note, as if they meant to carry
Their master's blest soul (snatcht out at his ears
By a strong ecstacy) through all the spheres
Of music's heaven; and seat it there on high
In th' empyreum of pure harmony.
At length, (after so long, so loud a strife
Of all the strings, still breathing the best life
Of blest variety attending on
His fingers' fairest revolution,
In many a sweet rise, many as sweet a fall)
A full-mouth'd diapason swallows all.
This done, he lists what she would say to this,
And she, although her breath's late exercise
Had dealt too roughly with her tender throat,
Yet summons all her sweet powers for a note;
Alas! in vain! for while (sweet soul) she tries
To measure all those wild diversities,
Of chatt'ring strings, by the small size of one
Poor simple voice, rais'd in a natural tone;
She fails, and failing grieves, and grieving dies;
She dies, and leaves her life the victor's prize,
Falling upon his lute; O fit to have,
(That liv'd so sweetly) dead, so sweet a grave!

WILLIAM HABINGTON.

Born 1605.—*Died* 1654.

A DIALOGUE, BETWEEN ARAPHILL AND CASTARA.

Araphill.

Dost not thou, Castara, read
Am'rous volumes in my eyes?
Doth not every motion plead
What I'de shew, and yet disguise?
Sences act each other's part,
Eyes, as tongues, reveale the heart.

Castara.

I saw love as lightning breake
From thy eyes, and was content
Oft to heare thy silence speak.
Silent love is eloquent.
So the sence of learning heares
The dumbe musicke of the spheares.

Araphill.

Then there's mercy in your kinde,
Listning to an unfain'd love.
Or strives he to tame the wind,
Who would your compassion move?
No y'are pittious as y're faire,
Heaven relents, o'ercome by prayer.

Castara.

But loose man too prodigall
Is in the expence of vowes;
And thinks to him kingdomes fall
When the heart of woman bowes;
Frailty to your armes may yeeld;
Who resists you wins the field.

Araphill.

Triumph not to see me bleede,
Let the bore chafed from his den,
On the wounds of mankinde feede,
Your softe sexe should pitty men.
Malice well may practise art;
Love hath a transparent heart.

Castara.

Yet is love all one deceit,
A warme frost, a frozen fire.
She within her selfe is great,
Who is slave to no desire.
Let youth act, and age advise,
And then Love may finde his eyes.

Araphill.

Hymen's torch yeelds a dim light,
When ambition joynes our hands,
A proud day, but mournefull night,
She sustaines, who marries lands.
Wealth slaves man; but for their ore,
Th' Indians had beene free, though poore.

Castara.

And yet wealth the fuell is
Which maintaines the nuptiall fire.
And in honour there's a blisse,
Th' are immortall who aspire.
But truth sayes no joyes are sweete,
But where hearts united meete.

Araphill.

Roses breathe not such a sent,
To perfume the neighb'ring groves;
As when you affirme content,
In no spheare of glory moves.
Glory narrow soules combines:
Noble hearts Love onely joynes.

THE DESCRIPTION OF CASTARA.

LIKE the violet which alone
Prospers in some happy shade:
My Castara lives unknowne,
To no looser eye betray'd,
For shee's to her selfe untrue,
Who delights i' th' publicke view.

Such is her beauty, as no arts
Have enricht with borrowed grace.
Her high birth no pride imparts,
For she blushes in her place.
Folly boasts a glorious blood,
She is noblest being good.

Cautious she knew never yet
What a wanton courtship meant;
Not speaks loud to boast her wit,
In her silence eloquent.
Of her self survey she takes,
But 'tweene men no difference makes.

She obeyes with speedy will
Her grave parents' wise commands.
And so innocent, that ill,
She nor acts, nor understands.
Women's feet runne still astray,
If once to ill they know the way.

She sailes by that rocke, the court,
Where oft honour splits her mast:
And retir'dnesse thinks the port,
Where her fame may anchor cast.
Vertue safely cannot sit,
Where vice is enthron'd for wit.

She holds that daye's pleasure best,
Where sinne waits not on delight,
Without maske, or ball, or feast,
Sweetly spends a winter's night.
O're that darknesse, whence is thrust,
Prayer and sleepe, oft governs lust.

She her throne makes reason climbe,
While wild passions captive lie.
And each article of time,
Her pure thoughts to Heaven flie:
All her vowes religious be,
All her love she vowes to me.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

Born 1618.—*Died* 1658.

SONG.

TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON.

WHEN Love, with unconfined wings,
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair,
And fetter'd to her eye,—
The birds, that wanton in the air,
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free,—
Fishes, that tipple in the deep,
Know no such liberty.

When, like committed linnets, I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my king;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,—
Enlarged winds, that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage.
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,—
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

ROBERT HERRICK.

Born 1591.—*Died* 16—.

THE CHEAT OF CUPID, OR THE UNGENTLE GUEST.

ONE silent night, of late,
When ev'ry creature rested,
Came one unto my gate,
And, knocking, me molested.

Who's that, said I, beats there,
And troubles thus the sleepy?
Cast off, said he, all fear,
And let not locks thus keep ye;

For I a boy am, who
By moonless nights have swerved,
And all with show'rs wet through,
And e'en with cold half starved.

I pitiful arose,
And soon a taper lighted,
And did myself disclose
Unto the lad benighted:

I saw he had a bow,
And wings too which did shiver;
And, looking down below
I spy'd he had a quiver.

I to my chimney's shine
Brought him, as Love professes,
And chaff'd his hands with mine,
And dried his dropping tresses.

But when he felt him warm'd;
Let's try this bow of our's,
And string, if they be harm'd,
Said he, with these late show'rs.

Forthwith his bow he bent,
And wedded string and arrow,
And struck me, that it went
Quite through my heart and marrow.

Then, laughing loud, he flew
Away, and thus said, flying,
Adieu, mine host, adieu!
I'll leave thy heart a-dying.

TO THE VIRGINS, TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME.

Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,
Old Time is still a flying;
And this same flow'r, that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heav'n, the sun,
The higher he's a getting;
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse; and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time;
And while ye may, go marry:
For, having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

TO ANTHEA, WHO MAY COMMAND HIM ANY THING.

Bid me to live, and I will live
Thy protestant to be;
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free,
As in the whole world thou cans't find,
That heart I'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay,
To honor thy decree;
Or bid it languish quite away,
And 't shall do so for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep,
While I have eyes to see;
And having none, yet I will keep
A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despair, and I'll despair,
Under that cypress tree;
Or bid me die, and I will dare
E'en death, to die for thee.

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The very eyes of me;
And hast command of every part,
To live and die for thee.

TO DAFFODILS.

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attain'd his noon:
Stay, stay,
Until the hast'ning day
Has run
But to the even-song;
And, having pray'd together, we
Will go with you along!

We have short time to stay, as you;
We have as short a spring,
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or any thing:
We die,
As your hours do; and dry
Away
Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning's dew
Ne'er to be found again.

TO BLOSSOMS.

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here awhile
To blush, and gently smile,
And go at last.

What, were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good night?
'Twas pity nature brought ye forth
Merely to shew your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave:
And after they have shown their pride,
Like you, awhile; they glide
Into the grave.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

Born 1618.—*Died* 1667.

THE CHRONICLE, A BALLAD.

Margarita first possess'd,
If I remember well my breast,
Margarita first of all;
But when a while the wanton maid
With my restless heart had play'd,
Martha took the flying ball.

Martha soon did it resign
To the beauteous Catharine:
Beauteous Catharine gave place
(Though loth and angry she to part
With the possession of my heart)
To Eliza's conquering face.

Eliza till this hour might reign,
Had she not evil counsels ta'en:
Fundamental laws she broke,
And still new favourites she chose,
Till up in arms my passions rose,
And cast away her yoke.

Mary then, and gentle Anne,
Both to reign at once began;
Alternately they sway'd,
And sometimes Mary was the fair,
And sometimes Anne the crown did wear,
And sometimes both I obey'd.

Another Mary then arose,
And did rigorous laws impose;
A mighty tyrant she!
Long, alas! should I have been
Under that iron-sceptred queen
Had not Rebecca set me free.

When fair Rebecca set me free,
'Twas then a golden time with me:
But soon those pleasures fled;
For the gracious princess dy'd
In her youth and beauty's pride,
And Judith reigned in her stead.

One month, three days, and half-an-hour,
Judith held the sov'reign pow'r.
Wondrous beautiful her face,
But so weak and small her wit
That she to govern was unfit,
And so Susanna took her place.

But when Isabella came
Arm'd with a resistless flame;
And th' artillery of her eye
Whilst she proudly march'd about,
Greater conquests to find out,
She beat out Susan by the bye.

But in her place I then obey'd
Black-ey'd Bess, her viceroy maid,
To whom ensu'd a vacancy.
Thousand worst passions then possess'd
The interregnum of my breast,
Bless me from such an anarchy!

Gentle Henrietta then,
And a third Mary, next began:
Then Joan, and Jane, and Audria;
And then a pretty Thomasine,
And then another Catharine,
And then a long *et cætera*.

But I should now to you relate
The strength and riches of their state,
The powder, patches, and the pins,
The ribands, jewels, and the rings,
The lace, the paint, and warlike things,
That make up all their magazines:

If I should tell the politic arts
To take and keep men's hearts,
The letters, embassies, and spies,
The frowns, and smiles, and flatteries,
The quarrels, tears, and perjuries,
Numberless, nameless mysteries!

And all the little lime-twigs laid
By Mach'avel the waiting-maid;
I more voluminous should grow
(Chiefly if I like them should tell,
All change of weathers that befel)
Than Hollingshed or Stow.

But I will briefer with them be,
Since few of them were long with me.
An higher and a nobler strain
My present emperess does claim,
Heleonora! first o' the name,
Whom God grant long to reign.

ON THE PRAISE OF POETRY.

'Tis not a pyramid of marble stone,
Though high as our ambition;
'Tis not a tomb cut out in brass, which can
Give life to th' ashes of a man,
But verses only; they shall fresh appear,
Whilst there are men to read or hear.
When time shall make the lasting brass decay,
And eat the pyramid away,
Turning that monument wherein men trust
Their names, to what it keeps, poor dust;
Then shall the epitaph remain, and be
New graven in eternity.
Poets by death are conquerr'd, but the wit
Of poets triumph over it.
What cannot verse? When Thracian Orpheus took
His lyre, and gently on it strook,
The learned stones came dancing all along,
And kept time to the charming song.

With artificial pace the warlike pine,
The elm and his wife the ivy twine,
With all the better trees which erst had stood
Unmov'd, forsook their native wood.
The laurel to the poet's hand did bow,
Craving the honour of his brow;
And ev'ry loving arm embrac'd, and made
With their officious leaves a shade.
The beasts, too, strove his auditors to be,
Forgetting their old tyranny.
The fearful hart next to the lion came,
And wolf was shepherd to the lamb.
Nightingales, harmless Syrens of the air,
And Muses of the place, were there;
Who, when their little windpipes they had found
Unequal to so strange a sound,
O'ercome by art and grief, they did expire,
And fell upon the conqu'ring lyre.
Happy, O happy they! whose tomb might be,
Mausolus! envied by thee!

THE COMPLAINT.

In a deep vision's intellectual scene,
Beneath a bow'r for sorrow made,
Th' uncomfortable shade
Of the black ewe's unlucky green,
Mix'd with the mourning willow's careful gray,
Where rev'rend Cam cut out his famous way,
The melancholy Cowley lay;
And, lo! a muse appear'd to his clos'd sight,
(The Muses oft' in lands of vision play)
Body'd, array'd, and seen by an internal light:
A golden harp with silver strings she bore,
A wondrous hieroglyphic robe she wore,
In which all colours and all figures were,
That Nature or that Fancy can create,
That Art can never imitate,
And with loose pride it wanton'd in the air,
In such a dress, in such a well-cloth'd dream,
She us'd of old, near fair Ismenus' stream
Pindar, her Theban favourite, to meet;
A crown was on her head, and wings were on her feet.

She touch'd him with her harp and rais'd him from the ground;
The shaken strings melodiously resound.
"Art thou return'd at last," said she,
"To this forsaken place and me?
Thou Prodigal! who didst so loosely waste,
Of all thy youthful years the good estate;
Art thou return'd here to repent too late?
And gather husks of learning up at last,
Now the rich harvest-time of life is past,
And Winter marches on so fast?
But when I meant t' adopt thee for my son,
And did as learn'd a portion assign
As ever any of the mighty Nine
Had to their dearest children done;
When I resolv'd t' exalt thy anointed name,
Among the spiritual lords of peaceful fame;
Thou changeling! thou, bewitch'd with noise and shew,
Wouldst into courts and cities from me go;
Wouldst see the world abroad, and have a share
In all the follies and the tumults there;
Thou would'st, forsooth! be something in a state,
And bus'ness thou wouldst find, and would'st create:
Business! the frivolous pretence
Of human lusts, to shake off innocence;
Business! the grave impertinence;
Business! the thing which I of all things hate;
Business! the contradiction of thy fate.

Go, Renegado! cast up thy account,
And see to what amount
Thy foolish gains by quitting me:
The sale of knowledge, fame, and liberty,
The fruits of thy unlearn'd apostasy.
Thou thought'st, if once the public storm were past,
All thy remaining life should sunshine be:
Behold the public storm is spent at last,
The Sovereign is toss'd at sea no more,
And thou, with all the noble company,
Art got at last to shore:
But whilst thy fellow-voyagers I see,
All march'd up to possess the promis'd land,
Thou still alone, alas! dost gaping stand,
Upon the naked beach, upon the barren sand.

As a fair morning of the blessed spring,
After a tedious stormy night,
Such was the glorious entry of our King;
Enriching moisture dropp'd on every thing:
Plenty he sow'd below, and cast about him light.
But then, alas! to thee alone,
One of Old Gideon's miracles was shewn,
For ev'ry tree and ev'ry hand around,
With pearly dew was crown'd,
And upon all the quicken'd ground
The fruitful seed of heav'n did brooding lie,
And nothing but the Muse's fleece was dry.
It did all other threats surpass,
When God to his own people said,
(The men whom thro' long wand'rings he had led)
That he would give them ev'n a heav'n of brass;
They look'd up to that heav'n in vain,
That bounteous heav'n! which God did not restrain
Upon the most unjust to shine and rain.

The Rachel, for which twice seven years, and more,
Thou didst with faith and labour serve,
And didst (if faith and labour can) deserve,
Tho' she contracted was to thee,
Giv'n to another, thou didst see,
Giv'n to another, who had store
Of fairer and of richer wives before,
And not a Leah left, thy recompense to be.
Go on, twice sev'n years more, thy fortune try,
Twice sev'n years more God in his bounty may
Give thee to fling away
Into the Court's deceitful lottery;

But think how likely 'tis that thou,
With the dull work of thy unwieldy plough
Shouldst in a hard and barren season thrive,
Shouldst even able be to live;
Thou! to whose share so little bread did fall
In the miraculous year, when manna rain'd on all."

Thus spake the Muse, and spake it with a smile,
That seem'd at once to pity and revile:
And to her thus, raising his thoughtful head,
The melancholy Cowley said:
"Ah! wanton Foe! dost thou upbraid
The ills which thou thyself hast made?
When in the cradle innocent I lay,
Thou, wicked Spirit! stolest me away,
And my abused soul didst bear
Into thy new-found worlds, I know not where,
Thy golden Indies in the air;
And ever since I strive in vain
My ravish'd freedom to regain;
Still I rebel, still thou dost reign;
Lo, still in verse, against thee I complain.
There is a sort of stubborn weeds,
Which, if the earth but once it ever breeds,
No wholesome herb can near them thrive,
No useful plant can keep alive:
The foolish sports I did on thee bestow
Make all my art and labour fruitless now;
Where once such fairies dance, no grass doth ever grow.

When my new mind had no infusion known,
Thou gav'st so deep a tincture of thine own,
That ever since I vainly try
To wash away th' inherent dye:
Long work, perhaps, may spoil thy colours quite,
But never will reduce the native white.
To all the ports of honour and of gain,
I often steer my course in vain;
Thy gale comes cross, and drives me back again.
Thou slacken'st all my nerves of industry,
By making them so oft to be
The tinkling strings of thy loose minstrelsy.
Whoever this world's happiness would see,
Must as entirely cast off thee,
As they who only heav'n desire
Do from the world retire.
This was my error, this my gross mistake,
Myself a demi-votary to make.
Thus with Sapphira and her husband's fate,
(A fault which I, like them, am taught too late)
For all that I gave up, I nothing gain,
And perish for the part which I retain.

Teach me not then, O thou fallacious Muse!
The court and better king t' accuse;
The heav'n under which I live is fair,
The fertile soil will a full harvest bear:
Thine, thine is all the barrenness, if thou
Mak'st me sit still and sing when I should plough.
When I but think how many a tedious year
Our patient Sovereign did attend
His long misfortunes' fatal end;

How cheerfully, and how exempt from fear,
On the Great Sovereign's will he did depend,
I ought to be accurs'd if I refuse
To wait on his, O thou fallacious Muse!
Kings have long hands, they say, and tho' I be
So distant, they may reach at length to me.
However, of all princes thou
Shouldst not reproach rewards for being small or slow;
Thou! who rewardest but with pop'lar breath,
And that, too, after death!

TO THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

Philosophy! the great and only heir
Of all that human knowledge which has been
Unforfeited by man's rebellious sin,
Though full of years he do appear,
(Philosophy! I say, and call it *he*,
For whatsoe'er the painter's fancy be,
It a male virtue seems to me)
Has still been kept in nonage till of late,
Nor manag'd or enjoy'd his vast estate.
Three or four thousand years, one would have thought,
To ripeness and perfection might have brought
A science so well bred and nurs'd,
And of such hopeful parts, too, at the first;
But, oh! the guardians and the tutors then,
(Some negligent, and some ambitious men)
Would ne'er consent to set him free,
Or his own nat'ral pow'rs to let him see,
Lest that should put an end to their authority.

That his own bus'ness he might quite forget,
They amus'd him with the sports of wanton Wit;
With the deserts of poetry they fed him,
Instead of solid meats t' increase his force;
Instead of vig'rous exercise they led him
Into the pleasant labyrinths of ever-fresh discourse:
Instead of carrying him to see
The riches which do hoarded for him lie
In Nature's endless treasury,
They chose his eye, to entertain
(His curious, but not cov'tous, eye)
With painted scenes and pageants of the brain.
Some few exalted sp'rits this latter age has shewn,
That labour'd to assert the liberty
(From guardians who were now usurpers grown)
Of this old minor still, captiv'd Philosophy;
But 'twas rebellion call'd, to fight
For such a long-oppressed right.
Bacon, at last, a mighty man! arose,
Whom a wise King and Nature chose
Lord chancellor of both their laws,
And boldly undertook the injur'd pupil's cause.

Authority, which did a body boast,
Though 'twas but air condens'd, and stalk'd about
Like some old giant's more gigantic ghost,
To terrify the learned rout
With the plain magic of true reason's light,

He chas'd out of our sight,
Nor suffer'd living men to be misled
By the vain shadows of the dead:
To graves, from whence it rose, the conquer'd phantom fled.
He broke that monstrous god which stood,
In midst of th' orchard, and the whole did claim,
Which with a useless scythe of wood,
And something else not worth a name,
(Both vast for shew, yet neither fit
Or to defend or to beget,
Ridiculous and senseless terrors!) made
Children and superstitious men afraid.
The orchard's open now, and free;
Bacon has broke that scarecrow deity:
Come, enter all that will,
Behold the ripen'd fruit, come, gather now your fill!
Yet still, methinks, we fain would be
Catching at the forbidden tree;
We would be like the Deity;
When truth and falsehood, good and evil, we
Without the senses' aid within ourselves would see;
For 'tis God only who can find
All nature in his mind.

From words, which are but pictures of the thought,
(Though we our thoughts from them perversely drew)
To things, the mind's right object, he it brought;
Like foolish birds to painted grapes we flew.
He sought and gather'd for our use the true;
And when on heaps the chosen bunches lay,
He press'd them wisely the mechanic way,
Till all their juice did in one vessel join,
Ferment into a nourishment divine,
The thirsty soul's refreshing wine.
Who to the life an exact piece would make,
Must not from other's work a copy take;
No, not from Rubens or Vandyck;
Much less content himself to make it like
Th' ideas and the images which lie
In his own fancy or his memory:
No, he before his sight must place
The natural and living face;
The real object must command
Each judgment of his eye and motion of his hand.

From these, and all long errors of the way,
In which our wand'ring predecessors went,
And, like th' old Hebrews, many years did stray
In deserts, but of small extent,
Bacon! like Moses, led us forth at last;
The barren wilderness he pass'd,
Did on the very border stand
Of the bless'd Promis'd land,
And from the mountain's top of his exalted wit,
Saw it himself, and shew'd us it.
But life did never to one man allow
Time to discover worlds, and conquer too;
Nor can so short a line sufficient be
To fathom the vast deeps of Nature's sea:

The work he did we ought t' admire,
And were unjust if we should more require
From his few years, divided 'twixt th' excess
Of low affliction and high happiness:
For who on things remote can fix his sight,
That's always in a triumph or a fight!

From you, great champions! we expect to get
These spacious countries but discover'd yet;
Countries where yet, instead of Nature, we
Her image and her idols worship'd see:
These large and wealthy regions to subdue,
Tho' Learning has whole armies at command,
Quarter'd about in every land,
A better troop she ne'er together drew.
Methinks, like Gideon's little band,
God with design has pick'd out you,
To do these noble wonders by a few.
When the whole host he saw, They are, said he;
Too many to o'ercome for me:
And now he chooses out his men,
Much in the way that he did then:
Not those many, whom he found
Idly extended on the ground
To drink, with their dejected head,
The stream, just so as by their mouths it fled:
No; but those few who took the waters up,
And made of their laborious hands the cup.

Thus you prepar'd, and in the glorious fight
Their wondrous pattern too, you take:
Their old and empty pitchers first they brake,
And with their hands then lifted up the light.
Io! sound too the trumpets here!
Already your victorious lights appear;
New scenes of heav'n already we espy,
And crowds of golden worlds on high,
Which from the spacious plains of earth and sea
Could never yet discover'd be
By sailor's or Chaldean's watchful eye.
Nature's great works no distance can obscure,
No smallness her near objects can secure:
Ye 'ave taught the curious sight to press
Into the privatest recess
Of her imperceptible littleness:
Ye 'ave learn'd to read her smallest hand,
And well begun her deepest sense to understand.

Mischief and true dishonour fall on those
Who would to laughter or to scorn expose
So virtuous and so noble a design,
So human for its use, for knowledge so divine.
The things which these proud men despise, and call
Impertinent, and vain, and small,
Those smallest things of nature let me know,
Rather than all their greatest actions do.
Whoever would deposed Truth advance
Into the throne usurp'd from it,
Must feel at first the blows of ignorance,
And the sharp points of envious Wit.
So when, by various turns of the celestial dance,
In many thousand years
A star, so long unknown, appears,

Though heav'n itself more beauteous by it grow,
It troubles and alarms the world below,
Does to the wise a star, to fools a meteor, shew.

With courage and success you the bold work
begin;
Your cradle has not idle been:
None e'er but Hercules and you could be
At five years' age worthy a history:
And ne'er did Fortune better yet
Th' historian to the story fit.
As you from all old errors free
And purge the body of Philosophy,
So from all modern follies he
Has vindicated eloquence and wit:
His candid style like a clean stream does slide,
And his bright fancy all the way
Does, like the sunshine, in it play;
It does like Thames, the best of rivers, glide,
Where the god does not rudely overturn,
But gently pour, the crystal urn,
And with judicious hands does the whole current
guide.
It has all the beauties Nature can impart,
And all the comely dress, without the paint, of
Art.

THE EPICURE.

[*From the Anacreonticks.*]

Underneath this myrtle shade,
On flow'ry beds supinely laid,
With od'rous oils my head o'erflowing,
And around it roses growing,
What should I do but drink away
The heat and troubles of the day?
In this more than kingly state,
Love himself shall on me wait.
Fill to me, Love! nay, fill it up;
And, mingled, cast into the cup
Wit and mirth, and noble fires,
Vigorous health, and gay desires.
The wheel of life no less will stay
In a smooth than rugged way:
Since it equally doth flee,
Let the motion pleasant be.
Why do we precious ointments show'r,
Nobler wines why do we pour?
Beauteous flow'rs why do we spread,
Upon the mon'ments of the dead?
Nothing they but dust can shew,
Or bones that hasten to be so.
Crown me with roses whilst I live,
Now your wines and ointments give;
After death, I nothing crave,
Let me alive my pleasures have,
All are Stoicks in the grave.

THE GRASSHOPPER.

[*From the Anacreonticks.*]

Happy insect! what can be
In happiness compar'd to thee?
Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy morning's gentle wine!
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant cup does fill;
'Tis fill'd wherever thou dost tread,
Nature's self's thy Ganymede.
Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing,
Happier than the happiest king!
All the fields which thou dost see,
All the plants, belong to thee;
All that summer-hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice:
Man for thee does sow and plough;
Farmer he, and landlord thou!
Thou dost innocently joy,
Nor does thy luxury destroy.
The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
More harmonious than he.
Thee country hinds with gladness hear
Prophet of the ripen'd year!
Thee Phœbus loves, and does inspire;
Phœbus is himself thy sire.
To thee, of all things upon earth,
Life is no longer than thy mirth.
Happy Insect! happy thou
Dost neither age nor winter know;
But when thou'st drunk, and danc'd, and sung
Thy fill, the flow'ry leaves among,
(Voluptuous, and wise withal,
Epicurean animal!)
Sated with thy summer feast,
Thou retir'st to endless rest.

THE INFERNAL REGIONS.

[*From the Davideis.*]

Beneath the silent chambers of the earth,
Where the Sun's fruitful beams give metals
birth,
Where he the growth of fatal gold does see,
Gold, which, above, more influence has than he;
Beneath the dens where unfledged tempests lie,
And infant winds their tender voices try;
Beneath the mighty ocean's wealthy caves,
Beneath th' eternal fountain of all waves,—
Where their vast court the mother-waters keep,
And, undisturb'd by moons, in silence sleep;
There is a place, (deep, wond'rous deep, below,)
Which genuine Night, and Horror does o'erflow;
No bound controuls th' unwearied space; but
Hell,
Endless,—as those dire pains that in it dwell.
Here no dear glimpse of the sun's lovely face
Strikes thro' the solid darkness of the place;
No dawning morn does her kind reds display;
One slight, weak beam would, here, be thought
the day:
No gentle stars, with their fair gems of light,
Offend the tyrannous and unquestion'd Night;
Here Lucifer, the mighty captive, reigns,
Proud 'midst his woes, and tyrant in his chains;
Once general of a gilded host of sprites,
Like Hesper, leading forth the spangled Nights;
But down, like light'ning, which him struck, he
came;
And roar'd at his first plunge into the flame:

Myriads of sp'rits fell, wounded, round him, there;
With dropping lights thick shone the singed air;
Since when, the dismal solace of their woe
Has only been, weak mankind to undo;
Themselves, at first, against themselves, they 'excite,
(Their dearest conquest, and most proud delight)
And if those mines of secret treason fail,
With open force man's virtue they assail;
Unable to corrupt, seek to destroy,
And, where their poisons miss, the sword employ.

HEAVEN.

[*From the Davideis.*]

Above the subtle foldings of the sky;
Above the well-set orbs' soft harmony;
Above those petty lamps that gild the night;
There is a place o'erflown with hallow'd light;
Where heav'n, as if it left itself behind,
Is stretch'd-out far, nor its own bounds can find:
Here peaceful flames swell up the sacred place,
Nor can the glory contain itself in th' endless space;
For, there, no twilight of the sun's dull ray
Glimmers upon the pure and native day;
No pale-fac'd moon, does, in stol'n beams, appear,
Or, with dim taper, scatters darkness there:
On a smooth sphere, the restless seasons slide;
No circling motion doth swift time divide:
Nothing is there to come, and nothing past,
But an eternal Now does always last:
There sits The Almighty, First of All, and End,
Whom nothing, but Himself, can comprehend;
Who, with His Word, commanded all to be,
And all obey'd Him, for That Word was he.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

Born 1605.—*Died* 1668.

SONG.

The lark now leaves his wat'ry nest,
And climbing, shakes his dewy wings;
He takes this window for the east;
And to implore your light, he sings,
Awake, awake, the morn will never rise,
Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes.

The merchant bows unto the seaman's star,
The ploughman from the sun his season takes;
But still the lover wonders what they are,
Who look for day before his mistress wakes.
Awake, awake, break through your vails of lawn!
Then draw your curtains, and begin the dawn.

SONG.

The Soldier going to the Field.

Preserve thy sighs, unthrifty girl!
To purify the air;
Thy tears to thread instead of pearl,
On bracelets of thy hair.

The trumpet makes the echo hoarse,
And wakes the louder drum;
Expence of grief gains no remorse,
When sorrow should be dumb.

For I must go where lazy peace,
Will hide her drowsy head;
And, for the sport of kings, increase
The number of the dead.

But first I'll chide thy cruel theft:
Can I in war delight,
Who being of my heart bereft,
Can have no heart to fight?

Thou know'st the sacred laws of old,
Ordain'd a thief should pay,
To quit him of his theft, sevenfold
What he had stol'n away.

Thy payment shall but double be;
O then with speed resign
My own seduced heart to me,
Accompany'd with thine.

SIR JOHN DENHAM.

Born 1615.—*Died* 1668.

COOPER'S HILL.

Sure there are poets which did never dream
Upon Parnassus, nor did taste the stream
Of Helicon; we therefore may suppose
Those made not poets, but the poets those.
And as courts make not kings, but kings the court,
So where the Muses and their train resort
Parnassus stands; if I can be to thee
A poet, thou Parnassus art to me.
Nor wonder if (advantag'd in my flight,
By taking wing from thy auspicious height)
Thro' untrac'd ways and airy paths I fly,
More boundless in my fancy than my eye;
My eye, which swift as thought contracts the space
That lies between, and first salutes the place
Crown'd with that sacred pile, so vast, so high,
That whether 'tis a part of earth or sky
Uncertain seems, and may be thought a proud
Aspiring mountain, or descending cloud;
Paul's, the late theme of such a Muse*, whose flight

* Waller.

Has bravely reach'd and soar'd above thy height;
Now shalt thou stand, tho' sword, or time, or fire,
Or zeal, more fierce than they, thy fall conspire,
Secure, whilst thee the best of poets sings,
Preserv'd from ruin by the best of kings.
Under his proud survey the City lies,
And like a mist beneath a hill doth rise,
Whose state and wealth, the bus'ness and the crowd,
Seems at this distance but a darker cloud,
And is, to him who rightly things esteems,
No other in effect than what it seems;
Where with like haste, tho' several ways, they run,
Some to undo, and some to be undone;
While luxury and wealth, like war and peace,
Are each the other's ruin and increase;
As rivers lost in seas, some secret vein
Thence reconveys, there to be lost again.
Oh! happiness of sweet retir'd content!
To be at once secure and innocent.
Windsor the next (where Mars with Venus dwells,
Beauty with strength) above the valley swells
Into my eye, and doth itself present
With such an easy and unforc'd ascent,
That no stupendous precipice denies
Access, no horror turns away our eyes;
But such a rise as doth at once invite
A pleasure and a rev'rence from the sight:
Thy mighty master's emblem, in whose face
Sat meekness, heighten'd with majestic grace;
Such seems thy gentle height, made only proud
To be the basis of that pompous load.
Than which a nobler weight no mountain bears,
But Atlas only, which supports the spheres.
When Nature's hand this ground did thus advance,
'Twas guided by a wiser pow'r than Chance;
Mark'd out for such an use, as if 't were meant
T' invite the builder, and his choice prevent.
Nor can we call it choice, when what we choose
Folly or blindness only could refuse.
A crown of such majestic towers doth grace
The gods' great mother, when her heavenly race
Do homage to her; yet she cannot boast,
Among that num'rous and celestial host,
More heroes than can Windsor, nor doth Fame's
Immortal book record more noble names.
Not to look back so far, to whom this isle
Owes the first glory of so brave a pile,
Whether to Cæsar, Albanact, or Brute,
The British Arthur, or the Danish C'nute;
(Tho' this of old no less contest did move
Than when for Homer's birth seven cities strove;)
(Like him in birth, thou should'st be like in fame,
As thine his fate, if mine had been his flame:)
But whosoe'er it was, Nature design'd
First a brave place, and then as brave a mind.
Not to recount those sev'ral kings to whom
It gave a cradle, or to whom a tomb;
But thee, great Edward! and thy greater son*,
(The Lilies which his father wore he won,)
And thy Bellona*, who the consort came
Not only to thy bed but to thy fame,
She to thy triumph led one captive king†,
And brought that son which did the second bring†;
Then didst thou found that Order (whether love
Or victory thy royal thoughts did move:)
Each was a noble cause, and nothing less
Than the design has been the great success,
Which foreign kings and emperors esteem
The second honour to their diadem.
Had thy great Destiny but given thee skill
To know, as well as pow'r to act her will,
That from those kings who then thy captives were,
In after-times should spring a royal pair,
Who should possess all that thy mighty pow'r,
Or thy desires more mighty, did devour;
To whom their better fate reserves whate'er
The victor hopes for, or the vanquish'd fear:
That blood which thou and thy great grandsire shed,
And all that since these sister nations bled,
Had been unspilt, had happy Edward known
That all the blood he spilt had been his own.
When he that patron chose to whom are join'd
Soldier and martyr, and his arms confin'd
Within the azure circles, he did seem
But to foretel and prophesy of him,
Who to his realms that azure round hath join'd,
Which Nature for their bound at first design'd;
That bound which to the world's extremest ends;
Endless itself, its liquid arms extends.
Nor doth he need those emblems which we paint,
But is himself the soldier and the saint.
Here should my wonder dwell, and here my praise,
But my fix'd thoughts my wand'ring eye betrays,
Viewing a neighb'ring hill, whose top of late
A chapel crown'd, till in the common fate
Th' adjoining abbey fell. (May no such storm
Fall on our times, where ruin must reform!)
Tell me, my Muse! what monstrous dire offence,
What crime, could any Christian king incense
To such a rage? Was't luxury or lust?
Was he so temperate, so chaste, so just?
Were these their crimes! they were his own much more;
But wealth is crime enough to him that's poor,
Who having spent the treasures of his crown,
Condemns their luxury to feed his own;
And yet this act, to varnish o'er the shame
Of sacrilege, must bear Devotion's name.
No crime so bold but would be understood
A real, or at least, a seeming good.
Who fears not to do ill yet fears the name,
And, free from conscience, is a slave to fame.
Thus he the church at once protects and spoils;
But princes' swords are sharper than their styles:

* Edward III. and the Black Prince.

* Queen Philippa.
† The kings of France and Scotland.

And thus to th' ages past he makes amends,
Their charity destroys, their faith defends.
Then did Religion in a lazy cell,
In empty airy contemplations dwell,
And like the block unmoved lay; but ours,
As much too active, like the stork devours.
Is there no temp'rate region can be known
Betwixt their Frigid and our Torrid zone?
Could we not wake from that lethargic dream,
But to be restless in a worse extreme?
And for that lethargy was there no cure
But to be cast into a calenture?
Can knowledge have no bound, but must advance
So far, to make us wish for ignorance,
And rather in the dark to grope our way,
Than, led by a false guide, to err by day?
Who sees these dismal heaps but would demand
What barbarous invader sack'd the land?
But when he hears no Goth, no Turk, did bring
This desolation, but a Christian king;
When nothing but the name of zeal appears
'Twixt our best actions and the worst of theirs;
What does he think our sacrilege would spare,
When such th' effects of our devotions are?
Parting from thence 'twixt anger, shame, and fear,
Those for what's past, and this for what's too near,
My eye descending from the Hill, surveys
Where Thames among the wanton vallies strays.
Thames! the most lov'd of all the Ocean's sons
By his old sire, to his embraces runs,
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity;
Tho' with those streams he no resemblance hold
Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold:
His genuine and less guilty wealth t' explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore,
O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
And hatches plenty for th' ensuing spring;
Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
Like mothers which their infants overlay;
Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.
No unexpected inundations spoil
The mower's hopes, nor mock the ploughman's toil;
But godlike his unweary'd bounty flows;
First loves to do, then loves the good he does.
Nor are his blessings to his banks confin'd,
But free and common as the sea or wind;
When he, to boast or to disperse his stores,
Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
Visits the world, and in his flying tow'rs
Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours;
Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,
Cities in deserts, woods in cities plants.
So that to us no thing, no place is strange,
While his fair bosom is the world's exchange.
O could I flow like thee! and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme;
Tho' deep yet clear, tho' gentle yet not dull:
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full;
Heav'n her Eridanus no more shall boast,
Whose fame is thine, like lesser current, 's lost:
Thy nobler streams shall visit Jove's abodes,
To shine among the stars, and bathe the gods.
Here Nature, whether more intent to please
Us for herself with strange varieties,
(For things of wonder give no less delight
To the wise Maker's than beholder's sight;
Tho' these delights from sev'ral causes move,
For so our children, thus our friends, we love;)
Wisely she knew the harmony of things,
As well as that of sounds, from discord springs.
Such was the discord which did first disperse
Form, order, beauty, thro' the universe;
While dryness moisture, coldness heat resists,
All that we have, and that we are, subsists;
While the steep horrid roughness of the wood
Strives with the gentle calmness of the flood.
Such huge extremes when Nature doth unite,
Wonder from thence results, from thence delight.
The stream is so transparent, pure, and clear,
That had the self-enamour'd* youth gaz'd here,
So fatally deceiv'd he had not been,
While he the bottom, not his face, had seen.
But his proud head the airy mountain hides
Among the clouds; his shoulders and his sides
A shady mantle clothes; his curled brows
Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows,
While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat;
The common fate of all that's high or great.
Low at his foot a spacious plain is plac'd,
Between the mountain and the stream embrac'd,
Which shade and shelter from the Hill derives,
While the kind river wealth and beauty gives,
And in the mixture of all these appears
Variety, which all the rest endears.
This scene had some bold Greek or British bard
Beheld of old, what stories had we heard
Of Fairies, Satyrs, and the Nymphs their dames,
Their feasts, their revels, and their am'rous flames!
'Tis still the same, altho' their airy shape
All but a quick poetic sight escape.
There Faunus and Sylvanus keep their courts,
And thither all the horned host resorts
To graze the ranker mead; that noble herd
On whose sublime and shady fronts is rear'd
Nature's great master-piece, to show how soon
Great things are made, but sooner are undone.
Here have I seen the king, when great affairs
Gave leave to slacken and unbend his cares,
Attended to the chase by all the flow'r
Of youth, whose hopes a nobler prey devour;
Pleasure with praise and danger they would buy,
And wish a foe that would not only fly.
The stag now conscious of his fatal growth,
At once indulgent to his fear and sloth,
To some dark covert his retreat had made,
Where nor man's eye, nor heaven's, should invade
His soft repose; when th' unexpected sound
Of dogs and men his wakeful ear does wound.

* Narcissus.

Rouz'd with the noise, he scarce believes his ear,
Willing to think th' illusions of his fear
Had giv'n this false alarm, but straight his view
Confirms that more than all he fears is true.
Betray'd in all his strengths, the wood beset,
All instruments, all arts of ruin met,
He calls to mind his strength, and then his speed,
His winged heels, and then his armed head;
With these t' avoid, with that his fate to meet,
But fear prevails, and bids him trust his feet.
So fast he flies, that his reviewing eye
Has lost the chasers, and his ear the cry;
Exulting, till he finds their nobler sense
Their disproportion'd speed doth recompence;
Then curses his conspiring feet, whose scent
Betrays that safety which their swiftness lent:
Then tries his friends; among the baser herd,
Where he so lately was obey'd and fear'd,
His safety seeks: the herd, unkindly wise,
Or chases him from thence, or from him flies.
Like a declining statesman, left forlorn
To his friends' pity, and pursuers' scorn,
With shame remembers while himself was one
Of the same herd, himself the same had done.
Thence to the coverts and the conscious groves,
The scenes of his past triumphs and his loves,
Sadly surveying where he rang'd alone,
Prince of the soil, and all the herd his own,
And like a bold knight-errant did proclaim
Combat to all, and bore away the dame,
And taught the woods to echo to the stream
His dreadful challenge and his clashing beam;
Yet faintly now declines the fatal strife,
So much his love was dearer than his life.
Now ev'ry leaf, and ev'ry moving breath
Presents a foe, and ev'ry foe a death.
Weary'd, forsaken, and pursu'd, at last
All safety in despair of safety plac'd,
Courage he thence resumes, resolv'd to bear
All their assaults, since 'tis in vain to fear.
And now, too late, he wishes for the fight
That strength he wasted in ignoble flight:
But when he sees the eager chase renew'd,
Himself by dogs, the dogs by men pursu'd,
He straight revokes his bold resolve, and more
Repents his courage than his fear before;
Finds that uncertain ways unsafest are,
And doubt a greater mischief than despair.
Then to the stream, when neither friends, nor force,
Nor speed, nor art, avail, he shapes his course;
Thinks not their rage so desp'rate to essay
An element more merciless than they.
But fearless they pursue, nor can the flood
Quench their dire thirst: alas! they thirst for blood.
So 'twards a ship the oar-finn'd gallies ply,
Which wanting sea to ride, or wind to fly,
Stands but to fall reveng'd on those that dare
Tempt the last fury of extreme despair.
So fares the stag; among th' enraged hounds
Repels their force, and wounds returns for wounds:
And as a hero, whom his baser foes
In troops surround, now these assails, now those,
Tho' prodigal of life, disdains to die
By common hands; but if he can descry
Some nobler foe approach, to him he calls,
And begs his fate, and then contented falls.
So when the King a mortal shaft lets fly
From his unerring hand, then glad to die,
Proud of the wound, to it resigns his blood,
And stains the crystal with a purple flood.
This a more innocent and happy chase
Than when of old, but in the self-same place,
Fair Liberty pursu'd*, and meant a prey
To lawless Power, here turn'd and stood at bay;
When in that remedy all hope was plac'd
Which was, or should have been at least, the last.
Here was that Charter seal'd wherein the crown
All marks of arbitrary power lays down:
Tyrant and slave, those names of hate and fear,
The happier style of king and subject bear:
Happy when both to the same centre move,
When kings give liberty and subjects love.
Therefore not long in force this Charter stood;
Wanting that seal, it must be seal'd in blood.
The subjects arm'd, the more their princes gave,
Th' advantage only took the more to crave:
Till kings, by giving, gave themselves away,
And ev'n that power that should deny betray.
'Who gives constrain'd, but his own fear reviles,
Not thank'd, but scorn'd; nor are they gifts, but spoils.' [hold,
Thus kings, by grasping more than they could
First made their subjects by oppression bold;
And popular sway, by forcing kings to give
More than was fit for subjects to receive,
Ran to the same extremes; and one excess
Made both, by striving to be greater, less.
When a calm river, rais'd with sudden rains,
Or snows dissolv'd, o'erflows th' adjoining plains,
The husbandmen with high-rais'd banks secure
Their greedy hopes, and this he can endure;
But if with bays and dams they strive to force
His channel to a new or narrow course,
No longer then within his banks he dwells,
First to a torrent, then a deluge, swells;
Stronger and fiercer by restraint, he roars,
And knows no bound, but makes his pow'r his shores.

ON THE EARL OF STRAFFORD'S TRIAL AND DEATH.

GREAT Strafford! worthy of that name, tho' all
Of thee could be forgotten but thy fall,
Crush'd by imaginary treason's weight,
Which too much merit did accumulate.
As chymists gold from brass by fire would draw,
Pretexts are into treason forg'd by law.
His wisdom such, at once it did appear
Three kingdoms' wonder, and three kingdoms' fear,
Whilst single he stood forth, and seem'd altho'

* Runny Mead, where the Magna Charta was first sealed.

Each had an army, as an equal foe.
Such was his force of eloquence, to make
The hearers more concern'd than he that spake.
Each seem'd to act that part he came to see,
And none was more a looker-on than he.
So did he move our passions, some were known
To wish, for the defence, the crime their own.
Now private pity strove with public hate,
Reason with rage, and eloquence with fate,
Now they could him if he could them forgive;
He's not too guilty, but too wise to live: [bore
Less seem those facts which Treason's nickname
Than such a fear'd ability for more.
They after death their fears of him express,
His innocence and their own guilt confess.
Their legislative frenzy they repent,
Enacting it should make no precedent. [lose
This fate he could have 'scap'd, but would not
Honour for life, but rather nobly chose
Death from their fears than safety from his own,
That his last action all the rest might crown.

ON COWLEY.

[*Extract from the verses "On Mr. Abraham Cowley's death, and burial amongst the ancient Poets."*]

Old Chaucer, like the morning star,
To us discovers day from far;
His light those mists and clouds dissolv'd
Which our dark nation long involv'd;
But he descending to the shades,
Darkness again the age invades.
Next (like Aurora) Spenser rose,
Whose purple blush the day foreshows;
The other three with his own fires
Phœbus, the poet's god, inspires;
By Shakspeare's, Johnson's, Fletcher's lines
Our stage's lustre Rome's outshines,
These poets near our princes sleep,
And in one grave their mansion keep.
They liv'd to see so many days,
'Till time had blasted all their bays:
But cursed be the fatal hour
That pluck'd the fairest, sweetest flower
That in the Muses' garden grew,
And amongst wither'd laurels threw!
Time, which made them their fame outlive,
To Cowley scarce did ripeness give.
Old mother Wit, and Nature, gave
Shakspeare and Fletcher all they have:
In Spenser, and in Johnson, Art
Of slower Nature got the start;
But both in him so equal are,
None knows which bears the happier share.
To him no author was unknown,
Yet what he wrote was all his own:
He melted not the ancient gold,
Nor, with Ben Jonson, did make bold
To plunder all the Roman stores
Of poets and of orators.
Horace's wit and Virgil's state
He did not steal but emulate,
And when he would like them appear,
Their garb but not their clothes did wear.

* * * * * * *

GEORGE WITHER.

Born 1588.—*Died* 1669.

THE PRAISE OF POETRY.

[*From "The Shepherd's Hunting."*]

She doth tell me where to borrow
Comfort in the midst of sorrow;
Makes the desolatest place
To her presence be a grace,
And the blackest discontents
Be her fairest ornaments.
In my former days of bliss,
Her divine skill taught me this,
That from every thing I saw,
I could some invention draw;
And raise pleasure to her height
Through the meanest object's sight:
By the murmur of a spring,
Or the least bough's rustling;
By a daisy, whose leaves spread,
Shut when Titan goes to bed;
Or a shady bush or tree,
She could more infuse in me,
Than all Nature's beauties can,
In some other wiser man.
By her help I also now
Make this churlish place* allow
Some things that may sweeten gladness
In the very gall of sadness:
The dull loanness, the black shade
That these hanging vaults have made,
The strange music of the waves,
Beating on these hollow caves,
This black den, which rocks emboss,
Overgrown with eldest moss;
The rude portals, that give light
More to terror than delight,
This my chamber of neglect,
Wall'd about with disrespect,
From all these, and this dull air,
A fit object for despair,
She hath taught me by her might
To draw comfort and delight.
Therefore then, best earthly bliss,
I will cherish thee for this!
Poesy, thou sweet'st content
That e'er heav'n to mortals lent;
Though they as a trifle leave thee,
Whose dull thoughts cannot conceive thee,
Though thou be to them a scorn,
That to nought but earth are born;
Let my life no longer be,
Than I am in love with thee!
Though our wise ones call it madness,
Let me never taste of gladness
If I love not thy mad'st fits
Above all their greatest wits!
And though some, too seeming holy,
Do account thy raptures folly,
Thou dost teach me to contemn,
What makes knaves and fools of them!

* The author was in prison.

JOHN MILTON.

Born 1608.—*Died* 1674.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The first Book proposes, first in brief, the whole subject, Man's disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise wherein he was placed: Then touches the prime cause of his fall, the serpent, or rather Satan in the serpent; who, revolting from God, and drawing to his side many legions of angels, was, by the command of God, driven out of heaven, with all his crew, into the great deep. Which action passed over, the Poem hastens into the midst of things, presenting Satan with his angels now falling into Hell described here, not in the centre (for Heaven and Earth may be supposed as yet not made, certainly not yet accursed), but in a place of utter darkness, fittiest called Chaos: Here Satan with his angels lying on the burning lake, thunderstruck and astonished, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion, calls up him who next in order and dignity lay by him: they confer of their miserable fall. Satan awakens all his legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded. They rise; their numbers; array of battle; their chief leaders named, according to the idols known afterwards in Canaan and the countries adjoining. To these Satan directs his speech, comforts them with hope yet of regaining Heaven, but tells them lastly of a new world and new kind of creature to be created, according to an ancient prophecy or report in Heaven; for, that angels were long before this visible creation, was the opinion of many ancient Fathers. To find out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determine thereon, he refers to a full council. What his associates thence attempt. Pandemonium, the palace of Satan, rises, suddenly built out of the deep: The infernal peers there sit in council.

Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing heavenly Muse! that on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed,
In the beginning how the Heavens and Earth
Rose out of Chaos: or if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flow'd
Fast by the oracle of God; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.
And chiefly Thou, O Spirit! that dost prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for Thou know'st; Thou from the first
Wast present, and, with mighty wings outspread,
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,
And madest it pregnant: what in me is dark
Illumine; what is low raise and support;
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.
Say first, for Heaven hides nothing from thy view,
Nor the deep tract of Hell; say first, what cause
Moved our grand Parents, in that happy state,
Favour'd of Heaven so highly, to fall off
From their Creator, and transgress his will
For one restraint, lords of the world besides?
Who first seduced them to that foul revolt?
The infernal serpent; he it was, whose guile,
Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceived
The mother of mankind, what time his pride
Had cast him out from heaven, with all his host
Of rebel angels; by whose aid, aspiring
To set himself in glory above his peers,
He trusted to have equall'd the Most High,
If he opposed; and, with ambitious aim
Against the throne and monarchy of God,
Raised impious war in heaven, and battle proud,
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from the etherial sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition; there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.
Nine times the space that measures day and night
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquish'd, rolling in the fiery gulf,
Confounded, though immortal: but his doom
Reserved him to more wrath; for now the thought
Both of lost happiness, and lasting pain,
Torments him: round he throws his baleful eyes,
That witness'd huge affliction and dismay
Mix'd with obdurate pride and steadfast hate:
At once, as far as angels' ken, he views
The dismal situation waste and wild:
A dungeon horrible on all sides round,
As one great furnace flamed; yet from those flames
No light; but rather darkness visible
Served only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell; hope never comes
That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With everburning sulphur unconsumed:
Such place Eternal Justice had prepared
For those rebellious; here their prison ordain'd
In utter darkness, and their portion set
As far removed from God and light of heaven
As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole.
O, how unlike the place from whence they fell!
There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd
With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
He soon discerns; and weltering by his side
One next himself in power, and next in crime,
Long after known in Palestine, and named
Beëlzebub. To whom the arch-enemy,
And thence in Heaven call'd Satan, with bold words
Breaking the horrid silence, thus began.
If thou beest he; but O, how fallen! how changed
From him, who, in the happy realms of light,
Clothed with transcendent brightness, didst outshine
Myriads though bright! If he whom mutual league,
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
And hazard in the glorious enterprise,
Join'd with me once, now misery hath join'd
In equal ruin! Into what pit thou seest,

From what height fallen; so much the stronger proved
He with his thunder: and till then who knew
The force of those dire arms? Yet not for those,
Nor what the potent Victor in his rage
Can else inflict, do I repent or change,
Though changed in outward lustre, that fix'd mind,
And high disdain from sense of injured merit,
That with the Mightiest raised me to contend,
And to the fierce contention brought along
Innumerable force of spirits arm'd,
That durst dislike his reign, and, me preferring,
His utmost power with adverse power opposed
In dubious battle on the plains of heaven,
And shook his throne. What though the field be lost?
All is not lost; the unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield,
And what is else not to be overcome;
That glory never shall his wrath or might
Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
With suppliant knee, and deify his power,
Who from the terror of this arm so late
Doubted his empire; that were low indeed,
That were an ignominy, and shame beneath
This downfall; since, by fate, the strength of gods
And this empyreal substance cannot fail;
Since through experience of this great event
In arms not worse, in foresight much advanced,
We may with more successful hope resolve
To wage, by force or guile, eternal war,
Irreconcilable to our grand Foe,
Who now triumphs, and, in the excess of joy
Sole reigning, holds the tyranny of heaven.
So spake the apostate Angel, though in pain,
Vaunting aloud, but rack'd with deep despair:
And him thus answer'd soon his bold compeer.
O prince, O Chief of many throned powers,
That led the embattled Seraphim to war
Under thy conduct, and, in dreadful deeds
Fearless, endanger'd heaven's perpetual King,
And put to proof his high supremacy,
Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate;
Too well I see and rue the dire event,
That with sad overthrow, and foul defeat,
Hath lost us heaven, and all this mighty host
In horrible destruction laid thus low,
As far as gods and heavenly essences
Can perish: for the mind and spirit remains
Invincible, and vigour soon returns,
Though all our glory extinct, and happy state
Here swallow'd up in endless misery.
But what if He our Conqueror (whom I now
Of force believe Almighty, since no less
Than such could have o'erpower'd such force as ours)
Have left us this our spirit and strength entire
Strongly to suffer and support our pains,
That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,
Or do him mightier service as his thralls
By right of war, whate'er his business be,
Here in the heart of hell to work in fire,
Or do his errands in the gloomy deep;
What can it then avail, though yet we feel
Strength undiminish'd, or eternal being,
To undergo eternal punishment?
Whereto with speedy words the arch-fiend replied.
Fallen Cherub! to be weak is miserable
Doing or suffering: but of this be sure,
To do aught good never will be our task,
But ever to do ill our sole delight,
As being the contrary to his high will
Whom we resist. If then his providence
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
Our labour must be to pervert that end,
And out of good still to find means of evil;
Which oft-times may succeed, so as perhaps
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
His inmost counsels from their destined aim.
But see! the angry Victor hath recall'd
His ministers of vengeance and pursuit
Back to the gates of heaven: the sulphurous hail,
Shot after us in storm, o'erblown, hath laid
The fiery surge, that from the precipice
Of heaven received us falling; and the thunder,
Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.
Let us not slip the occasion, whether scorn,
Or satiate fury, yield it from our Foe.
Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
The seat of desolation, void of light,
Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
From off the tossing of these fiery waves;
There rest, if any rest can harbour there;
And, re-assembling our afflicted powers,
Consult how we may henceforth most offend
Our enemy; our own loss how repair;
How overcome this dire calamity;
What reinforcement we may gain from hope;
If not, what resolution from despair.
Thus Satan talking to his nearest mate
With head uplift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blazed; his other parts besides
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood; in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,
Titanian, or Earth-born, that warr'd on Jove;
Briarëos or Typhon, whom the den
By ancient Tarsus held; or that sea-beast
Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugest that swim the ocean stream:
Him, haply, slumbering on the Norway foam
The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff
Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,
With fixed anchor in his scaly rind
Moors by his side under the lee, while night
Invests the sea, and wished morn delays:
So stretch'd out huge in length the arch-fiend lay,
Chain'd on the burning lake; nor ever thence
Had risen, or heaved his head; but that the will

And high permission of all-ruling Heaven
Left him at large to his own dark designs;
That with reiterated crimes he might
Heap on himself damnation, while he sought
Evil to others; and, enraged, might see
How all his malice served but to bring forth
Infinite goodness, grace, and mercy, shown
On Man by him seduced; but on himself
Treble confusion, wrath, and vengeance, pour'd,
Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty stature; on each hand the flames,
Driven backward, slope their pointing spires, and, roll'd
In billows, leave i' the midst a horrid vale.
Then with expanded wings he steers his flight
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air
That felt unusual weight; till on dry land
He lights, if it were land that ever burn'd
With solid, as the lake with liquid, fire:
And such appear'd in hue, as when the force
Of subterranean wind transports a hill
Torn from Pelorus, or the shatter'd side
Of thundering Ætna, whose combustible
And fuel'd entrails thence conceiving fire,
Sublimed with mineral fury, aid the winds,
And leave a singed bottom all involved
With stench and smoke: such resting found the sole
Of unbless'd feet. Him follow'd his next mate:
Both glorying to have scaped the Stygian flood
As gods, and by their own recover'd strength,
Not by the sufferance of supernal Power.
Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,
Said then the lost arch-angel, this the seat
That we must change for heaven; this mournful gloom
For that celestial light? Be it so! since he,
Who now is Sov'reign, can dispose and bid
What shall be right: furthest from him is best,
Whom reason hath equal'd, force hath made supreme
Above his equals. Farewell, happy fields,
Where joy for ever dwells! Hail, horrors! hail,
Infernal world! And thou, profoundest Hell,
Receive thy new possessor! one who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time:
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.
What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be; all but less than he
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at least
We shall be free; the Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy; will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign secure, and, in my choice,
To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell:
Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heaven!
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
The associates and copartners of our loss,
Lie thus astonish'd on the oblivious pool,
And call them not to share with us their part
In this unhappy mansion; or once more
With rallied arms to try what may be yet
Regain'd in heaven, or what more lost in hell?

So Satan spake; and him Beëlzebub
Thus answer'd. Leader of those armies bright,
Which but the Omnipotent none could have foil'd!
If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge
Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft
In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge
Of battle when it raged, in all assaults
Their surest signal, they will soon resume
New courage and revive; though now they lie
Groveling and prostrate on yon lake of fire,
As we erewhile, astounded and amazed;
No wonder, fallen such a pernicious height.
He scarce had ceased, when the superior Fiend
Was moving towards the shore: his ponderous shield,
Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,
Behind him cast; the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening from the top of Fesolé,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe.
His spear, to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great admiral, were but a wand,
He walk'd with, to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marle, not like those steps
On heaven's azure; and the torrid clime
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire:
Nathless he so endured, till on the beach
Of that inflamed sea he stood, and call'd
His legions, angel forms, who lay entranced
Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades,
High over-arch'd, imbower; or scatter'd sedge
Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd
Hath vex'd the Red-Sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew
Busiris and his Memphian chivalry,
While with perfidious hatred they pursued
The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
From the safe shore their floating carcasses
And broken chariot wheels: so thick bestrown,
Abject and lost lay these, covering the flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.
He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep
Of Hell resounded! Princes, Potentates,
Warriors, the flower of heaven! once yours, now lost,
If such astonishment as this can seize
Eternal spirits; or have ye chosen this place
After the toil of battle to repose
Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find
To slumber here, as in the vales of heaven?
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
To adore the Conqueror? who now beholds
Cherub and seraph rolling in the flood,
With scatter'd arms and ensigns; till anon
His swift pursuers from heaven-gates discern
The advantage, and, descending, tread us down
Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf.
Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen!

They heard, and where abash'd, and up they sprung
Upon the wing; as when men wont to watch
On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.
Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
Yet to their General's voice they soon obey'd
Innumerable. As when the potent rod
Of Amram's son, in Egypt's evil day,
Waved round the coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud
Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,
That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
Like night, and darken'd all the land of Nile;
So numberless were those bad angels seen
Hovering on wing under the cope of Hell,
'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires
Till, as a signal given, the uplifted spear
Of their great Sultan waving to direct
Their course, in even balance down they light
On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain;
A multitude, like which the populous North
Pour'd never from her frozen loins, to pass
Rhene or the Danaw, when her barbarous sons
Came like a deluge on the South, and spread
Beneath Gibraltar to the Libyan sands.
Forthwith from every squadron, and each band,
The heads and leaders thither haste, where stood
Their great Commander; god-like shapes, and forms
Excelling human, princely Dignities,
And Powers that erst in Heaven sat on thrones;
Though of their names in heavenly records now
Be no memorial; blotted out and ras'd
By their rebellion from the books of life.
Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve
Got them new names; till, wandering o'er the earth,
Through God's high sufferance for the trial of man,
By falsities and lies the greatest part
Of mankind they corrupted to forsake
God their Creator, and the invisible
Glory of him that made them to transform
Oft to the image of a brute, adorn'd
With gay religions full of pomp and gold
And devils to adore for deities:
Then were they known to men by various names,
And various idols through the heathen world.
Say, Muse, their names then known; who first, who last,
Roused from the slumber, on that fiery couch,
At their great Emperor's call, as next in worth
Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,
While the promiscuous crowd stood yet aloof.
The chief were those, who, from the pit of hell
Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst fix
Their seats long after next the seat of God,
Their altars by his altar; gods adored
Among the nations round; and durst abide
Jehovah thundering out of Sion, throned
Between the Cherubim; yea, often placed
Within his sanctuary itself their shrines,
Abominations; and with cursed things
His holy rites and solemn feasts profaned,
And with their darkness durst affront his light.
First, Moloch, horrid king, besmear'd with blood
Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears;
Though, for the noise of drums and timbrels loud,
Their children's cries unheard, that pass'd through fire
To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite
Worship'd in Rabba and her watery plain,
In Argob and in Basan, to the stream
Of utmost Arnon. Nor content with such
Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart
Of Solomon he led by fraud to build
His temple right against the temple of God
On that opprobrious hill; and made his grove
The pleasant valley of Hinnom, Tophet thence
And black Gehenna call'd, the type of Hell.
Next, Chemos, the obscene dread of Moab's sons,
From Aroer to Nebo, and the wild
Of southmost Abarim; in Hesebon
And Horonaim, Seon's realm, beyond
The flowery dale of Sibma clad with vines;
And Eleälé to the Asphaltic pool.
Peor his other name, when he enticed
Israel in Sittim, on their march from Nile,
To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.
Yet thence his lustful orgies he enlarged
Even to that hill of scandal, by the grove
Of Moloch homicide; lust hard by hate;
Till good Josiah drove them thence to hell.
With these came they, who, from the bordering flood
Of old Euphrates to the brook that parts
Egypt from Syrian ground, had general names
Of Baälim and Ashtaroth; those male,
These feminine. For spirits, when they please,
Can either sex assume, or both; so soft
And uncompounded is their essence pure;
Not tied or manacled with joint or limb,
Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,
Like cumbrous flesh; but, in what shape they choose,
Dilated or condensed, bright or obscure,
Can execute their airy purposes,
And works of love or enmity fulfil.
For those the race of Israel oft forsook
Their living strength, and unfrequented left
His righteous altar, bowing lowly down
To bestial gods; for which their heads as low
Bow'd down in battle, sunk before the spear
Of despicable foes. With these in troop
Came Astoreth, whom the Phœnicians call'd
Astarté, queen of heaven, with crescent horns;
To whose bright image nightly by the moon
Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs;
In Sion also not unsung, where stood
Her temple on the offensive mountain, built
By that uxorious king, whose heart, though large,
Beguiled by fair idolatresses, fell
To idols foul. Thammuz came next behind,
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
In amorous ditties all a summer's day;

While smooth Adonis from his native rock
Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded: the love-tale
Infected Sion's daughters with like heat;
Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch
Ezekiel saw, when, by the vision led,
His eye survey'd the dark idolatries
Of alienated Judah. Next came one
Who mourn'd in earnest, when the captive ark
Maim'd his brute image, head and hands lopp'd off
In his own temple, on the grundsel edge,
Where he fell flat, and shamed his worshippers:
Dagon his name, sea-monster, upward man
And downward fish: yet had his temple high
Rear'd in Azotus, dreaded through the coast
Of Palestine, in Gath and Ascalon,
And Accaron and Gaza's frontier bounds.
Him follow'd Rimmon, whose delightful seat
Was fair Damascus, on the fertile bands
Of Abbana and Pharphar, lucid streams.
He also against the house of God was bold:
A leper once he lost, and gain'd a king;
Ahaz, his sottish conqueror, whom he drew
God's altar to disparage and displace,
For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn
His odious offerings, and adore the gods
Whom he had vanquish'd. After these appear'd
A crew, who, under names of old renown,
Osiris, Isis, Orus, and their train,
With monstrous shapes and sorceries abused
Fanatic Egypt, and her priests, to seek
Their wandering gods disguised in brutish forms
Rather than human. Nor did Israel scape
The infection, when their borrow'd gold composed
The calf in Oreb; and the rebel king
Doubled that sin in Bethel and in Dan,
Likening his Maker to the grazed ox;
Jehovah, who in one night, when he pass'd
From Egypt marching, equal'd with one stroke
Both her first-born and all her bleating gods.
Belial came last, than whom a spirit more lewd
Fell not from heaven, or more gross to love
Vice for itself: to him no temple stood
Or altar smoked: yet who more oft than he
In temples and at altars, when the priest
Turns atheist, as did Eli's sons, who fill'd
With lust and violence the house of God?
In courts and palaces he also reigns,
And in luxurious cities, where the noise
Of riot ascends above their loftiest towers,
And injury, and outrage: and when night
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.
Witness the streets of Sodom, and that night
In Gibeah, when the hospitable door
Exposed a matron, to avoid worse rape.
These were the prime in order and in might;
The rest were long to tell, though far renown'd,
The Ionian gods, of Javan's issue; held
Gods, yet confess'd later than Heaven and Earth,
Their boasted parents: Titan Heaven's first-born,
With his enormous brood, and birthright seized
By younger Saturn; he from mightier Jove,
His own and Rhea's son, like measure found;
So Jove usurping reign'd: these first in Crete
And Ida known, thence on the snowy top
Of cold Olympus ruled the middle air,
Their highest heaven; or on the Delphian cliff,
Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds
Of Doric land; or who with Saturn old
Fled over Adria to the Hesperian fields,
And o'er the Celtic roam'd the utmost isles.
All these and more came flocking; but with looks
Downcast and damp; yet such wherein appear'd
Obscure some glimpse of joy, to have found their chief
Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost
In loss itself: which on his countenance cast
Like double hue: but he, his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore
Semblance of worth, not substance, gently raised
Their fainting courage, and dispell'd their fears.
Then straight commands, that at the warlike sound
Of trumpets loud and clarions be uprear'd
His mighty standard: that proud honour claim'd
Azazel as his right, a cherub tall;
Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurl'd
The imperial ensign; which, full high advanced,
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,
With gems and golden lustre rich emblazed,
Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds:
At which the universal host up sent
A shout, that tore Hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
All in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand banners rise into the air
With orient colours waving: with them rose
A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms
Appear'd, and serried shields in thick array
Of depth immeasurable: anon they move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders; such as raised
To height and noblest temper heroes old
Arming to battle; and instead of rage
Deliberate valour breathed, firm and unmoved
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat;
Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage
With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase
Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain,
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they,
Breathing united force, with fixed thought,
Moved on in silence to soft pipes, that charm'd
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil: and now
Advanced in view they stand, a horrid front
Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise
Of warriors old with order'd spear and shield,
Awaiting what command their mighty chief
Had to impose: he through the armed files
Darts his experienced eye, and soon traverse
The whole battalion views; their order due;

Their visages and stature as of gods;
Their number last he sums. And now his heart
Distends with pride, and hardening in his strength
Glories: for never, since created man,
Met such imbodied force, as named with these
Could merit more than that small infantry
Warr'd on by cranes; though all the giant brood
Of Phlegra with the heroic race were join'd
That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side
Mix'd with auxiliar gods; and what resounds
In fable or romance of Uther's son
Begirt with British and Armoric knights;
And all who since, baptized or infidel,
Jousted in Aspramont, or Montalban,
Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisond,
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore,
When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabbia. Thus far these beyond
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observed
Their dread Commander: he, above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower: his form had yet not lost
All her original brightness; nor appear'd
Less than Arch-angel ruin'd, and the excess
Of glory obscured: as when the sun, new risen,
Looks through the horizontal misty air
Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Darken'd so, yet shone
Above them all the Arch-angel: but his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd; and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride
Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion, to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather
(Far other once beheld in bliss), condemn'd
For ever now to have their lot in pain;
Millions of spirits for his fault amerced
Of Heaven, and from eternal splendours flung
For his revolt; yet faithful how they stood,
Their glory wither'd: as when Heaven's fire
Hath scathed the forest oaks, or mountain pines
With singed top their stately growth, though
bare,
Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepared
To speak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half enclose him round
With all his peers: attention held them mute.
Thrice he assay'd, and thrice, in spite of scorn,
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth: at last
Words, interwove with sighs, found out their
way.
O myriads of immortal spirits! O Powers
Matchless, but with the Almighty! and that
strife
Was not inglorious, though the event was dire,
As this place testifies, and this dire change
Hateful to utter: but what power of mind,
Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth
Of knowledge past or present, could have fear'd,
How such united force of gods, how such
As stood like these, could ever know repulse?
For who can yet believe, though after loss,
That all these puissant legions, whose exile
Hath emptied heaven, shall fail to reascend
Self-raised, and repossess their native seat?
For me, be witness all the host of heaven,
If counsels different, or dangers shunn'd
By me, have lost our hopes. But he, who reigns
Monarch in heaven, till then as one secure
Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute,
Consent or custom; and his regal state
Put forth at full, but still his strength conceal'd
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our
fall.
Henceforth his might we know, and know our
own;
So as not either to provoke, or dread
New war, provoked: our better part remains
To work in close design, by fraud or guile,
What force effected not: that he no less
At length from us may find, who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.
Space may produce new worlds; whereof so
rife
There went a fame in heaven that he ere long
Intended to create, and therein plant
A generation, whom his choice regard
Should favour equal to the sons of Heaven:
Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps
Our first eruption; thither or elsewhere
For this infernal pit shall never hold
Celestial spirits in bondage, nor the abyss
Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts
Full counsel must mature: peace is despair'd;
For who can think submission? War then,
War,
Open or understood, must be resolved.
He spake: and, to confirm his words, out-flew
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty cherubim; the sudden blaze
Far round illumined hell: highly they raged
Against the Highest, and fierce with grasped arms
Clash'd on their sounding shields the din of
war,
Hurling defiance toward the vault of heaven.
There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top
Belch'd fire and rolling smoke; the rest entire
Shone with a glossy scurf; undoubted sign
That in his womb was hid metallic ore,
The work of sulphur. Thither, wing'd with speed,
A numerous brigade hasten'd: as when bands
Of pioneers, with spade and pickaxe arm'd,
Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,
Or cast a rampart. Mammon led them on;
Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
From heaven; for e'en in heaven his looks and
thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught, divine or holy, else enjoy'd
In vision beatific: by him first
Men also, and by his suggestion taught,
Ransack'd the centre, and with impious hands
Rifled the bowels of their mother Earth
For treasures, better hid. Soon had his crew

Open'd into the hill a spacious wound,
And digg'd out ribs of gold. Let none admire
That riches grow in hell; that soil may best
Deserve the precious bane. And here let those,
Who boast in mortal things, and wondering tell
Of Babel, and the works of Memphian kings,
Learn how their greatest monuments of fame,
And strength, and art, are easily outdone
By spirits reprobate, and in an hour,
What in an age they with incessant toil
And hands innumerable scarce perform.
Nigh on the plain, in many cells prepared,
That underneath had veins of liquid fire
Sluiced from the lake, a second multitude
With wondrous art founded the massy ore,
Severing each kind, and scumm'd the bullion dross:
A third as soon had form'd within the ground
A various mould, and from the boiling cells
By strange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook;
As in an organ, from one blast of wind,
To many a row of pipes the soundboard breathes.
Anon, out of the earth, a fabric huge
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,
Built like a temple, where pilasters round
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
With golden architrave; nor did there want
Cornice or freeze, with bossy sculptures graven:
The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,
Nor great Alcairo, such magnificence
Equal'd in all their glories, to enshrine
Belus or Serapis, their gods; or seat
Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove
In wealth and luxury. The ascending pile
Stood fix'd her stately highth: and straight the doors
Opening their brazen folds, discover, wide
Within, her ample spaces, o'er the smooth
And level pavement: from the arched roof
Pendant by subtile magic many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
With Naphtha and Asphaltus, yielded light
As from a sky. The hasty multitude
Admiring enter'd; and the work some praise,
And some the architect: his hand was known
In heaven by many a tower'd structure high,
Where sceptred Angels held their residence
And sat as princes; whom the supreme King,
Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,
Each in his hierarchy, the orders bright.
Nor was his name unheard, or unadored,
In ancient Greece; and in Ausonian land
Men call'd him Mulciber; and how he fell
From heaven, they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
Sheer o'er the crystal battlements: from morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day; and with the setting sun
Dropp'd from the zenith like a falling star,
On Lemnos the Ægean isle: thus they relate,
Erring; for he with this rebellious rout
Fell long before; nor aught avail'd him now
To have built in heaven high towers; nor did he scape
By all his engines, but was headlong sent
With his industrious crew to build in hell.
Mean while, the winged heralds, by command
Of sov'reign power, with awful ceremony
And trumpet's sound, throughout the host proclaim
A solemn council, forthwith to be held
At Pandemonium; the high capital
Of Satan and his peers: their summons call'd
From every band and squared regiment
By place or choice the worthiest; they anon,
With hundreds and with thousands, trooping came,
Attended: all access was throng'd; the gates
And porches wide, but chief the spacious hall
(Though like a cover'd field, where champions bold
Wont ride in arm'd, and at the Soldan's chair
Defied the best of Panim chivalry
To mortal combat, or carere with lance),
Thick swarm'd, both on the ground and in the air
Brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings. As bees
In spring time, when the sun with Taurus rides,
Pour forth their populous youth about the hive
In clusters: they among fresh dews and flowers
Fly to and fro, or on the smoothed plank,
The suburb of their straw-built citadel,
New rubb'd with balm, expatiate and confer
Their state affairs. So thick the airy crowd
Swarm'd and were straiten'd; till, the signal given,
Behold a wonder! They but now who seem'd
In bigness to surpass earth's giant sons,
Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room
Throng numberless, like that Pygmean race
Beyond the Indian mount; or fairy elves,
Whose midnight revels, by a forest side
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while overhead the moon
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth
Wheels her pale course; they, on their mirth and dance
Intent, with jocund music charm his ear;
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
Thus incorporeal spirits to smallest forms
Reduced their shapes immense, and were at large,
Though without number still, amidst the hall
Of that infernal court. But far within,
And in their own dimensions, like themselves,
The great seraphic lords and cherubim
In close recess and secret conclave sat;
A thousand demi-gods on golden seats,
Frequent and full. After short silence then,
And summons read, the great consult began.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The consultation begun, Satan debates whether another battle is to be hazarded for the recovery of Heaven: some advise it, others dissuade. A third proposal is preferred, mentioned before by Satan, to search the truth of that prophecy or tradition in Heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creature, equal or not much inferior to themselves, about this time to be created: their doubt, who shall be sent on this difficult search; Satan their chief, undertakes alone the voyage, is honoured and applauded. The council thus ended, the rest betake them several ways, and to several employments, as their inclinations lead them, to entertain the time till Satan return. He passes on his journey to Hell gates; finds them shut, and who sat there to guard them; by whom at length they are opened, and discover to him the great gulf between Hell and Heaven; with what difficulty he passes through, directed by Chaos, the Power of that place, to the sight of this new world which he sought.

High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous east with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat, by merit raised
To that bad eminence; and, from despair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
Vain war with Heaven; and, by success, untaught,
His proud imaginations thus display'd.
Powers and dominions, deities of heaven!
For since no deep within her gulf can hold
Immortal vigour, though oppress'd and fallen,
I give not heaven for lost. From this descent
Celestial virtues rising, will appear
More glorious and more dread than from no fall,
And trust themselves to fear no second fate.
Me though just right, and the fix'd laws of Heaven,
Did first create your leader; next, free choice,
With what besides, in counsel or in fight,
Hath been achieved of merit; yet this loss,
Thus far at least recover'd, hath much more
Establish'd in a safe unenvied throne,
Yielded with full consent. The happier state
In heaven, which follows dignity, might draw
Envy from each inferior; but who here
Will envy whom the highest place exposes
Foremost to stand against the Thunderer's aim
Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share
Of endless pain? Where there is then no good
For which to strive, no strife can grow up there
From faction; for none sure will claim in hell
Precedence; none, whose portion is so small
Of present pain, that with ambitious mind
Will covet more. With this advantage then
To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
More than can be in heaven, we now return
To claim our just inheritance of old,
Surer to prosper than prosperity
Could have assured us; and by what best way,
Whether of open war or covert guile,
We now debate: who can advise, may speak.
He ceased; and next him Moloch, sceptred king,
Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest spirit
That fought in heaven, now fiercer by despair:
His trust was with the Eternal to be deem'd
Equal in strength, and rather than be less
Cared not to be at all; with that care lost
Went all his fear: of God, or hell, or worse
He reck'd not; and these words thereafter spake.
My sentence is for open war: of wiles,
More unexpert, I boast not: them let those
Contrive who need, or when they need; not now.
For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
Millions that stand in arms, and longing wait
The signal to ascend, sit lingering here
Heaven's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place
Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,
The prison of his tyranny who reigns
By our delay? No, let us rather chuse,
Arm'd with hell flames and fury, all at once
O'er heaven's high towers to force resistless way,
Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Against the Torturer; when to meet the noise
Of his almighty engine he shall hear
Infernal thunder; and for lightning see
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
Among his angels; and his throne itself
Mix'd with Tartarean sulphur, and strange fire,
His own invented torments. But, perhaps,
The way seems difficult and steep to scale
With upright wing against a higher foe.
Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,
That in our proper motion we ascend
Up to our native seat: descent and fall
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,
When the fierce Foe hung on our broken rear
Insulting, and pursued us through the deep,
With what compulsion and laborious flight
We sunk thus low? The ascent is easy then;
The event is fear'd; should we again provoke
Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find
To our destruction; if there be in hell
Fear to be worse destroy'd: what can be worse
Than to dwell here, driven out from bliss, condemn'd
In this abhorred deep to utter woe;
Where pain of unextinguishable fire
Must exercise us without hope of end,
The vassals of his anger, when the scourge
Inexorably, and the torturing hour,
Calls us to penance? More destroy'd than thus,
We should be quite abolish'd, and expire.
What fear we then? what doubt we to incense
His utmost ire? which, to the height enraged,
Will either quite consume us, and reduce
To nothing this essential, happier far
Than miserable to have eternal being:
Or if our substance be indeed divine,
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst
On this side nothing; and by proof we feel
Our power sufficient to disturb his heaven,
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
Though inaccessible, his fatal throne:
Which, if not victory, is yet revenge.
He ended frowning, and his look denounced
Desperate revenge, and battle dangerous
To less than gods. On the other side up rose
Belial, in act more graceful and humane:

A fairer person lost not heaven ; he seem'd
For dignity composed, and high exploit :
But all was false and hollow ; though his tongue
Dropp'd manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels : for his thoughts were low ;
To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
Timorous and slothful : yet he pleased the ear,
And with persuasive accent thus began.
I should be much for open war, O peers,
As not behind in hate ; if what was urged
Main reason to persuade immediate war,
Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
Ominous conjecture on the whole success ;
When he, who most excels in fact of arms,
In what he counsels, and in what excels,
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair
And utter dissolution, as the scope
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.
First, what revenge ? The towers of heaven are fill'd
With armed watch, that render all access
Impregnable : oft on the bordering deep
Encamp their legions ; or, with obscure wing,
Scout far and wide into the realm of night,
Scorning surprise. Or could we break our way
By force, and at our heels all hell should rise
With blackest insurrection, to confound
Heaven's purest light ; yet our great Enemy,
All incorruptible, would on his throne
Sit unpolluted ; and the ethereal mould,
Incapable of stain, would soon expel
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,
Victorious. Thus repulsed, our final hope
Is flat despair : we must exasperate
The Almighty Victor to spend all his rage,
And that must end us ; that must be our cure,
To be no more. Sad cure ! for who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallow'd up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of sense and motion ? And who knows,
Let this be good, whether our angry Foe
Can give it, or will ever ? how he can,
Is doubtful ; that he never will, is sure.
Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,
Belike through impotence, or unaware,
To give his enemies their wish, and end
Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
To punish endless ? Wherefore cease we then ?
Say they who counsel war ; we are decreed,
Reserved, and destined to eternal woe ;
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
What can we suffer worse ? Is this then worst,
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms ?
What ! when we fled amain, pursued, and struck
With heaven's afflicting thunder, and besought
The deep to shelter us ? This hell then seem'd
A refuge from those wounds : or when we lay
Chain'd on the burning lake ? That sure was worse.
What if the breath, that kindled those grim fires,
Awaked, should blow them into sevenfold rage,
And plunge us in the flames ? or, from above,
Should intermitted vengeance arm again
His red right hand to plague us ? What if all
Her stores were open'd, and this firmament
Of hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall
One day upon our heads ; while we perhaps,
Designing or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempest shall be hurl'd
Each on his rock transfix'd, the sport and prey
Of wracking whirlwinds ; or for ever sunk
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains ;
There to converse with everlasting groans,
Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved,
Ages of hopeless end ? This would be worse.
War therefore, open or conceal'd, alike
My voice dissuades ; for what can force or guile
With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye
Views all things at one view ? He from heaven's height
All these our motions vain sees, and derides ;
Not more almighty to resist our might
Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.
Shall we then live thus vile, the race of heaven
Thus trampled, thus expell'd to suffer here
Chains and these torments ? Better these than worse,
By my advice ; since fate inevitable
Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,
The Victor's will. To suffer, as to do,
Our strength is equal, nor the law unjust
That so ordains : this was at first resolv'd,
If we were wise, against so great a Foe
Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.
I laugh, when those who at the spear are bold
And venturous, if that fail them, shrink and fear
What yet they know must follow, to endure
Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
The sentence of their Conqueror : this is now
Our doom ; which if we can sustain and bear,
Our Supreme Foe in time may much remit
His anger ; and perhaps, thus far removed,
Not mind us not offending, satisfied
With what is punish'd ; whence these raging fires
Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames.
Our purer essence then will overcome
Their noxious vapour ; or, inured, not feel ;
Or changed at length, and to the place conform'd
In temper and in nature, will receive
Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain ;
This horror will grow mild, this darkness light ;
Besides what hope the never-ending flight
Of future days may bring, what chance, what change
Worth waiting ; since our present lot appears
For happy, though but ill ; for ill, not worst ;
If we procure not to ourselves more woe.
Thus Belial, with words clothed in reason's garb,
Counsel'd ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth,
Not peace : and after him thus Mammon spake.
Either to disenthrone the King of heaven

We war, if war be best, or to regain
Our own right lost: Him to unthrone we then
May hope, when everlasting Fate shall yield
To fickle Chance, and Chaos judge the strife:
The former, vain to hope, argues as vain
The latter: for what place can be for us
Within heaven's bound, unless heaven's Lord supreme
We overpower? Suppose he should relent,
And publish grace to all, on promise made
Of new subjection; with what eyes could we
Stand in his presence humble, and receive
Strict laws imposed, to celebrate his throne
With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead sing
Forced Hallelujahs; while he lordly sits
Our envied Sov'reign, and his altar breathes
Ambrosial odours and ambrosial flowers,
Our servile offerings? This must be our task
In heaven, this our delight; how wearisome
Eternity so spent, in worship paid
To whom we hate! Let us not then pursue,
By force impossible, by leave obtain'd,
Unacceptable, though in heaven, our state
Of splendid vassalage; but rather seek
Our own good from ourselves, and from our own
Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,
Free, and to none accountable, preferring
Hard liberty before the easy yoke
Of servile pomp. Our greatness will appear
Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,
Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse,
We can create; and in what place so e'er
Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain,
Through labour and endurance. This deep world
Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst
Thick clouds and dark doth heaven's all-ruling Sire
Choose to reside, his glory unobscured,
And with the majesty of darkness round
Covers his throne; from whence deep thunders roar
Mustering their rage, and heaven resembles hell?
As he our darkness, cannot we his light
Imitate when we please? This desert soil
Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold;
Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise
Magnificence; and what can Heaven show more?
Our torments also may in length of time
Become our elements; these piercing fires
As soft as now severe, our temper changed
Into their temper; which must needs remove
The sensible of pain. All things invite
To peaceful counsels, and the settled state
Of order, how in safety best we may
Compose our present evils, with regard
Of what we are, and where; dismissing quite
All thoughts of war. Ye have what I advise.
He scarce had finish'd, when such murmur fill'd
The assembly, as when hollow rocks retain
The sound of blustering winds, which all night long
Had roused the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
Seafaring men o'erwatch'd, whose bark by chance,
Or pinnace, anchors in a craggy bay
After the tempest: such applause was heard
As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleased,
Advising peace: for such another field
They dreaded worse than hell: so much the fear
Of thunder and the sword of Michaël
Wrought still within them; and no less desire
To found this nether empire, which might rise
By policy, and long process of time
In emulation opposite to Heaven.
Which when Beëlzebub perceived, than whom
Satan except, none higher sat, with grave
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd
A pillar of state: deep on his front engraven
Deliberation sat, and public care;
And princely counsel in his face yet shone,
Majestic, though in ruin: sage he stood
With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look
Drew audience and attention still as night
Or summer's noontide air, while thus he spake.
Thrones and imperial powers, offspring of heaven,
Ethereal virtues! or these titles now
Must we renounce, and, changing style, be call'd
Princes of hell? for so the popular vote
Inclines, here to continue, and build up here
A growing empire; doubtless! while we dream,
And know not that the King of heaven hath doom'd
This place our dungeon; not our safe retreat
Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt
From heaven's high jurisdiction, in new league
Banded against his throne, but to remain
In strictest bondage, though thus far removed
Under the inevitable curb, reserved
His captive multitude: for he, be sure
In height or depth, still first and last will reign
Sole king, and of his kingdom lose no part
By our revolt; but over hell extend
His empire, and with iron sceptre rule
Us here, as with his golden those in heaven.
What sit we then projecting peace and war?
War hath determined us, and foil'd with loss
Irreparable; terms of peace yet none
Vouchsafed or sought; for what peace will be given
To us enslaved, but custody severe,
And stripes, and arbitrary punishment
Inflicted? and what peace can we return,
But, to our power, hostility and hate,
Untamed reluctance, and revenge, though slow,
Yet ever plotting how the conqueror least
May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice
In doing what we most in suffering feel?
Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need
With dangerous expedition to invade

Heaven, whose high walls fear no assault or siege,
Or ambush from the deep. What if we find
Some easier enterprise? There is a place,
(If ancient and prophetic fame in heaven
Err not,) another world, the happy seat
Of some new race call'd Man, about this time
To be created like to us, though less
In power and excellence, but favour'd more
Of Him who rules above; so was his will
Pronounced among the gods, and by an oath,
That shook heaven's whole circumference, confirm'd.
Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
What creatures there inhabit, of what mould,
Or substance, how endued, and what their power,
And where their weakness, how attempted best,
By force or subtlety. Though heaven be shut,
And heaven's high Arbitrator sit secure
In his own strength, this place may lie exposed,
The utmost border of his kingdom, left.
To their defence who hold it: here perhaps
Some advantageous act may be achieved
By sudden onset; either with hell fire
To waste his whole creation, or possess
All as our own, and drive, as we were driven,
The puny habitants; or, if not drive,
Seduce them to our party, that their God
May prove their foe, and with repenting hand
Abolish his own works. This would surpass
Common revenge, and interrupt his joy
In our confusion, and our joy upraise
In his disturbance; when his darling sons,
Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse
Their frail original, and faded bliss,
Faded so soon. Advise, if this be worth
Attempting, or to sit in darkness here
Hatching vain empires. Thus Beëlzebub
Pleaded his devilish counsel, first devised
By Satan, and in part proposed: for whence,
But from the author of all ill, could spring
So deep a malice, to confound the race
Of mankind in one root, and earth with hell
To mingle and involve, done all to spite
The great Creator? But their spite still serves
His glory to augment. The bold design
Pleased highly those infernal states, and joy
Sparkled in all their eyes; with full assent
They vote: whereat his speech he thus renews.
Well have ye judged, well ended long debate,
Synod of gods! and, like to what ye are,
Great things resolved, which, from the lowest deep,
Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate,
Nearer our ancient seat; perhaps in view
Of those bright confines, whence, with neighbouring arms
And opportune excursion, we may chance
Re-enter heaven; or else in some mild zone
Dwell, not unvisited of heaven's fair light,
Secure; and at the brightening orient beam
Purge off this gloom: the soft delicious air,
To heal the scar of these corrosive fires
Shall breathe her balm. But first whom shall we send
In search of this new world? whom shall we find
Sufficient? who shall tempt with wandering feet
The dark unbottom'd infinite abyss,
And through the palpable obscure find out
His uncouth way, or spread his airy flight
Upborne with indefatigable wings
Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive
The happy isle? What strength, what art, can then
Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe
Through the strict sentries and stations thick
Of Angels watching round? Here he had need
All circumspection; and we now no less
Choice in our suffrage; for, on whom we send,
The weight of all, and our last hope, relies.
This said, he sat; and expectation held
His look suspense, awaiting who appear'd
To second, or oppose, or undertake
The perilous attempt: but all sat mute,
Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; and each
In other's countenance read his own dismay,
Astonish'd. None among the choice and prime
Of those heaven-warring champions could be found
So hardy, as to proffer or accept,
Alone, the dreadful voyage; till at last
Satan, whom now transcendent glory raised
Above his fellows, with monarchial pride,
Conscious of highest worth, unmoved thus spake.
O progeny of heaven, empyreal thrones!
With reason hath deep silence and demur
Seized us, though undismay'd: long is the way
And hard, that out of hell leads up to light;
Our prison strong; this huge convex of fire,
Outrageous to devour, immures us round
Ninefold; and gates of burning adamant,
Barr'd over us, prohibit all egress.
These pass'd, if any pass, the void profound
Of unessential night receives him next
Wide gaping, and with utter loss of being
Threatens him, plunged in that abortive gulf
If thence he scape into whatever world,
Or unknown region, what remains him less
Than unknown dangers, and as hard escape?
But I should ill become this throne, O peers
And this imperial sov'reignty, adorn'd
With splendour, arm'd with power, if aught proposed
And judged of public moment, in the shape
Of difficulty, or danger, could deter
Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume
These royalties, and not refuse to reign,
Refusing to accept as great a share
Of hazard as of honour, due alike
To him who reigns, and so much to him due
Of hazard more, as he above the rest
High honour'd sits? Go, therefore, mighty powers,
Terror of heaven, though fallen! intend at home,
While here shall be our home, what best may ease
The present misery, and render hell

More tolerable; if there be cure or charm
To respite, or deceive, or slack the pain
Of this ill mansion: intermit no watch
Against a wakeful foe, while I abroad
Through all the coasts of dark destruction seek
Deliverance for us all: this enterprise
None shall partake with me. Thus saying rose
The monarch, and prevented all reply;
Prudent, lest, from his resolution raised
Others among the chief might offer now
(Certain to be refused) what erst they fear'd;
And, so refused, might in opinion stand
His rivals; winning cheap the high repute,
Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they
Dreaded not more the adventure than his voice
Forbidding; and at once with him they rose:
Their rising all at once was as the sound
Of thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend
With awful reverence prone; and as a god
Extol him equal to the Highest in heaven:
Nor fail'd they to express how much they praised,
That for the general safety he despised
His own: for neither do the spirits damn'd
Lose all their virtue; lest bad men should boast
Their specious deeds on earth, which glory excites,
Or close ambition varnish'd o'er with zeal.
Thus they their doubtful consultations dark
Ended, rejoicing in their matchless chief:
As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds
Ascending, while the north wind sleeps, o'erspread
Heaven's cheerful face, the lowering element
Scowls o'er the darken'd landskip snow, or showers;
If chance the radiant sun with farewell sweet
Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings.
O shame to men! devil with devil damn'd
Firm concord holds; men only disagree
Of creatures rational, though under hope
Of heavenly grace: and, God proclaiming peace,
Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife,
Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,
Wasting the earth, each other to destroy:
As if (which might induce us to accord)
Man had not hellish foes enough besides,
That, day and night, for his destruction wait.
The Stygian council thus dissolved; and forth
In order came the grand infernal peers:
Midst came their mighty paramount, and seem'd
Alone the antagonist of heaven, nor less
Than hell's dread emperor, with pomp supreme,
And godlike imitated state: him round
A globe of fiery Seraphim enclosed
With bright emblazonry, and horrent arms.
Then of their session ended they bid cry
With trumpets' regal sound the great result:
Towards the four winds four speedy Cherubim
Put to their mouths the sounding alchemy,
By herald's voice explain'd; the hollow abyss
Heard far and wide, and all the host of Hell
With deafening shout return'd them loud acclaim.
Thence more at ease their minds, and somewhat raised
By false presumptuous hope, the ranged powers
Disband; and, wandering, each his several way
Pursues, as inclination or sad choice
Leads him perplex'd, where he may likeliest find
Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain
The irksome hours till his great chief return.
Part on the plain, or in the air sublime,
Upon the wing, or in swift race contend,
As at the Olympian games or Pythian fields;
Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal
With rapid wheels, or fronted brigades form.
As when, to warn proud cities, war appears
Waged in the troubled sky, and armies rush
To battle in the clouds, before each van
Prick forth the aery knights, and couch their spears
Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms
From either end of heaven the welkin burns.
Others, with vast Typhœan rage more fell,
Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air
In whirlwind; hell scarce holds the wild uproar.
As when Alcides, from Oechalia crown'd
With conquest, felt the envenom'd robe, and tore
Through pain up by the roots Thessalian pines,
And Lichas from the top of Oeta threw
Into the Euboic sea. Others more mild,
Retreated in a silent valley, sing
With notes angelical to many a harp
Their own heroic deeds and hapless fall
By doom of battle; and complain that fate
Free virtue should enthral to force or chance.
Their song was partial; but the harmony
(What could it less when spirits immortal sing?)
Suspended hell, and took with ravishment
The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet
(For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense,)
Others apart sat on a hill retired,
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate;
Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute;
And found no end, in wandering mazes lost.
Of good and evil much they argued then,
Of happiness and final misery,
Passion and apathy, and glory and shame;
Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy!
Yet, with a pleasing sorcery, could charm
Pain for a while or anguish, and excite
Fallacious hope, or arm the obdured breast
With stubborn patience, as with triple steel.
Another part, in squadrons and gross bands,
On bold adventure to discover wide
That dismal world, if any clime perhaps
Might yield them easier habitation, bend
Four ways their flying march, along the banks
Of four infernal rivers, that disgorge
Into the burning lake their baleful streams;
Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate;
Sad Acheron, of sorrow, black and deep;
Cocytus, named of lamentation loud

Heard on the rueful stream; fierce Phlegethon,
Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.
Far off from these, a slow and silent stream,
Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls
Her watery labyrinth, whereof who drinks,
Forthwith his former state and being forgets,
Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.
Beyond this flood a frozen continent
Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms
Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land
Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems
Of ancient pile; or else deep snow and ice,
A gulf profound, as that Serbonian bog
Betwixt Damiata and mount Casius old,
Where armies whole have sunk: the parching air
Burns frore, and cold performs the effect of fire.
Thither by harpy-footed furies haled
At certain revolutions, all the damn'd
Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,
From beds of raging fire, to starve in ice
Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
Immoveable, infix'd, and frozen round,
Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.
They ferry over this Lethean sound
Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment,
And wish and struggle, as they pass, to reach
The tempting stream, with one small drop to lose
In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,
All in one moment, and so near the brink;
But fate withstands, and to oppose the attempt
Medusa with Gorgonian terror guards
The ford, and of itself the water flies
All taste of living wight, as once it fled
The lip of Tantalus. Thus roving on
In confused march forlorn, the adventurous bands,
With shuddering horror pale, and eyes aghast,
View'd first their lamentable lot, and found
No rest: through many a dark and dreary vale
They pass'd, and many a region dolorous,
O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death,
A universe of death: which God by curse
Created evil, for evil only good,
Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds,
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,
Abominable, inutterable, and worse
Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv-ed,
Gorgons, and hydras, and chimeras dire.
Meanwhile, the adversary of God and man,
Satan, with thoughts inflamed of highest de-sign,
Puts on swift wings, and towards the gates of hell
Explores his solitary flight: sometimes
He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the left;
Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars
Up to the fiery concave towering high.
As when far off at sea a fleet descried
Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles
Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring
Their spicy drugs; they, on the trading flood,
Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape,
Ply stemming nightly toward the pole: so seem'd
Far off the flying fiend. At last appear
Hell-bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof,
And thrice threefold the gates; threefolds were brass,
Three iron, three of adamantine rock
Impenetrable, impaled with circling fire,
Yet unconsum'd. Before the gates there sat
On either side a formidable shape;
The one seem'd woman to the waist, and fair;
But ended foul in many a scaly fold
Voluminous and vast; a serpent arm'd
With mortal sting: about her middle round
A cry of hell-hounds never ceasing bark'd
With wide Cerberian mouths full loud, and rung
A hideous peal; yet, when they list, would creep,
If aught disturb'd their noise, into her womb,
And kennel there; yet there still bark'd and howl'd,
Within, unseen. Far less abhorr'd than these
Vex'd Scylla, bathing in the sea that parts
Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore:
Nor uglier follow the night hag, when, call'd
In secret, riding through the air she comes,
Lured with the smell of infant blood, to dance
With Lapland witches, while the labouring moon
Eclipses at their charms. The other shape,
If shape it might be call'd that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb;
Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,
For each seem'd either; black it stood as night,
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
And shook a dreadful dart; what seem'd his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.
Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
The monster moving onward came as fast
With horrid strides; hell trembled as he strode.
The undaunted fiend what this might be ad-mired;
Admired, not fear'd; God and his Son except,
Created thing nought valued he, nor shunn'd;
And with disdainful look thus first began.
Whence and what art thou, execrable shape!
That darest, though grim and terrible, ad-vance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates? Through them I mean to pass,
That be assured, without leave ask'd of thee:
Retire, or taste thy folly; and learn by proof,
Hell-born! not to contend with spirits of hea-ven.

To whom the goblin full of wrath replied.
Art thou that traitor-angel, art thou he,
Who first broke peace in heaven, and faith, till then
Unbroken; and in proud rebellious arms
Drew after him the third part of heaven's sons
Conjured against the Highest; for which both thou
And they, outcast from God, are here condemn'd
To waste eternal days in woe and pain?
And reckon'st thou thyself with spirits of heaven,
Hell-doom'd! and breath'st defiance here and scorn,
Where I reign king, and to enrage thee more,
Thy king and lord? Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive! and to thy speed add wings,
Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
Thy lingering; or with one stroke of this dart
Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before.
So spake the grisly terror, and in shape,
So speaking and so threatening, grew tenfold
More dreadful and deform. On the other side,
Incens'd with indignation, Satan stood
Unterrified, and like a comet burn'd,
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
In the arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head
Level'd his deadly aim; their fatal hands
No second stroke intend; and such a frown
Each cast at the other, as when two black clouds,
With heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on
Over the Caspian, then stand front to front,
Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow
To join their dark encounter in mid air:
So frown'd the mighty combatants, that hell
Grew darker at their frown; so match'd they stood;
For never but once more was either like
To meet so great a foe: and now great deeds
Had been achieved, whereof all hell had rung
Had not the snaky sorceress that sat
Fast by hell-gate, and kept the fatal key,
Risen, and with hideous outcry rush'd between.
O father! what intends thy hand, she cried,
Against thy only son? What fury, O son!
Possesses thee, to bend that mortal dart
Against thy father's head? and know'st for whom;
For him who sits above, and laughs the while
At thee ordain'd his drudge; to execute
Whate'er his wrath, which he calls justice, bids;
His wrath, which one day will destroy ye both!
She spake, and at her words the hellish pest
Forbore; then these to her Satan return'd.
So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange
Thou interposest, that my sudden hand,
Prevented, spares to tell thee yet by deeds
What it intends; till first I know of thee,
What thing thou art, thus double-form'd; and why,
In this infernal vale first met, thou call'st
Me father, and that phantasm call'st my son:
I know thee not, nor ever saw till now
Sight more detestable than him and thee.
To whom thus the portress of hell-gate replied.
Hast thou forgot me then, and do I seem
Now in thine eye so foul? once deem'd so fair
In heaven, when at the assembly, and in sight
Of all the Seraphim with thee combined
In bold conspiracy against heaven's King,
All on a sudden miserable pain
Surprised thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy swum
In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast
Threw forth; till, on the left side opening wide,
Likest to thee in shape and countenance bright,
Then shining heavenly fair, a goddess arm'd,
Out of thy head I sprung: amazement seized
All the host of heaven; back they recoil'd afraid
At first, and call'd me *Sin*, and for a sign
Portentous held me; but familiar grown,
I pleased, and with attractive graces won
The most averse, thee chiefly, who full oft
Thyself in me thy perfect image viewing
Becamest enamour'd, and such joy thou took'st
With me in secret, that my womb conceived
A growing burden. Meanwhile war arose,
And fields were fought in heaven; wherein remain'd
(For what could else?) to our Almighty Foe
Clear victory; to our part loss and rout,
Through all the empyrean: down they fell
Driven headlong from the pitch of heaven, down
Into this deep; and in the general fall
I also; at which time, this powerful key
Into my hand was given, with charge to keep
These gates for ever shut, which none can pass,
Without my opening. Pensive here I sat
Alone; but long I sat not, till my womb,
Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown,
Prodigious motion felt, and rueful throes.
At last this odious offspring whom thou seest,
Thine own begotten, breaking violent way
Tore through my entrails, that, with fear and pain
Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew
Transform'd: but he my inbred enemy
Forth issued, brandishing his fatal dart
Made to destroy! I fled, and cried out, *Death!*
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sigh'd
From all her caves, and back resounded, *Death!*
I fled; but he pursued, (though more, it seems,
Inflamed with lust than rage,) and swifter far,
Me overtook, his mother, all dismay'd;
And, in embraces forcible and foul
Ingendering with me, of that rape begot
These yelling monsters, that with ceaseless cry
Surround me, as thou saw'st; hourly conceived
And hourly born, with sorrow infinite
To me; for, when they list, into the womb

That bred them they return, and howl and gnaw
My bowels, their repast; then bursting forth
Afresh with conscious terrors vex me round,
That rest or intermission none I find.
Before mine eyes in opposition sits
Grim Death, my son and foe; who sets them on,
And me his parent would full soon devour
For want of other prey, but that he knows
His end with mine involved; and knows that I
Should prove a bitter morsel, and his bane,
Whenever that shall be; so Fate pronounced.
But thou, O father! I forewarn thee, shun
His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope
To be invulnerable in those bright arms,
Though temper'd heavenly; for that mortal dint,
Save he who reigns above, none can resist.
She finish'd; and the subtle fiend his lore
Soon learn'd, now milder, and thus answer'd smooth.
Dear daughter! since thou claim'st me for thy sire,
And my fair son here show'st me, (the dear pledge
Of dalliance had with thee in heaven, and joys
Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire change
Befallen us, unforeseen, unthought of) know,
I come no enemy, but to set free
From out this dark and dismal house of pain
Both him and thee, and all the heavenly host
Of spirits, that, in our just pretences arm'd,
Fell with us from on high: from them I go
This uncouth errand sole; and one for all
Myself expose, with lonely steps to tread
The unfounded deep, and through the void immense
To search, with wandering quest a place foretold
Should be, and, by concurring signs, ere now
Created vast and round, a place of bliss
In the purlieus of heaven, and therein placed
A race of upstart creatures, to supply
Perhaps our vacant room; though more removed,
Lest heaven, surcharged with potent multitude,
Might hap to move new broils. Be this, or aught
Than this more secret, now design'd, I haste
To know; and, this once known, shall soon return,
And bring ye to the place where thou and Death
Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen
Wing silently the buxom air, embalm'd
With odours; there ye shall be fed and fill'd
Immeasurably, all things shall be your prey.
He ceased, for both seem'd highly pleased; and Death
Grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile, to hear
His famine should be fill'd; and blest his maw
Destined to that good hour: no less rejoiced
His mother bad, and thus bespake her sire.
The key of this infernal pit by due,
And by command of heaven's all-powerful King,
I keep; by him forbidden to unlock
These adamantine gates; against all force
Death ready stands to interpose his dart,
Fearless to be o'ermatch'd by living might.
But what owe I to his commands above
Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down
Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,
To sit in hateful office here confined,
Inhabitant of heaven, and heavenly born,
Here in perpetual agony and pain,
With terrors and with clamours compass'd round
Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed?
Thou art my father, thou my author, thou
My being gavest me; whom should I obey
But thee? whom follow? thou wilt bring me soon
To that new world of light and bliss, among
The gods who live at ease, where I shall reign
At thy right hand voluptuous, as beseems
Thy daughter and thy darling, without end.
Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,
Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;
And towards the gate rolling her bestial train,
Forthwith the huge portcullis high up drew,
Which but herself, not all the Stygian powers
Could once have moved; then in the key-hole turns
The intricate wards, and every bolt and bar
Of massy iron or solid rock with ease
Unfastens: on a sudden open fly,
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound,
The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
Of Erebus. She open'd, but to shut
Excell'd her power; the gates wide open stood,
That with extended wings a banner'd host,
Under spread ensigns marching, might pass through
With horse and chariots rank'd in loose array;
So wide they stood, and like a furnace mouth
Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame.
Before their eyes in sudden view appear
The secrets of the hoary deep; a dark
Illimitable ocean, without bound,
Without dimension; where length, breadth, and height,
And time, and place, are lost; where eldest Night
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.
For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four champions fierce,
Strive here for mastery, and to battle bring
Their embryon atoms; they around the flag
Of each his faction, in their several clans,
Light-arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift, or slow,
Swarm populous, unnumber'd as the sands
Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil,
Levied to side with warring winds, and poise
Their lighter wings. To whom these most adhere,
He rules a moment: Chaos umpire sits,

And by decision more embroils the fray,
By which he reigns: next him high arbiter
Chance governs all. Into this wild abyss,
The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave,
Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire,
But all these in their pregnant causes mix'd
Confusedly, and which thus must ever fight,
Unless the almighty Maker them ordain
His dark materials to create more worlds;
Into this wild abyss the wary fiend
Stood on the brink of hell, and look'd awhile,
Pondering his voyage; for no narrow frith
He had to cross. Nor was his ear less peal'd
With noises loud and ruinous (to compare
Great things with small), than when Bellona storms,
With all her battering engines bent to rase
Some capital city; or less than if this frame
Of heaven were falling, and these elements
In mutiny had from her axle torn
The steadfast earth. At last his sail-broad vans
He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoke
Uplifted spurns the ground; thence many a league,
As in a cloudy chair, ascending rides
Audacious; but, that seat soon failing, meets
A vast vacuity: all unawares
Fluttering his pennons vain, plumb down he drops
Ten thousand fathom deep; and to this hour
Down had been falling, had not by ill chance
The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud,
Instinct with fire and nitre, hurried him
As many miles aloft: that fury stay'd,
Quench'd in a boggy Syrtis, neither sea,
Nor good dry land: nigh founder'd on he fares,
Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,
Half flying; behoves him now both oar and sail.
As when a grypon, through the wilderness
With winged course, o'er hill or moory dale,
Pursues the Arimaspian, who by stealth
Had from his wakeful custody purloin'd
The guarded gold: so eagerly the fiend
O'er bog, or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies:
At length a universal hubbub wild
Of stunning sounds, and voices all confused,
Borne through the hollow dark, assaults his ear
With loudest vehemence: thither he plies,
Undaunted to meet there whatever power
Or spirit of the nethermost abyss
Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask
Which way the nearest coast of darkness lies
Bordering on light; when straight behold the throne
Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion spread
Wide on the wasteful deep; with him enthroned
Sat sable-vested Night, eldest of things,
The consort of his reign; and by them stood
Orcus and Hades, and the dreaded name
Of Demogorgon; Rumour next and Chance,
And Tumult and Confusion all embroil'd,
And Discord with a thousand various mouths.
To whom Satan turning boldly, thus: Ye powers
And spirits of this nethermost abyss,
Chaos and ancient Night, I come no spy,
With purpose to explore or to disturb
The secrets of your realm; but, by constraint
Wandering this darksome desert, as my way
Lies through your spacious empire up to light,
Alone, and without guide, half lost, I seek
What readiest path leads where your gloomy bounds
Confine with heaven; or if some other place,
From your dominion won, the ethereal King
Possesses lately, thither to arrive
I travel this profound; direct my course;
Directed, no mean recompense it brings
To your behoof: if I that region lost,
All usurpation thence expell'd, reduce
To her original darkness, and your sway
(Which is my present journey), and once more
Erect the standard there of ancient Night;
Yours be the advantage all, mine the revenge!
Thus Satan; and him thus the anarch old,
With faltering speech and visage incomposed,
Answer'd. I know thee, stranger, who thou art,
That mighty leading angel, who of late
Made head against heaven's King, though overthrown.
I saw and heard; for such a numerous host
Fled not in silence through the frighted deep,
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
Confusion worse confounded; and heaven-gates
Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands
Pursuing. I upon my frontiers here
Keep residence; if all I can will serve
That little which is left so to defend,
Encroach'd on still through your intestine broils
Weakening the sceptre of old Night: first hell,
Your dungeon, stretching far and wide beneath;
Now lately heaven, and earth, another world,
Hung o'er my realm, link'd in a golden chain
To that side heaven from whence your legions fell.
If that way be your walk, you have not far;
So much the nearer danger; go, and speed!
Havock, and spoil, and ruin, are my gain.
He ceased; and Satan stay'd not to reply;
But, glad that now his sea should find a shore,
With fresh alacrity, and force renew'd,
Springs upward, like a pyramid of fire,
Into the wild expanse; and through the shock
Of fighting elements, on all sides round
Environ'd, wins his way; harder beset
And more endanger'd, than when Argo pass'd
Through Bosporus, betwixt the justling rocks:
Or when Ulysses on the larboard shunn'd
Charybdis, and by the other whirlpool steer'd.
So he with difficulty and labour hard
Moved on: with difficulty and labour he;

But, he once pass'd, soon after, when man fell,
Strange alteration! Sin and Death amain
Following his track, such was the will of Heaven,
Paved after him a broad and beaten way
Over the dark abyss, whose boiling gulf
Tamely endured a bridge of wondrous length,
From hell continued, reaching the utmost orb
Of this frail world: by which the spirits perverse
With easy intercourse pass to and fro
To tempt or punish mortals, except whom
God, and good Angels, guard by special grace.
But now at last the sacred influence
Of light appears, and from the walls of heaven
Shoots far into the bosom of dim night
A glimmering dawn; here Nature first begins
Her farthest verge, and chaos to retire,
As from her outmost works a broken foe,
With tumult less, and with less hostile din;
That Satan with less toil, and now with ease,
Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light;
And, like a weather-beaten vessel, holds
Gladly the port, though shrouds and tackle torn;
Or in the emptier waste, resembling air,
Weighs his spread wings, at leisure to behold
Far off the empyreal heaven, extended wide
In circuit, undetermin'd square or round,
With opal towers, and battlements adorn'd
Of living sapphire, once his native seat;
And fast by, hanging in a golden chain,
This pendent world, in bigness as a star
Of smallest magnitude, close by the moon.
Thither, full fraught with mischievous revenge,
Accursed, and in a cursed hour, he hies.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

God, sitting on his throne, sees Satan flying towards this world, then newly created; shows him to the Son, who sat at his right hand; foretels the success of Satan in perverting mankind; clears his own justice and wisdom from all imputation, having created man free, and able enough to have withstood his tempter; yet declares his purpose of grace towards him, in regard he fell not of his own malice, as did Satan, but by him seduced. The Son of God renders praises to his Father for the manifestation of his gracious purpose towards man; but God again declares, that grace cannot be extended towards man without the satisfaction of divine justice. Man hath offended the majesty of God by aspiring to Godhead, and, therefore, with all his progeny, devoted to death, must die, unless some one can be found sufficient to answer for his offence, and undergo his punishment. The Son of God freely offers himself a ransom for man: the Father accepts him, ordains his incarnation, pronounces his exaltation above all names in heaven and earth; commands all the angels to adore him: they obey, and, hymning to their harps in full quire, celebrate the Father and the Son. Meanwhile Satan alights upon the bare convex of this world's outermost orb; where wandering he first finds a place, since called the Limbo of Vanity; what persons and things fly up thither; thence comes to the gate of heaven, described ascending by stairs, and the waters above the firmament that flow about it: his passage thence to the orb of the sun; he finds there Uriel, the regent of that orb, but first changes himself into the shape of a meaner angel; and, pretending a zealous desire to behold the new creation, and man whom God had placed here, inquires of him the place of his habitation, and is directed; alights first on mount Niphates.

Hail! holy Light! offspring of Heaven, first-born,
Or of the Eternal coeternal beam
May I express thee unblamed? since God is light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from eternity; dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the sun,
Before the heavens thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detain'd
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight
Through utter and through middle darkness borne,
With other notes than to the Orphéan lyre,
I sung of chaos and eternal night;
Taught by the heavenly Muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to reascend,
Though hard and rare. Thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sov'reign vital lamp; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander, where the muses haunt,
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,
That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
Those other two equal'd with me in fate,
So were I equal'd with them in renown,
Blind Thamyris, and blind Mæonides,
And Tiresias, and Phineus, prophets old:
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
Seasons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and everduring dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank
Of nature's works, to me expunged and rased,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
So much the rather thou, celestial light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate; there plant eyes, all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.
Now had the almighty Father from above,
From the pure empyrean where he sits
High throned above all height, bent down his eye,
His own works and their works at once to view:
About him all the sanctities of heaven
Stood thick as stars, and from his sight receiv'd
Beatitude past utterance; on his right
The radiant image of his glory sat,
His only Son. On earth he first beheld
Our two first parents, yet the only two
Of mankind in the happy garden placed,
Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,

Uninterrupted joy, unrival'd love,
In blissful solitude. He then survey'd
Hell and the gulf between, and Satan there
Coasting the wall of heaven on this side night,
In the dun air sublime, and ready now
To stoop with wearied wings, and willing feet,
On the bare outside of this world, that seem'd
Firm land imbosom'd, without firmament,
Uncertain which, in ocean or in air.
Him God beholding from his prospect high,
Wherein past, present, future, he beholds,
Thus to his only Son foreseeing spake.
Only begotten Son! seest thou what rage
Transports our adversary? whom no bounds
Prescribed, no bars of hell, nor all the chains
Heap'd on him there, nor yet the main abyss
Wide interrupt, can hold; so bent he seems
On desperate revenge, that shall redound
Upon his own rebellious head. And now,
Through all restraint broke loose, he wings his way
Not far off heaven, in the precincts of light,
Directly towards the new created world,
And man there placed, with purpose to assay
If him by force he can destroy, or, worse,
By some false guile pervert; and shall pervert;
For man will hearken to his glozing lies,
And easily transgress the sole command,
Sole pledge of his obedience: so will fall,
He and his faithless progeny. Whose fault?
Whose but his own? Ingrate, he had of me
All he could have; I made him just and right,
Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.
Such I created all the ethereal powers
And spirits, both them who stood, and them who fail'd;
Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell.
Not free, what proof could they have given sincere
Of true allegiance, constant faith, or love,
Where only what they needs must do appear'd,
Not what they would? what praise could they receive?
What pleasure I from such obedience paid,
When will and reason (reason also is choice)
Useless and vain, of freedom both despoil'd,
Made passive both, had served necessity,
Not me? They therefore, as to right belong'd,
So were created, nor can justly accuse
Their Maker, or their making, or their fate,
As if predestination over-ruled
Their will, disposed by absolute decree,
Or high foreknowledge; they themselves decreed
Their own revolt, not I; if I foreknew,
Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,
Which had no less proved certain unforeknown.
So without least impulse or shadow of fate,
Or aught by me immutably foreseen,
They trespass, authors to themselves in all
Both what they judge, and what they choose; for so
I form'd them free, and free they must remain
Till they enthral themselves; I else must change
Their nature, and revoke the high decree
Unchangeable, eternal, which ordain'd
Their freedom; they themselves ordain'd their fall.
The first sort by their own suggestion fell,
Self-tempted, self-depraved: man falls, deceived
By the other first: man therefore shall find grace,
The other none: in mercy and justice both,
Through heaven and earth, so shall my glory excel;
But mercy, first and last, shall brightest shine.
Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd
All heaven, and in the blessed spirits elect
Sense of new joy ineffable diffused.
Beyond compare the Son of God was seen
Most glorious; in him all his Father shone
Substantially express'd; and in his face
Divine compassion visibly appear'd,
Love without end, and without measure grace,
Which uttering, thus he to his Father spake.
O Father! gracious was that word which closed
Thy sovreign sentence, that man should find grace;
For which both heaven and earth shall high extol
Thy praises, with the innumerable sound
Of hymns and sacred songs, wherewith thy throne
Encompass'd shall resound thee ever blest.
For should man finally be lost? should man,
Thy creature late so loved, thy youngest son,
Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though join'd
With his own folly? that be from thee far,
That far be from thee, Father, who art judge
Of all things made, and judgest only right.
Or shall the adversary thus obtain
His end, and frustrate thine? shall he fulfil
His malice, and thy goodness bring to nought;
Or proud return, though to his heavier doom,
Yet with revenge accomplished, and to hell
Draw after him the whole race of mankind,
By him corrupted? or wilt thou thyself
Abolish thy creation, and unmake
For him, what for thy glory thou hast made?
So should thy goodness and thy greatness both
Be question'd and blasphemed without defence.
To whom the great Creator thus replied.
O Son! in whom my soul hath chief delight,
Son of my bosom, Son who art alone
My word, my wisdom, and effectual might,
All hast thou spoken as my thoughts are, all
As my eternal purpose hath decreed:
Man shall not quite be lost, but saved who will;
Yet not of will in him, but grace in me
Freely vouchsafed; once more I will renew
His lapsed powers, though forfeit, and enthrall'd
By sin to foul exorbitant desires;
Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand
On even ground against his mortal foe;
By me upheld, that he may know how frail
His fallen condition is, and to me owe
All his deliverance, and to none but me.
Some I have chosen of peculiar grace,
Elect above the rest: so is my will:
The rest shall hear me call, and oft be warn'd
Their sinful state, and to appease betimes
[illegible]on: with [illegible]

The incensed Deity, while offer'd grace
Invites; for I will clear their senses dark,
What may suffice, and soften stony hearts
To pray, repent, and bring obedience due.
To prayer, repentance, and obedience due,
Though but endeavour'd with sincere intent,
Mine ear shall not be slow, mine eye not shut.
And I will place within them as a guide,
My umpire conscience; whom if they will hear,
Light after light, well used, they shall attain,
And to the end, persisting, safe arrive.
This my long sufferance, and my day of grace,
They who neglect and scorn, shall never taste;
But hard be harden'd, blind be blinded more,
That they may stumble on, and deeper fall;
And none but such from mercy I exclude.
But yet all is not done; man disobeying,
Disloyal, breaks his fealty, and sins
Against the high supremacy of heaven,
Affecting Godhead, and, so losing all,
To expiate his treason hath nought left,
But to destruction sacred and devote,
He, with his whole posterity, must die;
Die he or justice must; unless for him
Some other able, and as willing, pay
The rigid satisfaction, death for death.
Say, heavenly powers, where shall we find such love?
Which of ye will be mortal, to redeem
Man's mortal crime, and just the unjust to save?
Dwells in all heaven charity so dear?
He ask'd, but all the heavenly quire stood mute
And silence was in heaven: on man's behalf
Patron or intercessor none appear'd,
Much less that durst upon his own head draw
The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.
And now without redemption all mankind
Must have been lost, adjudged to death and hell
By doom severe, had not the Son of God,
In whom the fulness dwells of love divine,
His dearest mediation thus renew'd.
Father, thy word is pass'd, man shall find grace;
And shall grace not find means, that finds her way,
The speediest of thy winged messengers,
To visit all thy creatures, and to all
Comes unprevented, unimplored, unsought?
Happy for man, so coming; he her aid
Can never seek, once dead in sins, and lost;
Atonement for himself, or offering meet,
Indebted and undone, hath none to bring.
Behold me then: me for him, life for life
I offer; on me let thine anger fall;
Account me man; I for his sake will leave
Thy bosom, and this glory next to thee
Freely put off, and for him lastly die
Well pleased; on me let death wreak all his rage;
Under his gloomy power I shall not long
Lie vanquish'd; thou hast given me to possess
Life in myself for ever; by thee I live,
Though now to death I yield, and am his due
All that of me can die; yet, that debt paid,
Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsome grave
His prey, nor suffer my unspotted soul
For ever with corruption there to dwell;

But I shall rise victorious, and subdue
My vanquisher, spoil'd of his vaunted spoil:
Death his death's wound shall then receive, and stoop
Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarm'd.
I through the ample air in triumph high
Shall lead hell captive, maugre hell, and show
The powers of darkness bound. Thou, at the sight
Pleased, out of heaven shalt look down and smile;
While, by thee raised, I ruin all my foes,
Death last, and with his carcass glut the grave;
Then, with the multitude of my redeem'd,
Shall enter heaven, long absent, and return,
Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud
Of anger shall remain, but peace assured
And reconcilement; wrath shall be no more
Thenceforth, but in thy presence joy entire.
His words here ended, but his meek aspect
Silent yet spake, and breathed immortal love
To mortal men, above which only shone
Filial obedience: as a sacrifice
Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will
Of his great Father. Admiration seized
All heaven, what this might mean, and whither tend,
Wondering; but soon the Almighty thus replied.
O thou in heaven and earth the only peace
Found out for mankind under wrath! O thou
My sole complacence! well thou know'st how dear
To me are all my works, nor man the least,
Though last created; that for him I spare
Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,
By losing thee awhile, the whole race lost.
Thou, therefore, whom thou only canst redeem,
Their nature also to thy nature join;
And be thyself Man among men on earth,
Made flesh, when time shall be, of virgin seed,
By wondrous birth: be thou in Adam's room
The head of all mankind, though Adam's son.
As in him perish all men, so in thee,
As from a second root, shall be restored
As many as are restored, without thee none.
His crime makes guilty all his sons; thy merit,
Imputed, shall absolve them who renounce
Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,
And live in thee transplanted, and from thee
Receive new life. So man, as is most just,
Shall satisfy for man, be judged and die,
And dying rise, and rising with him raise
His brethren, ransom'd with his own dear life.
So heavenly love shall outdo hellish hate,
Giving to death, and dying to redeem,
So dearly to redeem what hellish hate
So easily destroy'd, and still destroys
In those who, when they may, accept not grace.
Nor shalt thou, by descending to assume
Man's nature, lessen or degrade thine own.
Because thou hast, though throned in highest bliss
Equal to God, and equally enjoying
Godlike fruition, quitted all, to save
A world from utter loss, and hast been found
By merit more than birthright Son of God,

Found worthiest to be so by being good,
Far more than great or high; because in thee
Love hath abounded more than glory abounds;
Therefore thy humiliation shall exalt
With thee thy manhood also to this throne;
Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt reign
Both God and Man, Son both of God and man,
Anointed universal King; all power
I give thee; reign for ever, and assume
Thy merits; under thee, as head supreme,
Thrones, princedoms, powers, dominions, I reduce:
All knees to thee shall bow, of them that bide
In heaven, or earth, or under earth in hell.
When thou, attended gloriously from heaven,
Shalt in the sky appear, and from thee send
The summoning arch-angels to proclaim
Thy dread tribunal; forthwith from all winds,
The living, and forthwith the cited dead
Of all past ages, to the general doom
Shall hasten; such a peal shall rouse their sleep.
Then, all thy saints assembled, thou shalt judge
Bad men and angels; they, arraign'd, shall sink
Beneath thy sentence; hell, her numbers full,
Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Meanwhile
The world shall burn, and from her ashes spring
New heaven and earth, wherein the just shall dwell,
And, after all their tribulations long,
See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
With joy and love triumphing, and fair truth.
Then thou thy regal sceptre shalt lay by,
For regal sceptre then no more shall need,
God shall be all in all. But, all ye gods,
Adore him, who to compass all this dies;
Adore the Son, and honour him as me.
No sooner had the Almighty ceased, but all
The multitude of angels, with a shout
Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
As from blest voices, uttering joy, heaven rung
With jubilee, and loud hosannas fill'd
The eternal regions: lowly reverent
Towards either throne they bow, and to the ground
With solemn adoration down they cast
Their crowns, inwove with amarant and gold;
Immortal amarant, a flower which once
In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,
Began to bloom; but soon for man's offence
To heaven removed, where first it grew, there grows,
And flowers aloft shading the fount of life,
And where the river of bliss through midst of heaven
Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream;
With these that never fade the spirits elect
Bind their resplendent locks, inwreathed with beams;
Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the bright
Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,
Impurpled with celestial roses smil'd.
Then, crown'd again, their golden harps they took
Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by their side
Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet
Of charming symphony they introduce
Their sacred song, and waken raptures high;
No voice exempt, no voice but well could join
Melodious part, such concord is in heaven.
Thee, Father, first they sung, omnipotent,
Immutable, immortal, infinite,
Eternal King; the Author of all being,
Fountain of light, thyself invisible
Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sit'st
Throned inaccessible, but when thou shadest
The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud,
Drawn round about thee like a radiant shrine,
Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear;
Yet dazzle heaven, that brightest seraphim
Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes.
Thee next they sang of all creation first,
Begotten Son, divine similitude,
In whose conspicuous countenance, without cloud
Made visible, the almighty Father shines,
Whom else no creature can behold; on thee
Impress'd the effulgence of his glory abides,
Transfused on thee his ample Spirit rests.
He heaven of heavens and all the powers therein
By thee created; and by thee threw down
The aspiring dominations: thou that day
Thy Father's dreadful thunder didst not spare,
Nor stop thy flaming chariot-wheels, that shook
Heaven's everlasting frame, while o'er the necks
Thou drov'st of warring angels disarray'd.
Back from pursuit thy powers with loud acclaim
Thee only extoll'd, Son of thy Father's might,
To execute fierce vengeance on his foes,
Not so on man: him through their malice fallen,
Father of mercy and grace, thou didst not doom
So strictly, but much more to pity incline:
No sooner did thy dear and only Son
Perceive thee purposed not to doom frail man
So strictly, but much more to pity inclined,
He to appease thy wrath, and end the strife
Of mercy and justice in thy face discern'd,
Regardless of the bliss wherein he sat
Second to thee, offer'd himself to die
For man's offence. O unexampled love,
Love no where to be found less than divine!
Hail, Son of God! Saviour of men! thy name
Shall be the copious matter of my song
Henceforth, and never shall my heart thy praise
Forget, nor from thy Father's praise disjoin.
Thus they in heaven, above the starry sphere,
Their happy hours in joy and hymning spent.
Meanwhile upon the firm opacous globe
Of this round world, whose first convex divides
The luminous inferior orbs, enclos'd
From chaos, and the inroad of darkness old,
Satan alighted walks: a globe far off
It seem'd, now seems a boundless continent
Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of night
Starless exposed, and ever-threatening storms
Of chaos blustering round, inclement sky;
Save on that side which from the wall of heaven,
Though distant far, some small reflection gains
Of glimmering air less vex'd with tempest loud:
Here walk'd the fiend at large in spacious field.
As when a vulture on Imaus bred,

Whose snowy ridge the roving Tartar bounds,
Dislodging from a region scarce of prey
To gorge the flesh of lambs or yeanling kids,
On hills where flocks are fed, flies toward the springs
Of Ganges or Hydaspes, Indian streams;
But in his way lights on the barren plains
Of Sericana, where Chineses drive
With sails and wind their cany waggons light:
So, on this windy sea of land, the fiend
Walk'd up and down alone, bent on his prey;
Alone, for other creature in this place,
Living or lifeless, to be found was none;
None yet, but store hereafter from the earth
Up hither like æreal vapours flew
Of all things transitory and vain, when sin
With vanity had fill'd the works of men:
Both all things vain, and all who in vain things
Built their fond hopes of glory or lasting fame,
Or happiness in this or the other life;
All who have their reward on earth, the fruits
Of painful superstition and blind zeal,
Nought seeking but the praise of men, here find
Fit retribution, empty as their deeds;
All the unaccomplish'd works of nature's hand,
Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mix'd,
Dissolved on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,
Till final dissolution, wander here;
Not in the neighbouring moon as some have dream'd;
Those argent fields more likely habitants,
Translated saints, or middle spirits hold
Betwixt the angelical and human kind.
Hither of ill-join'd sons and daughters born
First from the ancient world those giants came
With many a vain exploit, though then renown'd:
The builders next of Babel on the plain
Of Sennaar, and still with vain design,
New Babels, had they wherewithal, would build:
Others came single; he, who, to be deem'd
A god, leap'd fondly into Ætna flames,
Empedocles; and he, who, to enjoy
Plato's Elysium, leap'd into the sea,
Cleombrotus; and many more too long,
Embryos, and idiots, eremites, and friars
White, black, and gray, with all their trumpery.
Here pilgrims roam, that stray'd so far to seek
In Golgotha him dead, who lives in heaven;
And they, who to be sure of Paradise,
Dying, put on the weeds of Dominic,
Or in Franciscan think to pass disguis'd;
They pass the planets seven, and pass the fix'd,
And that crystalline sphere whose balance weighs
The trepidation talk'd, and that first moved;
And now saint Peter at heaven's wicket seems
To wait them with his keys, and now at foot
Of heaven's ascent they lift their feet, when, lo!
A violent cross-wind from either coast
Blows them transverse, ten thousand leagues awry
Into the devious air: then might ye see
Cowls, hoods, and habits, with their wearers, tost
And flutter'd into rags; then reliques, beads,
Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,
The sport of winds: all these, up whirl'd aloft,
Fly o'er the backside of the world far off
Into a Limbo large and broad, since call'd
The Paradise of fools, to few unknown
Long after, now unpeopled, and untrod.
All this dark globe the fiend found as he pass'd,
And long he wander'd, till at last a gleam
Of dawning light turn'd thitherward in haste
His travell'd steps: far distant he descries
Ascending by degrees magnificent
Up to the wall of heaven a structure high;
At top whereof, but far more rich, appear'd
The work as of a kingly palace-gate,
With frontispiece of diamond and gold
Embellish'd; thick with sparkling orient gems
The portal shone, inimitable on earth
By model, or by shading pencil drawn.
The stairs were such as whereon Jacob saw
Angels ascending and descending, bands
Of guardians bright, when he from Esau fled
To Padan-Aram, in the field of Luz
Dreaming by night under the open sky,
And waking cried, *This is the gate of heaven.*
Each stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood
There always, but drawn up to heaven sometimes
Viewless; and underneath a bright sea flow'd
Of jasper, or of liquid pearl, whereon
Who after came from earth, sailing arrived
Wafted by angels, or flew o'er the lake
Wrapp'd in a chariot drawn by fiery steeds.
The stairs were then let down, whether to dare
The fiend by easy ascent, or aggravate
His sad exclusion from the doors of bliss:
Direct against which open'd from beneath,
Just o'er the blissful seat of Paradise,
A passage down to the earth, a passage wide,
Wider by far than that of aftertimes
Over mount Sion, and, though that were large,
Over the Promised Land to God so dear;
By which, to visit oft those happy tribes,
On high behests his angels to and fro
Pass'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard
From Paneas, the fount of Jordan's flood,
To Beërsaba, where the Holy Land
Borders on Egypt and the Arabian shore;
So wide the opening seem'd, where bounds were set
To darkness, such as bound the ocean wave.
Satan from hence, now on the lower stair,
That scal'd by steps of gold to heaven gate,
Looks down with wonder at the sudden view
Of all this world at once. As when a scout,
Through dark and desert ways with peril gone
All night, at last by break of cheerful dawn
Obtains the brow of some high-climbing hill,
Which to his eyes discover unaware
The goodly prospect of some foreign land
First seen, or some renown'd metropolis
With glistering spires and pinnacles adorn'd,
Which now the rising sun gilds with his beams;
Such wonder seized, though after heaven seen,
The Spirit malign, but much more envy seized,
At sight of all this world beheld so fair.
Round he surveys (and well might, where he stood

So high above the circling canopy
Of night's extended shade) from eastern point
Of Libra, to the fleecy star that bears
Andromeda far off Atlantic seas
Beyond the horizon; then from pole to pole
He views in breadth, and without longer pause
Down right into the world's first region throws
His flight precipitant, and winds with ease
Through the pure marble air his oblique way
Amongst innumerable stars, that shone
Stars distant, but nigh hand seem'd other worlds;
Or other worlds they seem'd, or happy isles,
Like those Hesperian gardens famed of old,
Fortunate fields, and groves, and flowery vales,
Thrice happy isles; but who dwelt happy there
He staid not to inquire. Above them all
The golden sun, in splendour likest heaven,
Allured his eye: thither his course he bends
Through the calm firmament, (but up or down,
By centre, or eccentric, hard to tell,
Or longitude,) where the great luminary
Aloof the vulgar constellations thick,
That from his lordly eye keep distance due,
Dispenses light from far; they as they move
Their starry dance in numbers that compute
Days, months, and years, towards his all-cheering lamp
Turn swift their various motions, or are turn'd
By his magnetic beam, that gently warms
The universe, and to each inward part
With gentle penetration, though unseen,
Shoots invisible virtue even to the deep;
So wondrously was set his station bright.
There lands the fiend, a spot like which perhaps
Astronomer in the sun's lucent orb
Through his glazed optic tube yet never saw.
The place he found beyond expression bright,
Compared with aught on earth, metal or stone;
Not all parts like, but all alike inform'd
With radiant light, as glowing iron with fire;
If metal, part seem'd gold, part silver clear;
If stone, carbuncle most or chrysolite,
Ruby or topaz, to the twelve that shone
In Aaron's breastplate, and a stone besides
Imagined rather oft than elsewhere seen,
That stone, or like to that which here below
Philosophers in vain so long have sought,
In vain, though by their powerful art they bind
Volatile Hermes, and call up unbound
In various shapes old Proteus from the sea,
Drain'd through a limbec to his native form.
What wonder then if fields and regions here
Breathe forth elixir pure, and rivers run
Potable gold, when with one virtuous touch
The arch-chemic sun, so far from us remote,
Produces, with terrestrial humour mix'd,
Here in the dark so many precious things
Of colour glorious, and effect so rare?
Here matter new to gaze the devil met
Undazzled; far and wide his eye commands;
For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade,
But all sunshine, as when his beams at noon
Culminate from the equator, as they now
Shot upward still direct, whence no [illegible] round
Shadow from body opaque can fall, and the air,
No where so clear, sharpen'd his visual ray
To objects distant far, whereby he soon
Saw within ken a glorious angel stand,
The same whom John saw also in the sun:
His back was turn'd, but not his brightness hid;
Of beaming sunny rays a golden tiar
Circled his head, nor less his locks behind
Illustrious on his shoulders fledge with wings
Lay waving round: on some great charge employ'd
He seem'd, or fix'd in cogitation deep.
Glad was the spirit impure, as now in hope
To find who might direct his wandering flight
To Paradise, the happy seat of man,
His journey's end, and our beginning woe.
But first he casts to change his proper shape,
Which else might work him danger or delay:
And now a stripling cherub he appears,
Not of the prime, yet such as in his face
Youth smiled celestial, and to every limb
Suitable grace diffused, so well he feign'd:
Under a coronet his flowing hair
In curls on either cheek play'd; wings he wore
Of many a colour'd plume, sprinkled with gold;
His habit fit for speed succinct, and held
Before his decent steps a silver wand.
He drew not nigh unheard; the angel bright,
Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turn'd,
Admonish'd by his ear, and strait was known
The arch-angel Uriel, one of the seven
Who in God's presence, nearest to his throne,
Stand ready at command, and are his eyes
That run through all the heavens, or down to the earth
Bear his swift errands, over moist and dry,
O'er sea and land: him Satan thus accosts.
Uriel, for thou of those seven spirits that stand
In sight of God's high throne, gloriously bright,
The first art wont his great authentic will
Interpreter through highest heaven to bring,
Where all his sons thy embassy attend;
And here art likeliest by supreme decree
Like honour to obtain, and as his eye,
To visit oft this new creation round;
Unspeakable desire to see, and know
All these his wondrous works, but chiefly man,
His chief delight and favour, him for whom
All these his works so wondrous he ordain'd,
Hath brought me from the quires of Cherubim
Alone thus wandering. Brightest Seraph! tell,
In which of all these shining orbs hath man
His fixed seat, or fixed seat hath none,
But all these shining orbs his choice to dwell;
That I may find him, and with secret gaze
Or open admiration him behold,
On whom the great Creator hath bestow'd
Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces pour'd;
That both in him and all things, as is meet,
The universal Maker we may praise;
Who justly hath driven out his rebel foes

To deepest hell, and, to repair that loss,
Created this new happy race of men
To serve him better: wise are all his ways.
So spake the false dissembler unperceived;
For neither man nor angel can discern
Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone,
By his permissive will, through heaven and earth:
And oft, though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps
At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity
Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill
Where no ill seems; which now for once beguiled
Uriel, though regent of the sun, and held
The sharpest-sighted spirit of all in heaven;
Who to the fraudulent impostor foul,
In his uprightness, answer thus return'd.
Fair angel, thy desire, which tends to know
The works of God, thereby to glorify
The great Work-master, leads to no excess
That reaches blame, but rather merits praise
The more it seems excess, that led thee hither
From thy empyreal mansion thus alone,
To witness with thine eyes what some perhaps,
Contented with report, hear only in heaven:
For wonderful indeed are all his works,
Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all
Had in remembrance always with delight;
But what created mind can comprehend
Their number, or the wisdom infinite
That brought them forth, but hid their causes deep?
I saw when at his word the formless mass,
This world's material mould, came to a heap:
Confusion heard his voice, and wild uproar
Stood ruled, stood vast infinitude confined;
Till at his second bidding darkness fled,
Light shone, and order from disorder sprung:
Swift to their several quarters hasted then
The cumbrous elements, earth, flood, air, fire;
And this ethereal quintessence of heaven
Flew upward, spirited with various forms,
That roll'd orbicular, and turn'd to stars
Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move;
Each had his place appointed, each his course;
The rest in circuit walls this universe.
Look downward on that globe, whose hither side
With light from hence, though but reflected, shines;
That place is earth, the seat of man; that light
His day, which else, as the other hemisphere,
Night would invade; but there the neighbouring moon
(So call that opposite fair star) her aid
Timely interposes, and her monthly round
Still ending, still renewing, through mid heaven,
With borrow'd light her countenance triform
Hence fills and empties to enlighten the earth,
And in her pale dominion checks the night.
That spot, to which I point, is Paradise,
Adam's abode; those lofty shades his bower.
Thy way thou canst not miss, me mine requires.
Thus said, he turn'd; and Satan bowing low,
As to superior spirits is wont in heaven,
Where honour due and reverence none neglects,
Took leave, and toward the coast of earth beneath,
Down from the ecliptic, sped with hoped success,
Throws his steep flight in many an airy wheel;
Nor staid, till on Niphates' top he lights.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Satan, now in prospect of Eden, and nigh the place where he must now attempt the bold enterprise which he undertook alone against God and Man, falls into many doubts with himself, and many passions, fear, envy, and despair; but at length confirms himself in evil; journeys on to Paradise, whose outward prospect and situation is described; overleaps the bounds; sits in the shape of a cormorant on the tree of life, as highest in the garden, to look about him. The garden described; Satan's first sight of Adam and Eve; his wonder at their excellent form and happy state, but with resolution to work their fall; overhears their discourse; thence gathers that the tree of knowledge was forbidden them to eat of, under penalty of death; and thereon intends to found his temptation by seducing them to transgress: then leaves them awhile to know further of their state by some other means. Meanwhile Uriel descending on a sunbeam warns Gabriel, who had in charge the gate of Paradise that some evil spirit had escaped the deep, and passed at noon by his sphere in the shape of a good angel down to Paradise, discovered after by his furious gestures in the mount. Gabriel promises to find him ere morning. Night coming on, Adam and Eve discourse of going to their rest: their bower described; their evening worship. Gabriel drawing forth his bands of night-watch to walk the round of Paradise, appoints two strong angels to Adam's bower, lest the evil spirit should be there doing some harm to Adam or Eve sleeping; there they find him at the ear of Eve, tempting her in a dream, and bring him, though unwilling, to Gabriel; by whom questioned, he scornfully answers; prepares resistance; but, hindered by a sign from heaven, flies out of Paradise.

O, FOR that warning voice, which he, who saw
The Apocalypse, heard cry in heaven aloud,
Then when the dragon, put to second rout,
Came furious down to be revenged on men,
Woe to the inhabitants on earth! that now,
While time was, our first parents had been warn'd
The coming of their secret foe, and scaped,
Haply, so scaped his mortal snare: for now
Satan, now first inflamed with rage, came down,
The tempter ere the accuser of mankind,
To wreak on innocent frail man his loss
Of that first battle, and his flight to hell:
Yet, not rejoicing in his speed, though bold
Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,
Begins his dire attempt; which nigh the birth
Now rolling boils in his tumultuous breast,
And like a devilish engine back recoils
Upon himself; horror and doubt distract
His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom stir
The hell within him; for within him hell
He brings, and round about him, nor from hell
One step, no more than from himself, can fly
By change of place: now conscience wakes despair,
That slumber'd; wakes the bitter memory
Of what he was, what is, and what must be
Worse; of worse deeds worse sufferings must ensue.
Sometimes towards Eden, which now in his view
Lay pleasant, his grieved look he fixes sad;
Sometimes towards heaven, and the full-blazing sun,
Which now sat high in his meridian tower:
Then, much revolving, thus in sighs began.

O thou, that, with surpassing glory crown'd,
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the god
Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish'd heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O sun! to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere;
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,
Warring in heaven against heaven's matchless King:
Ah, wherefore! he deserved no such return
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.
What could be less than to afford him praise,
The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks,
How due! yet all his good proved ill in me,
And wrought but malice; lifted up so high
I sdeign'd subjection, and thought one step higher
Would set me highest, and in a moment quit
The debt immense of endless gratitude,
So burdensome still paying, still to owe,
Forgetful what from him I still received,
And understood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharged; what burden then?
O, had his powerful destiny ordain'd
Me some inferior angel, I had stood
Then happy; no unbounded hope had raised
Ambition. Yet why not? some other power
As great might have aspired, and me, though mean,
Drawn to his part; but other powers as great
Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
Hadst thou the same free will and power to stand?
Thou hadst. Whom hast thou then or what to accuse,
But heaven's free love dealt equally to all?
Be then his love accursed, since love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal woe.
Nay, cursed be thou; since against his thy will
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
Me miserable! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell;
And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep
Still threatening to devour me opens wide,
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.
O, then, at last relent: is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
None left but by submission; and that word
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduced
With other promises and other vaunts
Than to submit, boasting I could subdue
The Omnipotent. Ay me, they little know
How dearly I abide that boast so vain,
Under what torments inwardly I groan,
While they adore me on the throne of hell.
With diadem and sceptre high advanced,
The lower still I fall, only supreme
In misery: such joy ambition finds.
But say I could repent, and could obtain,
By act of grace, my former state; how soon
Would height recall high thoughts, how soon unsay
What feign'd submission swore? ease would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void.
For never can true reconcilement grow,
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep;
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse
And heavier fall: so should I purchase dear
Short intermission bought with double smart.
This knows my Punisher; therefore as far
From granting he, as I from begging, peace:
All hope excluded thus, behold, instead
Of us outcast, exiled, his new delight,
Mankind created, and for him this world.
So farewell hope; and with hope farewell, fear;
Farewell, remorse: all good to me is lost;
Evil, be thou my good; by thee at least
Divided empire with heaven's King I hold.
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;
As man ere long, and this new world, shall know.
Thus while he spake, each passion dimm'd his face
Thrice changed with pale ire, envy, and despair;
Which marr'd his borrow'd visage, and betray'd
Him counterfeit, if any eye beheld.
For heavenly minds from such distempers foul
Are ever clear. Whereof he soon aware,
Each perturbation smooth'd with outward calm,
Artificer of fraud; and was the first
That practised falsehood under saintly shew,
Deep malice to conceal, couch'd with revenge:
Yet not enough had practised to deceive
Uriel once warn'd; whose eye pursued him down
The way he went, and on the Assyrian mount
Saw him disfigured, more than could befal
Spirit of happy sort: his gestures fierce
He mark'd and mad demeanour, then alone,
As he supposed, all unobserved, unseen.
So on he fares, and to the border comes
Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
Now nearer, crowns with her inclosure green,
As with a rural mound, the champion head
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
Access denied; and over head up grew
Insuperable height of loftiest shade,
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A sylvan scene; and as the ranks ascend
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops
The verdurous wall of Paradise up sprung:
Which to our general sire gave prospect large
Into his nether empire neighbouring round.
And higher than that wall a circling row
Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest fruit,
Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue,
Appear'd, with gay enamel'd colours mix'd:

On which the sun more glad impress'd his beams
Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
When God hath shower'd the earth; so lovely seem'd
That landskip: and of pure now purer air
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All sadness but despair: now gentle gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy spoils. As when to them who sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow
Sabean odours from the spicy shore
Of Araby the bless'd; with such delay
Well pleased they slack their course, and many a league,
Cheer'd with the grateful smell, old Ocean smiles:
So entertain'd those odorous sweets the fiend
Who came their bane, though with them better pleased
Than Asmodeus with the fishy fume
That drove him, though enamour'd, from the spouse
Of Tobit's son, and with a vengeance sent
From Media post to Egypt, there fast bound.
Now to the ascent of that steep savage hill
Satan had journey'd on, pensive and slow;
But further way found none, so thick entwined,
As one continued brake, the undergrowth
Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplex'd
All path of man or beast that pass'd that way:
One gate there only was, and that look'd east
On the other side: which, when the arch-felon saw,
Due entrance he disdain'd; and, in contempt,
At one slight bound high overleap'd all bound
Of hill or highest wall, and sheer within
Lights on his feet. As when a prowling wolf,
Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,
Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve
In hurdled cotes amid the field secure,
Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the fold:
Or as a thief, bent to unhoard the cash
Of some rich burgher, whose substantial doors,
Cross-barr'd and bolted fast, fear no assault,
In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles:
So clomb this first grand thief into God's fold;
So since into his church lewd hirelings climb.
Thence up he flew, and on the tree of life,
The middle tree and highest there that grew,
Sat like a cormorant; yet not true life
Thereby regain'd, but sat devising death
To them who lived; nor on the virtue thought
Of that life-giving plant, but only used
For prospect, what, well used, had been the pledge
Of immortality. So little knows
Any, but God alone, to value right
The good before him, but perverts best things
To worst abuse, or to their meanest use.

Beneath him with new wonder now he views,
To all delight of human sense exposed,
In narrow room, nature's whole wealth, yea more,
A heaven on earth: for blissful Paradise
Of God the garden was, by him in the east
Of Eden planted; Eden stretch'd her line
From Auran eastward to the royal towers
Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian kings,
Or where the sons of Eden long before
Dwelt in Telassar: in this pleasant soil
His far more pleasant garden God ordain'd;
Out of the fertile ground he caused to grow
All trees of noblest kind, for sight, smell, taste;
And all amid them stood the tree of life,
High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
Of vegetable gold: and next to life,
Our death, the tree of knowledge grew fast by,
Knowledge of good, bought dear by knowing ill.
Southward through Eden went a river large,
Nor changed his course, but through the shaggy hill
Pass'd underneath ingulf'd; for God had thrown
That mountain as his garden-mould high raised
Upon the rapid current, which through veins
Of porous earth with kindly thirst updrawn,
Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
Water'd the garden; thence united fell
Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,
Which from his darksome passage now appears,
And now divided into four main streams,
Runs diverse, wandering many a famous realm
And country, whereof here needs no account;
But rather to tell how, if art could tell,
How from that saphir fount the crisped brooks,
Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
With mazy error under pendant shades,
Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
Flowers worthy of Paradise, which not nice art
In beds and curious knots, but nature boon
Pour'd forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain,
Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
The open field, and where the unpierc'd shade
Imbrown'd the noon-tide bowers. Thus was this place
A happy rural seat of various view;
Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm:
Others, whose fruit burnished with golden rind
Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,
If true, here only, and of delicious taste.
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interposed:
Or palmy hillock, or the flowery lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store,
Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose:
Another side, umbrageous grots, and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant: meanwhile murmuring waters fall
Down the slope hills, dispersed, or in a lake,
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.

The birds their quire apply: airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,
Knit with the Graces, and the Hours, in dance
Led on the eternal spring. Not that fair field
Of Enna, where Proserpine gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis
Was gather'd; which cost Ceres all that pain
To seek her through the world: nor that sweet grove
Of Daphne by Orontes, and the inspired
Castalian spring, might with this Paradise
Of Eden strive: nor that Nyseian isle
Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,
Whom Gentiles Ammon call, and Libyan Jove,
Hid Amalthea, and her florid son
Young Bacchus, from his stepdame Rhea's eye:
Nor where Abassin kings their issue guard,
Mount Amara, though this by some supposed
True Paradise under the Ethiop line
By Nilus' head, enclosed with shining rock.
A whole day's journey high; but wide remote
From this Assyrian garden, where the fiend
Saw, undelighted, all delight, all kind
Of living creatures, new to sight, and strange.
Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native honour clad
In naked majesty, seem'd lords of all,
And worthy seem'd; for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker shone,
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,
(Severe, but in true filial freedom placed,)
Whence true authority in men; though both
Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd:
For contemplation he, and valour form'd;
For softness she, and sweet attractive grace:
He, for God only, she for God in him.
His fair large front, and eye sublime, declar'd
Absolute rule; and hyacinthin locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad:
She as a veil, down to the slender waist
Her unadorned golden tresses wore
Dishevell'd, but in wanton ringlets waved,
As the vine curls her tendrils, which implied
Subjection, but required with gentle sway,
And by her yielded, by him best receiv'd:
Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay.
Nor those mysterious parts were then conceal'd,
Then was not guilty shame, dishonest shame
Of nature's works, honour dishonourable,
Sin-bred, how have ye troubled all mankind
With shews instead, mere shews of seeming pure,
And banish'd from man's life his happiest life,
Simplicity, and spotless innocence!
So pass'd they naked on, nor shunn'd the sight
Of God or angel, for they thought no ill.
So hand in hand they pass'd, the loveliest pair
That ever since in love's embraces met;
Adam the goodliest man of men since born
His sons; the fairest of her daughters Eve.
Under a tuft of shade, that on a green
Stood whispering soft, by a fresh fountain side
They sat them down; and after no more toil
Of their sweet gardening labour than sufficed
To recommend cool zephyr, and made ease
More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite
More grateful, to their supper fruits they fell,
Nectarine fruits, which the compliant boughs
Yielded them, side-long as they sat reclined
On the soft downy bank damask'd with flowers:
The savoury pulp they chew, and in the rind,
Still as they thirsted, scoop the brimming stream;
Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles
Wanted, nor youthful dalliance, as beseems
Fair couple, link'd in happy nuptial league,
Alone as they. About them frisking play'd
All beasts of the earth, since wild, and of all chase
In wood or wilderness, forest or den;
Sporting the lion ramp'd, and in his paw
Dandled the kid; bears, tigers, ounces, pards,
Gambol'd before them; the unwieldy elephant,
To make them mirth, used all his might, and wreath'd
His lithe proboscis; close the serpent sly
Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine
His braided train, and of his fatal guile
Gave proof unheeded; others on the grass
Couch'd, and now fill'd with pasture, gazing sat,
Or bedward ruminating; for the sun
Declined was hasting now with prone career
To the ocean isles, and in the ascending scale
Of Heaven the stars that usher evening rose:
When Satan, still in gaze, as first he stood,
Scarce thus at length fail'd speech recover'd sad.
O Hell! what do mine eyes with grief behold!
Into our room of bliss thus high advanc'd
Creatures of other mould; earth-born perhaps,
Not spirits; yet to heavenly spirits bright
Little inferior; whom my thoughts pursue
With wonder and could love, so lively shines
In them divine resemblance, and such grace
The hand that form'd them on their shape hath pour'd.
Ah, gentle pair! ye little think how nigh
Your change approaches, when all these delights
Will vanish, and deliver ye to woe;
More woe, the more your taste is now of joy;
Happy, but for so happy ill secured
Long to continue; and this high seat your heav'n
Ill-fenced for heaven to keep out such a foe
As now is enter'd; yet no purposed foe
To you, whom I could pity thus forlorn,
Though I unpitied. League with you I seek,
And mutual amity, so strait, so close,
That I with you must dwell, or you with me
Henceforth: my dwelling haply may not please,
Like this fair Paradise, your sense; yet such
Accept, your Maker's work; he gave it me,
Which I as freely give: hell shall unfold,
To entertain you two, her widest gates,
And send forth all her kings; there will be room
Not like these narrow limits, to receive
Your numerous offspring; if no better place,
Thank him who puts me loath to this revenge

On you, who wrong me not, for him who wrong'd.
And should I at your harmless innocence
Melt, as I do, yet public reason just,
Honour and empire with revenge enlarged,
By conquering this new world, compels me now
To do, what else, though damn'd, I should abhor.
So spake the fiend, and with necessity,
(The tyrant's plea) excused his devilish deeds:
Then from his lofty stand on that high tree,
Down he alights among the sportful herd
Of those four footed kinds, himself now one,
Now other, as their shape served best his end
Nearer to view his prey, and unespied,
To mark what of their state he more might learn,
By word, or action mark'd: about them round,
A lion now he stalks with fiery glare:
Then as a tiger, who by chance hath spied,
In some purlieu two gentle fawns at play,
Strait couches close, then rising changes oft
His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground,
Whence rushing, he might surest seize them both,
Griped in each paw; when Adam, first of men,
To first of women, Eve, thus moving speech,
Turn'd him, all ear, to hear new utterance flow.
Sole partner, and sole part, of all these joys,
Dearer thyself than all; needs must the Power
That made us, and for us this ample world,
Be infinitely good, and of his good
As liberal and free as infinite;
That raised us from the dust, and placed us here
In all this happiness, who at his hand
Have nothing merited, nor can perform
Aught whereof he hath need: He who requires
From us no other service than to keep
This one, this easy charge, of all the trees
In Paradise, that bear delicious fruit
So various, not to taste that only tree
Of knowledge, planted by the tree of life;
So near grows death to life, whate'er death is,
Some dreadful thing no doubt; for well thou know'st,
God hath pronounced it death to taste that tree,
The only sign of our obedience left
Among so many signs of power and rule
Conferr'd upon us, and dominion given
Over all other creatures that possess
Earth, air, and sea. Then let us not think hard
One easy prohibition, who enjoy
Free leave so large to all things else, and choice
Unlimited of manifold delights:
But let us ever praise him, and extol
His bounty, following our delightful task,
To prune these growing plants, and tend these flowers,
Which were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet.
To whom thus Eve replied. O thou for whom
And from whom I was form'd, flesh of thy flesh,
And without whom am to no end, my guide
And head, what thou hast said is just and right.
For we to him indeed all praises owe,
And daily thanks: I chiefly, who enjoy
So far the happier lot, enjoying thee
Pre-eminent by so much odds, while thou
Like consort to thyself canst no where find.
That day I oft remember, when from sleep
I first awaked, and found myself reposed
Under a shade on flowers, much wondering where
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound
Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmoved
Pure as the expanse of heaven; I thither went
With unexperienced thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky.
As I bent down to look, just opposite
A shape within the watery gleam appeared,
Bending to look on me: I started back,
It started back; but pleased I soon return'd;
Pleased it return'd as soon with answering looks
Of sympathy and love: there I had fix'd
Mine eyes till now, and pined with vain desire,
Had not a voice thus warn'd me: "What thou seest,
What there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself;
With thee it came and goes: but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no shadow stays
Thy coming, and thy soft embraces, he
Whose image thou art; him thou shalt enjoy
Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear
Multitudes like thyself, and thence be call'd
Mother of human race." What could I do,
But follow straight, invisibly thus led?
Till I espied thee, fair indeed and tall,
Under a plantane; yet methought less fair,
Less winning soft, less amiably mild,
Than that smooth watery image: back I turn'd;
Thou following criedst aloud, "Return, fair Eve;
Whom fliest thou? whom thou fliest, of him thou art,
His flesh, his bone; to give thee being I lent
Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,
Substantial life, to have thee by my side
Henceforth an individual solace dear;
Part of my soul I seek thee, and thee claim
My other half." With that thy gentle hand
Seized mine: I yielded, and from that time see
How beauty is excell'd by manly grace
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.
So spake our general mother, and with eyes
Of conjugal attraction unreproved,
And meek surrender, half embracing lean'd
On our first father; half her swelling breast
Naked met his under the flowing gold
Of her loose tresses hid: he in delight
Both of her beauty and submissive charms
Smiled with superior love, as Jupiter
On Juno smiles, when he impregns the clouds
That shed May flowers; and press'd her matron lip
With kisses pure: aside the Devil turn'd
For envy; yet with jealous leer malign
Eyed them askance, and to himself thus plain'd.
Sight hateful, sight tormenting! thus these two
Imparadised in one another's arms,
The happier Eden, shall enjoy their fill

Of bliss on bliss; while I to hell am thrust,
Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire,
Among our other torments not the least,
Still unfulfill'd with pain of longing pines.
Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd
From their own mouths: all is not theirs it seems;
One fatal tree there stands, of Knowledge call'd,
Forbidden them to taste. Knowledge forbidden?
Suspicious, reasonless. Why should their Lord
Envy them that? can it be sin to know?
Can it be death? and do they only stand
By ignorance? is that their happy state,
The proof of their obedience and their faith?
O fair foundation laid whereon to build
Their ruin! Hence I will excite their minds
With more desire to know, and to reject
Envious commands, invented with design
To keep them low, whom knowledge might exalt
Equal with gods: aspiring to be such,
They taste and die: what likelier can ensue?
But first with narrow search I must walk round
This garden, and no corner leave unspied;
A chance, but chance may lead where I may meet
Some wandering spirit of heaven by fountain side,
Or in thick shade retired, from him to draw
What further would be learn'd. Live while ye may,
Yet happy pair; enjoy, till I return,
Short pleasures, for long woes are to succeed.
So saying, his proud step he scornful turn'd,
But with sly circumspection, and began
Through wood, through waste, o'er hill, o'er dale, his roam.
Meanwhile in utmost longitude, where heaven
With earth and ocean meets, the setting sun
Slowly descended, and with right aspect
Against the eastern gate of Paradise
Level'd his evening rays: it was a rock
Of alabaster, piled up to the clouds,
Conspicuous far, winding with one ascent
Accessible from earth, one entrance high;
The rest was craggy cliff, that overhung
Still as it rose, impossible to climb.
Betwixt these rocky pillars Gabriel sat,
Chief of the angelic guards, awaiting night;
About him exercised heroic games
The unarmed youth of heaven, but nigh at hand
Celestial armoury, shields, helms, and spears,
Hung high with diamond flaming, and with gold.
Thither came Uriel, gliding through the even
On a sunbeam, swift as a shooting star
In autumn thwarts the night, when vapours fired
Impress the air, and shows the mariner
From what point of his compass to beware
Impetuous winds: he thus began in haste.
Gabriel, to thee thy course by lot hath given
Charge and strict watch, that to this happy place
No evil thing approach or enter in.
This day at height of noon came to my sphere
A Spirit, zealous, as he seem'd, to know
More of the Almighty's works, and chiefly man,
God's latest image: I described his way
Bent all on speed, and mark'd his aery gait;
But in the mount that lies from Eden north,
Where he first lighted, soon discern'd his looks
Alien from heaven, with passions foul obscured:
Mine eye pursued him still, but under shade
Lost sight of him: one of the banish'd crew,
I fear, hath ventured from the deep, to raise
New troubles; him thy care must be to find.
To whom the winged warrior thus return'd.
Uriel, no wonder if thy perfect sight,
Amid the sun's bright circle where thou sitt'st,
See far and wide: in at this gate none pass
The vigilance here placed, but such as come
Well known from heaven; and since meridian hour
No creature thence: if spirit of other sort,
So minded, have o'erleap'd these earthly bounds
On purpose, hard thou know'st it to exclude
Spiritual substance with corporeal bar.
But if within the circuit of these walks,
In whatsoever shape he lurk, of whom
Thou tell'st, by morrow dawning I shall know.
So promised he; and Uriel to his charge
Return'd on that bright beam, whose point now raised
Bore him slope downward to the sun now fallen
Beneath the Azores; whether the prime orb,
Incredible how swift, had thither roll'd
Diurnal, on this less volubil earth,
By shorter flight to the east, had left him there
Arraying with reflected purple and gold
The clouds that on his western throne attend.
Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung;
Silence was pleased: now glow'd the firmament
With living sapphires: Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.
When Adam thus to Eve. Fair consort, the hour
Of night, and all things now retired to rest,
Mind us of like repose; since God hath set
Labour and rest, as day and night, to men
Successive; and the timely dew of sleep,
Now falling with soft slumbrous weight, inclines
Our eyelids: other creatures all day long
Rove idle, unemploy'd, and less need rest;
Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of heaven on all his ways;
While other animals unactive range,
And of their doings God takes no account.
To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east
With first approach of light, we must be risen,
And at our pleasant labour, to reform
Yon flowery arbours, yonder alleys green,
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our scant manuring, and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth:

Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums,
That lie bestrown, unsightly and unsmooth,
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease;
Meanwhile, as nature wills, night bids us rest.
To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorn'd.
My author and disposer, what thou bidd'st
Unargued I obey: so God ordains:
God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge, and her praise.
With thee conversing, I forget all time;
All seasons, and their change, all please alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glistering with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild; then silent night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
And these the gems of heaven, her starry train:
But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glistering with dew; nor fragrance after showers;
Nor grateful evening mild; nor silent night,
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,
Or glittering star-light, without thee is sweet.
But wherefore all night long shine these? for whom
This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?
To whom our general ancestor replied.
Daughter of God and man, accomplish'd Eve,
These have their course to finish round the earth,
By morrow evening, and from land to land
In order, though to nations yet unborn,
Ministering light prepared, they set and rise;
Lest total darkness should by night regain
Her old possession, and extinguish life
In Nature and all things; which these soft fires
Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat
Of various influence foment and warm,
Temper or nourish, or in part shed down
Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow
On earth, made hereby apter to receive
Perfection from the sun's more potent ray.
These then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
Shine not in vain; nor think, though men were none,
That heaven would want spectators, God want praise:
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep:
All these with ceaseless praise his works behold
Both day and night: how often, from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket, have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive each to other's note,
Singing their great Creator? oft in bands
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds
In full harmonic number join'd, their songs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heaven.
Thus talking, hand in hand alone they pass'd
On to their blissful bower: it was a place
Chosen by the sov'reign Planter, when he framed
All things to man's delightful use: the roof
Of thickest covert was inwoven shade
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side
Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub,
Fenced up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower,
Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine,
Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and wrought
Mosaic; underfoot the violet,
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
Broider'd the ground, more colour'd than with stone
Of costliest emblem: other creature here,
Bird, beast, insect, or worm, durst enter none,
Such was their awe of man. In shadier bower
More sacred and sequester'd, though but feign'd,
Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor Nymph
Nor Faunus haunted. Here, in close recess,
With flowers, garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs,
Espoused Eve deck'd first her nuptial bed;
And heavenly quires the hymenæan sung,
What day the genial angel to our sire
Brought her, in naked beauty more adorn'd,
More lovely, than Pandora, whom the gods
Endow'd with all their gifts, and O! too like
In sad event, when to the unwiser son
Of Japhet brought by Hermes, she ensnared
Mankind with her fair looks, to be avenged
On him who had stole Jove's authentic fire.
Thus, at their shady lodge arrived, both stood,
Both turn'd, and under open sky adored
The God that made both sky, air, earth, and heaven,
Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,
And starry pole: Thou also mad'st the night,
Maker Omnipotent, and thou the day,
Which we, in our appointed work employ'd,
Have finish'd, happy in our mutual help
And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss
Ordain'd by thee; and this delicious place
For us too large, where thy abundance wants
Partakers, and uncropp'd falls to the ground.
But thou hast promised from us two a race
To fill the earth, who shall with us extol
Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,
And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep.
This said unanimous, and other rites
Observing none, but adoration pure,
Which God likes best, into their inmost bower
Handed they went; and, eased the putting off
These troublesome disguises which we wear,
Straight side by side were laid; nor turn'd, I ween,
Adam from his fair spouse, nor Eve the rites
Mysterious of connubial love refused:
Whatever hypocrites austerely talk
Of purity, and place, and innocence,
Defaming as impure what God declares
Pure, and commands to some, leaves free to all.
Our Maker bids increase; who bids abstain
But our destroyer, foe to God and man?

Hail, wedded love, mysterious law, true source
Of human offspring, sole propriety
In Paradise of all things common else!
By thee adulterous lust was driven from men
Among the bestial herds to range; by thee,
Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, son, and brother, first were known.
Far be it, that I should write thee sin or blame,
Or think thee unbefitting holiest place,
Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets,
Whose bed is undefiled and chaste pronounced,
Present, or past, as saints and patriarchs used.
Here Love his golden shafts employs, here lights
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
Reigns here and revels; not in the bought smile
Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unendear'd,
Casual fruition: nor in court amours,
Mix'd dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball,
Or serenade, which the starved lover sings
To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain.
These, lull'd by nightingales, embracing slept,
And on their naked limbs the flowery roof
Shower'd roses which the morn repair'd. Sleep on,
Blest pair; and O! yet happiest, if ye seek
No happier state, and know to know no more.
Now had night measur'd with her shadowy cone
Half way up hill this vast sublunar vault,
And from their ivory port the cherubim
Forth issuing at the accustom'd hour, stood arm'd
To their night watches in warlike parade;
When Gabriel to his next in power thus spake:
Uzziel, half these draw off, and coast the south
With strictest watch; these other wheel the north;
Our circuit meets full west. As flame they part,
Half wheeling to the shield, half to the spear.
From these, two strong and subtle Spirits he call'd
That near him stood, and gave them thus in charge:
Ithuriel and Zephon, with wing'd speed
Search through this garden, leave unsearch'd no nook;
But chiefly where those two fair creatures lodge,
Now laid perhaps asleep, secure of harm.
This evening from the sun's decline arrived,
Who tells of some infernal Spirit seen
Hitherward bent (who could have thought?) escaped
The bars of hell, on errand bad, no doubt:
Such, where ye find, seize fast, and hither bring.
So saying, on he led his radiant files,
Dazzling the moon; these to the bower direct
In search of whom they sought: him there they found
Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve,
Assaying by his devilish art to reach
The organs of her fancy, and with them forge
Illusions, as he list, phantasms and dreams;
Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint
The animal spirits that from pure blood arise
Like gentle breaths from rivers pure, thence raise
At least distemper'd, discontented thoughts,
Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires
Blown up with high conceits ingendering pride.
Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear
Touch'd lightly; for no falsehood can endure
Touch of celestial temper, but returns
Of force to its own likeness: up he starts,
Discover'd and surpris'd. As when a spark
Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid
Fit for the tun some magazine to store
Against a rumour'd war, the smutty grain,
With sudden blaze diffused, inflames the air;
So started up, in his own shape, the fiend.
Back stepp'd those two fair angels, half amazed,
So sudden to behold the grisly king;
Yet thus, unmoved with fear, accost him soon.
Which of those rebel spirits adjudg'd to hell
Com'st thou, escaped thy prison? and, transform'd,
Why sat'st thou like an enemy in wait,
Here watching at the head of these that sleep?
Know ye not then, said Satan, fill'd with scorn,
Know ye not me? ye knew me once no mate
For you, there sitting where ye durst not soar?
Not to know me argues yourselves unknown,
The lowest of your throng; or, if ye know,
Why ask ye, and superfluous begin
Your message, like to end as much in vain?
To whom thus Zephon, answering scorn with scorn.
Think not, revolted Spirit, thy shape the same,
Or undiminish'd brightness to be known,
As when thou stood'st in heaven upright and pure;
That glory then, when thou no more wast good,
Departed from thee; and thou resemblest now
Thy sin and place of doom obscure and foul.
But come; for thou, be sure, shalt give account
To him who sent us, whose charge is to keep
This place inviolable, and these from harm.
So spake the cherub; and his grave rebuke
Severe in youthful beauty, added grace
Invincible. Abash'd the Devil stood,
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
Virtue in her shape how lovely; saw, and pined
His loss; but chiefly to find here observed
His lustre visibly impair'd; yet seem'd
Undaunted. If I must contend, said he,
Best with the best, the sender, not the sent,
Or all at once; more glory will be won,
Or less be lost. Thy fear, said Zephon bold,
Will save us trial what the least can do
Single against thee wicked, and thence weak.
The fiend reply'd not, overcome with rage;
But, like a proud steed rein'd, went haughty on,
Champing his iron curb: to strive or fly
He held it vain; awe from above had quell'd
His heart, not else dismay'd. Now drew they nigh
The western point, where those half-rounding guards
Just met, and closing stood in squadron join'd,
Awaiting next command. To whom their chief,
Gabriel, from the front thus call'd aloud.
O friends! I hear the tread of nimble feet
Hasting this way, and now by glimpse discern
Ithuriel and Zephon through the shade;

And with them comes a third of regal port,
But faded splendour wan; who by his gait
And fierce demeanour seems the Prince of Hell,
Not likely to part hence without contest;
Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours.
He scarce had ended, when those two approach'd,
And brief related whom they brought, where found,
How busied, in what form and posture couch'd.
To whom with stern regard thus Gabriel spake.
Why hast thou, Satan, broke the bounds prescribed
To thy transgressions, and disturb'd the charge
Of others, who approve not to transgress
By thy example, but have power and right
To question thy bold entrance on this place;
Employ'd, it seems, to violate sleep, and those
Whose dwelling God hath planted here in bliss?
To whom thus Satan, with contemptuous brow:
Gabriel, thou hadst in heaven the esteem of wise,
And such I held thee; but this question ask'd
Puts me in doubt. Lives there who loves his pain?
Who would not, finding way, break loose from hell,
Though thither doom'd? thou wouldst thyself, no doubt,
And boldly venture to whatever place
Farthest from pain, where thou might'st hope to change
Torment with ease, and soonest recompense
Dole with delight, which in this place I sought:
To thee no reason, who know'st only good,
But evil hast not tried: and wilt object
His will who bound us? Let him surer bar
His iron gates, if he intends our stay
In that dark durance: thus much what was ask'd.
The rest is true; they found me where they say;
But that implies not violence or harm.
Thus he in scorn. The warlike Angel moved,
Disdainfully, half smiling, thus replied.
O loss of one in heaven to judge of wise
Since Satan fell, whom folly overthrew,
And now returns him from his prison 'scap'd,
Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise
Or not, who ask what boldness brought him hither
Unlicens'd from his bounds in hell prescrib'd;
So wise he judges it to fly from pain
However, and to 'scape his punishment!
So judge thou still, presumptuous! till the wrath,
Which thou incurr'st by flying, meet thy flight
Sevenfold, and scourge that wisdom back to hell,
Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain
Can equal anger infinite provoked.
But wherefore thou alone? wherefore with thee
Came not all hell broke loose? is pain to them
Less pain, less to be fled? or thou than they
Less hardy to endure? Courageous chief,
The first in flight from pain! hadst thou alleged
To thy deserted host this cause of flight,
Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive.
To which the fiend thus answer'd, frowning stern:
Not that I less endure, or shrink from pain,
Insulting angel! well thou know'st I stood
Thy fiercest, when in battle to thy aid
The blasting vollied thunder made all speed,
And seconded thy else not dreaded spear.
But still thy words at random, as before,
Argue thy inexperience what behoves
From hard assays and ill successes past
A faithful leader, not to hazard all
Through ways of danger by himself untried:
I therefore, I alone first undertook
To wing the desolate abyss, and spy
This new created world, whereof in hell
Fame is not silent, here in hope to find
Better abode, and my afflicted Powers
To settle here on earth, or in mid air;
Though for possession put to try once more
What thou and thy gay legions dare against;
Whose easier business were to serve their Lord
High up in heaven, with songs to hymn his throne,
And practised distances to cringe, not fight.
To whom the warrior Angel soon replied.
To say and straight unsay, pretending first
Wise to fly pain, professing next the spy,
Argues no leader but a liar trac'd,
Satan, and couldst thou faithful add? O name,
O sacred name of faithfulness profan'd!
Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?
Army of fiends, fit body to fit head.
Was this your discipline and faith engaged,
Your military obedience, to dissolve
Allegiance to the acknowledg'd Power supreme?
And thou, sly hypocrite, who now wouldst seem
Patron of liberty, who more than thou
Once fawn'd, and cring'd, and servilely ador'd
Heaven's awful Monarch? wherefore, but in hope
To dispossess him, and thyself to reign?
But mark what I arreed thee now, Avant;
Fly thither whence thou fledst! If from this hour
Within these hallow'd limits thou appear,
Back to th' infernal pit I drag thee chain'd,
And seal thee so, as henceforth not to scorn
The facile gates of hell too slightly barr'd.
So threaten'd he; but Satan to no threats
Gave heed, but waxing more in rage replied.
Then when I am thy captive talk of chains,
Proud limitary cherub! but ere then
Far heavier load thyself expect to feel
From my prevailing arm, though heaven's King
Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy compeers,
Us'd to the yoke, draw'st his triumphant wheels
In progress through the road of heaven star-pav'd.
While thus he spake, the angelic squadron bright
Turn'd fiery red, sharpening in mooned horns
Their phalanx, and began to hem him round
With ported spears, as thick as when a field
Of Ceres ripe for harvest waving bends
Her bearded grove of ears, which way the wind
Sways them; the careful ploughman doubting stands,
Lest on the threshing floor his hopeful sheaves
Prove chaff. On the other side, Satan, alarm'd,

Collecting all his might, dilated stood,
Like Teneriff or Atlas, unremov'd:
His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest
Sat horror plum'd; nor wanted in his grasp
What seem'd both spear and shield: now dreadful deeds
Might have ensu'd, nor only Paradise
In this commotion, but the starry cope
Of heaven perhaps, or all the elements
At least had gone to wrack, disturb'd and torn
With violence of this conflict, had not soon
The Eternal, to prevent such horrid fray,
Hung forth in heaven his golden scales, yet seen
Betwixt Astrea and the Scorpian sign,
Wherein all things created first he weigh'd,
The pendulous round earth, with balanced air
In counterpoise, now ponders all events,
Battles and realms: in these he put two weights,
The sequel each of parting and of fight:
The latter quick up flew, and kick'd the beam;
Which Gabriel spying, thus bespake the fiend.
Satan, I know thy strength, and thou know'st mine;
Neither our own, but given: what folly then
To boast what arms can do? since thine no more
Than Heaven permits, nor mine, though doubled now
To trample thee as mire: for proof, look up,
And read thy lot in yon celestial sign,
Where thou art weigh'd, and shewn how light, how weak,
If thou resist. The fiend look'd up, and knew
His mounted scale aloft: nor more; but fled
Murmuring, and with him fled the shades of night.

THE POWER OF BEAUTY.

[*From Paradise Regained, Book II.*]

[Belial in the Infernal Council proposes to tempt Jesus with female beauty. Satan replies.]

Set women in his eye, and in his walk,
Among the daughters of men the fairest found;
Many are in each region passing fair
As the noon sky; more like to goddesses
Than mortal creatures, graceful and discreet,
Expert in amorous arts, enchanting tongues
Persuasive, virgin majesty with mild
And sweet allay'd, yet terrible t' approach,
Skill'd to retire, and in retiring draw
Hearts after them, tangled in amorous nets.
Such object hath the power to soft'n and tame
Severest temper, smooth the rugged'st brow,
Enerve, and with voluptuous hope dissolve,
Draw out with credulous desire, and lead
At will the manliest, resolutest breast,
As the magnetic hardest iron draws.
Women, when nothing else, beguil'd the heart
Of wisest Solomon, and made him build,
And made him bow to the gods of his wives.
To whom quick answer Satan thus return'd:
Belial, in much uneven scale thou weigh'st
All others by thyself; because of old
Thou thyself doat'dst on womankind, admiring
Their shape, their colour, and attractive grace,
None are, thou think'st but taken with such toys.
Before the flood, thou with thy lusty crew,
False titled sons of God, roaming the earth,
Cast wanton eyes on the daughters of men,
And coupled with them, and begot a race.
Have we not seen, or by relation heard,
In courts and regal chambers how thou lurk'st
In wood or grove, by mossy fountain side,
In valley or green meadow, to way-lay
Some beauty rare, Calisto, Clymene,
Daphne, or Semele, Antiopa,
Or Amymone, Syrinx, many more,
Too long; then lay'st thy scapes on names ador'd,
Apollo, Neptune, Jupiter, or Pan,
Satyr, or Faun, or Sylvan? But these haunts
Delight not all; among the sons of men,
How many have with a smile made small account
Of beauty and her lures, easily scorn'd
All her assaults, on worthier things intent?
Remember that Pellean conqueror,
A youth, how all the beauties of the East
He slightly view'd, and slightly overpass'd;
How he surnam'd of Africa dismiss'd
In his prime youth the fair Iberian maid;
For Solomon, he liv'd at ease, and full
Of honour, wealth, high fare, aim'd not beyond
Higher design than to enjoy his state;
Thence to the bait of women lay expos'd:
But he whom we attempt is wiser far
Than Solomon, of more exalted mind,
Made and set wholly on th' accomplishment
Of greatest things; what woman will you find,
Tho' of this age the wonder and the fame,
On whom his leisure will vouchsafe an eye
Of foul desire? Or should she confident,
As sitting queen ador'd on Beauty's throne,
Descend with all her winning charms begirt
T' enamour, as the zone of Venus once
Wrought that effect on Jove, so fables tell;
How would one look from his majestic brow,
Seated as on the top of Virtue's hill,
Discount'nance her despis'd, and put to rout
All her array; her female pride deject,
Or turn to reverent awe; for beauty stands
In th' admiration only of weak minds
Led captive; cease t' admire, and all her plumes
Fall flat and shrink into a trivial toy,
At every sudden slighting quite abash'd:
Therefore with manlier objects we must try
His constancy, with such as have more shew
Of worth, of honour, glory, and popular praise;
Rocks where great men have oftest wreck'd.

DESCRIPTION OF GREECE.

[*From Paradise Regained, Book IV.*]

[Satan's speech to Jesus on the rejection of his offer of the kingdoms of the world.]

To whom the fiend with fear abash'd reply'd:
Be not so sore offended, Son of God,
Though sons of God both angels are and men,
If I to try whether in higher sort
Than these thou bear'st that title, have propos'd
What both from men and angels I receive,
Tetrarchs of fire, air, flood, and on the earth
Nations besides from all the quarter'd winds,
God of this world invok'd and world beneath;
Who then thou art, whose coming is foretold
To me so fatal, me it most concerns.
The trial hath indamag'd thee no way;
Rather more honour left and more esteem;
Me nought advantag'd, missing what I aim'd.
Therefore let pass, as they are transitory,
The kingdoms of this world; I shall no more
Advise thee; gain them as thou canst, or not.
And thou thyself seem'st otherwise inclin'd
Than to a worldly crown, addicted more
To contemplation and profound dispute,
As by that early action may be judg'd,
When slipping from thy mother's eye thou went'st
Alone into the temple; there wast found
Among the gravest Rabbies disputant
On points and questions fitting Moses' chair,
Teaching, not taught; the childhood shews the man,
As morning shews the day. Be famous then
By wisdom; as thy empire must extend,
So let extend thy mind o'er all the world
In knowledge, all things in it comprehend:
All knowledge is not couch'd in Moses' law,
The Pentateuch, or what the Prophets wrote;
The Gentiles also know, and write, and teach
To admiration, led by Nature's light;
And with the Gentiles much thou must converse,
Ruling them by persuasion as thou mean'st;
Without their learning, how wilt thou with them,
Or they with thee hold conversation meet?
How wilt thou reason with them, how refute
Their idolisms, traditions, paradoxes?
Error by his own arms is best evinc'd.
Look once more, ere we leave this specular mount,
Westward, much nearer by southwest, behold
Where on the Ægean shore a city stands
Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil,
Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence, native to famous wits
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
City or suburban, studious walks and shades;
See there the olive grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
Thrills her thick-warbled notes the summer long;
There flowery hill Hymettus with the sound
Of bees' industrious murmur oft invites
To studious musing; there Ilissus rolls
His whisp'ring stream: within the wall then view
The schools of ancient sages; his who bred
Great Alexander to subdue the world,
Lyceum there, and painted Stoa next:
There shalt thou hear and learn the secret power
Of harmony in tones and numbers hit
By voice or hand, and various-measured verse,
Æolian charms and Dorian lyric odes,
And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,
Blind Melesigenes, thence Homer call'd,
Whose poem Phœbus challeng'd for his own.
Thence what the lofty grave tragedians taught
In chorus or iambic, teachers best
Of moral prudence, with delight receiv'd
In brief sententious precepts, while they treat
Of fate, and chance, and change in human life;
High actions, and high passions best describing:
Thence to the famous orators repair,
Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democratie,
Shook th' arsenal, and fulmin'd over Greece,
To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne.
To sage philosophy next lend thine ear,
From heav'n descended to the low-rooft house
Of Socrates; see there his tenement,
Whom well inspir'd the oracle pronounc'd
Wisest of men; from whose mouth issued forth
Mellifluous streams that water'd all the schools
Of Academics old and new, with those
Surnam'd Peripatetics, and the sect
Epicurean, and the Stoic severe;
These here revolve, or, as thou lik'st, at home,
Till time mature thee to a kingdom's weight;
These rules will render thee a king complete
Within thyself, much more with empire join'd.

L'ALLEGRO.

Hence, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy!
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings;
There under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come, thou goddess fair and free,
In heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth;
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore:
Or whether (as some sager sing)
The frolic wind, that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-maying;
There on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty;
And, if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleasures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-brier, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine:
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-door
Stoutly struts his dames before;
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Some time walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern-gate
Where the great Sun begins his state,
Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the plowman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his sithe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landscape round it measures;
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains, on whose barren breast,
The labouring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis, met,
Are at their savory dinner set,
Of herbs and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tann'd haycock in the mead.
Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the livelong day-light fail:
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How fairy Mab the junkets eat;
She was pinch'd, and pull'd, she said;
And he, by friar's lantern led,
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat,
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn,
That ten day-laborers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubbar fiend,
And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.
Tower'd cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit, or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.
There late Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask, and antique pageantry;
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse;
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regain'd Eurydice.
These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE, vain deluding Joys,
The brood of Folly, without father bred,
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sunbeams;
Or likest hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
But hail, thou goddess, sage and holy,
Hail, divinest Melancholy!
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The sea-nymphs, and their powers offended:
Yet thou art higher far descended.
Thee bright-hair'd Vesta, long of yore,
To solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she (in Saturn's reign,
Such mixture was not held a stain)
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove
Whilst yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, stedfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of Cyprus lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait;
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes;
There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast:
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring,
Aye round about Jove's altar sing:
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure:
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er the accustom'd oak:
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!

Thee, chantress, oft, the woods among,
I woo, to hear thy even-song;
And, missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way;
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud,
Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-water'd shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar:
Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom;
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm.
Or let my lamp at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind, that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook:
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet, or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In scepter'd pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes' or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine;
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.
But, O sad virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower!
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes, as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what love did seek!
Or call up him that left half-told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass;
And of the wondrous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride;
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of tourneys, and of trophies hung,
Of forests, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited morn appear,
Not trick'd and frounc'd as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kercheft in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,

Or ushered with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And, when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe, with heaved stroke,
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from Day's garish eye,
While the bee with honied thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy feather'd Sleep;
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in airy stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eye-lids laid.
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortal good,
Or the unseen genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters pale,
And love the high-embowered roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light:
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voic'd quire below,
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstacies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

LYCIDAS.

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never-sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude:
And, with forc'd fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year:
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due;
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.
Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well,
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse:
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favor my destin'd urn;
And, as he passes, turn
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud;
For we were nurs'd upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill.
Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,
We drove afield, and both together heard
What time the grey-fly winds her sultry horn,
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star, that rose, at evening bright,
Toward heaven's descent had slop'd his westering wheel.
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Temper'd to the oaten flute;
Rough Satyrs danc'd, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long;
And old Damætas lov'd to hear our song.
But, O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return!
Thee, shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes, mourn:
The willows, and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When first the white-thorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherds' ear.
Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep,
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream:
Ay me! I fondly dream [done?
Had ye been there—for what could that have
What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
Whom universal nature did lament,
When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?
Alas! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,

And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind fury with the abhorred shears
And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the praises,"
Phœbus replied, and touch'd my trembling ears;
"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistering foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumor lies:
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed."
O fountain Arethuse, and thou honor'd flood,
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds!
That strain I heard was of a higher mood:
But now my oat proceeds,
And listens to the herald of the sea
That came in Neptune's plea;
He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?
And question'd every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each beaked promontory:
They knew not of his story;
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd;
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in the eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.
Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe.
"Ah! who hath reft" (quoth he) "my dearest pledge?"
Last came, and last did go,
The pilot of the Galilean lake;
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain,
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain,)
He shook his miter'd locks, and stern bespake:
"How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
Enow of such, as for their bellies' sake
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold?
Of other care they little reckoning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest;
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold [least
A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else the
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;
And, when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But, swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said:
But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more."
Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past,
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells, and flowerets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart-star sparely looks;
Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honied showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan, that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureate herse where Lycid lies.
For, so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise;
Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurl'd,
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou, perhaps, under the whelming tide,
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great vision of the guarded mount
Looks towards Namancos and Bayona's hold;
Look homeward, angel, now, and melt with ruth:
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.
Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor;
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves;
Where, other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
That sing, and, singing in their glory, move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.
Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals grey;
He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,

With eager thought warbling his doric lay;
And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the western bay:
At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue:
To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

COMUS.

THE PERSONS.

The Attendant Spirit, afterwards in the habit of *Thyrsis*.
Comus, with his crew.
The Lady.
First Brother.
Second Brother.
Sabrina, the Nymph.

The first Scene discovers a wild wood.

The Attendant Spirit descends or enters.

Before the starry threshold of Jove's court
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
Of bright aerial spirits live inspher'd
In regions mild of calm and serene air,
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,
Which men call earth; and, with low-thoughted care
Confin'd and pester'd in this pinfold here,
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,
Unmindful of the crown that virtue gives,
After this mortal change, to her true servants,
Amongst the enthron'd gods on sainted seats.
Yet some there be that by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on that golden key
That opes the palace of Eternity:
To such my errand is; and but for such,
I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds
With the rank vapors of this sin-worn mould.
But to my task. Neptune, besides the sway
Of every salt flood, and each ebbing stream,
Took in by lot 'twixt high and nether Jove
Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles,
That, like to rich and various gems, inlay
The unadorned bosom of the deep,
Which he, to grace his tributary gods,
By course commits to several government,
And gives them leave to wear their sapphire crowns,
And wield their little tridents: but this isle,
The greatest and the best of all the main,
He quarters to his blue-hair'd deities;
And all this tract that fronts the falling Sun
A noble peer of mickle trust and power
Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide
An old and haughty nation, proud in arms:
Where his fair offspring, nurs'd in princely lore,
Are coming to attend their father's state,
And new-intrusted sceptre; but their way
Lies through the perplex'd paths of this drear wood,
The nodding horror of whose shady brows
Threats the forlorn and wandering passenger;
And here their tender age might suffer peril,
But that by quick command from sovreign Jove
I was dispatch'd for their defence and guard:
And listen why; for I will tell you now
What never yet was heard in tale or song,
From old or modern bard, in hall or bower.
Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape
Crush'd the sweet poison of misused wine,
After the Tuscan mariners transform'd,
Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds listed,
On Circe's island fell: (Who knows not Circe,
The daughter of the Sun, whose charmed cup
Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,
And downward fell into a grovelling swine?)
This nymph, that gaz'd upon his clustering locks
With ivy berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth,
Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son
Much like his father, but his mother more,
Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus nam'd:
Who ripe, and frolic of his full-grown age,
Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields,
At last betakes him to this ominous wood;
And, in thick shelter of black shades embower'd,
Excels his mother at her mighty art,
Offering to every weary traveller
His orient liquor in a crystal glass,
To quench the drought of Phœbus; which as they taste
(For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst)
Soon as the potion works, their human countenance,
The express resemblance of the gods, is chang'd
Into some brutish form of wolf, or bear,
Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,
All other parts remaining as they were;
And they, so perfect is their misery
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
But boast themselves more comely than before;
And all their friends and native home forget,
To roll with pleasure in a sensual stye.
Therefore when any, favor'd of high Jove,
Chances to pass through this adventurous glade,
Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star
I shoot from heaven, to give him safe convoy,
As now I do: but first I must put off
These my sky-robes spun, out of Iris' woof,
And take the weeds and likeness of a swain
That to the service of this house belongs,
Who with his soft pipe, and smooth-dittied song,
Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,
And hush the waving woods; nor of less faith,
And in this office of his mountain watch
Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid
Of this occasion. But I hear the tread
Of hateful steps; I must be viewless now.

Comus *enters with a charming-rod in one hand, his glass in the other; with him a rout of monsters, headed like sundry sorts of wild beasts, but otherwise like men and women, their apparel glistering; they come in making a riotous and unruly noise, with torches in their hands.*

Comus.

The Star, that bids the shepherd fold,
Now the top of heaven doth hold;

And the gilded car of day
His glowing axle doth allay
In the steep Atlantic stream;
And the slope sun his upward beam
Shoots against the dusky pole,
Pacing towards the other goal
Of his chamber in the east.
Meanwhile welcome Joy, and Feast,
Midnight Shout, and Revelry,
Tipsy Dance, and Jollity
Braid your locks with rosy twine,
Dropping odors, dropping wine.
Rigor now is gone to bed,
And Advice with scrupulous head.
Strict Age and sour Severity,
With their grave saws, in slumber lie.
We, that are of purer fire,
Imitate the starry quire,
Who, in their nightly watchful spheres,
Lead in swift round the months and years.
The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove,
Now to the moon in wavering morrice move;
And, on the tawny sands and shelves,
Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves.
By dimpled brook and fountain brim,
The wood-nymphs, deck'd with daisies trim,
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep;
What hath night to do with sleep?
Night hath better sweets to prove,
Venus now wakes, and wakens love.
Come, let us our rites begin;
'Tis only daylight that makes sin,
Which these dun shades will ne'er report:—
Hail, goddess of nocturnal sport,
Dark-veil'd Cotytto, to whom the secret flame
Of midnight torches burns; mysterious dame,
That ne'er art call'd, but when the dragon womb
Of Stygian darkness spits her thickest gloom,
And makes one blot of all the air;
Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,
Wherein thou rid'st with Hecat', and befriend
Us thy vow'd priests, till utmost end
Of all thy dues be done, and none left out;
Ere the babbling eastern scout,
The nice morn, on the India steep
From her cabin'd loop-hole peep,
And to the tell-tale sun descry
Our conceal'd solemnity.
Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
In a light, fantastic round.

The Measure.

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace
Of some chaste footing near about this ground.
Run to your shrouds, within these brakes and trees;
Our number may affright: some virgin sure
(For so I can distinguish by mine art)
Benighted in these woods. Now to my charms,
And to my wily trains: I shall ere long
Be well-stocked with as fair a herd as graz'd
About my mother Circe. Thus I hurl
My dazzling spells into the spungy air,
Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion,
And give it false presentments, lest the place
And my quaint habits breed astonishment,
And put the damsel to suspicious flight,
Which must not be; for that's against my course:
I, under fair pretence of friendly ends,
And well-plac'd words of glozing courtesy
Baited with reasons not unplausible,
Wind me into the easy-hearted man,
And hug him into snares. When once her eye
Hath met the virtue of this magic dust,
I shall appear some harmless villager,
Whom thrift keeps up about his country gear.
But here she comes; I fairly step aside,
And hearken, if I may, her business here.

The Lady enters.

This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,
My best guide now; methought it was the sound
Of riot and ill-manag'd merriment,
Such as the jocund flute, or gamesome pipe,
Stirs up among the loose unletter'd hinds;
When for their teeming flocks, and granges full,
In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,
And thank the gods amiss. I should be loth
To meet the rudeness, and swill'd insolence,
Of such late wassailers; yet, O! where else
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?
My brothers, when they saw me wearied out
With this long way, resolving here to lodge
Under the spreading favor of these pines,
Stept, as they said, to the next thicket side,
To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit
As the kind hospitable woods provide.
They left me then, when the gray-hooded even,
Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,
Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain.
But where they are, and why they came not back,
Is now the labor of my thoughts; 'tis likeliest
They had engag'd their wandering steps too far;
And envious darkness, ere they could return,
Had stole them from me: else, O thievish night,
Why should'st thou, but for some felonious end,
In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars,
That nature hung in heaven, and fill'd their lamps
With everlasting oil, to give due light
To the misled and lonely traveller?
This is the place, as well as I may guess,
Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth
Was rife, and perfect in my listening ear;
Yet nought but single darkness do I find.
What this might be? A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,
And airy tongues, that syllable men's names

On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.
These thoughts may startle well, but not astound,
The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a strong siding champion, Conscience.—
O welcome pure-ey'd faith, white-handed hope,
Thou hovering angel, girt with golden wings,
And thou, unblemish'd form of chastity!
I see ye visibly, and now believe
That he, the Supreme Good, to whom all things ill
Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
Would send a glist'ring guardian, if need were,
To keep my life and honor unassail'd.
Was I deceiv'd, or did a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
I did not err, there does a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
And cast a gleam over this tufted grove:
I cannot halloo to my brothers, but
Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
I'll venture; for my new-enliven'd spirits
Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

SONG.

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
Within thy airy shell,
By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
Where the lovelorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well,
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That likest thy Narcissus are?
O, if thou have
Hid them in some flowery cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the sphere!
So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all heaven's harmonies.

Enter Comus.

Comus. Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify his hidden residence.
How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty vaulted night,
At every fall smoothing the raven-down
Of darkness, till it smil'd! I have oft heard
My mother Circe with the Syrens three,
Amidst the flowery-kirtled Naiades,
Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs,
Who, as they sung, would take the prison'd soul
And lap it in Elysium: Scylla wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause:
Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,
And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself;
But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
I never heard till now.—I'll speak to her,
And she shall be my queen.—Hail, foreign wonder!
Whom certain these rough shades did never breed,
Unless the goddess that in rural shrine
Dwell'st here with Pan, or Sylvan, by blest song
Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog
To touch the prosperous growth of this tall wood.

Lad. Nay, gentle shepherd, ill is lost that praise
That is address'd to unattending ears;
Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
How to regain my sever'd company,
Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo
To give me answer from her mossy couch.

Com. What chance, good lady, hath bereft you thus?

Lad. Dim darkness, and this leafy labyrinth.

Com. Could that divide you from near-ushering guides?

Lad. They left me weary on a grassy turf.

Com. By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?

Lad. To seek i' the valley some cool friendly spring.

Com. And left your fair side all unguarded, lady?

Lad. They were but twain, and purpos'd quick return.

Com. Perhaps forestalling night prevented them.

Lad. How easy my misfortune is to hit!

Com. Imports their loss, beside the present need?

Lad. No less than if I should my brothers lose.

Com. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?

Lad. As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips.

Com. Two such I saw, what time the labor'd ox
In his loose traces from the furrow came,
And the swink't hedger at his supper sat;
I saw them under a green mantling vine,
That crawls long the side of yon small hill,
Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots;
Their port was more than human, as they stood:
I took it for a fairy vision
Of some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colors of the rainbow live,
And play i' the plighted clouds. I was awe-struck
And, as I past, I worshipt; if those you seek,
It were a journey like the path to heaven,
To help you find them.

Lad. Gentle villager,
What readiest way would bring me to that place?

Com. Due west it rises from this shrubby point.

Lad. To find out that, good shepherd, I suppose,
In such a scant allowance of star-light,
Would overtask the best land-pilot's art,
Without the sure guess of well-practis'd feet.

Com. I know each lane, and every alley green,
Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild wood,
And every bosky bourn from side to side,
My daily walks and ancient neighborhood;
And if your stray attendants be yet lodg'd,
Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
Ere morrow wake, or the low-roosted lark

From her thatch'd pallet rouse; if otherwise,
I can conduct you, lady, to a low
But loyal cottage, where you may be safe
Till further quest.
Lad. Shepherd, I take thy word
And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
With smoky rafters, than in tap'stry halls
In courts of princes, where it first was nam'd
And yet is most pretended: in a place
Less warranted than this, or less secure,
I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.—
Eye me, blest Providence, and square my trial
To my proportion'd strength—Shepherd, lead on.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter The Two Brothers.

El. Br. Unmuffle, ye faint stars; and thou, fair moon,
That wont'st to love the traveller's benison,
Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here
In double night of darkness and of shades;
Or, if your influence be quite damm'd up
With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,
Though a rush-candle from the wicker hole
Of some clay habitation, visit us
With thy long-levell'd rule of streaming light;
And thou shalt be our star of Arcady,
Or Tyrian Cynosure.
Sec. Br. Or, if our eyes
Be barr'd that happiness, might we but hear
The folded flocks penn'd in their wattled cotes,
Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops,
Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock
Count the night watches to his feathery dames,
'Twould be some solace yet, some little cheering,
In this close dungeon of innumerous boughs.
But, O that hapless virgin, our lost sister!
Where may she wander now, whither betake her
From the chill dew, among rude burs and thistles?
Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,
Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm
Leans her unpillow'd head, fraught with sad fears.
What, if in wild amazement and affright?
Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp
Of savage hunger or of savage heat?
El. Br. Peace, brother: be not over-exquisite
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils:
For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
What need a man forestall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid?
Or, if they be but false alarms of fear,
How bitter is such self-delusion!
I do not think my sister so to seek,
Or so unprincipled in Virtue's book,
And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,
As that the single want of light and noise
(Not being in danger, as I trust she is not,)
Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts
And put them into misbecoming plight.
Virtue could see to do what virtue would
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
Were in the flat sea sunk. And Wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude:
Where, with her best nurse, Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.
He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit i' the centre, and enjoy bright day:
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
Himself is his own dungeon.
Sec. Br. 'Tis most true,
That musing meditation most effects
The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,
And sits as safe as in a senate-house;
For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,
His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,
Or do his grey hairs any violence?
But Beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree
Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
Of dragon-watch, with unenchanted eye,
To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit,
From the rash hand of bold incontinence.
You may as well spread out the unsunn'd heaps
Of miser's treasure by an outlaw's den,
And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
Danger will wink on opportunity,
And let a single helpless maiden pass
Uninjur'd in this wild surrounding waste.
Of night, or loneliness, it recks me not;
I fear the dread events that dog them both,
Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the person
Of our unowned sister.
El. Br. I do not, brother,
Infer, as if I thought my sister's state
Secure, without all doubt or controversy;
Yet, where an equal poise of hope and fear
Does arbitrate the event, my nature is
That I incline to hope, rather than fear,
And gladly banish squint suspicion.
My sister is not so defenceless left
As you imagine; she has a hidden strength
Which you remember not.
Sec. Br. What hidden strength,
Unless the strength of Heaven, if you mean that?
El. Br. I mean that too, but yet a hidden strength,
Which, if Heaven gave it, may be term'd her own;
'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity:
She that has that is clad in complete steel;
And, like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen,
May trace huge forests, and unharbor'd heaths,
Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds;
Where, through the sacred rays of chastity,
No savage fierce, bandit, or mountaineer,
Will dare to soil her virgin purity:
Yea there, where very desolation dwells,
By grots and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades,
She may pass on with unblench'd majesty,
Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.
Some say, no evil thing that walks by night

In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost
That breaks his magic chains at curfeu time,
No goblin, or swart fairy of the mine,
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.
Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
Antiquity from the old schools of Greece
To testify the arms of chastity?
Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,
Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste,
Wherewith she tamed the brinded lioness
And spotted mountain-pard, but set at nought
The frivolous bolt of Cupid; gods and men
Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen o' the woods.
What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield,
That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin,
Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone,
But rigid looks of chaste austerity,
And noble grace, that dash'd brute violence
With sudden adoration and blank awe?
So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity,
That, when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt;
And, in clear dream and solemn vision,
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear;
Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
Begin to cast a beam on the outward shape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
Till all be made immortal: but when lust,
By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
The soul grows clotted by contagion,
Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose
The divine property of her first being.
Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp,
Oft seen in charnel vaults and sepulchres
Ling'ring, and sitting by a new-made grave,
As loth to leave the body that it lov'd,
And link'd itself by carnal sensuality
To a degenerate and degraded state.
Sec. Br. How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh, and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.
El. Br. List, list; I hear,
Some far-off halloo break the silent air.
Sec. Br. Methought so too; what should it be?
El. Br. For certain,
Either some one like us night-founder'd here,
Or else some neighbor woodman, or, at worst,
Some roving robber, calling to his fellows.
Sec. Br. Heaven keep my sister. Again, again, and near!
Best draw, and stand upon our guard.
El. Br. I'll halloo:
If he be friendly, he comes well; if not,
Defence is a good cause, and Heaven be for us.
[*Enter the Attendant Spirit habited like a shepherd.*]
That halloo I should know; what are you? speak;
Come not too near, you fall on iron stakes else.
Spir. What voice is that? my young lord? speak again.
Sec. Br. O brother, 'tis my father's shepherd, sure.
El. Br. Thyrsis? Whose artful strains have oft delay'd
The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,
And sweeten'd every musk-rose of the dale?
How com'st thou here, good swain? hath any ram
Slipt from the fold, or young kid lost his dam,
Or straggling wether the pent flock forsook?
How could'st thou find this dark sequester'd nook?
Spir. O my lov'd master's heir, and his next joy,
I came not here on such a trivial toy
As a stray'd ewe, or to pursue the stealth
Of pilfering wolf: not all the fleecy wealth,
That doth enrich these downs, is worth a thought
To this my errand, and the care it brought.
But, O my virgin lady, where is she?
How chance she is not in your company?
El. Br. To tell thee sadly, shepherd, without blame,
Or our neglect, we lost her as we came.
Spir. Ay me unhappy! then my fears are true.
El. Br. What fears, good Thyrsis? Pr'ythee briefly show.
Spir. I'll tell ye: 'tis not vain or fabulous.
(Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance,)
What the sage poets, taught by the heavenly Muse,
Storied of old in high immortal verse,
Of dire chimeras, and enchanted isles,
And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to hell;
For such there be, but unbelief is blind.
Within the navel of this hideous wood,
Immur'd in cypress shades a sorcerer dwells,
Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,
Deep skill'd in all his mother's witcheries;
And here to every thirsty wanderer
By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,
With many murmurs mix'd, whose pleasing poison
The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
And the inglorious likeness of a beast
Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage
Character'd in the face: this have I learnt
Tending my flocks hard by i' the hilly crofts,
That brow this bottom glade; whence night by night
He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl,
Like stabled wolves, or tigers at their prey,
Doing abhorred rites to Hecate
In their obscured haunts of inmost bowers.
Yet have they many baits, and guileful spells,
To inveigle and invite the unwary sense
Of them that pass unweeting by the way.
This evening late, by then the chewing flocks
Had ta'en their supper on the savory herb
Of knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,

I sat me down to watch upon a bank
With ivy canopied, and interwove
With flaunting honeysuckle, and began,
Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy,
To meditate my rural minstrelsy,
Till fancy had her fill; but, ere a close,
The wonted roar was up amidst the woods,
And fill'd the air with barbarous dissonance;
At which I ceas'd, and listen'd them a while,
Till an unusual stop of sudden silence
Gave respite to the drowsy frighted steeds,
That draw the litter of close-curtain'd sleep;
At last a soft and solemn-breathing sound
Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes,
And stole upon the air, that even silence
Was took ere she was 'ware, and wish'd she might
Deny her nature, and be never more,
Still to be so displac'd. I was all ear,
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of Death; but O! ere long,
Too well I did perceive it was the voice
Of my most honor'd lady, your dear sister.
Amaz'd I stood, harrow'd with grief and fear,
And, O poor hapless nightingale, thought I,
How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare!
Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haste,
Through paths and turnings often trod by day,
Till, guided by mine ear, I found the place,
Where that damn'd wizard, hid in sly disguise,
(For so by certain signs I knew,) had met
Already, ere my best speed could prevent,
The aidless innocent lady, his wish'd prey;
Who gently ask'd if he had seen such two,
Supposing him some neighbor villager.
Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guess'd
Ye were the two she meant; with that I sprung
Into swift flight, till I had found you here;
But further know I not.

Sec. Br. O night, and shades!
How are ye join'd with hell in triple knot
Against the unarm'd weakness of one virgin,
Alone and helpless! Is this the confidence
You gave me, brother?

El. Br. Yes, and keep it still;
Lean on it safely; not a period
Shall be unsaid for me: against the threats
Of malice, or of sorcery, or that power
Which erring men call chance, this I hold firm,—
Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt,
Surpris'd by unjust force, but not enthrall'd:
Yea, even that, which mischief meant most harm,
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory:
But evil on itself shall back recoil,
And mix no more with goodness; when at last
Gather'd like scum, and settled to itself,
It shall be in eternal restless change
Self-fed and self-consum'd: if this fail,
The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble.—But come, let's on.
Against the opposing will and arm of Heaven
May never this just sword be lifted up;
But for that damn'd magician, let him be girt
With all the grisly legions that troop
Under the sooty flag of Acheron,
Harpies and Hydras, or all the monstrous forms
'Twixt Africa and Ind, I'll find him out,
And force him to return his purchase back,
Or drag him by the curls to a foul death,
Curs'd as his life.

Spir. Alas! good venturous youth,
I love thy courage yet, and bold emprise;
But here thy sword can do thee little stead;
Far other arms and other weapons must
Be those, that quell the might of hellish charms:
He with his bare wand can unthread thy joints,
And crumble all thy sinews.

El. Br. Why pr'ythe, shepherd,
How durst thou then thyself approach so near,
As to make this relation?

Spir. Care, and utmost shifts,
How to secure the lady from surprisal,
Brought to my mind a certain shepherd lad,
Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd
In every virtuous plant, and healing herb,
That spreads her verdant leaf to th' morning ray
He lov'd me well, and oft would beg me sing;
Which when I did, he on the tender grass
Would sit and hearken even to ecstasy,
And in requital ope his leathern scrip,
And show me simples of a thousand names,
Telling their strange and vigorous faculties:
Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,
But of divine effect, he cull'd me out;
The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
But in another country, as he said,
Bore a bright golden flower, but not in this soil:
Unknown, and light esteem'd, and the dull swain
Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon:
And yet more med'cinal is it than that moly,
That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave;
He call'd it hæmony, and gave it me,
And bade me keep it as of sov'reign use
'Gainst all enchantments, mildew, blast, or damp,
Or ghastly furies' apparition.
I purs'd it up, but little reckoning made,
Till now that this extremity compell'd:
But now I find it true; for by this means
I knew the foul enchanter though disguis'd,
Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his spells,
And yet came off: if you have this about you,
(As I will give you when we go) you may
Boldly assault the necromancer's hall;
Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood,
And brandish'd blade, rush on him; break his glass,
And shed the luscious liquor on the ground,
But seize his wand; though he and his curs'd crew
Fierce sign of battle make, and menace high,
Or like the sons of Vulcan vomit smoke,
Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.

El. Br. Thyrsis, lead on apace, I'll follow thee
And some good angel bear a shield before us.

The Scene changes to a stately palace, set out with all manner of deliciousness: soft music, tables spread with all dainties. Comus appears with his rabble, and the Lady set in an enchanted chair, to whom he offers his glass, which she puts by, and goes about to rise.

Comus.

Nay, lady, sit; if I but wave this wand,
Your nerves are all chain'd up in alabaster,
And you a statue, or, as Daphne was,
Root-bound, that fled Apollo.

Lad. Fool, do not boast;
Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind
With all thy charms, although this corporal rind
Thou hast immanacled, while Heaven sees good.

Com. Why are you vex'd, lady? Why do you frown?
Here dwell no frowns, nor anger; from these gates
Sorrow flies far: see, here be all the pleasures,
That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,
When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns
Brisk as the April buds in primrose-season.
And first, behold this cordial julep here,
That flames and dances in his crystal bounds,
With spirits of balm and fragrant syrups mix'd;
Not that nepenthes, which the wife of Thone
In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena,
Is of such power to stir up joy as this,
To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.
Why should you be so cruel to yourself,
And to those dainty limbs, which nature lent
For gentle usage and soft delicacy?
But you invert the covenants of her trust,
And harshly deal like an ill borrower
With that which you receiv'd on other terms;
Scorning the unexempt condition,
By which all mortal frailty must subsist,
Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,
That have been tir'd all day without repast,
And timely rest have wanted; but, fair virgin,
This will restore all soon.

Lad. 'Twill not, false traitor!
'Twill not restore the truth and honesty,
That thou hast banish'd from thy tongue with lies.
Was this the cottage, and the safe abode,
Thou told'st me of? What grim aspects are these,
These ugly-headed monsters? Mercy guard me!
Hence with thy brew'd enchantments, foul deceiver!
Hast thou betray'd my credulous innocence
With visor'd falsehood and base forgery?
And would'st thou seek again to trap me here
With lickerish baits, fit to ensnare a brute?
Were it a draught for Juno when she banquets,
I would not taste thy treasonous offer; none
But such as are good men can give good things;
And that which is not good, is not delicious
To a well-govern'd and wise appetite.

Com. O foolishness of men! that lend their ears
To those budge doctors of the Stoic fur,
And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub,
Praising the lean and sallo... abstinence.
Wherefore did nature pour her bounties forth
With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,
But all to please and sate the curious taste?
And set to work millions of spinning worms,
That in their green-shops weave the smooth-hair'd silk,
To deck her sons; and that no corner might
Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins
She hutch'd the all-worshipt ore, and precious gems,
To store her children with: if all the world
Should in a pet of temperance feed on pulse,
Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,
The All-giver would be unthank'd, would be unprais'd,
Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd;
And we should serve him as a grudging master,
As a penurious niggard of his wealth;
And live like nature's bastards, not her sons,
Who would be quite surcharg'd with her own weight,
And strangled with her waste fertility;
The earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air dark'd with plumes,
The herds would over-multitude their lords,
The sea o'erfraught would swell, and the unsought diamonds
Would so emblaze the forehead of the deep,
And so bestud with stars, that they below
Would grow inur'd to light and come at last
To gaze upon the sun with shameless brows.
List, lady: be not coy, and be not cozen'd
With that same vaunted name, virginity.
Beauty is nature's coin, must not be hoarded,
But must be current; and the good thereof
Consists in mutual and partaken bliss,
Unsavory in the enjoyment of itself;
If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
It withers on the stalk with languish'd head.
Beauty is nature's brag, and must be shown
In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities,
Where most may wonder at the workmanship;
It is for homely features to keep home,
They had their name thence; coarse complexions,
And cheeks of sorry grain, will serve to ply
The sampler, and to tease the housewife's wool.
What need a vermeil-tinctur'd lip for that,
Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the Morn?
There was another meaning in these gifts;
Think what, and be advis'd; you are but young yet.

Lad. I had not thought to have unlock'd my lips
In this unhallow'd air, but that this juggler
Would think to charm my judgment, as mine eyes,
Obtruding false rules prank'd in reason's garb.
I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,
And virtue has no tongue to check her pride.—
Impostor! do not charge most innocent nature,
As if she would her children should be riotous
With her abundance; she, good cateress,
Means her provision only to the good,

That live according to her sober laws,
And holy dictate of spare temperance:
If every just man, that now pines with want,
Had but a moderate and beseeming share
Of that which lewdly-pamper'd luxury
Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
Nature's full blessings would be well dispens'd
In unsuperfluous even proportion,
And she no whit encumber'd with her store;
And then the Giver would be better thank'd,
His praise due paid: for swinish gluttony
Ne'er looks to Heaven amidst his gorgeous feast,
But with besotted base ingratitude
Crams, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go on?
Or have I said enough? To him that dares
Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
Against the sun-clad power of chastity,
Fain would I something say, yet to what end?
Thou hast nor ear, nor soul, to apprehend
The sublime notion, and high mystery,
That must be uttered to unfold the sage
And serious doctrine of virginity;
And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know
More happiness than this thy present lot.
Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric,
That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence;
Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinc'd:
Yet, should I try, the uncontrolled worth
Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirits
To such a flame of sacred vehemence,
That dumb things would be mov'd to sympathize,
And the brute earth would lend her nerves and shake,
Till all thy magic structures, rear'd so high,
Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false head.

Com. She fables not; I feel that I do fear
Her words set off by some superior power;
And though not mortal, yet a cold shuddering dew
Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of Jove
Speaks thunder, and the chains of Erebus,
To some of Saturn's crew. I must dissemble,
And try her yet more strongly.—Come, no more;
This is mere moral babble, and direct,
Against the canon-laws of our foundation;
I must not suffer this: yet 'tis but the lees
And settlings of a melancholy blood:
But this will cure all straight: one sip of this
Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight,
Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise and taste.

The Brothers rush in with swords drawn, wrest his glass out of his hand, and break it against the ground; his rout make sign of resistance, but are all driven in. The Attendant Spirit comes in.

Spirit.

What, have you let the false enchanter 'scape?
O ye mistook, ye should have snatch'd his wand,
And bound him fast; without his rod revers'd,
And backward mutters of dissevering power,
We cannot free the lady that sits here
In stony fetters fix'd, and motionless:
Yet stay, be not disturb'd; now I bethink me,
Some other means I have which may be us'd,
Which once of Melibœus old I learn'd,
The soothest shepherd that e'er pip'd on plains.
There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,
That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream,
Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure;
Whilom she was the daughter of Locrine,
That had the sceptre from his father brute.
She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit
Of her enraged stepdame Guendolen,
Commended her fair innocence to the flood,
That staid her flight with his cross-flowing course.
The water-nymphs, that in the bottom play'd,
Held up their pearled wrists, and took her in,
Bearing her straight to aged Nereus' hall;
Who, piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head,
And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
In nectar'd lavers, strew'd with asphodel;
And through the porch and inlet of each sense
Dropt in ambrosial oils, till she reviv'd,
And underwent a quick immortal change,
Made goddess of the river: still she retains
Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve
Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,
Helping all urchin blasts, and ill-luck signs
That the shrewd meddling elfe delights to make,
Which she with precious vial'd liquors heals;
For which the shepherds at their festivals
Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,
And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream
Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils.
And, as the old swain said, she can unlock
The clasping charm, and thaw the numbing spell,
If she be right invok'd in warbled song;
For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift
To aid a virgin, such as was herself,
In hard-besetting need; this will I try,
And add the power of some adjuring verse.

SONG.

Sabrina fair,
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;
Listen for dear honor's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake,
Listen, and save.
Listen, and appear to us,
In name of great Oceanus;
By the earth-shaking Neptune's mace,
And Tethys' grave majestic pace,
By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,
And the Carpathian wizard's hook,
By scaly Triton's winding shell,
And old soothsaying Glaucus' spell,
By Leucothea's lovely hands,
And her son that rules the strands,
By Thetis' tinsel-slipper'd feet,
And the songs of Syrens sweet,
By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
And fair Ligea's golden comb,
Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks,
Sleeking her soft alluring locks;

By all the nymphs that nightly dance
Upon thy streams with wily glance,
Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head,
From thy coral-paven bed,
And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our summons answer'd have.
Listen, and save.

Sabrina rises, attended by water-nymphs, and sings.

By the rushy-fringed bank,
Where grows the willow, and the osier dank,
My sliding chariot stays,
Thick set with agate, and the azure sheen
Of turkois blue, and em'rald green,
That in the channel strays;
Whilst from off the waters fleet
Thus I set my printless feet
O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
That bends not as I tread;
Gentle swain, at thy request,
I am here.

Spir. Goddess dear,
We implore thy powerful hand
To undo the charmed band
Of true virgin here distrest,
Through the force, and through the wile,
Of unblest enchanter vile.

Sabr. Shepherd, 'tis my office best
To help ensnared chastity:
Brightest lady, look on me:
Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
Drops, that from my fountain pure
I have kept, of precious cure;
Thrice upon thy finger's tip
Thrice upon thy rubied lip:
Next this marble venom'd seat,
Smear'd with gums of glutinous heat,
I touch with chaste palms moist and cold:——
Now the spell hath lost his hold;
And I must haste, ere morning hour,
To wait in Amphitrite's bower.

Sabrina descends, and the Lady rises out of her seat.

Spir. Virgin, daughter of Locrine,
Sprung of old Anchises' line,
May thy brimmed waves for this
Their full tribute never miss
From a thousand petty rills,
That tumble down the snowy hills:
Summer drought, or singed air,
Never scorch thy tresses fair,
Nor wet October's torrent flood
Thy molten crystal fill with mud;
May thy billows roll ashore
The beryl and the golden ore;
May thy lofty head be crown'd
With many a tower and terrace round,
And here and there thy banks upon
With groves of myrrh and cinnamon.
Come, lady, while Heaven lends us grace,
Let us fly this cursed place,
Lest the sorcerer us entice
With some other new device.
Not a waste or needless sound
Till we come to holier ground;
I shall be your faithful guide
Through this gloomy covert wide
And not many furlongs thence
Is your father's residence,
Where this night are met in state
Many a friend to gratulate
His wish'd presence; and beside
All the swains, that there abide,
With jigs and rural dance resort;
We shall catch them at their sport,
And our sudden coming there
Will double all their mirth and cheer:
Come, let us haste, the stars grow high,
But night sits monarch yet in the mid-sky.

The Scene changes, presenting Ludlow town and the president's castle; then come in country dancers, after them the Attendant Spirit, with the two Brothers, and the Lady.

SONG.

Spir. Back, shepherds, back; enough your play,
Till next sun-shine holiday:
Here be, without duck or nod
Other trippings to be trod
Of lighter toes, and such court guise
As Mercury did first devise
With the mincing Dryades,
On the lawns, and on the leas.

This second Song presents them to their Father and Mother.

Noble lord, and lady bright,
I have brought ye new delight;
Here behold so goodly grown
Three fair branches of your own;
Heaven hath timely tried their youth,
Their faith, their patience, and their truth,
And sent them here through hard assays
With a crown of deathless praise,
To triumph in victorious dance
O'er sensual folly and intemperance.

The dances [being] ended, the Spirit epiloguizes.

Spir. To the ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that lie
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky:
There I suck the liquid air,
All amidst the gardens fair
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree:
Along the crisped shades and bowers
Revels the spruce and jocund Spring;
The Graces, and the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
Thither all their bounties bring;
There eternal Summer dwells,
And west-winds, with musky wing,
About the cedarn alleys fling
Nard and cassia's balmy smells.
Iris there with humid bow
Waters the odorous banks, that blow
Flowers of more mingled hue
Than her purfled scarf can show;
And drenches with Elysian de

(List, mortals, if your ears be true)
Beds of hyacinth and roses,
Where young Adonis oft reposes,
Waxing well of his deep wound
In slumber soft, and on the ground
Sadly sits the Assyrian queen:
But far above in spangled sheen
Celestial Cupid, her fam'd son, advanc'd,
Holds his dear Psyche sweet entranc'd,
After her wand'ring labors long
Till free consent the gods among
Make her his eternal bride,
And from her fair unspotted side
Two blissful twins are to be born,
Youth and Joy; so Jove hath sworn.
But now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend,
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the moon.
Mortals that would follow me,
Love virtue; she alone is free:
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime;
Or if virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

SONNETS.

To the Nightingale.

O NIGHTINGALE, that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.
Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
Portend success in love; O if Jove's will
Have link'd that amorous power to thy soft lay,
Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
Foretell my hopeless doom in some grove nigh;
As thou from year to year hast sung too late
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why:
Whether the Muse, or Love call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

On his being arrived at the Age of Twenty-three.

How soon hath time, the subtle thief of youth,
Stol'n on his wing my three and twentieth year!
My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
That I to manhood am arriv'd so near,
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
That some more timely happy spirits indu'th.
Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even
To that same lot, however mean or high,
Toward which time leads me, and the will of Heav'n;
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Task-master's eye.

When the Assault was intended for the City.

CAPTAIN or Colonel, or Knight in arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
If deed of honor did thee ever please,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
He can requite thee, for he knows the charms
That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.
Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower:
The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tow'r
Went to the ground: and the repeated air
Of sad Electra's poet had the power
To save th' Athenian walls from ruin bare.

To the Lord General Fairfax.

FAIRFAX, whose name in arms through Europe rings,
Filling each mouth with envy or with praise,
And all her jealous monarchs with amaze,
And rumours loud, that daunt remotest kings;
Thy firm unshaken virtue ever brings
Victory home, though new rebellions raise
Their hydra heads, and the false North displays
Her broken league to imp their serpent wings.
O yet a nobler task awaits thy hand,
(For what can war, but endless war still breed?)
Till truth and right from violence be freed
And public faith clear'd from the shameful brand
Of public fraud. In vain doth valor bleed,
While avarice and rapine share the land.

To the Lord General Cromwell.

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through a cloud
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith, and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast plough'd,
And on the neck of crowned Fortune proud
Hast rear'd God's trophies, and his work pursued,
While Darwen stream with blood of Scots imbrued,
And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,
And Worcester's laureat wreath. Yet much remains
To conquer still; Peace hath her victories
No less renown'd than war: new foes arise
Threat'ning to bind our souls with secular chains:
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

To Sir Henry Vane the younger.

VANE, young in years, but in sage counsel old
Than whom a better senator ne'er held
The helm of Rome, when gowns not arms repell'd
The fierce Epirot and the African bold,
Whether to settle peace, or to unfold

The drift of hollow states hard to be spell'd,
Then to advise how War may, best upheld,
Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,
In all her equipage: besides to know
Both spiritual power and civil, what each means,
What severs each, thou hast learn'd, which few have done:
The bounds of either sword to thee we owe;
Therefore on thy firm hand Religion leans
In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son.

On the late Massacre in Piedmont.

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;
E'en them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worship'd stocks and stones,
Forget not; in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piemontese that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To Heav'n. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
O'er all th' Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundred fold, who having learn'd thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

On his Blindness.

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodg'd with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide;
Doth God exact day labour, light denied,
I fondly ask? but patience to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait.

To Mr. Lawrence.

Lawrence, of virtuous father virtuous son,
Now that the fields are dank, and ways are mire,
Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
Help waste a sullen day, what may be won
From the hard season gaining? Time will run
On smoother, till Favonius re-inspire
The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire
The lily and rose, that neither sow'd nor spun.
What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise
To hear the lute well touch'd, or artful voice
Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air:
He who of those delights can judge, and spare
To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

To Cyriac Skinner.

Cyriac, whose grandsire on the royal bench
Of British Themis, with no mean applause
Pronounc'd, and in his volumes taught our laws,
Which others at their bar so often wrench;
To day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench
In mirth, that after no repenting draws;
Let Euclid rest, and Archimedes pause,
And what the Swede intends, and what the French.
To measure life learn thou betimes, and know
Tow'rd solid good what leads the nearest way;
For other things mild Heav'n a time ordains,
And disapproves that care, though wise, in shew,
That with superfluous burden loads the day,
And when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.

To the same.

Cyriac, this three years day these eyes, though clear,
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot,
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,
Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heav'n's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up, and steer
Right onward. What supports me? dost thou ask:
The conscience, friend, to 've lost them overply'd
In liberty's defence, my noble task,
Of which all Europe talks from side to side.
This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask,
Content though blind, had I no better guide.

On his deceased Wife.

Methought I saw my late espoused saint
Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
Rescued from death by force, though pale and faint.
Mine, as whom wash'd from spot of child-bed taint,
Purification in the old law did save,
And such, as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in heav'n without restraint,
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind:
Her face was veil'd, yet to my fancied sight
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shin'd
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
But O, as to embrace me she inclin'd,
I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my night.